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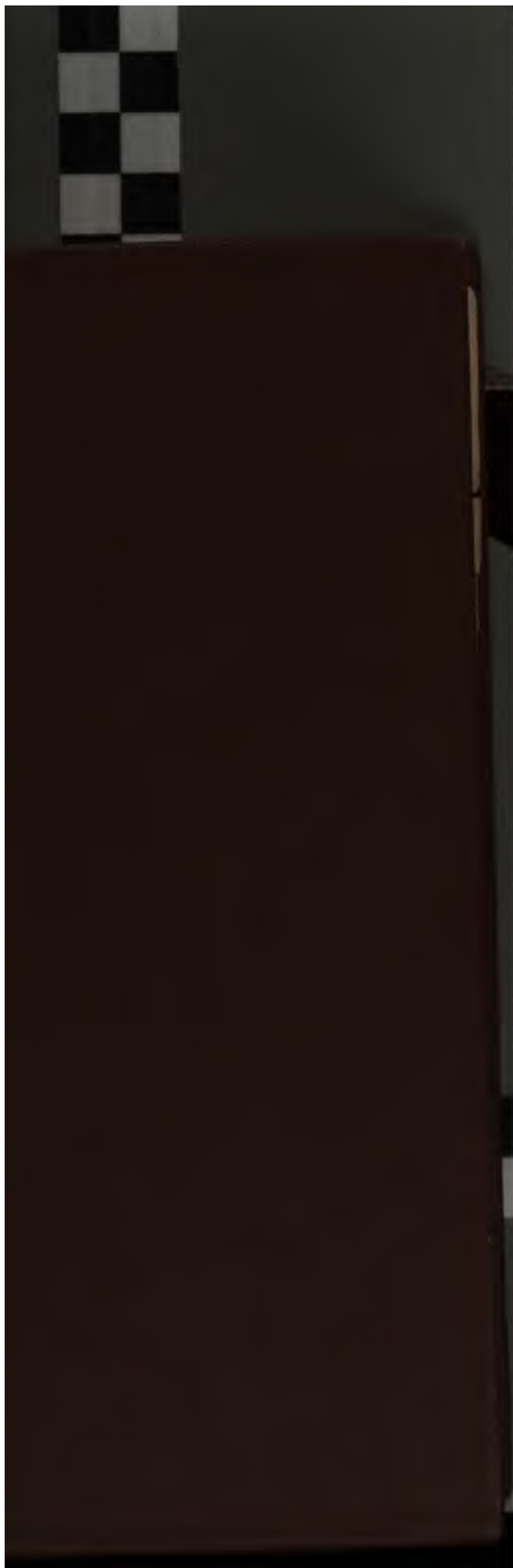
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JULY—DECEMBER, 1851.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;

AND

37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

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VOL. LXX.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK VI.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

"LIFE," said my father, in his most dogmatical tone, "is a certain quantity in time, which may be regarded in two ways—1st, as life *Integral*; 2d, as life *Fractional*. Life integral is that complete whole, expressive of a certain value, large or small, which each man possesses in himself. Life fractional is that same whole seized upon and invaded by other people, and subdivided amongst them. They who get a large slice of it say, 'a very valuable life this!'—those who get but a small handful say, 'so so, nothing very great!'—those who get none of it in the scramble exclaim, 'Good for nothing!'"

"I don't understand a word you are saying," growled Captain Roland.

My father surveyed his brother with compassion—"I will make it all clear even to your understanding. When I sit down by myself in my study, having carefully locked the door on all of you, alone with my books and thoughts, I am in full possession of my integral life. I am *totus, teres, atque rotundus*—a whole human being—equivalent in value, we will say, for the sake of illustration, to a fixed round sum—£100, for example. But when I come forth into the common apartment, each of those

to whom I am of any worth whatsoever puts his fingers into the bag that contains me, and takes out of me what he wants. Kitty requires me to pay a bill; Pisistratus to save him the time and trouble of looking into a score or two of books; the children to tell them stories, or play at hide-and-seek; the carp for bread-crumbs; and so on throughout the circle to which I have incautiously given myself up for plunder and subdivision. The £100 which I represented in my study is now parcelled out; I am worth £40 or £50 to Kitty, £20 to Pisistratus, and perhaps 30s. to the carp. This is life fractional. And I cease to be an integral till once more returning to my study, and again closing the door on all existence but my own. Meanwhile, it is perfectly clear that, to those who, whether I am in the study or whether I am in the common sitting-room, get nothing at all out of me, I am not worth a farthing. It must be wholly indifferent to a native of Kamschatka whether Austin Caxton be or be not rased out of the great account-book of human beings.

"Hence," continued my father—"hence it follows that the more fractional a life be—*id est*, the greater the number of persons among whom it

be subdivided—why, the more there are to say, ‘a very valuable life that!’” Thus, the leader of a political party, a conqueror, a king, an author who is amusing hundreds or thousands, or millions, has a greater number of persons whom his worth interests and affects than a Saint Simon Stylites could have when he perched himself at the top of a column; although, regarded each in himself, Saint Simon, in his grand mortification of flesh, in the idea that he thereby pleased his Divine Benefactor, might represent a larger sum of moral value *per se* than Bonaparte or Voltaire.”

PISISTRATUS. — “Perfectly clear, sir, but I don’t see what it has to do with My Novel.”

MR CAXTON. — “Everything. Your novel, if it is to be a full and comprehensive survey of the ‘*Quicquid agunt homines*,’ (which it ought to be, considering the length and breadth to which I foresee, from the slow development of your story, you meditate extending and expanding it,) will embrace the two views of existence, the integral and the fractional. You have shown us the former in Leonard, when he is sitting in his mother’s cottage, or resting from his work by the little fount in Riccabocca’s garden. And in harmony with that view of his life, you have surrounded him with comparative integrals, only subdivided by the tender hands of their immediate families and neighbours—your Squires and Parsons, your Italian Exile and his Jemima. With all these, life is more or less the life Natural, and this is always more or less the life integral. Then comes the life Artificial, which is always more or less the life fractional. In the life Natural, wherein we are swayed but by our own native impulses and desires, subservient only to the great silent law of Virtue, (which has pervaded the universe since it swung out of chaos,) a man is of worth from what he is in himself—Newton was as worthy before the apple fell from the tree as when all Europe applauded the discoverer of the Principle of Gravity. But in the life Artificial we are only of worth inasmuch as we affect others. And, relative to that life, Newton rose in value more than a million per cent when down fell the apple

from which ultimately sprang up his discovery. In order to keep civilisation going, and spread over the world the light of human intellect, we have certain desires within us, ever swelling beyond the ease and independence which belong to us as integrals. Cold man as Newton might be, (he once took a lady’s hand in his own, Kitty, and used her fore-finger for his tobacco-stopper;—great philosopher!)—cold as he might be, he was yet moved into giving his discoveries to the world, and that from motives very little differing in their quality from the motives that make Dr Squills communicate articles to the Phrenological Journal upon the skulls of Bushmen and wombats. For it is the *property of light to travel*. When a man has light in him, forth it must go. But the first passage of Genius from its integral state (in which it has been reposing on its own wealth) into the fractional, is usually through a hard and vulgar pathway. It leaves behind it the reveries of solitude, that self-contemplating rest which may be called the Visionary, and enters suddenly into the state that may be called the Positive and Actual. There, it sees the operations of money on the outer life—sees all the ruder and commoner springs of action—sees ambition without nobleness—love without romance—is bustling about, and ordered, and trampled, and cowed—in short, it passes an apprenticeship with some Richard Avenel, and does not yet detect what good and what grandeur, what addition even to the true poetry of the social universe, fractional existences like Richard Avenel’s bestow; for the pillars that support society are like those of the Court of the Hebrew Tabernacle—they are of brass, it is true, but they are filleted with silver. From such intermediate state Genius is expelled and driven on in its way, and would have been so in this case had Mrs Fairfield (who is but the representative of the homely natural affections, strongest ever in true genius—for light is warm) never crushed Mr Avenel’s moss-rose on her sisterly bosom. Now, forth from this passage and defile of transition into the larger world, must Genius go on, working out its natural destiny amidst things and forms the most artificial. Pas-

sions that move and influence the world are at work around it. Often lost sight of itself, its very absence is a silent contrast to the agencies present. Merged and vanished for a while amidst the Practical World, yet we ourselves feel all the while that it is *there*; is at work amidst the workings around it. This practical world that effaces it, rose out of some genius that has gone before; and so each man of genius, though we never come across him, as his operations proceed, in places remote from our thoroughfares, is yet influencing the practical world that ignores him, for ever and ever. That is GENIUS! We can't describe it in books—we can only hint and suggest it, by the accessaries which we artfully heap about it. The entrance of a true Probationer into the terrible ordeal of Practical Life is like that into the miraculous cavern, by which, legend informs us, St Patrick converted Ireland."

BLANCHE.—"What is that legend? I never heard of it."

MR CAXTON.—"My dear, you will find it in a thin folio at the right on entering my study, written by Thomas Messingham, and called '*Flori-legium Insulæ Sanctorum*,' &c. The account therein is confirmed by the relation of an honest soldier, one Louis Ennius, who had actually entered the cavern. In short, the truth

of the legend is undeniable, unless you mean to say, which I can't for a moment suppose, that Louis Ennius was a liar. Thus it runs:—St Patrick, finding that the Irish pagans were incredulous as to his pathetic assurances of the pains and torments destined to those who did not expiate their sins in this world, prayed for a miracle to convince them. His prayer was heard; and a certain cavern, so small that a man could not stand up therein at his ease, was suddenly converted into a Purgatory, comprehending tortures sufficient to convince the most incredulous. One unacquainted with human nature might conjecture that few would be disposed to venture voluntarily into such a place;—on the contrary, pilgrims came in crowds. Now, all who entered from vain curiosity, or with souls unprepared, perished miserably; but those who entered with deep and earnest faith, conscious of their faults, and if bold, yet humble, not only came out safe and sound, but purified, as if from the waters of a second baptism. See Savage and Johnson, at night in Fleet Street;—and who shall doubt the truth of St Patrick's Purgatory!" Therewith my father sighed—closed his Lucian, which had lain open on the table, and would read nothing but "good books" for the rest of the evening.

CHAPTER II.

On their escape from the prison to which Mr Avenel had condemned them, Leonard and his mother found their way to a small public-house that lay at a little distance from the town, and on the outskirts of the high-road. With his arm round his mother's waist, Leonard supported her steps, and soothed her excitement. In fact, the poor woman's nerves were greatly shaken, and she felt an uneasy remorse at the injury her intrusion had inflicted on the young man's worldly prospects. As the shrewd reader has guessed already, that infamous Tinker was the prime agent of evil in this critical turn in the affairs of his quondam customer. For, on his return to his haunts around Hazeldean and the Casino, the Tinker had hastened to apprise Mrs Fairfield of his

interview with Leonard, and, on finding that she was not aware that the boy was under the roof of his uncle, the pestilent vagabond (perhaps from spite against Mr Avenel, or perhaps from that pure love of mischief by which metaphysical critics explain the character of Iago, and which certainly formed a main element in the idiosyncrasy of Mr Sprott) had so impressed on the widow's mind the haughty demeanour of the uncle and the refined costume of the nephew, that Mrs Fairfield had been seized with a bitter and insupportable jealousy. There was an intention to rob her of her boy!—he was to be made too fine for her. His silence was now accounted for. This sort of jealousy, always more or less a feminine quality, is often very strong amongst the

poor; and it was the more strong in Mrs Fairfield, because, lone woman that she was, the boy was all in all to her. And though she was reconciled to the loss of his presence, nothing could reconcile her to the thought that his affections should be weaned from her. Moreover, there were in her mind certain impressions, of the justice of which the reader may better judge hereafter, as to the gratitnde—more than ordinarily filial—which Leonard owed to her. In short, she did not like, as she phrased it, “to be shaken off;” and after a sleepless night she resolved to judge for herself, much moved thereto by the malicious suggestions to that effect made by Mr Sprott, who mightily enjoyed the idea of mortifying the gentleman by whom he had been so direspectfully threatened with the treadmill. The widow felt angry with Parson Dale, and with the Riccaboccas: she thought they were in the plot against her; she communicated, therefore, her intention to none—and off she set, performing the journey partly on the top of the coach, partly on foot. No wonder that she was dusty, poor woman.

“And, oh boy!” said she, half sobbing, “when I got through the lodge-gates, came on the lawn, and saw all that power o’ fine folk—I said to myself, says I—(for I felt fritted)—I’ll just have a look at him and go back. But ah, Lenny, when I saw thee, looking so handsome—and when thee turned and cried ‘Mother,’ my heart was just ready to leap out o’ my mouth—and so I could not help hugging thee, if I had died for it. And thou wert so kind, that I forgot all Mr Sprott had said about Dick’s pride, or thought he had just told a fib about that, as he had wanted me to believe a fib about thee. Then Dick came up—and I had not seen him for so many years—and we come o’ the same father and mother; and so—and so”—The widow’s sobs here fairly choked her. “Ah,” she said, after giving vent to her passion, and throwing her arms round Leonard’s neck, as they sate in the little sanded parlour of the public-house—“Ah, and I’ve brought thee to this. Go back, go back, boy, and never mind me.”

With some difficulty Leonard paci-

fied poor Mrs Fairfield, and got her to retire to bed; for she was, indeed, thoroughly exhausted. He then stepped forth into the road, musingly. All the stars were out; and Youth, in its troubles, instinctively looks up to the stars. Folding his arms, Leonard gazed on the heavens, and his lips murmured.

From this trance, for so it might be called, he was awakened by a voice in a decidedly London accent; and, turning hastily round, saw Mr Avenel’s very gentlemanlike butler. Leonard’s first idea was that his uncle had repented, and sent in search of him. But the butler seemed as much surprised at the rencontre as himself: that personage, indeed, the fatigues of the day being over, was accompanying one of Mr Gunter’s waiters to the public-house, (at which the latter had secured his lodging,) having discovered an old friend in the waiter, and proposing to regale himself with a cheerful glass, and—(that of course)—abuse of his present situation.

“Mr Fairfield!” exclaimed the butler, while the waiter walked discreetly on.

Leonard looked, and said nothing. The butler began to think that some apology was due for leaving his plate and his pantry, and that he might as well secure Leonard’s propitiatory influence with his master—

“Please, sir,” said he, touching his hat, “I was just a-showing Mr Giles the way to the Blue Bells, where he puts up for the night. I hope my master will not be offended. If you are a-going back, sir, would you kindly mention it?”

“I am not going back, Jarvis,” answered Leonard, after a pause; “I am leaving Mr Avenel’s house, to accompany my mother; rather suddenly. I should be very much obliged to you if you would bring some things of mine to me at the Blue Bells. I will give you the list, if you will step back with me to the inn.”

Without waiting for a reply, Leonard then turned towards the inn, and made his humble inventory; item, the clothes he had brought with him from the Casino; item, the knapsack that had contained them; item, a few books ditto; item, Dr Riccabocca’s watch; item, sundry MSS., on which the

young student now built all his hopes of fame and fortune. This list he put into Mr Jarvis's hand.

"Sir," said the butler, twirling the paper between his finger and thumb, "you are not a-going for long, I hope;" and as he thought of the scene on the lawn, the report of which had vaguely reached his ears, he looked on the face of the young man, who had always been "civil spoken to him," with as much curiosity and as much compassion as so apathetic and princely a personage could experience in matters affecting a family less aristocratic than he had hitherto condescended to serve.

"Yes," said Leonard, simply and briefly; "and your master will no doubt excuse you for rendering me this service."

Mr Jarvis postponed for the present his glass and chat with the waiter, and went back at once to Mr Avenel. That gentleman, still seated in his library, had not been aware of the butler's absence; and when Mr Jarvis entered and told him that he had met Mr Fairfield, and, communicating the commission with which he was intrusted, asked leave to execute it, Mr Avenel felt the man's inquisitive eye was on him, and conceived new wrath against Leonard for a new humiliation to his pride. It was awk-

ward to give no explanation of his nephew's departure, still more awkward to explain.

After a short pause, Mr Avenel said sullenly, "My nephew is going away on business for some time—do what he tells you;" and then turned his back, and lighted his cigar.

"That beast of a boy," said he, soliloquising, "either means this as an affront, or an overture: if an affront, he is, indeed, well got rid of; if an overture, he will soon make a more respectful and proper one. After all, I can't have too little of relations till I have fairly secured Mrs M'Catchly. An Honourable! I wonder if that makes me an Honourable too? This cursed Debrett contains no practical information on these points."

The next morning, the clothes and the watch with which Mr Avenel had presented Leonard were returned, with a note meant to express gratitude, but certainly written with very little knowledge of the world, and so full of that somewhat over-resentful pride which had in earlier life made Leonard fly from Hazeldean, and refuse all apology to Randal, that it is not to be wondered at that Mr Avenel's last remorseful feelings evaporated in ire. "I hope he will starve!" said the uncle, vindictively.

CHAPTER III.

"Listen to me, my dear mother," said Leonard the next morning, as, with his knapsack on his shoulder and Mrs Fairfield on his arm, he walked along the high-road; "I do assure you, from my heart, that I do not regret the loss of favours which I see plainly would have crushed out of me the very sense of independence. But do not fear for me; I have education and energy—I shall do well for myself, trust me. No; I cannot, it is true, go back to our cottage—I cannot be a gardener again. Don't ask me—I should be discontented, miserable. But I will go up to London! That's the place to make a fortune and a name: I will make both. O yes, trust me, I will. You shall soon be proud of your Leonard; and then we will always live together—always! Don't cry."

"But what can you do in Lunnon—such a big place, Lenny?"

"What! Every year does not some lad leave our village, and go and seek his fortune, taking with him but health and strong hands? I have these, and I have more: I have brains, and thoughts, and hopes, that—again I say, No, no—never fear for me!"

The boy threw back his head proudly; there was something sublime in his young trust in the future.

"Well—But you will write to Mr Dale, or to me? I will get Mr Dale, or the good Mounseer (now I know they were not agin me) to read your letters."

"I will, indeed!"

"And, boy, you have nothing in your pockets. We have paid Dick; these, at least, are my own, after paying the coach fare." And she

would thrust a sovereign and some shillings into Leonard's waistcoat pocket.

After some resistance, he was forced to consent.

"And there's a sixpence with a hole in it. Don't part with that, Lenny; it will bring thee good luck."

Thus talking, they gained the inn where the three roads met, and from which a coach went direct to the Casino. And here, without entering the inn, they sat on the green sward by the hedge-row, waiting the arrival of the coach. Mrs Fairfield was much subdued in spirits, and there was evidently on her mind something uneasy—some struggle with her conscience. She not only upbraided herself for her rash visit; but she kept talking of her dead Mark. And what would he say of her, if he could see her in heaven?

"It was so selfish in me, Lenny."

"Pooh, pooh! Has not a mother a right to her child?"

"Ay, ay, ay!" cried Mrs Fairfield. "I do love you as a child—my own

child. But if I was not your mother, after all, Lenny, and cost you all this—oh, what would you say of me then?"

"Not my own mother!" said Leonard, laughing, as he kissed her. "Well, I don't know what I should say then differently from what I say now—that you, who brought me up, and nursed and cherished me, had a right to my home and my heart, wherever I was."

"Bless thee!" cried Mrs Fairfield, as she pressed him to her heart. "But it weighs here—it weighs"—she said, starting up.

At that instant the coach appeared, and Leonard ran forward to inquire if there was an outside place. Then there was a short bustle while the horses were being changed; and Mrs Fairfield was lifted up to the roof of the vehicle. So all future private conversation between her and Leonard ceased. But as the coach whirled away, and she waved her hand to the boy, who stood on the road-side gazing after her, she still murmured—"It weighs here—it weighs!"—

CHAPTER IV.

Leonard walked sturdily on in the high-road to the Great City. The day was calm and sunlit, but with a gentle breeze from grey hills at the distance; and with each mile that he passed, his step seemed to grow more firm, and his front more elate. Oh! it is such joy in youth to be alone with one's day-dreams. And youth feels so glorious a vigour in the sense of its own strength, though the world be before and—against it! Removed from that chilling counting-house—from the imperious will of a patron and master—all friendless, but all independent—the young adventurer felt a new being—felt his grand nature as Man. And on the Man rushed the genius long interdicted—and thrust aside—rushing back, with the first breath of adversity, to console—no! the Man needed not consolation,—to kindle, to animate, to rejoice! If there is a being in the world worthy of our envy, after we

have grown wise philosophers of the fireside, it is not the palled voluptuary, nor the care-worn statesman, nor even the great prince of arts and letters, already crowned with the laurel, whose leaves are as fit for poison as for garlands; it is the young child of adventure and hope. Ay, and the emptier his purse, ten to one but the richer his heart, and the wider the domains which his fancy enjoys as he goes on with kingly step to the Future.

Not till towards the evening did our adventurer slacken his pace, and think of rest and refreshment. There, then, lay before him, on either side the road, those wide patches of unenclosed land, which in England often denote the entrance to a village. Presently one or two neat cottages came in sight—then a small farm-house, with its yard and barns. And someway farther yet, he saw the sign swinging before an inn of some pretensions—the sort

of inn often found on a long stage between two great towns, commonly called "The Half-way House." But the inn stood back from the road, having its own separate sward in front, whereon were a great beech tree (from which the sign extended) and a rustic arbour—so that, to gain the inn, the coaches that stopped there took a sweep from the main thoroughfare. Between our pedestrian and the inn there stood naked and alone, on the common land, a church; our ancestors never would have chosen that site for it; therefore it was a modern church—modern Gothic—handsome to an eye not versed in the attributes of ecclesiastical architecture—very barbarous to an eye that was. Somehow or other the church looked cold and raw and uninviting. It looked a church for show—much too big for the scattered hamlet—and void of all the venerable associations which give their peculiar and unspeakable atmosphere of piety to the churches in which succeeding generations have knelt and worshipped. Leonard paused and surveyed the edifice with an unlearned but poetical gaze—it dissatisfied him. And he was yet pondering why, when a young girl passed slowly before him, her eyes fixed on the ground, opened the little gate that led into the churchyard, and vanished. He did not see the child's face; but there was something in her movements so utterly listless, forlorn, and sad, that his heart was touched. What did she there? He approached the low wall with a noiseless step, and looked over it wistfully.

There, by a grave evidently quite recent, with no wooden tomb nor tombstone like the rest, the little girl had thrown herself, and she was sobbing loud and passionately. Leonard opened the gate, and approached her with a soft step. Mingled with her sobs, he heard broken sentences, wild and vain,

as all human sorrowings over graves must be.

"Father!—oh, father! do you not really hear me? I am so lone—so lone! Take me to you—take me!" And she buried her face in the deep grass.

"Poor child!" said Leonard, in a half whisper—"he is not there. Look above!"

The girl did not heed him—he put his arm round her waist gently—she made a gesture of impatience and anger, but she would not turn her face—and she clung to the grave with her hands.

After clear sunny days the dews fall more heavily; and now, as the sun set, the herbage was bathed in a vaporous haze—a dim mist rose around. The young man seated himself beside her, and tried to draw the child to his breast. Then she turned eagerly, indignantly, and pushed him aside with jealous arms. He profaned the grave! He understood her with his deep poet-heart, and rose. There was a pause.

Leonard was the first to break it.

"Come to your home with me, my child, and we will talk of *him* by the way."

"Him! Who are you? You did not know him!"—said the girl, still with anger. "Go away—why do you disturb me? I do no one harm. Go—go!"

"You do yourself harm, and that will grieve him if he sees you yonder! Come!"

The child looked at him through her blinding tears, and his face softened and soothed her.

"Go!" she said very plaintively, and in subdued accents. "I will but stay a minute more. I—I have so much to say yet."

Leonard left the churchyard, and waited without; and in a short time the child came forth, waved him aside as he approached her, and hurried away. He followed her at a distance, and saw her disappear within the inn.

CHAPTER V.

"HIP—HIP—HURRAH!" Such was the sound that greeted our young traveller as he reached the inn door

—a sound joyous in itself, but sadly out of harmony with the feelings which the child sobbing on the tomb-

less grave had left at his heart. The sound came from within, and was followed by thumps and stamps, and the jingle of glasses. A strong odour of tobacco was wafted to his olfactory sense. He hesitated a moment at the threshold. Before him, on benches under the beech-tree and within the arbour, were grouped sundry athletic forms with "pipes in the liberal air." The landlady, as she passed across the passage to the tap-room, caught sight of his form at the doorway, and came forward. Leonard still stood irresolute. He would have gone on his way, but for the child: she had interested him strongly.

"You seem full, ma'am," said he. "Can I have accommodation for the night?"

"Why, indeed, sir," said the landlady civilly, "I can give you a bedroom, but I don't know where to put you meanwhile. The two parlours and the tap-room and the kitchen are all chokeful. There has been a great cattle-fair in the neighbourhood, and I suppose we have as many as fifty farmers and drovers stopping here."

"As to that, ma'am, I can sit in the bedroom you are kind enough to give me; and if it does not cause you much trouble to let me have some tea there, I should be glad; but I can wait your leisure. Do not put yourself out of the way for me."

The landlady was touched by a consideration she was not much habituated to receive from her bluff customers.

"You speak very handsome, sir, and we will do our best to serve you, if you will excuse all faults. This way, sir." Leonard lowered his knapsack, stepped into the passage, with some difficulty forced his way through a knot of sturdy giants in top-boots or leathern gaiters, who were swarming in and out the tap-room, and followed his hostess up stairs to a little bedroom at the top of the house.

"It is small, sir, and high," said the hostess apologetically. "But there be four gentlemen farmers that have come a great distance, and all the first floor is engaged; you will be more out of the noise here."

"Nothing can suit me better. But, stay—pardon me;" and Leonard, glancing at the garb of the hostess,

observed she was not in mourning. "A little girl whom I saw in the churchyard yonder, weeping very bitterly—is she a relation of yours? Poor child, she seems to have deeper feelings than are common at her age."

"Ah, sir," said the landlady, putting the corner of her apron to her eyes, "it is a very sad story—I don't know what to do. Her father was taken ill on his way to Lunnion, and stopped here, and has been buried four days. And the poor little girl seems to have no relations—and where is she to go? Laryer Jones says we must pass her to Marybone parish, where her father lived last; and what's to become of her then? My heart bleeds to think on it." Here there rose such an uproar from below, that it was evident some quarrel had broke out; and the hostess, recalled to her duties, hastened to carry thither her propitiatory influences.

Leonard seated himself pensively by the little lattice. Here was some one more alone in the world than he. And she, poor orphan, had no stout man's heart to grapple with fate, and no golden manuscripts that were to be as the "Open-Sesame" to the treasures of Aladdin. By-and-by the hostess brought him up a tray with tea and other refreshments, and Leonard resumed his inquiries. "No relatives?" said he; "surely the child must have some kinsfolk in London? Did her father leave no directions, or was he in possession of his faculties?"

"Yes, sir; he was quite reasonable-like to the last. And I asked him if he had not anything on his mind, and he said, 'I have.' And I said, 'Your little girl, sir?' And he answered me, 'Yes, ma'am;' and laying his head on his pillow, he wept very quietly. I could not say more myself, for it set me off to see him cry so meekly; but my husband is harder nor I, and he said, 'Cheer up, Mr Digby; had not you better write to your friends?'"

"Friends!" said the gentleman, in such a voice! "Friends I have but one, and I am going to Him! I cannot take her there!" Then he seemed suddenly to recollect himself, and called for his clothes, and rummaged in the pockets as if looking for some address, and could not find it. He

seemed a forgetful kind of gentleman, and his hands were what I call *helpless* hands, sir! And then he gasped out, 'Stop—stop! I never had the address. Write to Lord Les—', something like Lord Lester—but we could not make out the name. Indeed he did not finish it, for there was a rush of blood to his lips; and though he seemed sensible when he recovered, (and knew us and his little girl too, till he went off smiling,) he never spoke word more."

"Poor man," said Leonard, wiping his eyes. "But his little girl surely remembers the name that he did not finish?"

"No. She says, he must have meant a gentleman whom they had met in the Park not long ago, who was very kind to her father, and was Lord something; but she don't remember the name, for she never saw him before or since, and her father talked very little about any one lately, but thought he should find some kind friends at Screwestown, and travelled down there with her from Lunnon. But she supposes he was disappointed, for he went out, came back, and merely told her to put up the things, as they must go back to Lunnon. And on his way there he—died. Hush, what's that? I hope she did not overhear us. No, we were talking low. She has the next room to your'n, sir. I thought I heard her sobbing. Hush!"

"In the next room? I hear nothing. Well, with your leave, I will speak to her before I quit you. And had her father no money with him?"

"Yes, a few sovereigns, sir; they paid for his funeral, and there is a little left still, enough to take her to town; for my husband said, says he, 'Hannab, the widow gave her mite, and we must not *take* the orphan's;' and my husband is a hard man, too, sir. Bless him!"

"Let me take your hand, ma'am. God reward you both."

"La, sir!—why, even Dr Dosewell said, rather grumpily though, 'Never mind my bill; but don't call me up at six o'clock in the morning again, without knowing a little more about people.' And I never afore knew Dr Dosewell go without his bill being

paid. He said it was a trick o' the other Doctor to spite him."

"What other Doctor?"

"Oh, a very good gentleman, who got out with Mr Digby when he was taken ill, and stayed till the next morning; and our Doctor says his name is Morgan, and he lives in—Lunnon, and is a homy—something"

"Homicide," suggested Leonard ignorantly.

"Ah—homicide; something like that, only a deal longer and worse. But he left some of the tiniest little balls you ever see, sir, to give the child; but, bless you, they did her no good—how should they?"

"Tiny balls, oh—homœopathist—I understand. And the Doctor was kind to her; perhaps he may help her. Have you written to him?"

"But we don't know his address, and Lunnon is a vast place, sir."

"I am going to London, and will find it out."

"Ah, sir, you seem very kind; and sin' she must go to Lunnon, (for what can we do with her here?—she's too genteel for service,) I wish she was going with you."

"With me!" said Leonard startled: "with me! Well, why not?"

"I am sure she comes of good blood, sir. You would have known her father was quite the gentleman, only to see him die, sir. He went off so kind and civil like, as if he was ashamed to give so much trouble—quite a gentleman, if ever there was one. And so are you, sir, I'm sure," said the landlady, curtsying; "I know what gentlefolk be. I've been a housekeeper in the first of families in this very shire, sir, though I can't say I've served in Lunnon; and so, as gentlefolks know each other, I've no doubt you could find out her relations. Dear—dear! Coming, coming!"

Here there were loud cries for the hostess, and she hurried away. The farmers and drovers were beginning to depart, and their bills were to be made out and paid. Leonard saw his hostess no more that night. The last hip—hip—hurrah, was heard; some toast, perhaps to the health of the county members;—and the chamber of woe, beside Leonard's, rattled with the shout. By-and-by silence gradually succeeded the various diassonant

sounds below. The carts and gigs rolled away; the clatter of hoofs on the road ceased; there was then a dumb dull sound as of locking-up, and low humming voices below, and foot-steps mounting the stairs to bed, with now and then a drunken hiccup or maudlin laugh, as some conquered votary of Bacchus was fairly carried up to his domicile.

All, then, at last was silent, just as the clock from the church sounded the stroke of eleven.

Leonard, meanwhile, had been looking over his MSS. There was first a project for an improvement on the steam-engine—a project that had long lain in his mind, begun with the first knowledge of mechanics that he had gleaned from his purchases of the Tinker. He put that aside now—it required too great an effort of the reasoning faculty to re-examine. He glanced less hastily over a collection of essays on various subjects, some that he thought indifferent, some that he thought good. He then lingered over a collection of verses, written in his best hand with loving care—verses first inspired by his perusal of Nora's melancholy memorials. These verses were as a diary of his heart and his fancy—those deep unwitnessed struggles which the boyhood of all more thoughtful natures has passed in its bright yet mirky storm of the cloud and the lightning flash; though but few boys pause to record the crisis from which slowly emerges Man. And these first desultory grappings with the fugitive airy images that flit through the dim chambers of the brain, had become with each effort more sustained and vigorous, till the phantoms were spelled, the flying ones arrested, the Immaterial seized, and clothed with Form. Gazing on his last effort, Leonard felt that there at length spoke forth the Poet. It was a work which, though as yet but half completed, came from a strong hand; not that shadow trembling on unsteady

waters, which is but the pale reflex and imitation of some bright mind, sphered out of reach and afar; but an original substance—a life—a thing of the *Creative Faculty*—breathing back already the breath it had received. This work had paused during Leonard's residence with Mr Avenel, or had only now and then, in stealth, and at night, received a rare touch. Now, as with a fresh eye, he reperused it; and with that strange, innocent admiration, not of self—(for a man's work is not, alas! himself—it is the beatified and idealised essence, extracted he knows not how from his own human elements of clay)—admiration known but to poets—their purest delight, often their sole reward. And then, with a warmer and more earthly beat of his full heart, he rushed in fancy to the Great City, where all rivers of Fame meet, but not to be merged and lost—sallying forth again, individualised and separate, to flow through that one vast Thought of God which we call *THE WORLD*.

He put up his papers; and opened his window, as was his ordinary custom, before he retired to rest—for he had many odd habits; and he loved to look out into the night when he prayed. His soul seemed to escape from the body—to mount on the air—to gain more rapid access to the far Throne in the Infinite—when his breath went forth among the winds, and his eyes rested fixed on the stars, of Heaven.

So the boy prayed silently; and after his prayer he was about lingeringly to close the lattice, when he heard distinctly sobs close at hand. He paused, and held his breath; then looked gently out; the casement next his own was also open. Some one was also at watch by that casement—perhaps also praying. He listened yet more intently, and caught, soft and low, the words, "Father—father—do you hear me now?"

CHAPTER VI.

Leonard opened his door and stole towards that of the room adjoining; for his first natural impulse had been to enter and console. But when his

touch was on the handle, he drew back. Child though the mourner was, her sorrows were rendered yet more sacred from intrusion by her sex.

Something, he knew not what, in his young ignorance, withheld him from the threshold. To have crossed it then would have seemed to him profanation. So he returned, and for hours yet he occasionally heard the sobs, till they died away, and childhood wept itself to sleep.

But the next morning, when he heard his neighbour astir, he knocked gently at her door: there was no answer. He entered softly, and saw her seated very listlessly in the centre of the room—as if it had no familiar nook or corner as the rooms of home have—her hands drooping on her lap, and her eyes gazing desolately on the floor. Then he approached and spoke to her.

Helen was very subdued, and very silent. Her tears seemed dried up; and it was long before she gave sign or token that she heeded him. At length, however, he gradually succeeded in rousing her interest; and the first symptom of his success was in the quiver of her lip, and the overflow of the downcast eyes.

By little and little he wormed himself into her confidence; and she told him, in broken whispers, her simple story. But what moved him the most was, that, beyond her sense of loneliness, she did not seem to feel her own unprotected state. She mourned the object she had nursed, and heeded, and cherished; for she had been rather the protectress than the protected to the helpless dead. He could not gain from her any more satisfactory information than the landlady had already imparted, as to her friends and prospects; but she permitted him passively to look among the effects her father had left—save only that if his hand touched something that seemed to her associations especially holy, she waved him back, or drew it quickly away. There were many bills receipted in the name of Captain Digby—old yellow faded music-scores for the flute—extracts of Parts from Prompt Books—gay parts of lively comedies, in which heroes have so noble a contempt

for money—fit heroes for a Sheridan and a Farquhar;—close by these were several pawnbrokers' tickets; and, not arrayed smoothly, but crumpled up, as if with an indignant nervous clutch of the old helpless hands, some two or three letters. He asked Helen's permission to glance at these, for they might give a clue to friends. Helen gave the permission by a silent bend of the head. The letters, however, were but short and freezing answers from what appeared to be distant connections or former friends, or persons to whom the deceased had applied for some situation. They were all very disheartening in their tone. Leonard next endeavoured to refresh Helen's memory as to the name of the nobleman which had been last on her father's lips; but there he failed wholly. For it may be remembered that Lord L'Estrange, when he pressed his loan on Mr Digby, and subsequently told that gentleman to address to him at Mr Egerton's, had, from a natural delicacy, sent the child on, that she might not hear the charity bestowed on the father; and Helen said truly, that Mr Digby had sunk into a habitual silence on all his affairs latterly. She might have heard her father mention the name, but she had not treasured it up; all she could say was, that she should know the stranger again if she met him, and his dog too. Seeing that the child had grown calm, Leonard was then going to leave the room, in order to confer with the hostess; when she rose suddenly though noiselessly, and put her little hand in his, as if to detain him. She did not say a word—the action said all—said, "Do not desert me." And Leonard's heart rushed to his lips, and he answered to the action, as he bent down and kissed her cheek, "Orphan, will you go with me? We have one Father yet to both of us, and He will guide us on earth. I am fatherless like you." She raised her eyes to his—looked at him long—and then leant her head confidently on his strong young shoulder.

CHAPTER VII.

At noon that same day, the young man and the child were on their road

to London. The host had at first a little demurred at trusting Helen to

so young a companion; but Leonard, in his happy ignorance, had talked so sanguinely of finding out this lord, or some adequate protection for the child; and in so grand a strain, though with all sincerity—had spoken of his own great prospects in the metropolis, (he did not say what they were!)—that had he been the craftiest impostor he could not more have taken in the rustic host. And while the landlady still cherished the illusive fancy, that all gentlefolks must know each other in London, as they did in a county, the landlord believed, at least, that a young man so respectably dressed, although but a foot-traveller—who talked in so confident a tone, and who was so willing to undertake what might be rather a burthensome charge, unless he saw how to rid himself of it—would be sure to have friends, older and wiser than himself, who would judge what could best be done for the orphan.

And what was the host to do with her? Better this volunteered escort, at least, than vaguely passing her on from parish to parish, and leaving her friendless at last in the streets of London. Helen, too, smiled for the first time on being asked her wishes, and again put her hand in Leonard's. In short, so it was settled.

The little girl made up a bundle of the things she most prized or needed. Leonard did not feel the additional load, as he slung it to his knapsack: the rest of the luggage was to be sent to London as soon as Leonard wrote, (which he promised to do soon,) and gave an address.

Helen paid her last visit to the churchyard; and she joined her companion as he stood on the road, without the solemn precincts. And now they had gone on some hours; and when he asked if she were tired, she still answered "No." But Leonard was merciful, and made their day's journey short; and it took them some days to reach London. By the long lonely way, they grew so intimate; at the end of the second day, they called each other brother and sister; and Leonard, to his delight, found that as her grief, with the bodily exertion and the change of scene, subsided from its first intensity

and its insensibility to other impressions, she developed a quickness of comprehension far beyond her years. Poor child! *that* had been forced upon her by Necessity. And she understood him in his spiritual consolations,—half poetical, half religious; and she listened to his own tale, and the story of his self-education and solitary struggles—those, too, she understood. But when he burst out with his enthusiasm, his glorious hopes, his confidence in the fate before them, then she would shake her head very quietly and very sadly. Did she comprehend *them*? Alas! perhaps too well. She knew more as to real life than he did. Leonard was at first their joint treasurer; but before the second day was over, Helen seemed to discover that he was too lavish; and she told him so, with a prudent grave look, putting her hand on his arm as he was about to enter an inn to dine; and the gravity would have been comic, but that the eyes through their moisture were so meek and grateful. She felt he was about to incur that ruinous extravagance on her account. Somehow or other, the purse found its way into her keeping, and then she looked proud and in her natural element.

Ah! what happy meals under her care were provided: so much more enjoyable than in dull, sanded inn parlours, swarming with flies and reeking with stale tobacco. She would leave him at the entrance of a village, bound forward, and cater, and return with a little basket and a pretty blue jug—which she had bought on the road—the last filled with new milk; the first with new bread and some special dainty in radishes or water-cresses. And she had such a talent for finding out the prettiest spot whereon to halt and dine: sometimes in the heart of a wood—so still, it was like a forest in fairy tales, the hare stealing through the alleys, or the squirrel peeping at them from the boughs; sometimes by a little brawling stream, with the fishes seen under the clear wave, and shooting round the crumbs thrown to them. They made an Arcadia of the dull road up to their dread Thermopylæ—the war against

seemed a forgetful kind of gentleman, and his hands were what I call *helpless* hands, sir! And then he gasped out, 'Stop—stop! I never had the address. Write to Lord Les—', something like Lord Lester—but we could not make out the name. Indeed he did not finish it, for there was a rush of blood to his lips; and though he seemed sensible when he recovered, (and knew us and his little girl too, till he went off smiling,) he never spoke word more."

"Poor man," said Leonard, wiping his eyes. "But his little girl surely remembers the name that he did not finish?"

"No. She says, he must have meant a gentleman whom they had met in the Park not long ago, who was very kind to her father, and was Lord something; but she don't remember the name, for she never saw him before or since, and her father talked very little about any one lately, but thought he should find some kind friends at Screwtown, and travelled down there with her from Lunnon. But she supposes he was disappointed, for he went out, came back, and merely told her to put up the things, as they must go back to Lunnon. And on his way there he—died. Hush, what's that? I hope she did not overhear us. No, we were talking low. She has the next room to your'n, sir. I thought I heard her sobbing. Hush!"

"In the next room? I hear nothing. Well, with your leave, I will speak to her before I quit you. And had her father no money with him?"

"Yes, a few sovereigns, sir; they paid for his funeral, and there is a little left still, enough to take her to town; for my husband said, says he, 'Hannab, the widow gave her mite, and we must not *take* the orphan's;' and my husband is a hard man, too, sir. Bless him!"

"Let me take your hand, ma'am. God reward you both."

"La, sir!—why, even Dr Dosewell said, rather grumpily though, 'Never mind my bill; but don't call me up at six o'clock in the morning again, without knowing a little more about people.' And I never afore knew Dr Dosewell go without his bill being

paid. He said it was a trick o' the other Doctor to spite him."

"What other Doctor?"

"Oh, a very good gentleman, who got out with Mr Digby when he was taken ill, and stayed till the next morning; and our Doctor says his name is Morgan, and he lives in—Lunnon, and is a homy—something"

"Homicide," suggested Leonard ignorantly.

"Ah—homicide; something like that, only a deal longer and worse. But he left some of the tiniest little balls you ever see, sir, to give the child; but, bless you, they did her no good—how should they?"

"Tiny balls, oh—homœopathist—I understand. And the Doctor was kind to her; perhaps he may help her. Have you written to him?"

"But we don't know his address, and Lunnon is a vast place, sir."

"I am going to London, and will find it out."

"Ah, sir, you seem very kind; and sin' she must go to Lunnon, (for what can we do with her here?—she's too genteel for service,) I wish she was going with you."

"With me!" said Leonard startled: "with me! Well, why not?"

"I am sure she comes of good blood, sir. You would have known her father was quite the gentleman, only to see him die, sir. He went off so kind and civil like, as if he was ashamed to give so much trouble—quite a gentleman, if ever there was one. And so are you, sir, I'm sure," said the landlady, curtsying; "I know what gentlefolk be. I've been a housekeeper in the first of families in this very shire, sir, though I can't say I've served in Lunnon; and so, as gentlefolks know each other, I've no doubt you could find out her relations. Dear—dear! Coming, coming!"

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"Why?" echoed Helen, with a smile, and she held up the purse.

"Pooh! always that horrid purse; as if, too, we were not going to fill it. Did not I tell you the story of Fortunio? Well, at all events, we will go first to the neighbourhood where you last lived, and learn there all we can; and then the day after to-morrow, I will see this Dr Morgan, and find out the Lord—"

The tears started to Helen's soft eyes. "You want to get rid of me soon, brother."

"I! ah, I feel so happy to have you with me, it seems to me as if I had pined for you all my life, and you had come at last; for I never had brother, nor sister, nor any one to love, that was not older than myself, except—"

"Except the young lady you told me of," said Helen, turning away her face; for children are very jealous.

"Yes, I loved her, love her still. But that was different," said Leonard, with a heightened colour. "I could never have talked to her as to you: to you I open my whole heart; you are my little Muse, Helen. I confess to you my wild whims and fancies as frankly as if I were writing poetry." As he said this, a step was heard, and a shadow fell over the stream. A belated angler appeared on the margin, drawing his line impatiently across the water, as if to worry some dozing fish into a bite before it finally settled itself for the night. Absorbed in his occupation, the angler did not observe the young persons on the sward under the tree, and he halted there, close upon them.

"Curse that perch!" said he aloud.

"Take care, sir," cried Leonard; for the man, in stepping back, nearly trod upon Helen.

The angler turned. "What's the matter? Hist! you have frightened my perch. Keep still, can't you?"

Helen drew herself out of the way, and Leonard remained motionless. He remembered Jackeymo, and felt a sympathy for the angler.

"It is the most extraordinary perch, that!" muttered the stranger, soliloquising. "It has the devil's own luck. It must have been born with a silver spoon in its mouth, that perch! I shall never catch

it—never! Ha!—no—only a weed. I give it up." With this, he indignantly jerked his rod from the water, and began to disjoint it. While leisurely engaged in this occupation, he turned to Leonard.

"Humph! are you intimately acquainted with this stream, sir?"

"No," answered Leonard. "I never saw it before."

ANGLER, (solemnly).—"Then, young man, take my advice, and do not give way to its fascinations. Sir, I am a martyr to this stream; it has been the Dalilah of my existence."

LEONARD, (interested, the last sentence seemed to him poetical).—"The Dalilah! Sir, the Dalilah!"

ANGLER.—"The Dalilah. Young man, listen, and be warned by example. When I was about your age, I first came to this stream to fish. Sir, on that fatal day, about 3 P. M., I hooked up a fish—such a big one, it must have weighed a pound and a half. Sir, it was that length;" and the angler put finger to wrist. "And just when I had got it nearly ashore, by the very place where you are sitting, on that shelving bank, young man, the line broke, and the perch twisted himself among those roots, and—caco-dæmon that he was—ran off, hook and all. Well, that fish haunted me; never before had I seen such a fish. Minnows I had caught in the Thames and elsewhere, also gudgeons, and occasionally a dace. But a fish like that—a PERCH—all his fins up, like the sails of a man-of-war—a monster perch—a whale of a perch!—No, never till then had I known what leviathans lie hid within the deeps. I could not sleep till I had returned; and again, sir,—I caught that perch. And this time I pulled him fairly out of the water. He escaped; and how did he escape? Sir, he left his eye behind him on the hook. Years, long years, have passed since then; but never shall I forget the agony of that moment."

LEONARD.—"To the perch, sir?"

ANGLER.—"Perch! agony to him! He enjoyed it:—agony to me. I gazed on that eye, and the eye looked as sly and as wicked as if it was laughing in my face. Well, sir, I had heard that there is no better bait for a perch than a perch's eye. I adjusted that

eye on the hook, and dropped in the line gently. The water was unusually clear; in two minutes I saw that perch return. He approached the hook; he recognised his eye—frisked his tail—made a plunge—and, as I live, carried off the eye, safe and sound; and I saw him digesting it by the side of that water-lily. The mocking fiend! Seven times since that day, in the course of a varied and eventful life, have I caught that perch, and seven times has that perch escaped."

LEONARD, (astonished.) — "It can't be the same perch; perches are very tender fish—a hook inside of it, and an eye hooked out of it—no perch could withstand such havoc in its constitution."

ANGLER, (with an appearance of awe.)—"It does seem supernatural. But it is that perch; for harkye, sir, there is ONLY ONE perch in the whole brook! All the years I have fished here, I have never caught another perch here; and this solitary inmate of the watery element I know by sight better than I knew my own lost father. For each time that I have raised it out of the water, its profile has been turned to me, and I have seen, with a shudder, that it has had only—One Eye! It is a most mysterious and a most diabolical phenomenon that perch! It has been the ruin of my prospects in life. I was offered a situation in Jamaica; I could not go, with that perch left here in triumph. I might afterwards have had an appointment in India, but I could not put the ocean between myself and that perch: thus have I frittered away my existence in the fatal metropolis of my native land. And once a-week, from February to December,

I come hither—Good Heavens! if I should catch the perch at last, the occupation of my existence will be gone."

Leonard gazed curiously at the angler, as the last thus mournfully concluded. The ornate turn of his periods did not suit with his costume. He looked woefully threadbare and shabby—a genteel sort of shabbiness too—shabbiness in black. There was humour in the corners of his lip; and his hands, though they did not seem very clean—indeed his occupation was not friendly to such niceties—were those of a man who had not known manual labour. His face was pale and puffed, but the tip of the nose was red. He did not seem as if the watery element was as familiar to himself as to his Dalilah—the perch.

"Such is Life!" recommenced the angler in a moralising tone, as he slid his rod into its canvass case. "If a man knew what it was to fish all one's life in a stream that has only one perch!—to catch that one perch nine times in all, and nine times to see it fall back into the water, plump;—if a man knew what it was—why, then"—Here the angler looked over his shoulder full at Leonard—"why then, young sir, he would know what human life is to vain ambition. Good evening."

Away he went, treading over the daisies and king-cups. Helen's eyes followed him wistfully.

"What a strange person!" said Leonard, laughing.

"I think he is a very wise one," murmured Helen; and she came close up to Leonard, and took his hand in both hers, as if she felt already that he was in need of the Comforter—the line broke, and the perch lost!

CHAPTER IX.

At noon the next day, London stole upon them, through a gloomy, thick, oppressive atmosphere. For where is it that we can say London *bursts* on the sight? It stole on them through one of its fairest and most gracious avenues of approach—by the stately gardens of Kensington—along the side of Hyde Park, and so on towards Cumberland Gate.

Leonard was not the least struck.

And yet, with a very little money, and a very little taste, it would be easy to render this entrance to London as grand and as imposing as that to Paris from the *Champs Elysées*. As they came near the Edgeware Road, Helen took her new brother by the hand and guided him. For she knew all that neighbourhood, and she was acquainted with a lodging near that occupied by her father, (to that lo

ing itself, she could not have gone for the world,) where they might be housed cheaply.

But just then the sky, so dull and overcast since morning, seemed one mass of black cloud. There suddenly came on a violent storm of rain. The boy and girl took refuge in a covered mews, in a street running out of the Edgware Road. This shelter soon became crowded; the two young pilgrims crept close to the wall, apart from the rest; Leonard's arm round Helen's waist, sheltering her from the rain that the strong wind contending with it beat in through the passage. Presently a young gentleman, of better mien and dress than the other refugees, entered, not hastily, but rather with a slow and proud step, as if, though he deigned to take shelter, he scorned to run to it. He glanced somewhat haughtily at the assembled group—passed on through the midst of it—came near Leonard—took off his hat, and shook the rain from its brim. His head thus uncovered, left all his features exposed; and the village youth recognised, at the first glance, his old victorious assailant on the green at Hazeldean.

Yet Randal Leslie was altered. His dark cheek was as thin as in boyhood, and even yet more wasted by intense study and night vigils; but the expression of his face was at once more refined and manly, and there was a steady concentrated light in his large eye, like that of one who has been in the habit of bringing all his thoughts to one point. He looked older than he was. He was dressed simply in black, a colour which became him; and altogether his aspect and figure were not showy indeed, but distinguished. He looked, to the common eye, a gentleman; and to the more observant, a scholar.

Helter-skelter!—pell-mell! the group in the passage—now pressed each on each—now scattered on all sides—making way—rushing down the mews—against the walls—as a fiery horse darted under shelter; the rider, a young man, with a very handsome face, and dressed with that peculiar care which we commonly call dandyism, cried out, good humouredly, "Don't be afraid; the horse shan't hurt any of you—a thou-

sand pardons—so ho! so ho!" He patted the horse, and it stood as still as a statue, filling up the centre of the passage. The groups resettled—Randal approached the rider.

"Frank Hazeldean!"

"Ah—is it indeed Randal Leslie!"

Frank was off his horse in a moment, and the bridle was consigned to the care of a slim prentice-boy holding a bundle.

"My dear fellow, how glad I am to see you. How lucky it was that I should turn in here. Not like me either, for I don't much care for a ducking. Staying in town, Randal?"

"Yes, at your uncle's, Mr Egerton. I have left Oxford."

"For good?"

"For good."

"But you have not taken your degree, I think? We Etonians all considered you booked for a double first. Oh! we have been so proud of your fame—you carried off all the prizes."

"Not all; but some, certainly. Mr Egerton offered me my choice—to stay for my degree, or to enter at once into the Foreign Office. I preferred the end to the means. For, after all, what good are academical honours but as the entrance to life? To enter now, is to save a step in a long way, Frank."

"Ah! you were always ambitious, and you will make a great figure, I am sure."

"Perhaps so—if I work for it. Knowledge is power!"

Leonard started.

"And you," resumed Randal, looking with some curious attention at his old schoolfellow. "You never came to Oxford. I did hear you were going into the army."

"I am in the Guards," said Frank, trying hard not to look too conceited as he made that acknowledgment. "The Governor pished a little, and would rather I had come to live with him in the old hall, and take to farming. Time enough for that—eh? By Jove, Randal, how pleasant a thing is life in London! Do you go to Almack's to-night?"

"No; Wednesday is a holiday in the House! There is a great parliamentary dinner at Mr Egerton's. He is in the Cabinet now, you know;

but you don't see much of your uncle, I think."

"Our sets are different," said the young gentleman, in a tone of voice worthy of Brummell. "All those parliamentary fellows are devilish dull. The rain's over. I don't know whether the Governor would like me to call at Grosvenor Square; but, pray come and see me; here's my card to remind you; you must dine at our mess. Such nice fellows. What day will you fix?"

"I will call and let you know. Don't you find it rather expensive in the Guards? I remember that you thought the Governor, as you call him, used to chafe a little when you wrote for more pocket-money; and the only time I ever remember to have seen you with tears in your eyes, was when Mr Hazelden, in sending you £5, reminded you that his estates were not entailed—were at his own disposal, and they should never go to an extravagant spendthrift. It was not a pleasant threat, that, Frank."

"Oh!" cried the young man, colouring deeply, "It was not the threat that pained me, it was that my father could think so meanly of me as to fancy that—well—well, but those were schoolboy days. And my father was always more generous than I deserved. We must see a good deal of each other, Randal. How good-natured you were at Eton, making my longs and shorts for me; I shall never forget it. Do call soon."

Frank swung himself into his saddle, and rewarded the slim youth with half-

a-crown; a largess four times more ample than his father would have deemed sufficient. A jerk of the reins and a touch of the heel—off bounded the fiery horse and the gay young rider. Randal mused; and as the rain had now ceased, the passengers under shelter dispersed and went their way. Only Randal, Leonard, and Helen remained behind. Then, as Randal, still musing, lifted his eyes, they fell full upon Leonard's face. He started, passed his hand quickly over his brow—looked again, hard and piercingly; and the change in his pale cheek to a shade still paler—a quick compression and nervous gnawing of his lip—showed that he too recognised an old foe. Then his glance ran over Leonard's dress, which was somewhat dust-stained, but far above the class amongst which the peasant was born. Randal raised his brows in surprise, and with a smile slightly supercilious—the smile stung Leonard: and with a slow step Randal left the passage, and took his way towards Grosvenor Square. The Entrance of Ambition was clear to him.

Then the little girl once more took Leonard by the hand, and led him through rows of humble, obscure, dreary streets. It seemed almost like an allegory personified, as the sad, silent child led on the penniless and low-born adventurer of genius by the squalid shops, and through the winding lanes, which grew meaner and meaner, till both their forms vanished from the view.

CHAPTER X.

"But do come; change your dress, return and dine with me; you will have just time, Harley. You will meet the most eminent men of our party; surely they are worth your study, philosopher that you affect to be."

Thus said Audley Egerton to Lord L'Estrange, with whom he had been riding (after the toils of his office.) The two gentlemen were in Audley's library. Mr Egerton, as usual, buttoned up, seated in his chair, in the erect posture of a man who scorns "inglorious ease." Harley, as usual, thrown at length on the sofa, his long

hair in careless curls, his neckcloth loose, his habiliments flowing—*simplex munditiis*, indeed—his grace all his own; seemingly negligent, never slovenly; at ease everywhere and with every one, even with Mr Audley Egerton, who chilled or awed the ease out of most people.

"Nay, my dear Audley, forgive me. But your eminent men are all men of one idea, and that not a diverting one—politics! politics! politics! The storm in the saucer."

"But what is your life, Harley?—the saucer without the storm?"

"Do you know, that's very well said, Audley; I did not think you had so much liveliness of repartee. Life—life! it is insipid, it is shallow. No launching Argosies in the saucer. Audley, I have the oddest fancy—"

"That of course," said Audley drily; "you never have any other. What is the new one?"

HARLEY, (with great gravity.)—"Do you believe in Mesmerism?"

AUDLEY.—"Certainly not."

HARLEY.—"If it were in the power of an animal magnetiser to get me out of my own skin into somebody else's! *That's* my fancy! I am so tired of myself—so tired! I have run through all my ideas—know every one of them by heart; when some pretentious impostor of an idea perks itself up and says, 'Look at me, I'm a new acquaintance'—I just give it a nod, and say, 'Not at all, you have only got a new coat on; you are the same old wretch that has bored me these last twenty years; get away.' But if one could be in a new skin! if I could be for half-an-hour your tall porter, or one of your eminent matter-of-fact men, I should then really travel into a new world.* Every man's brain must be a world in itself, eh? If I could but make a parochial settlement even in yours, Audley—run over all your thoughts and sensations. Upon my life, I'll go and talk to that French mesmeriser about it."

AUDLEY, (who does not seem to like the notion of having his thoughts and sensations rummaged, even by his friend, and even in fancy.)—"Pooh, pooh, pooh! Do talk like a man of sense."

HARLEY.—"Man of sense! Where shall I find a model? I don't know a man of sense!—never met such a creature. Don't believe it ever existed. At one time I thought Socrates must have been a man of sense;—a delusion; he would stand gazing into the air, and talking to his Genius from sunrise to sunset. Is that like a man of sense? Poor Aud-

ley, how puzzled he looks! Well, I'll try and talk sense to oblige you. And first, (here Harley raised himself on his elbow)—first, is it true, as I have heard vaguely, that you are paying court to the sister of that infamous Italian traitor?"

"Madame di Negra? No; I am not paying court to her," answered Audley with a cold smile. "But she is very handsome; she is very clever; she is useful to me—I need not say how or why; that belongs to my *métier* as politician. But, I think, if you will take my advice, or get your friend to take it, I could obtain from her brother, through my influence with her, some liberal concessions to your exile. She is very anxious to know where he is."

"You have not told her?"

"No; I promised you I would keep that secret."

"Be sure you do; it is only for some mischief, some snare, that she could desire such information. Concessions! pooh! This is no question of concessions, but of rights."

"I think you should leave your friend to judge of that."

"Well, I will write to him. Meanwhile, beware of this woman. I have heard much of her abroad, and she has the character of her brother for duplicity and—"

"Beauty," interrupted Audley, turning the conversation with practised adroitness. "I am told that the Count is one of the handsomest men in Europe, much handsomer than his sister still, though nearly twice her age. Tut—tut—Harley! fear not for me. I am proof against all feminine attractions. This heart is dead."

"Nay, nay; it is not for you to speak thus—leave that to me. But even I will not say it. The heart never dies. And you; what have you lost?—a wife; true: an excellent noble-hearted woman. But was it love that you felt for her? Envious man, have you ever loved?"

"Perhaps not, Harley," said Audley, with a sombre aspect, and in

* If, at the date in which Lord L'Estrange held this conversation with Mr Egerton Alfred de Musset had written his comedies, we should suspect that his lordship had plagiarised from one of them the whimsical idea that he here vents upon Audley. In repeating it, the author at least cannot escape from the charge of obligation to a writer whose humour, at least, is sufficiently opulent to justify the loan.

dejected accents; "very few men ever have loved, at least as you mean by the word. But there are other passions than love that kill the heart, and reduce us to mechanism."

While Egerton spoke, Harley turned aside, and his breast heaved. There was a short silence; Audley was the first to break it.

"Speaking of my lost wife, I am sorry that you do not approve what I have done for her young kinsman, Randal Leslie."

HARLEY, (recovering himself with an effort.)—"Is it true kindness to bid him exchange manly independence, for the protection of an official patron?"

AUDLEY.—"I did not bid him. I gave him his choice. At his age I should have chosen as he has done."

HARLEY.—"I trust not; I think better of you. But answer me one question frankly, and then I will ask another. Do you mean to make this young man your heir?"

AUDLEY, (with a slight embarrassment.)—"Heir, pooh! I am young still. I may live as long as he—time enough to think of that."

HARLEY.—"Then now to my second question. Have you told this youth plainly that he may look to you for influence, but not for wealth?"

AUDLEY, (firmly.)—"I think I have; but I shall repeat it more emphatically."

HARLEY.—"Then I am satisfied as to your conduct, but not as to his. For he has too acute an intellect not to know what it is to forfeit independence; and, depend on it, he has made his calculations, and would throw you into the bargain in any balance that he could strike in his favour. You go by your experience in judging men; I by my instincts. Nature warns us as it does the inferior animals—only we are too conceited, we bipeds, to heed her. My instincts of soldier and gentleman recoil from that old young man. He has the soul of the Jesuit. I see it in his eye—I hear it in the tread of his foot; *volto sciolto*, he has not; *i pensieri stretti* he has. Hist! I hear now his step in the hall. I should know it from a thousand. That's his very touch on the handle of the door."

Randal Leslie entered. Harley—

who, despite his disregard for forms, and his dislike to Randal, was too high-bred not to be polite to his junior in age or inferior in rank—rose and bowed. But his bright piercing eyes did not soften as they caught and bore down the deeper and more latent fire in Randal's. Harley then did not resume his seat, but moved to the mantel-piece, and leant against it.

RANDAL.—"I have fulfilled your commissions, Mr Egerton. I went first to Maida Hill, and saw Mr Burley. I gave him the cheque, but he said 'it was too much, and he should return half to the banker;' he will write the article as you suggested. I then—"

AUDLEY.—"Enough, Randal! we will not fatigue Lord L'Estrange with these little details of a life that displeases him—the life political."

HARLEY.—"But *these* details do not displease me; they reconcile me to my own life. Go on, pray, Mr Leslie."

Randal had too much tact to need the cautioning glance of Mr Egerton. He did not continue, but said, with a soft voice, "Do you think, Lord L'Estrange, that the contemplation of the mode of life pursued by others *can* reconcile a man to his own, if he had before thought it needed a reconciler?"

Harley looked pleased, for the question was ironical; and, if there was a thing in the world he abhorred, it was flattery.

"Recollect your Lucretius, Mr Leslie, the *Suave mare*, &c., 'pleasant from the cliff to see the mariners tossed on the ocean.' Faith, I think that sight reconciles one to the cliff—though, before, one might have been teased by the splash from the spray, and deafened by the scream of the sea-gulls. But I leave you, Audley. Strange that I have heard no more of my soldier. Remember I have your promise when I come to claim it. Good-bye, Mr Leslie, I hope that Mr Burley's article will be worth the—cheque."

Lord L'Estrange mounted his horse, which was still at the door, and rode through the Park. But he was no longer now unknown by sight. Bows and nods saluted him on every side.

"Alas, I am found out then," said he to himself. "That terrible Duchess of Knaresborough, too—I must fly my country." He pushed his horse into a canter, and was soon out of the Park. As he dismounted at his father's sequestered house, you would have hardly supposed him the same whimsical, fantastic, but deep and

subtle humourist that delighted in perplexing the material Audley. For his expressive face was unutterably serious. But the moment he came into the presence of his parents, the countenance was again lighted and cheerful. It brightened the whole room like sunshine.

CHAPTER XI.

"Mr Leslie," said Egerton, when Harley had left the library, "you did not act with your usual discretion in touching upon matters connected with politics in the presence of a third party."

"I feel that already, sir; my excuse is, that I held Lord L'Estrange to be your most intimate friend."

"A public man, Mr Leslie, would ill serve his country if he were not especially reserved towards his private friends,—when they do not belong to his party."

"But, pardon me my ignorance. Lord Lansmere is so well known to be one of your supporters, that I fancied his son must share his sentiments, and be in your confidence."

Egerton's bows slightly contracted, and gave a stern expression to a countenance always firm and decided. He, however, answered in a mild tone.

"At the entrance into political life, Mr Leslie, there is nothing in which a young man of your talents should be more on his guard than thinking for himself; he will nearly always think wrong. And I believe that is one reason why young men of talent disappoint their friends, and—remain so long out of office."

A haughty flush passed over Randal's brow, and faded away quickly; he bowed in silence.

Egerton resumed, as if in explanation, and even in kindly apology—

"Look at Lord L'Estrange himself. What young man could come into life with brighter auspices? Rank, wealth, high animal spirits, (a great advantage those same spirits, Mr Leslie,) courage, self-possession, scholarship as brilliant perhaps as your own; and now see how his life is wasted! Why? He always thought

fit to think for himself. He could never be broken in to harness, and never will be. The State coach, Mr Leslie, requires that all the horses should pull together."

"With submission, sir," answered Randal, "I should think that there were other reasons why Lord L'Estrange, whatever be his talents—and of these you must be indeed an adequate judge—would never do anything in public life."

"Ay, and what?" said Egerton, quickly.

"First," said Randal, shrewdly, "private life has done too much for him. What could public life give to one who needs nothing? Born at the top of the social ladder, why should he put himself voluntarily at the last step, for the sake of climbing up again? And secondly, Lord L'Estrange seems to me a man in whose organisation *sentiment* usurps too large a share for practical existence."

"You have a keen eye," said Audley, with some admiration; "keen for one so young.—Poor Harley!"

Mr Egerton's last words were said to himself. He resumed quickly—

"There is something on my mind, my young friend. Let us be frank with each other. I placed before you fairly the advantages and disadvantages of the choice I gave you. To take your degree with such honours as no doubt you would have won, to obtain your fellowship, to go to the bar, with those credentials in favour of your talents;—this was one career. To come at once into public life, to profit by my experience, avail yourself of my interest, to take the chances of rise or fall with a party: this was another. You chose the last. But, in so doing, there was a consideration which might weigh with you; and on

which, in stating your reasons for your option, you were silent."

"What is that, sir?"

"You might have counted on my fortune should the chances of party fail you;—speak—and without shame if so; it would be natural in a young man, who comes from the elder branch of the house whose heiress was my wife."

"You wound me, Mr Egerton," said Randal, turning away.

Mr Egerton's cold glance followed Randal's movement; the face was hid from the glance—it rested on the figure, which is often as self-betraying as the countenance itself. Randal baffled Mr Egerton's penetration—the young man's emotion might be honest pride, and pained and generous feeling; or it might be something else. Egerton continued slowly—

"Once for all then, distinctly and emphatically, I say—never count upon that; count upon all else that I can do for you, and forgive me, when I advise harshly or censure coldly; ascribe this to my interest in your career. Moreover, before decision becomes irrevocable, I wish you to know practically all that is disagreeable or even humiliating in the first subordinate steps of him who, without wealth or station, would rise in public life. I will not consider your choice settled, till the end of a year at least—your name will be kept on the college books till then; if, on experience, you should prefer to return to Oxford, and pursue the slower but surer path to independence and distinction, you can. And now give me your hand, Mr Leslie, in sign that you forgive my bluntness;—it is time to dress."

Randal, with his face still averted, extended his hand. Mr Egerton held it a moment, then dropping it, left the room. Randal turned as the door closed. And there was in his dark face a power of sinister passion, that justified all Harley's warnings. His lips moved, but not audibly; then, as

if struck by a sudden thought, he followed Egerton into the Hall.

"Sir," said he, "I forgot to say, that on returning from Maida Hill, I took shelter from the rain under a covered passage, and there I met unexpectedly with your nephew, Frank Hazelden."

"Ah!" said Egerton indifferently, "a fine young man; in the Guards. It is a pity that my brother has such antiquated political notions; he should put his son into parliament, and under my guidance; I could push him. Well, and what said Frank?"

"He invited me to call on him. I remember that you once rather cautioned me against too intimate an acquaintance with those who have not got their fortune to make."

"Because they are idle, and idleness is contagious. Right—better not be intimate with a young Guardsman."

"Then you would not have me call on him, sir? We were rather friends at Eton; and if I wholly reject his overtures, might he not think that you—"

"I!" interrupted Egerton. "Ah, true; my brother might think I bore him a grudge; absurd. Call then, and ask the young man here. Yet still, I do not advise intimacy."

Egerton turned into his dressing-room. "Sir," said his valet, who was in waiting, "Mr Levy is here—he says, by appointment; and Mr Grinders is also just come from the country."

"Tell Mr Grinders to come in first," said Egerton, seating himself. "You need not wait; I can dress without you. Tell Mr Levy I will see him in five minutes."

Mr Grinders was steward to Audley Egerton.

Mr Levy was a handsome man, who wore a camelia in his button-hole—drove, in his cabriolet, a high-stepping horse that had cost £200; was well known to young men of fashion, and considered by their fathers a very dangerous acquaintance.

CHAPTER XII.

As the company assembled in the drawing-rooms, Mr Egerton introduced Randal Leslie to his eminent friends in a way that greatly contrast-

ed the distant and admonitory manner which he had exhibited to him in private. The presentation was made with that cordiality, and that gracious re-

spect by which those who are in station command notice for those who have their station yet to win.

"My dear Lord, let me introduce to you a kinsman of my late wife's, (in a whisper)—the heir to the elder branch of her family. Stanmore, this is Mr Leslie of whom I spoke to you. You, who were so distinguished at Oxford, will not like him the worse for the prizes he gained there. Duke, let me present to you, Mr Leslie. The duchess is angry with me for deserting her balls; I shall hope to make my peace, by providing myself with a younger and livelier substitute. Ah, Mr Howard, here is a young gentleman just fresh from Oxford, who will tell us all about the new sect springing up there. He has not wasted his time on billiards and horses."

Leslie was received with all that charming courtesy which is the *To Kalon* of an aristocracy.

After dinner, conversation settled on politics. Randal listened with attention, and in silence, till Egerton drew him gently out; just enough, and no more — just enough to make his intelligence evident, without subjecting him to the charge of laying down the law. Egerton knew how to draw out young men — a difficult art. It was one reason why he was so peculiarly popular with the more rising members of his party.

The party broke up early.

"We are in time for Almack's," said Egerton, glancing at the clock, "and I have a voucher for you; come."

Randal followed his patron into the carriage. By the way, Egerton thus addressed him:—

"I shall introduce you to the principal leaders of society; know them and study them; I do not advise you to attempt to do more—that is, to attempt to become the fashion. It is a very expensive ambition; some men it helps, most men it ruins. On the whole, you have better cards in your hands. Dance or not as it pleases you—don't flirt. If you flirt, people will inquire into your fortune—an inquiry that will do you little good; and flirting entangles a young man into marrying. That would never do. Here we are."

In two minutes more they were in

the great ball-room, and Randal's eyes were dazzled with the lights, the diamonds, the blaze of beauty. Audley presented him in quick succession to some dozen ladies, and then disappeared amidst the crowd. Randal was not at a loss: he was without shyness; or if he had that disabling infirmity, he concealed it. He answered the languid questions put to him, with a certain spirit that kept up talk, and left a favourable impression of his agreeable qualities. But the lady with whom he got on the best, was one who had no daughters out, a handsome and witty woman of the world — Lady Frederick Coniers.

"It is your first ball at Almack's, then, Mr Leslie?"

"My first."

"And you have not secured a partner? Shall I find you one? What do you think of that pretty girl in pink?"

"I see her—but I cannot *think* of her."

"You are rather, perhaps, like a diplomatist in a new court, and your first object is to know who is who."

"I confess that on beginning to study the history of my own day, I should like to distinguish the portraits that illustrate the memoir."

"Give me your arm, then, and we will come into the next room. We shall see the different *notabilités* enter one by one, and observe without being observed. This is the least I can do for a friend of Mr Egerton's."

"Mr Egerton, then," said Randal, —(as they threaded their way through the space without the rope that protected the dancers)—"Mr Egerton has had the good fortune to win your esteem, even for his friends, however obscure?"

"Why, to say truth, I think no one whom Mr Egerton calls his friend need long remain obscure, if he has the ambition to be otherwise. For Mr Egerton holds it a maxim never to forget a friend, nor a service."

"Ah, indeed!" said Randal, surprised.

"And, therefore," continued Lady Frederick, "as he passes through life, friends gather round him. He will rise even higher yet. Gratitude, Mr Leslie, is a very good policy."

"Hem," muttered Mr Leslie.

They had now gained the room where tea and bread and butter were the homely refreshments to the *habitués* of what at that day was the most exclusive assembly in London. They ensconced themselves in a corner by a window, and Lady Frederick performed her task of cicerone with lively ease, accompanying each notice of the various persons who passed panoramically before them with sketch and anecdote, sometimes good-natured, generally satirical, always graphic and amusing.

By-and-by Frank Hazeldean, having on his arm a young lady of haughty air, and with high though delicate features, came to the tea-table.

"The last new Guardsman," said Lady Frederick; "very handsome, and not yet quite spoiled. But he has got into a dangerous set."

RANDAL—"The young lady with him is handsome enough to be dangerous."

LADY FREDERICK, (laughing).—"No danger for him there,—as yet at least. Lady Mary (the Duke of Knaresborough's daughter) is only in her second year. The first year, nothing under an earl; the second, nothing under a baron. It will be full four years before she comes down to a commoner. Mr Hazeldean's danger is of another kind. He lives much with men who are not exactly *mauvais ton*, but certainly not of the best taste. Yet he is very young; he may extricate himself—leaving half his fortune behind him. What, he nods to you! You know him?"

"Very well; he is nephew to Mr Egerton."

"Indeed! I did not know that. Hazeldean is a new name in London. I heard his father was a plain country gentleman, of good fortune, but not that he was related to Mr Egerton."

"Half-brother."

"Will Mr Egerton pay the young gentleman's debts? He has no sous himself."

RANDAL—"Mr Egerton's fortune comes from his wife, from my family—from a Leslie, not from a Hazeldean."

Lady Frederick turned sharply, looked at Randal's countenance with more attention than she had yet

vouchsafed to it, and tried to talk of the Leslies. Randal was very short there.

An hour afterwards, Randal, who had not danced, was still in the refreshment room, but Lady Frederick had long quitted him. He was talking with some old Etonians who had recognised him, when there entered a lady of very remarkable appearance, and a murmur passed through the room as she appeared.

She might be three or four and twenty. She was dressed in black velvet, which contrasted with the alabaster whiteness of her throat and the clear paleness of her complexion, while it set off the diamonds with which she was profusely covered. Her hair was of the deepest jet, and worn simply braided. Her eyes, too, were dark and brilliant, her features regular and striking; but their expression, when in repose, was not prepossessing to such as love modesty and softness in the looks of woman. But when she spoke and smiled, there was so much spirit and vivacity in the countenance, so much fascination in the smile, that all which might before have marred the effect of her beauty, strangely and suddenly disappeared.

"Who is that very handsome woman?" asked Randal.

"An Italian—a Marchesa something," said one of the Etonians.

"Di Negra," suggested another, who had been abroad; "she is a widow; her husband was of the great Genoese family of Negra—a younger branch of it."

Several men now gathered thickly around the fair Italian. A few ladies of the highest rank spoke to her, but with a more distant courtesy than ladies of high rank usually show to foreigners of such quality as Madame di Negra. Ladies of a rank less elevated seemed rather shy of her;—that might be from jealousy. As Randal gazed at the Marchesa with more admiration than any woman, perhaps, had before excited in him, he heard a voice near him say—

"Oh, Madame di Negra is resolved to settle amongst us, and marry an Englishman."

"If she can find one sufficiently courageous," returned a female voice.

"Well, she is trying hard for Egerton, and he has courage enough for anything."

The female voice replied with a laugh, "Mr Egerton knows the world too well, and has resisted too many temptations, to be—"

"Hush!—there he is."

Egerton came into the room with his usual firm step and erect mien. Randal observed that a quick glance was exchanged between him and the Marchesa; but the Minister passed her by with a bow.

Still Randal watched, and, ten minutes afterwards, Egerton and the Marchesa were seated apart in the very same convenient nook that Randal and Lady Frederick had occupied an hour or so before.

"Is this the reason why Mr Egerton so insultingly warns me against counting on his fortune?" muttered Randal. "Does he mean to marry again?"

Unjust suspicion!—for, at that moment, these were the words that Audley Egerton was dropping forth from his lips of bronze—

"Nay, dear Madam, do not ascribe to my frank admiration more gallantry than it merits. Your conversation charms me, your beauty delights me; your society is as a holiday that I look forward to in the fatigues of my life. But I have done with love, and I shall never marry again."

"You almost pique me into trying to win, in order to reject you," said the Italian, with a flash from her bright eyes.

"I defy even you," answered Audley, with his cold hard smile. "But to return to the point: You have more influence at least over this subtle Ambassador; and the secret we speak of I rely on you to obtain me. Ah, Madam, let us rest friends. You see I have conquered the unjust prejudices against you; you are received and *fetée* everywhere, as becomes your birth and your attractions. Rely on me ever, as I on you. But I shall excite too much envy if I stay

here longer, and am vain enough to think that I may injure you if I provoke the gossip of the ill-natured. As the avowed friend, I can serve you—as the supposed lover, No—" Audley rose as he said this, and, standing by the chair, added carelessly, "Apropos, the sum you do me the honour to borrow will be paid to your bankers to-morrow."

"A thousand thanks!—my brother will hasten to repay you."

Audley bowed. "Your brother, I hope, will repay me in person, not before. When does he come?"

"Oh, he has again postponed his visit to London; he is so much needed in Vienna. But while we are talking of him, allow me to ask if your friend, Lord L'Estrange, is indeed still so bitter against that poor brother of mine?"

"Still the same."

"It is shameful," cried the Italian with warmth; "what has my brother ever done to him, that he should actually intrigue against the Count in his own court?"

"Intrigue! I think you wrong Lord L'Estrange; he but represented what he believed to be the truth, in defence of a ruined exile."

"And you will not tell me where that exile is, or if his daughter still lives?"

"My dear Marchesa, I have called you friend, therefore I will not aid L'Estrange to injure you or yours. But I call L'Estrange a friend also; and I cannot violate the trust that—" Audley stopped short, and bit his lip. "You understand me," he resumed, with a more genial smile than usual; and he took his leave.

The Italian's brows met as her eye followed him; then, as she too rose, that eye encountered Randal's. Each surveyed the other—each felt a certain strange fascination—a sympathy—not of affection, but of intellect.

"That young man has the eye of an Italian," said the Marchesa to herself; and as she passed by him into the ball-room, she turned and smiled.

CAMPAIGNS OF AN AUSTRIAN AIDE-DE-CAMP.

THE one-sided tendency of the majority of the memoirs, narratives of adventure, and other semi-historical works, relating to the Italian and Hungarian insurrections, that have appeared within the last two years, can have escaped none who have formed even a superficial acquaintance with English and foreign publications of that class. Worst of all in the battle, the revolutionists have had it all their own way in the more peaceable field of literature. The reason of this is obvious: compelled to sheathe their swords, and to subside, at least for a season, into comparative inaction and insignificance, revolutionary leaders and partisans could hardly do better than seize the pen, and console themselves for defeat or exile by telling of fruitless victories, of reverses which should have been triumphs, of the treachery of faithless friends, and the sanguinary deeds of vindictive foes. Independently of personal motives, the temptation to write in this strain is great and evident. Not an historical novelist who ever expanded Froissart into post octavos but will inform us how far more attractive a character is the patriot hero, struggling against tyrannical rulers, than the commonplace soldier, who merely does his duty, and deems himself rewarded by his general's approbation, and by that of his own conscience. For our part, amidst the mass of works on recent European convulsions that have come under our notice, we confess our preference of those limited to the impartial narration of events which the authors witnessed or shared in. Of this class are the spirited sketches now before us. Major de Pimodan doubtless never paused, when about to lead his squadron to the charge, to weigh the rights and wrongs of the Hungarian hounded or Piedmontese chasséurs, whose squares he was ordered to storm. As a sol-

dier, he did his duty without reasoning; as an author, he recites facts, and leaves the reader to draw his inferences and make his reflections. We have rarely read military memoirs in which there was less appearance of partisanship, and a greater apparent desire to give to all their due.

It is easy to discern, from M. de Pimodan's frank and off-hand, but modest and unassuming narrative, that he is in no small degree cool-headed, intelligent, and daring. To the recognition, by his superiors, of these invaluable military qualities, we are doubtless to attribute the numerous confidential missions with which he was intrusted, as well as his transfer, towards the close of 1848, from the army of Radetsky to that of Windischgrätz, when the latter commander, about to enter Hungary, wrote to the old marshal to ask the loan of some staff-officers of talent and experience. Thanks to this transfer, M. de Pimodan had opportunity of acquiring distinction and promotion in the two most important of recent revolutionary wars. Having seen so much, and knowing so well as he does how to narrate his adventures in a style both soldierly and scholarly, it would have been unpardonable to withhold them from the public. They were first published in the *Paris Revue des Deux Mondes*, whose pages, of late somewhat ponderous, would gain greatly if more frequently enriched by contributions of equal merit and interest.

It was in cantonments in an obscure Styrian village that M. de Pimodan, then a lieutenant of dragoons, received, in August 1847, the route for Italy. On the 9th the regiment set out; on the 5th September they reached Verona, the termination of their march. Before opening the campaign, we turn to M. de Pimodan's interesting sketch of the

Souvenirs et Scènes de la Guerre d'Italie, sous le Maréchal Radetsky. Souvenirs de la Guerre de Hongrie, sous le Prince Windischgrätz et le Ban Jellachich. Par le Comte GEORGE DE PIMODAN, Major au Régiment de Banderial Hussards. Paris. 1850-51.

history of his corps, now known as Prince Windischgraetz's Light Horse.

"Our standard was a precious memorial, given to the regiment by Maria Theresa. At that period, and up to the end of the reign of Joseph II., the regiment was recruited in Flanders; the soldiers spoke nothing but French; they were known as the Walloons. They it was who decided the victory at the battle of Kolin, which at first appeared lost. The Imperial army began to give way; Count de Thiennes, colonel of the regiment, received orders to retire; he flew to Daun: 'Marshal,' he said, 'I shall attack, and if I perish with my regiment, our honour at least will be saved.' 'What can you do with your beardless Flemings?' replied Daun, who knew that the regiment was then almost wholly composed of young recruits. 'You shall see,' cried de Thiennes; and plunged, followed by his officers, and at the head of the whole regiment, into the thick of the Prussian infantry. Thirty squadrons of Prussian hussars, supported by fifteen of dragoons in a second line, were overthrown by the Imperial cavalry, and victory declared for Austria; but de Thiennes was killed, and a third of the regiment lay upon the field. Many of the officers were of Lorraine: the history of the regiment has preserved their names; amongst them are those of Ficquelmont and Aspremont. The Great Frederick, seeing the battle lost, returned to Nymburg at full gallop, repeating to the officer who accompanied him, and whose horse fell dead with fatigue, 'Ah! my hussars, my brave hussars, are surely lost!' Maria Theresa loaded Daun with honours, (it was the first victory gained over the Prussians.) She went outside the walls of Vienna to meet him, and ordered that the soldiers of this brave regiment should thenceforward, in memory of their youth and heroism, wear neither beard nor mustaches; then, with her own hands, she embroidered on their standard a rose surrounded with thorns, and the motto, '*Qui s'y frotte s'y pique*.' At a later date the regiment was known as Latour's Dragoons; many who served in the great wars of Napoleon have met it and admired its bravery,

and many French generals mention it in their memoirs. '*Garde à nous!*' here are the Latours!' was the cry of the French soldiers, when, after they had repulsed repeated cavalry charges, they beheld these intrepid horsemen hurled against their squares. The only Imperial eagle taken in Napoleon's first German campaign was captured in a charge made by these dragoons of Latour against the fifteenth regiment of French dragoons, at the combat of Haslan."

The autumn passed quietly at Verona; but still there were sounds of mischief in the air, and signs of coming revolution. All were on the *qui vive*, expecting an outbreak, which might take place at any moment. "At the least noise in the streets, the townspeople showed themselves at their doors, and the women peered anxiously through their lattices." Secret meetings were held in the large towns of Austrian Italy. At Milan, towards the end of February, several officers were insulted, and Lieutenant Count Thun, entering his house after drill, was wounded by an assassin's pistol. For some time the Latours, and other troops in garrison at Verona, were confined to barracks, with horses saddled, ready at an instant's notice to mount and away. Nearly every week battalions of Croats, tall fine men, whose harsh savage aspect contrasted with the somewhat effeminate physiognomy of the Italians, passed through the town, pressing forward to the Po and Ticino. Early in March the insurrection broke out. It had long been foreseen and announced by Marshal Radetsky, whose orders were given beforehand for the troops in Lombardy to rendezvous at Milan, and those in the Venetian States at Verona. The latter city was quiet, but all communication with Lombardy was cut off. "Revolutionary committees were organised in every town and village; the inhabitants made barricades in the streets; in the country districts the peasants cut the bridges over the numerous canals, dug ditches across the roads, and formed *abattis* of trees. Supplies of ammunition and artillery, stopped by these obstacles, were captured by the insurgents. Officers sent with des-

patches did not return, and were reported to have been seen hung from trees with their own scarves. Of news there were none, and the most absurd rumours circulated on all sides." Things were in this critical state when M. de Pimodan was one night roused from his slumbers on a bench in the stables, by an order to repair instantly to the quarters of General Gherardi. There despatches were given him; a carriage was at the door; in five minutes he was on the road to Trieste.

"The next day at noon, as I entered Sacile, I saw a crowd assembled in the square. Seven or eight young men, with plumes in their hats, and armed like theatrical brigands, stopped my carriage. I put my hand to my sabre; but I saw by the gestures they made with their muskets that resistance was useless. They desired me to alight and follow them; they conducted me to the town-hall, and into a large room, where seven or eight men in black coats were seated round a table. I stepped forward and demanded, in a voice rendered menacing by anger, 'Who dares to arrest an imperial courier?' None ventured to reply; all appeared embarrassed: one of them, however, rose from his seat and said that they wanted to hear news from Milan. I told them what I knew, and added, that Marshal Radetsky would destroy the city if the revolt continued. They seemed thunderstruck by the name and menace; but, plucking up courage—'We want a republic,' said one of them; 'equality for all.' I was uneasy as to how all this would end. The staircase was crowded with a ragged mob, some of whom had even made their way into the room. 'How now!' I cried—'equality for all, and you wear fine clothes whilst these poor people are almost naked!' And, turning to the crowd, I saw my words responded to by an approving smile. I took advantage of this, and approached the stairs. The crowd made way for me; I jumped into my carriage, and was off at a gallop."

Thanks to his prudence and presence of mind, M. de Pimodan passed safely through other similar perils, reached Trieste at two in the morning, delivered his despatches to Count Gjulai, the general commanding, and

by him was sent off, the following night, to convey others to Count Zichy at Venice. "The next morning, when entering the port, and whilst admiring the beautiful spectacle which Venice presents, I heard some one shout to us from the guard-ship—'*Fora la bandiera!*' I paid no attention to this, thinking it some customary formality; but what was my astonishment when I saw the sailors haul down the flag with the imperial arms, and heard an immense crowd, assembled on the Piazzeta and the quay of the Schiavoni, make the air ring with shouts of '*Viva san Marco! Viva la Republica! Viva l'Italia!*'" It was M. de Pimodan's fate to be preceded everywhere by revolutions. Venice was in full revolt, and a provisional government had been established. He was conveyed in a gondola, by the smaller canals, to the palace, which was its headquarters, and made to wait in a large hall, full of excited groups in eager conversation, and traversed every moment by secretaries and aides-de-camp, girt with tricoloured scarves. A naval officer approached M. de Pimodan, who addressed him. "I do not speak German," replied the officer, in excellent German, turning his back upon his interlocutor. Confusion and not a little alarm reigned amongst the new-fledged republicans. So great was the bewilderment and want of order, that they actually read aloud, within hearing of the Austrian officer, a letter from the revolutionary committee of Treviso, informing the provisional government that the imperial troops were still in the town, the republic could not be proclaimed, and that the town had every thing to fear from Austrian vengeance. "After waiting about an hour," says M. de Pimodan, "they took me to M. Manin. I beheld a little man, about fifty years of age, seated before a desk; he wore spectacles, and had the appearance of having passed many sleepless nights: his gaze was dull, and his countenance pale with fatigue. He looked at me with an astonished air, as if at a loss to conjecture what had brought me to Venice at such a moment; then, opening a drawer, in which I saw gold, he put his hand in, and, fixing his eyes on mine: 'You are come to join us,

are you not, to fight for our liberty?' he said, stirring the gold as he spoke. I saw what he meant. 'Sir,' I replied, 'I am noble by birth, and an officer in the emperor's service; I know nothing but my duty.' 'Well, well!' he replied, in an ironical tone, 'as you please; meanwhile, you will be kept here.'"

The insurrection at Venice, unknown at Trieste when M. de Pimodan had left that port, rendered the despatches for Count Zichy worthless. Nevertheless the bearer was anxious to see the count, and his ready wit suggested the means. He told Manin that he was on his way to join his regiment at Verona; that his non-arrival would make him suspected of desertion; and he entreated permission to speak to General Zichy, whose testimony might subsequently save him from punishment. Manin complied with his request, and he was taken to Zichy's quarters. The count was in bed. "I had rolled up my despatches in my sleeve, hoping to be able to give them to him unseen; but finding myself watched by his guards, I told him I was a prisoner, and talked of indifferent things, to gain time. At last, resting my arm upon his bedstead, I tried to catch his eye, and to guide it to the movement I was about to make to drop the despatches; but he was too dejected and prostrate to understand me. Fearing they would be taken by the Italians in the room, I dared not let them fall upon the bed. I was taken back to the hall; a moment afterwards a young man entered in great alarm, and exclaimed:—'The Croats will not accept the capitulation; they refuse to lay down their arms, and declare that, if attacked, they will set fire to the town, and blow up the powder magazine.'—'Nonsense!' replied an ill-looking man there present, who then sat down, wrote a few lines, and went out of the room. In a few minutes he returned, flourishing the paper with a triumphant air. 'Here,' said he, 'here is the order for the Croats to lay down their arms. It is signed: *General Count Zichy*.' I know not by

what means this fellow procured the count's signature."

But negligently guarded, M. de Pimodan effected his escape, and after passing safely through numerous perils, once more reached Verona. He must have been invaluable as a courier, and callous to fatigue,—for the very same day we again find him on the road, bearing orders to General d'Aspre, at Padua, to concentrate at Verona all the troops of the province of Venice. The general had anticipated the order; the messenger met him near Vicenza, and returned with him to Verona, the garrison of which was increased by this arrival to sixteen thousand men.

It was a few days later, on the 29th March 1848, that M. de Pimodan, having been sent to Peschiera with a picket of cavalry, met in that fortress three squadrons of imperial Hulans, and four companies of Sluiners,* who, having been compelled to abandon Cremona and Bergamo, had been for six days wandering about Lombardy, repeatedly brought to a stand by broken bridges and barricaded towns. When fording the Chiesa, above the little town of Montechiaro, they had had a skirmish with the natives, who had opened the sluices and drowned several men and horses, and had slain, in a cowardly manner, a captain of Sluiners, just as he was struggling out of the current. "It was the first time," says M. de Pimodan, "that I saw soldiers returning from a fight; their white cloaks were blood-stained, and in rear of the troops a few dismounted men marched proudly along, leaning on their broken lances. At Poussolengo, not far from Peschiera, the Sluiners had forced a passage, and pillaged some houses and shops; and that afternoon I saw them, in the open square, bandaging their black and weary feet with pieces of satin. The honest Croats had so little notion of even the most ordinary luxuries of life, that, having found some gilt china plates, they broke off the edges, and carefully preserved them, imagining the gilding to be of value."

* Certain regiments of Austrian infantry take their names from the chief towns of the districts in which they are raised. Thus the 2d regiment are called *Ottochanera*, from *Ottochacz*; the 4th, *Sluiners*, from *Sluin*, &c.

At Verona the utmost anxiety now prevailed for news of Radetsky and his army. It was known that the king of Sardinia had passed the Ticino in force, and the most sinister rumours were in circulation. The day after his arrival at Peschiera, Lieutenant Pimodan—who was certainly one of the luckiest of subalterns, and on whose path opportunities of distinction, so ardently coveted by every young officer, seemed literally to pour down—was out reconnoitring with his party, when he perceived and captured, after a smart gallop, an insurgent courier, on whose person was found the following proclamation:—“To arms! Radetsky’s army, driven from Milan, flies towards Verona! To arms! brave Italians! Courage! and Italy is free!” Radetsky was near Brescia, so the prisoner informed his captors; whereupon the adventurous Pimodan, without a moment’s hesitation, and accompanied only by his bravest and best-mounted dragoon, galloped off to meet the marshal. The risk was great; but hard riding and a bold face carried him through. Pistol in hand he dashed through the towns, ordering rations, as he passed, for an imaginary regiment of cavalry close at his heels; and near Montechiaro he perceived, to his delight and no small relief, the two foremost hus-sars of Radetsky’s advanced-guard. A river of men, horses, and vehicles flowed along the narrow road, and Pimodan could advance but slowly against the stream. He learned from the officers that the marshal was without news from Verona, and believed Mantua and Peschiera in the hands of the insurgents. Impatient to relieve his anxiety, the bearer of good tidings urged on his horse, and at last came up with the marshal, who was halted on an open place. “Springing from my horse—‘Excellency,’ said I, ‘General d’Aspre is at Verona with sixteen thousand men; Mantua and Peschiera are still ours.’ Then the marshal embraced me several times, pressing me to his breast: the calm and tranquillity that reigned upon his features had, until that moment, been far from his heart; tears of joy rolled over his venerable countenance; and taking my hands kindly in his, he promised that he would think of me

for promotion. Generals and colonels came to hear the good news from Verona, which were communicated in an instant to the whole army. I was perfectly happy.”

To have earned the personal and heartfelt thanks of Father Radetsky, to have been embraced by him and to have drawn tears of joy from his eyes, were circumstances to be treasured in mind until a soldier’s dying hour; and under the exhilaration they occasioned the young lieutenant, he must be pardoned the rather mad prank which he played on his way back to Peschiera, whither he immediately set out at full speed, dropping upon the road his orderly, whose horse was blown. Scampering through Desenzano, it suddenly occurred to him that the bell of a small church on the right of the road had rung an alarm on his previous passage. A number of men were now assembled in front of the church.

“I fell amongst them like a thunderbolt, pulled up my horse, and pointed my pistol at one of their heads. ‘It is five o’clock,’ I said; ‘if yonder bell be not down and in a cart in twenty minutes, I blow your brains out.’” To save their companion’s life the men obeyed orders, and the impetuous lieutenant bore away the bell, and made a triumphant entry into Peschiera; where, however, he only remained long enough to purvey himself a fresh horse, and galloped off to Verona to take General d’Aspre the good news of the marshal’s arrival. His indefatigable activity did not remain unrewarded. A few days afterwards he was appointed orderly officer to Radetsky.

In a fertile country and fine climate, with a well-provided army and a chivalrous foe, war loses many of its horrors, and almost assumes the aspect of a mighty tournament. Disease, short commons, inclement weather, and bad quarters, are great abaters of military ardour. None of these evils were experienced to any extent during the brief war in Northern Italy, which M. de Pimodan enthusiastically describes as “a charming war, an elegant duel between courteous and well-bred people. The country was decked with flowers, whose scent embalmed the air; and in the evening

of a battle-day, seated upon the velvet cushions of some luxurious palace, we inhaled the fresh breezes of night, listening to the national songs of our soldiers, and refreshing ourselves with iced drinks out of crystal cups. We lived in abundance and joy. Play, wine, love—all were there for those who sought excitement; our soldiers were well fed, well clothed, well paid; and we, gay and careless as any *lunzknechts*, dreamed but of battles and bloody *mêlées*: these were our pleasures and our festivals." Like a generous, and also a judicious foe, (for where is the glory of conquering cowards?) M. de Pimodan 'does full justice to the valour of the Italian troops, and loves to relate anecdotes of individual heroism. At the close of the combat of the 29th April on the Adige, when General Wohlgemuth, after bravely sustaining, for some hours, with only two brigades, the fierce attack of far superior forces under Charles Albert in person, was at length compelled to give way, a battalion of Croats, covering the retreat, was suddenly charged by a young Piedmontese officer at the head of only a score of horsemen. The object of this desperate onslaught was to seize the colours of the battalion; but the gallant leader paid for his temerity with his life. He fell, riddled with balls. "By letters found upon him, we learned that he was the Marquis of Bevilacqua, of one of the noblest families in Italy. One of these letters was from a friend, who said that he could not endure separation from him, and would go to Peschiera the 30th April, (the morrow,) in hopes of embracing him there." The fortune of war willed it otherwise. On the 30th, the marquis was a corpse, and the Austrian banner still waved over the battlements of Peschiera. Not that the moment was by any means a favourable one for the imperial cause. Verona and Mantua, and the two little fortresses of Peschiera and Legnano, were all that Austria then retained in Italy; and six days later, on the night of the 5th May, Charles Albert decided to attack the Austrian positions in front of Verona. That this attack would have been successful, M. de Pimodan evidently

ains little doubt, but for the

tardy communication of orders to the Piedmontese army. When the troops moved forward, on the morning of the 6th May, none but a few generals had had time to acquire a knowledge of the plan of attack. The consequence was, that all three divisions of the army came up either at the wrong time or the wrong place. "The brigade of Aosta, supported by the brigade of guards, and followed by the reserve division, alone came up at the appointed hour, commencing, towards ten of the forenoon, the attack upon Santa Lucia." According to Charles Albert's plan of operations, these troops were to have advanced against San Massimo, and the second division was to have attacked Santa Lucia. But the second division did not make its appearance till one in the afternoon, when the first assailants had been repulsed, notwithstanding the valour of their attack, and the artillery alone was continuing the action. A second attempt was then made, and the Austrians were driven from Santa Lucia. But meanwhile General d'Aspre, who commanded at Croce Bianca, the village on the Austrian right, had defeated the third Piedmontese division, and was consequently in position to menace the left flank of Charles Albert's centre. It was three in the afternoon. Radetsky, seeing his advantage, sent M. de Pimodan to General Wratislaw with orders to attack Santa Lucia with all his forces.

"The Archduke Francis-Joseph was there, tranquil in the midst of the cannon-balls which flew around him and broke the trees upon the road; he was cheering to the fight these troops, who soon were to be his own army, when a hostile battery, hidden by the plantations of mulberry-trees, sent us a volley of grape. The Archduke Albert was covered with earth and broken branches, General Wratislaw's horse was struck by a ball; other projectiles passed through the skirt of my coat, and flattened the scabbard of my sword. Our troops rushed forward, and Colonel Leitzendorf, General Salis, and I, cantering at the head of a battalion of the Archduke Sigismund's grenadiers, and of a few companies of Geppert's regiment, and exciting them by shouts,

our soldiers threw themselves, with bayonets at the charge, on the enemy's battalions. The balls hailed around us. Leitzendorf fell, mortally wounded, and I saw General Salis, hit in the breast, sink upon his horse's neck. I rode up to him; blood was flowing from between his shoulders, and in a dying voice he told me to have him carried—I could not hear whither. Our people took him in their arms. The *bersaglieri* bravely defended the entrance of the village; the grenadiers and the Gepperts fell thick under their fire; but, supported by a battalion of *Prohaska* and by Colonel Koppal's chasseurs, they broke the battalions of Cuneo's brigade. Nothing could check them; the Piedmontese took to flight; we again entered Santa Lucia: the victory was ours. . . . The affair had been bloody, and the Piedmontese had fought with great bravery; their officers had been seen everywhere in front, leading on and encouraging their men. *Allons! En avant! en avant! Courage! la victoire est à nous!* were the cries heard on all sides, in French. These intrepid men were Savoyards of the brigade of Aosta, as I afterwards ascertained by letters found upon their dead bodies. Their officers, and those of ours who were killed, had greatly exposed themselves: they were all hit in the breast, and pierced with many balls. I was astonished, at the commencement of the affair, to see with what temerity the Piedmontese dragged their artillery into the very midst of our line of skirmishers, and with what rapidity their sappers, in spite of our fire, cut down the poplars upon the road, to secure the guns from the attacks of cavalry. For our part, we were all proud and happy to have seen the Archduke Francis-Joseph, our future emperor, and the princes of the imperial house, partake our dangers: the sentiment of respect inspired by the future heir of so much power was changed into feelings of admiration, love, and gratitude when we beheld him fighting at our side.

"The day after the battle, as I passed before the cemetery of Santa Lucia, our soldiers offered me rings and little crucifixes taken from the Piedmontese officers who had remained upon the field. I bought a few florins' worth;

but soon I felt a superstitious compunction that the bodies of those brave fellows should thus be stripped of the last keepsakes, perhaps, of a mother or a mistress, and, retracing my steps, I threw them into the common grave, which was still open. Almost all the Piedmontese soldiers wore scapularies, and many had prayer-books in their pockets: one of them had a letter from his mother, written in French. She told him 'that she would pray for him to the Blessed Virgin; and that he was to be careful of his health, and keep his feet warm for fear of taking cold.' Poor mother!"

There is a pleasant frankness in M. de Pimodan's tone, combined with much good feeling—and with an occasional tinge of romance, which serves as spice to the more substantial and matter-of-fact portions of his adventures. The action of Santa Lucia, in which he evidently played the part of a bold and efficient officer, was quickly followed by his promotion to a company in General d'Aspre's regiment—the 1st regiment of infantry. He had not, however, to relinquish his staff appointment, which would in some degree have neutralised the pleasure of his promotion, for he had become greatly attached to Marshal Radetsky, an attachment shared by the entire army. He sketches the portrait of the fine old commander in few words, but most attractive colours.

"The marshal was all goodness to his officers, and his soldiers adored him: I have seen some into whose eyes, when he spoke to them, emotion and joy brought tears. His generosity was proverbial in the army—he liked to have a great many officers at his table; had it been possible, he would have invited the whole army. Every morning it was his habit to throw out money to the poor who assembled under his windows; and often, at day-break, when I was sleeping on a sofa in the room adjoining his bedchamber, I was awakened by the impatient cries of these impudent beggars, claiming their daily tribute. When I wanted to drive them away, he laughed at my indignation. Although compelled to take most energetic measures, frequently he pityingly closed his eyes

to things he would have been compelled to punish; and yet he was not liked by the Italians of the town: the women especially took pains to show that all their sympathy was with the Piedmontese, and put on mourning when these were defeated at Santa Lucia. One of these ladies, Madame Palm.... (it surprised me in so distinguished a person.) wore suspended to her neck a portrait of *Pio Nono* as large as a hand, and knots of tri-coloured ribbons wherever she could place them: she was constantly at her window, observing all our movements, and on the watch for bad news. Other women surpassed Madame Palm.... in their demonstrations. The Countess Gr.... went down from her balcony, armed with a dagger, and spit upon the uniform of an officer of my regiment, who was led prisoner through the streets of Milan, calling him a *German dog* and a *hangman's lacquey*. A young person, at a great dinner at Count B...s, refused a dish that was offered to her: 'No, thank you,' she replied, 'I am no longer hungry; nevertheless, if it were a Croat's heart, I would eat the whole of it.'

There is nothing improbable in these traits of vindictive patriotism related of passionate southerners, although it is well to bear in mind that such tales are often invented, or at least exaggerated, and difficult to refute. M. de Pimodan establishes a contrast, hardly a generous one, under all the circumstances, between his fair but unfeminine Italian foes and the gentle Austrian dames who were scraping lint, and praying in church corners for their absent brothers and lovers. Prayers and bandages, however, were all inefficacious to avert or heal the terrible wounds inflicted by Italian bullets and bayonets. As if to neutralise the effect of his glowing descriptions of the pleasures of a campaign in Northern Italy, M. de Pimodan is terribly graphic in his accounts of battle-fields, and of the deaths he there witnessed. Sent with despatches to General Nugent, then at Conegliano, he reached his destination just as that commander, whose wounds fatigue had reopened,

had given up the command to Count Thurn, who had set out to attack Vicenza. When the head of the column arrived at a quarter of a league from that town, "the advanced-guard, consisting of two companies of *Banater*,* and of a detachment of *Hulans* commanded by Lieutenant Count Zichy, advanced to the first houses bordering the road. From these houses, occupied by the enemy, a storm of bullets swept away the foremost ranks of the *Banater*. The men paused, then retreated before this murderous fire. Count Zichy, indignant at their giving way, sprang from his horse, seized a musket, and led them to the attack; but, as he was getting over a barricade, he was struck above the left eye by a bullet, which fractured his skull, and he rolled in the trench bordering the road. I ran to him: he still moved. I tried to drag him out of the ditch, but my feet slipped in his blood, and all my efforts were in vain. Bullets flew thick around us; we were on the point of being surrounded by the enemy's sharpshooters; I grasped Zichy's sabre and tore open his uniform to take the portrait of his wife, which he wore upon his breast. There still was life in the wounded man, for he crossed his arms strongly on his bosom, thinking, perhaps, that it was an enemy who was about to deprive him of the portrait. Poor Zichy! he had been married but a few weeks." After a severe combat and considerable loss of life, General Thurn abandoned his designs upon Vicenza, made a circuit round it, and marched towards Verona, according to orders received from Radetsky. M. de Pimodan remained in the rear, to have Zichy buried in a place where his family might afterwards find his remains. "To my great surprise, on approaching the impromptu bed on which they had laid the lieutenant, I perceived that he still lived, although his skull was fractured. When he heard the sounds of horses and of arms, he lifted, with his dying hand, the sheet that covered his head, and raised himself into a sitting posture; his eye gleamed for a moment, then closed, and his head fell back upon the

* Soldiers of the 12th regiment, raised in the district of the Banat of Temesvar.

straw. That glance was his farewell to life: he lived forty-eight hours longer, but in a state of unconsciousness."

M. de Pimodan's horse had been killed under him in the bloody and unprofitable conflict at the entrance of Vicenza. Mounted upon poor Zichy's charger, he preceded General Thurn's column, alone, and at risk of his life in every town and village he passed through, but regardless of danger in his desire to inform Radetsky of the approach of the troops, for whose arrival he knew him to be anxious. His reception by the marshal was all he could desire. "He was good enough to testify joy at seeing me, and to say that he well knew I should be the first to inform him of the coming of Nugent's corps. It was by such marks of interest and words of encouragement that the marshal won the hearts of his officers; and not one of us but was ready to sacrifice himself to procure him the honour of assuring the triumph of the imperial arms at the close, as at the beginning, of his glorious career."

It were in vain to attempt, within the limits of an article, to give even an outline of all the events shared in, witnessed, or recorded by M. de Pimodan, who is an economist of words, and gets a great deal into a small space; nor would it be of interest to trace the whole of his narrative, the wars to which it refers being so recent, and their main incidents fresh in every one's memory. We prefer confining ourselves to the more personal parts of his sketches, and to such traits and anecdotes as throw light upon the spirit and character of the gallant armies with which he served, and of the equally gallant ones against which he fought. At the severe combat of Montanara, (28th May,) General Hess, chief of the staff, sent him to the front, about two in the afternoon, to make a report on the state of the fight. The village of Montanara, loopholed, fortified, and defended by strong redoubts, was held by Tuscan troops.

On the high-road a furious cannonade was going on: to the right of the village the musketry was most violent; and thither the aide-de-camp spurred his horse, through fields of vines and mulberries. Every military reader, who has witnessed similar scenes, will recognise the vivid truthfulness of the following passage:—

"General Count Clam was there, calm and self-possessed; he had just ordered the attack of the loopholed houses, and stood cutting with his horse-whip the weeds by the roadside, whilst the bullets flew around him in showers. Schestak, his aide-de-camp, fell dead by his side.* Then Count Clam went himself to post a rocket-battery in the churchyard, to set fire to the village; and, leaping some large trenches into which many of the wounded had crawled, he advanced into the very centre of our skirmishers. Up came Colonel Reischach, his bloody sabre in his hand: at the head of his men he had just carried by assault the foremost of the fortified houses. We were opposite the right flank of the redoubt, on which a large banner was waving. I called upon some thirty men to follow me—I was bent upon being the first in the redoubt and seizing the flag; but as I was running across the meadow at their head, the fire redoubled, a storm of bullets flew through the air; Captain Stillier and several men fell, and the others threw themselves for shelter into a large trench upon the left. Colonel Reischach then came up with two companies of his regiment, brandishing his sabre and shouting 'Long live the Emperor!' as he marched at their head. Nevertheless, so violent was the cross-fire, that his soldiers paused, not daring to enter the court and break in the house-door; seeing which, the colonel ran up to it, and I followed him. We were marks for every musket; but Reischach's men, encouraged by his example, rushed into the court and entered the house by the lower windows. There was a fight in the rooms and on the stair-

* Lieutenant Schestak was of a poor family, and sent his mother a portion of his pay. Before expiring, he said to Count Clam, "Farewell, general; I recommend my mother to you." Count Clam has nobly accepted poor Schestak's legacy.—*Note by M. de Pimodan.*

case; 'Reischach is here!' was the cry: 'victory is ours! Down with the Tuscans!' Our men, heated and furious with the struggle, struck down, with bayonet and musket-but, those Tuscans who still resisted in the midst of the smoke; the others threw down their arms and implored quarter. Masters of this house, we were able to take the redoubt in rear. The enemy, seeing himself turned and exposed to our fire, fled in confusion, abandoning his defences: our troops entered the village on all sides at once, the different detachments shouting to each other, for fear of mistake, 'Prohaska for ever! do not fire!'"

That the Austrian officers, especially those of Prohaska and Paumgarten, did their duty bravely that day, was sufficiently proved by the returns of killed and wounded in those two regiments, which bore the brunt of the combats of Curtatone and Montanara. At the rate of four officers to each company of one hundred and twenty men, the proportion should have been as one in thirty. Instead of that, in Prohaska it was as one in eight, in Paumgarten as one in nine. That night Captain Pimodan visited the hospital: it was a ghastly sight. In one room lay nine officers of a battalion of Paumgarten, some dying of their wounds, others awaiting the operator's leisure. On his return from this mournful visit, and when about to seek repose after the fatigue and excitement of the battle, the aide-de-camp was sent off with an order. He set out in a carriage, but the road he had to follow was strewn with dead bodies; the horses shied and refused to proceed; he was obliged to get out and perform his mission on foot, and did not get back to Mantua till day-break. Under Marshal Radetsky a staff officer's duty was anything but a sinecure.

The beginning of June brought the marshal news of the revolution at Vienna—intelligence which materially modified his plans. Feeling that the

fate of the Austrian empire might perhaps depend upon the preservation of his army, he no longer thought it advisable to risk a battle, nor to recapture Peschiera, which had fallen into the enemy's hands. But he determined, by the capture of Vicenza, to keep the Venetian provinces in check. None will have forgotten the details of that admirably planned and brilliantly executed enterprise. M. de Pimodan, who had been detached with orders, was late in the field. Before his arrival, Colonel Reischach, the hero of Montanara, had been struck down by two severe wounds, and many other brave men had fallen, amongst them Colonel Koppal of the 10th Light Infantry, Colonel Kavanagh, and Prince Taxis. An interesting circumstance is told with respect to Koppal, who had fought heroically, and in whose battalion scarcely an officer remained alive. "After the campaign, the army that had fought in Italy presented the 10th battalion of Chasseurs with an enamelled bugle, on which was a medallion representing Colonel Koppal at the head of his soldiers, and surrounded by the words, 'Forward! Koppal calls!'" What soldier could desire or receive a more honourable memorial? The idea is worthy of a poet, and might well inspire one. Nor were poets wanting to celebrate the gallant deeds of the Austrian army. "Zedlitz and Grillparzer, who, when all at Vienna trembled before the champions of anarchy, still dared to sing our glorious combats, had their share in our gratitude; the army sent them two cups of chased silver. How many other names are engraved in ineffaceable characters on our hearts, and on the memory of our soldiers!—Szecsen, Thurn, Zichy, Sunstenau, and you, brave Salia,* worthy son of that family of heroes which bleeds on every battle-field—you who, true to your motto, 'Where the peril is great, the glory is so much the greater,' perished in the moment of triumph! How many regrets, but also how many noble examples, have

* Three officers of the Salis family were slain in the Italian war. A cannon-ball having carried off Colonel Sunstenau's right arm, he took his hat in his left hand, and waved it above his head, crying out to his soldiers, "Forward—follow me!" He was killed a few moments afterwards.

those few months of war in Italy left to the Austrian army!"

It was sundown when M. de Pimodan reached Vicenza, and, hurrying through the church of the Madonna, which was full of wounded, reached the terrace whereon General Culoz had planted his batteries. "I never saw, nor shall ever see, a finer and more terrible spectacle. The town was at our feet, drowned in the blue smoke of gunpowder, through which, here and there, flared tongues of flame from the burning houses; the mountains of the Tyrol were gilded by the last sun-rays; the waters of the Brenta reflected the ardent tints of the sky. Near me, a regimental band played the Austrian national air. The thickets of roses and jessamine upon the terrace were illuminated by hundreds of wax-tapers taken from the church of the Madonna. The soldiers, intoxicated by the ardour of battle and the smoke of powder, danced amidst the corpses of their dead comrades: seventy-two pieces of cannon thundered against the town, filling the air with noise, flames, and smoke, whilst the cries of terror of the inhabitants, and the loud clang of trumpets, mingled with our shouts of triumph. The town was in our power, and we could lay it in ashes if we chose." There was no time to lose; it was of the utmost importance to get quickly back to Verona, threatened with an attack from the Piedmontese army. Favourable terms were granted to General Durando, who capitulated in the night, and the garrison marched out with the honours of war. The town was to be given up at noon. At ten o'clock Radetsky and his staff were on horseback, when M. de la Tour, commander of the two Swiss regiments, who had fought, as Swiss generally do fight, like heroes in defence of the place, came with a request from Durando that the Austrians would not enter the town till three o'clock. "The marshal courteously granted this delay, and complimented him on the valour of his soldiers. I heard M. de la Tour say, 'For our part, we have done our duty. I have lost fourteen officers and six hundred men.'" M. de Pimodan saw the garrison march out, with drums beating and banners

displayed. A large number of elegant carriages, occupied by ladies, left the place at the same time. "When the Swiss battalions came by, murmurs of admiration arose among us. They marched with a proud and martial air. 'You are brave fellows!' we said to them; and when we saw their officers, (several of whom, although wounded, had refused to leave their men, and marched with difficulty, some with arms in slings, others with bandaged heads,) we went up to them, impelled by that sentiment of chivalrous courtesy which ennobles war, cordially grasped their hands, and begged them to remember us as friends. . . . I entered the town with some other officers. It was deserted; the doors and shutters were all closed; in the square the Pope's dragoons were still drawn up. As I passed along the front of their line, making my horse curvet and prance, he slipped upon the flags, as if to punish me for thus insulting the conquered, and I narrowly escaped breaking my neck."

M. de Pimodan now discovered that he had overtaxed his strength. Great fatigue, want of sleep, and irregular nourishment, had heated his blood, and on his return to Verona he was attacked by fever. For several weeks he lay in a state of extreme weakness, and of indifference to everything. Towards the end of July the army set out to attack the Piedmontese; he scarce noted their departure, or regretted the chance he lost of gaining the cross of Maria Theresa, long the prime object of his ambition. At last he was able to return to his duty; and, at the end of August, Radetsky sent him to Vienna as bearer of the standards captured during the campaign. On his return to Milan, he was shocked by the mournful aspect of the city. The excitement of battle over, the survivors had leisure to lament the slain, and the streets were full of mourning mothers and widows. In November he again went to Vienna, reported himself to Prince Windischgraetz, in whose regiment he had served, and was attached, a few days afterwards, to the staff of the Ban Jellachich. On the 9th of December began the campaign against the Hungarians, whose out-

posts were then at but a few hours' march from Vienna, but who retired before the Austrian advance. To all appearance the campaign was destined to be a very short one. The Austrian strength in the field was nearly thrice that of the Hungarians, whose line, moreover, was too extended. On the 16th December the Austrians attacked: the action that ensued might have been decisive, (so M. de Pimodan believes,) had the manoeuvres been more prompt and vigorous—or, in other words, if the Austrian leaders had been as able as the Hungarian chiefs. Slow to acknowledge his comrades beaten or outgeneralled, the aide-de-camp yet cannot help speaking his mind in terms almost tantamount to the admission. "By a fatal circumspection," he says, "we began, from that day forward, to make our movements and operations subordinate to those of the enemy: we lacked intelligence concerning the marches and plans of the Hungarians; and it was they who, although in retreat, took the initiative, for it seemed, thenceforward, as if we advanced into the country only according as they thought proper to give it up to us. Georgey's army was composed of imperial troops which had deserted their colours: this was the nucleus of all the Hungarian forces; and the non-commissioned officers we had drilled turned out excellent officers for the organisation of the Honveds and other levies. Fate would have it that this handful of soldiers should grow into an army of 130,000 men, so powerful that, four months later, our fine and courageous troops were obliged to retire before them, without having been vanquished, to that frontier which they had passed with hope and enthusiasm in their hearts." All this is very significant, and needs no comment. M. de Pimodan is naturally cautious of criticizing his superiors. It is unnecessary that he should be more explicit. The world knows well enough, without his admission, that but for Russian interference Hungary was lost to Austria. The confidence in its general and in itself, which characterised the army of Radetsky, was evidently wanting in that of Windischgrätz. This, as well

as the indecision and tardiness of many of the Austrian generals, is clearly proved by various passages of M. de Pimodan's narrative; and he shows us the troops discouraged and grumbling at being marched about the vast plains of Hungary in most inclement weather, exposed to every hardship, and suffering from disease, with scarce an attempt to get at the enemy, and warm their frozen blood by a battle. If this was all they came for, they said, a better season might have been chosen. These complaints commenced early in the campaign. A bitter Christmas had been passed in bivouac; but the soldiers consoled themselves with hopes of a brush with Georgey, then in position before Raab. Georgey was far too skilful to allow himself to be devoured by forces that trebled his own. His army gathered strength by the retrograde movement which weakened his advancing foe. He abandoned his position and moved towards Pesth, pursued by the cavalry brigade of General Ottinger, who, after marching all night, overtook his rearguard at daybreak, and returned that evening to Raab with a standard and seven hundred prisoners. Amongst these were seven officers, almost all belonging to an Austrian regiment that had gone over to the Hungarians. "One of these officers, named Daiewski, was recognised, notwithstanding the wounds that disfigured him, by several of our officers who had been with him at the military school of Neustadt. Some pitied him, and gave him money, others reviled and reproached him with his treason: two parties were quickly formed. 'No pity for traitors!' cried one side. 'Respect the wounded,' retorted the other. The quarrel grew vehement. In war time, angry passions are soon roused; sabres were drawn, and blood was about to flow, when Col. Schobeln interfered to quell the tumult. Upon that day General Ottinger commenced the foundation of the brilliant reputation which soon drew upon him the attention of the whole army. His brigade, composed of the two regiments of Hardegg and Wallmoden, was never, during the whole campaign, broken by the enemy: in a battle, the ground over

which his cuirassiers passed was strewn with corpses, and soon the Hungarians knew them only by the name of *Ottinger's butchers*."

This affair, which occurred at Babolna, was quickly followed by the more important action at Moor, a town situated on an open space in the heart of the great forest of Bakony. Quitting, at four in the morning, Count Casimir Bathiany's castle at Kisber, where the Ban and his staff had passed a part of the night drinking to the success of their enterprise, at nine o'clock the head of the Austrian column debouched from the forest, and was received by four battalions of Honveds and a powerful battery. The Ban had with him only an infantry brigade and six guns, with which he promptly replied to the enemy's fire. Presently Ottinger's cavalry came up. Some of the Honved battalions fell into disorder, and Ottinger pressed forward with a division of his cuirassiers. "The battery must be taken," he cried. M. de Pimodan, who seems to have had the luck or the talent of being everywhere at the right moment, hurried back to fetch the remainder of the cuirassiers, who were a little in the rear. He shall tell his own story, which is animated enough, and his own escape, which was a narrow one. "Not finding the lieutenant-colonel in the confusion inevitable amongst cavalry marching through a wood, and crossing frozen ravines under an enemy's fire, I called to the soldiers to follow me, and set off at their head. My horse flew like lightning, the balls whistled; at a hundred paces from the battery two final discharges of grape hissed over our heads; the next moment I was amongst the guns, sabreing the artillerymen. One of the pieces, already limbered up, was about to escape us; I dashed at the drivers, and cut at one of them, to force him to stop his horses. Suddenly I beheld before me a troop of Hungarian hussars; the officer, followed by his trumpeter, charged me with uplifted sabre. I met him with a thrust, and withdrew my sabre, bent and wet with blood. The hussars surrounded me, pressed upon me, seized me by the arms and throat; I still struck at

their faces with the hilt of my sabre. Blows fell upon my head and shoulders. With a desperate effort I urged on my vigorous horse; he bounded forward, and tore me from the grasp of the hussars. Then I raised both hands to my head—there were deep cuts in the skull. I wiped away the blood that ran into my eyes, and looked at the fight: the cuirassiers who had followed me were taking away the captured guns. Three had escaped; the remainder of the cavalry, coming up at that moment, spurred in pursuit. Seven or eight squadrons of Hungarian hussars were riding about the plain—Hardegg's and Wallmoden's cuirassiers, led by the Ban, galloped at them. The hussars defended themselves valiantly; but, shaken by the shock, and abandoned by their infantry, they at last fled. Those battalions of Honveds which still stood their ground were broken by the cavalry; more than two thousand prisoners were made. The Ban was happy, and thanked his troops; fortune had seconded his audacity. With only two brigades, (the other three did not reach the field till after the action,) together five thousand men, he had routed the whole of Perczel's corps, which was twice as numerous."

The victory at Moor was a mere flash in the pan, unproductive of any real advantages. The Austrians got to Pesth, and remained there enjoying themselves, whilst Georgey was ably manœuvring against Schlick, whom he compelled to retreat, and whilst the Hungarians were fortifying the line of the Theiss, and organising their new levies. When M. de Pimodan, who was detained for six weeks at Moor by his wounds, reached Pesth about the middle of February, he found the Austrian army still there, living in luxury and abundance; whilst Dembinski, who commanded the four Hungarian corps on the Theiss, was about to assume the offensive. The action of Kapolna ensued, and then six weeks were passed watching the movements of the Hungarians, and protecting Pesth. In the course of these operations (on the 22d March) the Ban's army occupied Czegled, and M. de Pimodan was lodged in the house of a rich

widow, who, being terribly alarmed for her handsome furniture and other chattels, thought his presence her only security from pillage; and, as the best means of keeping him within doors, sent for her niece to bear him company. "The niece was a handsome Hungarian. 'You intend to go to Debreczin,' said she, looking at me with a defiant air; 'you will never get there.' 'Assuredly,' I replied, 'we shall be there in less than three weeks.' 'Alas! I will not think of it,' was her answer. 'My brother is with Kossuth's army, a captain in the Caroly hussars; you will only get there by passing over his dead body: he is a Hungarian, and will die for his country; the Hungarians are heroes.' As she thus spoke, the eyes of the beautiful and enthusiastic girl glistened with tears. We did *not* get to Debreczin: her words often recurred to me, especially when we were compelled to recross the Danube." The unbounded confidence of the Hungarians in their hussars has been often cited and exemplified. After the action of Moor, M. de Pimodan describes the ghastly wounds inflicted by their terrible sabres. Their practice seems to have been to cut at the head and neck. "We had with us," he says in another place, "several hussar officers, whose regiments had gone over to the enemy: they had joined us at the beginning of the war, out of respect to their oath of fidelity. Honour retained them amongst us; but their comrades—their family, so to say—were in the insurgent army. These officers had over us the advantage of not being astonished at our defeats; in some of them the pride of the Hungarian hussar regiments was admirably personified. 'How is it possible,' one of them once said to me, 'that our army should stand against that of the Hungarians? We have no hussars—they are all in the enemy's ranks.'" On more than one occasion, however, these renowned horsemen were found to be pretty well matched by Ottinger's gallant cuirassiers. This was notably the case on the 14th April, on which day, towards noon, a cannonade was suddenly heard in Pesth. The Ban got upon his horse and hurried to the outposts: M. de Pimodan

was a little behind him. "As I left the suburbs, I perceived at a distance a woman in mourning, followed by a servant; she was advancing into the country. I passed near her: it was the Countess C——, one of those women in Pesth who showed most enthusiasm for the insurgent cause; doubtless she hoped we should be repulsed, and wished to be the first to welcome our conquerors. I overtook the Ban; General Ottinger was pushing forward to meet the enemy with the cavalry of our corps; the Hungarian hussars were already amongst our guns, sabreing the artillerymen. Captain Edelsheim, who was at the head of the column, dashed on with his squadron; Ottinger led on the cuirassiers, and the *mêlée* became general. A young Hungarian officer, doubtless recognising General Ottinger by his uniform, rode at him with uplifted sabre; but the General's orderly split his skull, and his blood splashed over Ottinger. In a few minutes the hussars, routed by the cuirassiers, fled across the plain. Ottinger sent a few volleys of cannon-balls after them, and had them pursued; but the Ban ordered him to stop, so he sounded the recall, and re-formed the squadrons. I paused to look at the dead, and judge how many men the enemy had left upon the field. A few paces off lay the corpse of the officer who had attacked General Ottinger. He was a fine young man; his fair hair was blood-stained and clotted to his face; he still grasped his sabre. One of our cuirassiers dismounted—I thought it was to see if he still lived. 'He is quite dead,' said I; 'he was a brave soldier! 'tis a pity.' 'Pity indeed!' replied the cuirassier, who had turned the body over to examine the pockets: 'he has not even a watch!'"

There is some little sameness in M. de Pimodan's accounts of the various combats during the spring campaign of 1849 in Hungary. He, not unnaturally, dwells by preference on those favourable to the Austrian arms, passing pretty lightly over the others, seeming puzzled to account for disasters he cannot deny, and claiming the honours of war in spite of frequent reverses. It is not a pleasant thing to chronicle one's own defeat, but there is no disgrace in being

"a good second;" and M. de Pimodan may venture to admit, without tarnishing his Italian laurels, that this was exactly the position of the army in which he served in Hungary. They were fairly beaten and manoeuvred out of the field, in spite of their gallant resistance, by an army of which at least three-fourths were recruited in the course of the campaign itself. Windischgraetz left the command: Welden succeeded him, and evacuated Hungary, his retreat severely harassed by an exulting foe. The corps of Jellachich, reduced to twelve thousand men, took post at Eszek, on the Lower Danube, with its right extended in the direction of Peterwardein. "The narrative of the Russian retreat," says M. de Pimodan, "can alone give an idea of the sufferings of the Ban's army during the interval between the campaigns. The troops, often without provisions, remained for several weeks shelterless, in fields calcined by the heat, having nothing to drink but the muddy water of the Theiss, or that of wells in which were rotting heaps of dead bodies, thrown into them by the Hungarians. Cholera and typhus carried off those whom the enemy's bullets had spared. It was then that the Ban, surrounded by dying soldiers, and deprived of communication with the rest of the army, showed what a great and courageous heart can do. Daily assailed, often victorious, he thus awaited, for many long weeks, news of the resumption of hostilities, and of the offensive march of General Haynau. It was then, with an army reduced to seven thousand men, that he marched to attack fifteen thousand Hungarians in the plains of Hagyes. But I had no share in those combats; and, whilst the Ban's army set that example of heroic perseverance, I was no longer in its ranks."

Upon which hint we pass on to the concluding and highly interesting chapter, in which M. de Pimodan narrates the incidents of his captivity in the fortress of Peterwardein. He had been but ten days at Eszek when Jellachich sent him to reconnoitre the shores of the Danube between Bukin and Palanka, at which latter place the Hungarians had thrown up earthen redoubts, defended by cannon. Leav-

ing Eszek at nightfall, he arrived, at ten o'clock the next morning, at a village where he was to meet some pioneers, who were to row him across the river. They had not come, and, after waiting some time, he made the chief of the village give him a boat, took three peasants to row, and, notwithstanding a violent wind which threatened every moment to swamp the skiff, he at last arrived opposite Bukin. "Having found a place where the depth of the Danube would allow a steamer to approach land near enough to disembark troops, I jumped ashore and went to a little mill, erected on a boat moored close to the bank. I had a musket in my hand. For fear of surprise, I shouted from afar to the miller to come to me: he was a German: he appeared well-disposed, and supplied me with such information as I desired. Returning to my boat, I bade the rowers keep close in shore, and thus descended the Danube until I came within sight of Palanka. My three boatmen, afraid to go nearer, wished to stop, but I was still too far off to ascertain the exact position of the guns. I compelled them to pull until the boat was only a few yards from the shore; then I stood up, gazing intently at the village. At that moment a Hungarian officer and fifteen men, armed with muskets, sprang from behind a house: I seized my musket, took aim at the officer, and shouted to him to halt, for that I would fire at the first who advanced. He stood still and called to my boatmen to pull in-shore. 'Pull from it!' cried I, in a voice rendered menacing by danger. The cowards, fearing a volley, jumped out of the boat and waded to shore; the last of them, however, to help my escape, gave the boat a shove. Then I threw down my musket, seized the oars, and pulled towards the middle of the stream; but the Hungarian soldiers ran into the water up to their middles, surrounded me with their muskets, grasped a rope which hung behind the boat, and dragged me to land. I trembled with rage. 'They will not shoot you; do not be frightened,' said the officer. He had horses put to three peasants' carts, and, politely requesting me to get into one of them, he seated himself!

me, his musket between his knees: two Pandours, whom he had just ordered to load their muskets, placed themselves behind us; my boatmen were put into the two other carts, and we set off at a gallop along the left bank of the Danube."

At Peterwardein the captain was taken before Perczel, who commanded. His sneers at this general are not in the best of taste; but we must make allowance for a prisoner's exasperation. A casemate was assigned to him as a place of confinement. This was a vaulted room, twenty feet long by eight wide, entered by descending three steps, and receiving light through a window down to the ground, four feet wide and three high, serving on occasion as the embrasure for a cannon, and closed by a strong grating. The window looked out upon the ditch and counterscarp. At noon the provost in charge of the prisoners entered this dreary cell, followed by a soldier bringing M. de Pimodan's dinner.

"The provost, who still wore the imperial uniform, appeared about fifty years old; his hair was already white, but his grey eyes were full of fire. His aspect was grave and melancholy. When the soldier had left the room, he sat down upon my bed and conversed with me; he told me he had served thirty years in a battalion of grenadiers; he spoke of the emperor with respect, and it seemed to me that he was striving to gain my confidence, but I was on my guard and distrusted him. He wished me a good night and went out.

"I passed the whole afternoon in planning an escape: I examined the bars of the window, and having found a long iron hook amongst some rubbish and broken furniture in a corner, I concealed it. This hook was strong enough to force a lock, but I saw directly that there was no chance of escaping by way of the door, which opened to the interior of the fortress. I should have had to pass two lines of fortifications, and the Hungarian outposts; it was impossible. I tried

to wrench out the bars of the window—they were too strong; subsequently I managed to push asunder two, so as to pass my head through them. Whether by door or window, flight was impossible, and the walls were six feet thick."

Trusting to the chapter of accidents, the captive did not despond. The next day, at the same hour, the provost, whose name was Kussmaneck, visited him. He had orders to allow him an hour's airing upon the ramparts of the fortress. At their foot flowed the Danube; it was a chance for escape—a desperate one, certainly—to spring into the stream and swim for liberty and life. M. de Pimodan resolved to wait a few days and mature his plan before attempting to execute it. That day and the following one, Kussmaneck continued his fruitless attempts to win the Austrian officer's confidence. At last, on the fourth day, after walking for some time in silence by his side, the old grenadier suddenly said, "There are several of us here attached to the emperor by feeling and by our oaths, which we have never violated; we are here against our will." Then he stopped short and looked hard at M. de Pimodan, with an expression of sincerity that dissipated the officer's doubts. "Two non-commissioned officers of engineers," he continued, "a young Croat, named Gerberich, the proprietor of the bridge of boats, and myself, are ready to risk all to re-establish the emperor's authority in the fortress. And to tell you everything, captain," added he, after a momentary hesitation, "we have means of correspondence with Colonel Mamula;* we can even go to him, by gliding at night in a boat close along the shore of the Danube; thus did Sergeant Braunstein of the engineers agree on signals by which to warn him when the Hungarians are preparing to attack. Braunstein's house is visible from one of the redoubts of the line of circumvallation. When the Hungarians are about to

* "This officer still held the position round the fortress of Peterwardein, which he had maintained since the beginning of the war; to compensate the small number of his troops, he had traced immense lines of circumvallation. He had but two thousand men, and all his energy and talent were employed in preventing the Hungarians from forcing his lines."

attack the colonel, the sergeant warns him by a light in the window at night, or, in the daytime, by a black cloak hung out over the white wall. Captain," continued Kussmaneck, "you are our superior—you must be our leader; the moment is propitious for an attempt. At night there are but fifteen hundred men in the fortress; the remainder of the garrison encamps in the bridge-head at Neusatz, and it takes more than two hours to close the bridge of boats (opened at night for fear of its destruction by fire-ships) and re-establish the communication."

Convinced of Kussmaneck's good faith, Captain Pimodan entered readily into his plans, and revolved in his mind the best means of effectually seconding a night-attack by Colonel Mamula. In the casemates adjacent to his own were imprisoned ninety-eight soldiers of Croat and Slavonian regiments, condemned by courts-martial, previously to the insurrection, to hard labour for various terms of years, for highway robbery, manslaughter, and assassination. They were all Croats and Slavonians, the Hungarians having released their own countrymen, and incorporated them in the Honveds. These men Kussmaneck could set at liberty; and although few in number, much was to be expected from their sudden appearance and desperate daring.

"The next day," continues M. de Pimodan, "at one in the afternoon, Kussmaneck conducted me to the ramparts. Braunstein and Kraue, the two sergeants of engineers, were strolling carelessly up and down: he made them a sign, and they followed us into a narrow road formed by piles of wood arranged as in a timber-yard. Braunstein was fair and pale, and seemed delicate; Kraue had broad shoulders and a large head, thick eyebrows, and a resolute look. We agreed upon our plan. In the night Kussmaneck was to liberate all the prisoners, who were to be told off beforehand into four detachments of twenty-four men each. The muskets of the guard at the Belgrade gate of the fortress were piled during the night opposite the guard-house whilst the soldiers slept, and were watched by a single sentinel: the first thing to

be done was to overpower this sentinel, seize the thirty muskets, bayonet the sleeping guard, and obtain possession of the gate. I was to lead this party. Kussmaneck, with twenty-four more of the convicts, was to seize upon three pieces of cannon which were kept all night in readiness, with matches lighted, in case of attack: once master of these guns, he was to turn them; and his men, with their backs to the ramparts, were to be ready to fire on the Hungarians. Braunstein and Kraue, with the two other detachments, were to make their way into the barracks and seize the muskets of the sleeping garrison. Meanwhile, Colonel Mamula, warned by a volley of musketry, was to send cavalry at a gallop through the gate in my possession, and himself follow with the infantry. Without exaggerating our strength and resources, and even if part of the plan had failed, we were well able to make a fight and keep the Belgrade gate open for half-an-hour—it being better for our men to fight to the last drop of their blood, than to give themselves up to be massacred or shot. Colonel Mamula must be written to with the necessary details, and to agree with him on the plan of attack: Gerberich had offered to take the letter: he was now the only person who could accept this dangerous mission. On a former occasion, when the Hungarians had not yet doubled their outposts, Braunstein and Kraue had managed to elude their vigilance and pass out of the lines; now this appeared impossible. Gerberich, by pretending business between the fortress and the inner line of outposts, could obtain a pass to go out, and then steal through the pickets into the open country; it was at risk of his life, but he was ready."

When all was arranged, M. de Pimodan, that he might not have to reproach himself with the death of these three men, who were all husbands and fathers, warned them of the danger they ran, and of the little they had to gain by success. For him, a prisoner, unmarried, and eager for distinction, the risk was worth running; the utmost they could hope for was a medal or an ensign's commission. But the brave fellows

were firm and even enthusiastic in their resolve. "If we are shot," said Kussmaneck, "the emperor will take care of our wives and children." The four conspirators grasped each other's hands and parted.

"I passed the rest of the day in writing to Colonel Mamula on a strip of thin paper, which, when rolled up, was not thicker than the little finger, and only three inches long. I gave it to Kussmaneck to transmit to Gerberich, and told him to enjoin him strictly not to hide it in his boots or clothes, but to carry it in his hand, and to swallow it if detected. But Braunstein, having got information in the course of the evening of a contemplated change in the pickets, stimulated also, as I believe, by a noble desire to share all the danger, wrote the particulars of the change to Colonel Mamula. His writing was large, he neglected to use thin paper, and, notwithstanding my injunctions, he let Gerberich sew the two letters between the cloth and lining of his coat, under the armpit.

"Gerberich had obtained a pass, signed by the commandant of the fortress, to go to one of his vineyards, situated on the line of the Hungarian advanced posts. At noon, on the 27th May, he left the fortress: he was to return the same night with a reply from Colonel Mamula. I crouched down in the embrasure of my prison window, whence I could discern, by pressing my face against the grating, the bridge over the ditch at the Belgrade gate. It was by this gate that Gerberich was to re-enter the fortress. I was not free from uneasiness, but my mind was made up to the worst.

"Three o'clock had just struck, when I heard steps in the passage leading to the casemate; musket-butts resounded on the floor—the door opened. Kussmaneck appeared upon the threshold, an officer and four soldiers pushed him by the shoulders into the middle of my cell; the officer stood for a moment gazing at me with ill-repressed anger, then he went out, and left me alone with Kussmaneck."

No words were needed to explain what had passed. Nevertheless, after a long pause, M. de Pimodan addressed his quondam jailor, now his

fellow-prisoner. "Well!" he said, "what will they do with us?" "You know that very well, captain," was the old soldier's calm reply; "we shall be shot within twenty-four hours."

A few minutes afterwards, the two prisoners were separated. They met again, the following morning, before a court-martial. Their sentence could not be doubtful; *erschossen* was the fatal word that buzzed round the court, as the provost's guard reconducted them to their places of confinement. On the way, they passed a balcony on which stood two men and a young woman. "When I went by," says M. de Pimodan, "the two men slightly lifted their hats, and the lady put out her hand, which held a handkerchief, as if to make me a sign of encouragement. I raised my head and smiled, as an assurance to them that our cause should not be dishonoured by weakness of mine." With this manly resolve in his heart, he re-entered his casemate, wrote with a diamondring upon the window-panes a brief but affectionate farewell to his mother, sat down upon his bed, and tranquilly awaited the summons to death. Hour after hour passed, night came and day dawned, and at nine o'clock the Hungarian provost entered his cell and again conducted him before the assembled court-martial. In his letter to Colonel Mamula, M. de Pimodan had mentioned that he needed no money, supplies having been offered him by a person in the town. This was one Bobek, the proprietor of the bridge of boats, who was very rich and devoted to the emperor. Two old men were shown to M. de Pimodan, and he was desired to identify the one who had offered him money. On his averring that he had never seen either of them, the president of the court-martial was about to send for some other wealthy or suspected burgesses, when he put an end to the investigation, by firmly declaring himself unable to recognise the person in question. He afterwards found that poor Bobek, learning that search was making for the man who had offered money to the Austrian officer, and convinced that he should be discovered and shot, had been seized with terrible pains and had died the next day.

Several days passed, and hope revived in the prisoner's breast. He learned from the provost that General Paul Kiss, who had replaced Perczel in command of the fortress, had sent the proceedings of the court-martial to Debreczin, for approval by the Hungarian government. On the 12th June a cannonade began: the Ban was before Peterwardein; the courier from Debreczin could not re-enter the fortress: it was a further respite. But towards the end of the month the cannonade ceased; the Ban must have marched away. Again hope dwindled. "The 2d July, as I was slowly pacing my casemate, a Hungarian captain of artillery came to the door, and looked me for a moment in the face. I continued my walk. He seized the sentry by the shoulder and said, 'See that the dog escape not—you answer to me for him.' Then, as I passed before him, he shook his fist at me, his face glowing with fury, and said, 'Yes, yes, vile *black and yellow** dog, I must see you shot.' I thought the sentence had come from Debreczin; my strength left me, a violent cramp contracted my breast, and I sank upon my bed." He recovered from an attack of illness, and time dragged on, slowly and anxiously, till the 21st July, when the provost brought him a message of farewell from Kraus, the sergeant of engineers, who had died in his cell. On the 27th, the provost again visited him. "His face was damp with sweat, and his eyes were cast down; he wiped with a handkerchief some drops of blood from his sleeve. 'Captain,' said he, 'Kussmaneck, Braunstein, and Gerberich have just been shot; you are to remain here, a prisoner.'" The presence of the Ban before the fortress had delayed the transmission of the sentence to Debreczin, and when at last it was transmitted to Georgey for his sanction, Haynau's army was advancing into Hungary. Either from pity, or because he already deemed the Hungarian cause hopeless, and meditated his defection, Georgey had refused to sign the Austrian officer's death-warrant. Indirectly, Jellachich had saved his aide-de-camp's life.

On the 23d August, Captain Pimodan was taken before the commandant of the fortress, who looked pale and gloomy. "'The chances of war have turned against us,' said General Kiss; 'the cause of Hungary is lost: Georgey's army exists no longer. He has been compelled to lay down his arms: here is a letter I have just received from him. He recommends me to give up the fortress, and orders me, on the demand of General Haynau, to set you at liberty. You are free, but remain in your casemate; my soldiers are exasperated, and I answer for nothing.' I inquired after the Ban, and whether his army had fought any battle since the end of May: he praised the valour of our generals and troops, and spoke of the combat of Hagyes, in which the Hungarians had been victorious, with a modesty that surprised me. . . . After a short pause, he said, with a sigh, 'The French have deserted us: we had reckoned upon them!' 'Had you any secret promise?' I inquired. 'No,' was his reply; 'but was not the revolutionary attitude France had taken in Europe a pledge to us, a promise that she would support us?' In this respect, it may be thought, the example of Poland should have served as warning to Hungary.

Before daybreak, the next morning, M. de Pimodan was conducted clandestinely out of the fortress, where his life could hardly be considered safe, so furious were its garrison at the ruin of their cause. He would fain have at once proceeded to join Jellachich, but suffering and bad nourishment had weakened him—he could not bear the jolting of a vehicle, and was obliged to stop a while with Colonel Mamula, who received him with open arms. It had long been believed that he was shot. Here he obtained news of the campaign. In some respects they were sad enough to him. One of his dearest comrades had lost his head by a cannon-ball; so many others of his friends were killed and wounded, that, at last, he scarcely dared continue his inquiries. He now learned how Gerberich had been taken. That unlucky messenger had

* The Austrian colours.

managed to get through the outposts, and then began running towards the line of circumvallation; but, pursued by the Hungarians, and seeing the Austrians firing on his pursuers, he stood still for a moment, frightened perhaps by the whistling of the bullets. The Hungarians caught him, took him back to the fortress, and found the letters sewn in his clothes. M. de Pimodan informs us that the ninety-eight convicts who were to have aided in the attack upon the fort received a free pardon from the emperor; the widows of Kussmaneck, Braunstein, and Kraue are in receipt of large pensions, and their children are brought up at the emperor's expense; three of Kussmaneck's sons are already officers in the imperial army. Gerberich was unmarried.

A sad account is given by M. de Pimodan of the condition in which the war had left large districts of the Austrian empire. Proceeding to Grätz by easy stages, to visit his family, who had almost lost hopes of ever seeing him again, he met upon the road ragged multitudes of women and young girls—Servian families from the Banat and the Bacs, of whom all the males had perished in the war. For months these women had wandered in the forests, subsisting on sweet acorns and a little meal; exhausted by misery and hunger, they now crawled down from the mountains, dragging after them their emaciated children, to find their villages in ashes, their husbands and fathers dead. The Hungarian war was a most sanguinary and destructive conflict. According to exact returns made by order of the government

in the spring of the year 1850, the number of the widows in the military districts of Croatia, Slavonia, the Banat and Transylvania, whose husbands had perished during the war, exceeded twenty-five thousand.

At Semlin, three peasants were brought before M. de Pimodan. They had been arrested at Palanka two months previously, on suspicion of belonging to the party that took him prisoner; and when reports were spread of his death, they would have been shot, had not his comrades still cherished a hope of his safety, and feared reprisals on his person. He recognised one of them; but he was too happy to think of revenge: he gave them money, and had them set at liberty.

If the memory of evil times be pleasant in the hour of prosperity and joy, M. de Pimodan must have been much gratified to find upon his table, a few days after his arrival at Grätz, the pane of glass from his prison-window at Peterwardein, on which he had inscribed, when he believed his hours numbered, a few lines of pious and affecting farewell to his mother. A friend, passing through the fortress, had removed the fragile record from its frame. Restored to his family, and distinguished by the emperor—who shook him cordially by the hand, when he presented himself before him at Vienna to return thanks for his promotion to a majority—he could well afford to think with complacency on hardships gone by, and on the long months of weariness and despondency he had passed in the gloomy casemate at Peterwardein.

THE PEACEFUL LIEUTENANT AND HIS FRIENDS.

A THREE HOURS' PLATONIC GOSNIP.

HOUR III.

CONCERNING SUNDRY PASSAGES IN THE LIEUTENANT'S OWN HISTORY; AND THE STRANGE
LEGEND OF HIS (SUPPOSED) GRANDFATHER.

LIEUT. — 'Tis often somewhat puzzling, sir, to account for a strong natural bias toward particular occupations, when there has really been nothing to give one any idea of them, perhaps everything quite the contrary way. An "injudicious predilection" for seafaring life is of all others, I must confess, the most singular, inasmuch as it may get hold of you without the slightest knowledge of it, like love where one hasn't even seen a woman's face; and as for people guarding their families against it, why, it reminds me of the story of the prince shut up in a tower, because a fairy predicted he would be drowned; and one morning he was found dead, with his nose in his wash-hand basin. The worst of it is, I've known several cases of fellows thwarted in their likings for salt water, and instead of being drowned, sir—still more unfortunately, they were—*hanged*! One cannot but attribute it to a wise design of Providence for great ends, in the upholding of this country—as by separation, both in its interests and its destinies, from the rest of the world. And if there is actually a set of influences at work on every side of us, that makes men from their very boyhood take to a life all hard knocks and desperate risks, and like it notwithstanding—what can it be but ignorance, mismanagement, or stubbornness, that requires impressment to make man-o'-war-men out of sailors; a system which perpetuates the very evil it meets, and more than once has seen thousands of brave hearts fighting wilfully on the enemy's side—for the most part, out of a sheer whimsicalness that hadn't been properly humoured? The very attachment a sailor forms for his ship, as if she were a living being, is scarce stronger than the fit of change that comes suddenly upon him after a long

cruise; but more powerful than either is Jack's true-blue British notion, that when he makes a horse of himself for the good of his country or his employers, his consent ought first to be asked, and certain understood conditions adhered to—but, heaven forgive me! where am I driving to? The truth is, when getting up my anchor in a strong tide-way like this, I always find I drift terribly as long as it hangs under the forefoot; but I meant to say, if you had seen my father's house when I was a boy, you'd have thought there was just as little possibility of a sea-life being put in my head, as my subsequent experience seems to have shown there was object in my following it.

We lived in the City Road, which fifty years ago, from St Luke's Hospital to the Angel in Islington, was a very different matter to what it is now. You could see the fields and trees on either side, one way getting thinner and scrubbier into the smoke, till they looked like the stock on so many chimney-sweeps' premises; the other way running green into the sky, so that, when the sun rose of a fine summer's morning over Hackney and Hoxton, I used to think all the pollards and hayricks in the distance were really changed for the time into gold and jewels, like the wonders in a fairy tale. Fairy tales, however, or stories of any kind, I neither heard nor read. My father, who was in the Bank offices, as *his* father had been before him, had a turn for books of controversy against the Papists, and polemical divinity in general, which he indulged himself with of an evening; and being a staunch supporter of the Church, as well as the State, he not only carried on my education himself, by hearing me read aloud from *Stillfleet*, *Hooker*, *Barrow*, and such authors, but I have no doubt the good

man meant me to become a clergyman in the end—a contingency which our naval authorities have carefully guarded against as quite incompatible with the receipt of a commission, by the express preamble prefixed to it of "you not being in holy orders." Both he and my mother, however, were thorough Londoners. She was the very image of a woman, an Englishwoman—fair and round, with a pleasant, peaceful face, that looked young to her dying day. Always busy, and seldom in a bustle, it was only on a Sunday she was to be seen sitting down without a stocking to mend or a shirt to make. If rooms hadn't got dusty, or spoons dull, or if she hadn't had somebody to give her trouble, she couldn't have lived, I do believe: with an income of twice the amount my father possessed, she certainly could never have been happy, as her great delight lay in what she called "managing." Except regularly to church, two or three times a-year a-shopping, and on the bank holidays to see the Parks or public buildings, and a rare visit to a friend, my mother never set foot on pavement. To reach the West End was in her eyes a grand expedition; the Strand on Lord Mayor's Day was the finest of conceivable earthly sights, except the scene inside Guildhall, which she only believed in; and as for going on any one, the very smallest, of these journeys without my father's arm, and if possible my two sisters and me, it would as soon have entered her head to go to the theatre and the opera, to explore the purlieus of Wapping, or to run out of town when the "season" was over. Once in her life, when she was very young, she had staid a fortnight in the country; and, when we were children, she used to tell us whole histories about that said period. Between dinner and tea-time, while my father had his nap, to keep us quiet she would get the whole three of us about her, and we were sure to say, "Let's hear about that time you were in the country, mother!" And an extraordinary region the country must have been, by her account of it, for loneliness and discomfort, dark nights and dangerous places, not to say wild creatures of all kinds; for what with beetles, earwigs, and spiders creeping

in from the roses at the window, and cows and horses in the green fields, frogs in the water, and snakes in the woods, there was no end to the adventures she had had. Then she would mimic the rustic style of speaking and looking, in such a funny good-natured way, darning all the while, nodding down at us, and half-whispering, that we burst out with a laugh, which woke up my father to tea. 'Twas doubtless the sole fund of a romantic kind the dear woman had to draw upon. She contrived to vary it wonderfully, without a whit, as I am confident, of invention; so that it served my sisters till they got admirers, and me for a time. Indeed, in our house, anything the least approaching to fiction was considered a sin: my mother shook her head seriously at the mere mention of novels and romances, and I question if she herself ever opened a volume, with the exception of the Bible and Church Service, Dr Watts, and the cookery-book. About changing shoes, wrapping well up, taking an umbrella whenever you went out, and so on, she was strict to an extreme; she took alarm at a sore throat, or a cut finger, and wouldn't for the world have had a fly drown in the cream-pot; yet she had the sense of a dozen ordinary women, not to say that of all your modern blue-stockings put together: unless in this respect, that, probably because I gave her more trouble than all the rest of the house—ay, than all London and the world combined—she not only seemed to be fonder of me while I was a boy than of the whole of them, but consequently allowed me to become an idle, good-for-nothing, overbearing young scamp at bottom; quiet as pussy, no doubt, in the evening when my father was at home, but all day perhaps playing at pitch-and-toss with fellows in back lanes, or giving a bloody nose for a blue eye to a butcher's boy, when not pinching my sisters' ears or pulling their dolls to pieces. I daresay I had a notion of my power, sir—possibly I may have fancied I was a sort of prince of the blood in disguise, born for other people to give in to all my whims and vagaries; although heaven only knows what kind of conception such precious youths form of the world, or what

style of life in it they mark out to themselves. The truth is, I've seen idlers about town, with empty wearisome faces—I have met fellows with empty pockets and red noses about taverns—I have eyed ruffians looking out through iron grates—that might have made heroes and men, had they only known their own minds, or had some one to do it for them; but I declare to you, what has caused me a shudder at the sight, was the thought that, but for a mere accident, as it were, I might have been doing the same.

My father was a good deal older than my mother; and one afternoon he came home earlier than usual, a little ailing. In the middle of the night—a thick November night it had been, and London was drowned in fog—the whole house was woke, one couldn't say how; but suddenly we all found ourselves in my father and mother's room, where his face was to be seen on the pillow, quite changed and fixed, his mouth open, and his eyes alone moving anxiously, as if he wanted to speak yet could not. In the midst of it all, even believing as I did that he was to die directly, I remember wondering secretly at my mother—weak, tender woman as she was, and never used to any shock or danger—how her agitation quickly disappeared, how she gave her orders and was busy all the while, soothing my father with her voice and the means she used, and looking for the doctor to come in at the door while she watched the pulse with her finger—though the maidservant behind was helplessly wringing her hands. When the doctor had come, and relieved his patient—when all was done for the mean time, and he was quietly asleep, my mother herself fainted away. My father had had a first stroke of palsy, and ever after he was an invalid—confined to his chair for the most part, unable to do anything, and sometimes fretful compared with what he used to be. He needed constant care and attention. The former ways of the house were altered, and nothing was to ruffle him—all was to be contrived for his comfort. From my younger sister to the cook in the kitchen, they even took pleasure in it, I believe, for a kinder father and

master never had breathed. As for my mother, it was her pure delight. I can see now, she went through all sorts of sacrifices, trials, and patience, without so much as knowing it, to smooth his lot. If ever there had been misunderstandings between them in their lives, if ever they had differences of character, as the best will have, it occurs to me there was latterly nothing of the kind. 'Tis curious how circumstances come up to one forty years after, that one never noticed at the time; indeed, couldn't have had the capacity to perceive—one's own hearth-side sheds back light on them, doctor—but now I remember, my father had a disposition to argue with my mother, and prove a thing right or wrong to her, will ye nill ye, all logical and conclusive: whereas the more he argued, the more she didn't see it. She had a way of answering of her own, saw the thing at first sight, or never, and got so confused in the very net of his reasoning that you'd have thought, when she spoke next, she hadn't heard a word of it. He was hot, and she a little sharp; he was reserved, and what he felt deepest he said least of, while she was open as the day, and couldn't for the life of her keep a secret. Now, after his illness, spite of the first bodily effects of it, they drew more and more together. Coming earlier in his life, as I now look on it, the change and the attention might have made my father selfish, like many invalids; but, on the contrary, though he didn't easily speak of it, I learnt from my mother after his death that her greatest pain for a time was, that he frequently appeared to feel too much, and once or twice mentioned with emotion, the demands which his helplessness made on every one. The one seemed to me to have got more of the other's ways every year I saw them, so that I really can't recollect nowadays which it was said or did certain things I love to think upon: their very faces became in the end wonderfully similar in expression. I could stake my life on it, though no mortal tongue can ask them the question *now*, they would both say they were far happier after that day than before it.

There was one in the house, though,

that didn't share in its spirit; one whom it brought discontent to—and it was I—I, sir—the same Robert Curtis that can see into it now, as a man sees through a ship's glass. For the strange thing was—and I didn't well understand it—I had got all of a sudden, as it were, to be no more than anybody else in the house; quite an ordinary fellow, at least in the eyes of others. Far from having my own way, as before, and getting what I liked, my mother now showed me no greater kindness than she did my sisters. Instead of yielding or humouring, she would sometimes look calmly into my face when I fumed; and if I sulked, would perhaps eye me sideways with as much surprise as if she saw a monster. Now it was firmness; then it was a stern check, no dinner or a dark closet. My sisters left off giving in to me; the very maidservants laughed in my face at a peremptory order from Master Bob; and the cook once slapped my face with a dish-cloth, for coming into the kitchen when too late for dinner. I couldn't even do as I liked out of doors, for, as I fancied, the small butchers' boys got bolder; besides which I was expected to take my turn in reading the newspaper, or a book, to my father.

Well, I was about nine years old or so—for it was a few nights after the Tower guns and the Thames had announced the first news of the victory of Trafalgar, and the city bells, from St Paul's downward, had tolled, for many an hour following, at the tidings of the death of Nelson. The candles were lit in our parlour, and the tea-things on the table—my mother at her work, my sisters at their lessons, my father leaning back in his easy-chair; he was not well enough to read to himself at all yet, and indeed much of anything at a time exhausted him. I was reading aloud to him from Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, I recollect; I could hear the distant noises in the streets, and the boys still letting off fireworks along the City Road, nearer at hand. That morning a fit of rage had seized me at something or other, which I can now only compare to the temper of a demon. I had been thwarted and put down, but stubbornly refused to take

my meals, and all the time I read, sat sullenly listening to the sounds outside, and brooding on my wrongs, till my elocution in the account of Cranmer's martyrdom must have got dreadful indeed. My father had two or three times told me to throw more emphasis into my tones: I was aware of it, and went on drawling and stumbling, more desperately listless than before. "Boy!" said he, turning impatiently in his chair, "the infliction of listening to you is worse than I can conceive even the pangs of martyrdom itself, which were sustained by faith—one would think it were an almanac! Such a glorious testimony, too—so exulting a triumph over temptation and death! Close the book, sir!" I closed it, and sat biting my lips, knitting my brows, and eyeing a single figure of the carpet as if the whole world was set against me in the persons of my two parents—by heaven! sir, I not only see that figure in the carpet at this moment, but I see *myself*—sitting opposite me, as it were in a mirror, red and sulky, awkward and lubberly, like a thing I don't know—like a thing at the bottom of the sea in a calm; without eyes, happily, to look at one, and vanishing as it floats upward.

"But I tell you, Robert," my father added more mildly, and he sighed, "to conquer one's-self is a greater victory than even such as you have been reading of. Try, try, my dear boy, by God's grace, to vanquish the evil nature within us! And now, my love," addressing my mother, "let us have tea."

I don't know what wild feelings rose in me, and rushed to my head, as I stood up and leant blindly against the mantelpiece. I couldn't see, my heart seemed to stop. Whom or what to vent the convulsion upon I didn't know, but it was like a storm within me and without me, heaving, sick, and giddy, while something like blood danced before my sight, and, for aught I could say, it might have been years instead of a moment that the thing occupied. For my part, I had scarce more than *heard* of the sea, of ships, or sailors—our whole circle of acquaintance and domestic habits seemed apart from anything of the kind; so it was rather like a mere blank plunge into the dark, in the blind passion of the instant,

that somehow or other brought up the late naval victory to my mind—snatching at it, as if it were the red-hot ball which weighed upon my brain, till the very ships were there, the fire and smoke, the dark land and dark water glimmering up—all, all, to the very conqueror's death, flashed on my mind in a moment, for the first time, vaguely as I had heard of them through the Tower guns, the bell of St Paul's, the street songs, the rockets, or my father's newspaper.

That idea seemed to clear my eyesight—I drew a long breath, raised my head rather more proudly, and looked from my corner into the room, as if from somewhere far beyond it. I think the whole contents of it must have been suddenly printed on my senses, as they were at that instant—my two sisters' faces, while they put away their school-books—my father, with his shrunk, sharpened features, in his long dressing-gown and slippers, trying once more, as he used, to reach the kettle for my mother; who put him gently back to his cushion with one hand, while she lifted her object with the other—her work thrown on the chair-back, the cat purring on the rug—every particular, to the old fashion of her cap, the sprigged pattern of her gown—as if left by some stamp more than naturally accountable. I made a step wildly towards the table, and said loud out—scarce aware of the meaning of it, heaven knows—"I'll—I'll go to sea!" My sisters stared at the sound of my voice—my father looked up unconsciously. "To see what?" he asked. There was something in his misunderstanding of my words, taken with the cool indifference of everything and everybody, as it seemed, to my feelings, that galled me to the heart; not a bit the less, either, for the savage satisfaction of thinking it was but their ignorance of my real purpose that kept them all so tranquil: it had but to enter their heads, of course, and there would be nothing but dismay, anxiety, and fondness concerning me, Master Bob. "I mean," repeated I deliberately, "the sea, where—where the French are, and the storms, and where—"

I stopped, and as everybody else was silent, and I never in my life

ventured to look a parent in the face in anger, it naturally struck me I had made an impression. Yes—God forgive me!—at the bottom of my soul I almost believe there was a lurking, skulking notion beyond all else to strike home to my mother—to terrify her—to bring her, with her arms about my neck, entreating me to relent, as it were—in fact, to be master again! Whether I was to yield or not was another question; but out I burst with my climax—"Where Lord Nelson was killed!"

However, it appeared they had none of them near such a grand and terrible conception of this said sea as I had myself, otherwise 'tis quite possible salt water might never have washed Bob Curtis's face for him at all. As I glanced up from under my eyebrows, my sisters were actually next thing to laughing; my father raised himself in his easy-chair, a half-smile struggling with his surprise. I stole a sullen look aside at my mother; she had set down the teapot in the act of pouring out a cup, and was gazing grave and straight at me, the only one in the room who took it seriously, yet without a sign of agitation. Her eye actually quelled me; there was that in it I could not fathom, no more than a boy's trout-ing-line can the ocean; and I felt it then, though she neither moved nor said anything.

"Dear me, Robert," my father inquired, "what can have put this in your head! Go to sea! Why, you never were near it, nor in sight of it, in your life, boy! Did you ever even see a ship?" I made no answer.

"Or read a single voyage?" I never had, and I was silent.

"Can you even swim?" he asked. "There must be some reason for any proposition of such a nature—some premises—some foundation, in short! So come, tell me what they are."

I still kept scowling at the floor, but the question was peremptory, and I at last made answer. "I—I hate—all—Frenchmen!" I said, grinding my teeth together—"hate them!—that's the reason!" Yet, Lord knows, I had just about as much conception of a Frenchman as of a captain of the foretop; and for any personal feeling towards 'em, 'twas a deuced deal less

lively than I entertained against Pharaoh, king of Egypt, or the prophet Moses; so that, so far as hating was concerned, at the moment it probably lay nearer home.

"Hoity toity!" my father exclaimed, "this is absolutely preposterous! Why, some of the best of men have been born in France, sirrah! I must have no more of such stuff! Come now, Bob," and he sank back exhausted, "be a good boy, and—and—you shall—go to school!"

If before this announcement my very face had been hardening itself in opposition, there was nothing more required to confirm it; for the thought of a boarding-school was one I had for some time begun to dread—it had been lately two or three times hinted at. I had seen it creeping on me like fate; and if there was anything my acquaintances outside had unpleasant stories about, it was a country boarding-school, where, according to them, spirited young fellows were conveyed some cold morning in the coach-boot before town was stirring, and made woeful spectacles of ever after, under oppressions unknown to man. I made up my mind at once—to sea I would go, and that speedily; but, far from continuing to look it, I sat down as if the last words were magic—resolved to steal a march upon them, calculating the ways and means, pitching upon the very youth I should get to go with me, and all the while innocent enough to think our first destination should be the sea-shore, where I had some vague notion the tide came in, and people bathed and picked up shells! Bread and butter meekly in hand, I sat secretly despising the unconsciousness of my parents—gloating, sir, I shudder to think, over the firm conviction that they would suffer when I was found missing; that they—ay, *she*—would have the still more effective stroke to meet, of not knowing at all where I was gone! I can but hope, doctor, that recollection makes me exaggerate the actual thing; yet I question if equally diabolical feelings haven't passed through the minds of thousands of far better men ere the bad got wrought out of them. 'Tis Adam's fall, as 'twere, played over

again, but in as much space, merely, as a boy's cap will cover.

My father's good-humour returned as he stirred his tea. "Go to sea!" said he; and, addressing my mother, he even indulged in one of his old innocent jokes, which he scarce expected anybody to laugh at but himself—"I'd much rather it had been to a bishop's see—had not *you*, my dear?"

My mother laid her hand gently on the arm of his chair, and said seriously, but as calmly as if she had been speaking on the most indifferent question, and still looking at me—"I really wish I could agree with you: you know how on *any* subject it is my most anxious desire; but—but I *do* think, Joseph—"

My father only opened his eyes wider, put up his spectacles higher on his forehead, and looked at her as she paused and turned towards him.

—"That Robert is right," concluded she.

"My dear!" ejaculated my father, with increased astonishment. My mother put her hand on his, and their eyes met. "At least," she added, "he has happened to judge for himself better than we. I have been led to consider some things differently of late, and, among others, my own errors! Still, my conscience would chide me more, were this not so strange a corroboration of all that—that—which we—I—was so inclined to doubt!"

As our parents exchanged looks, indeed, it struck me there was a mutual intelligence between them on some point we were completely ignorant of; but this time it was he that tried to soothe her, as she faltered, and seemed to be reproaching herself, for my father shook his head, saying something too low for us to overhear, though evidently with a view different from hers. "Ah, no," continued my mother with no small emotion, "you cannot shut my eyes, dear, since your own recent affliction has opened them. My very fears, my foolish weakness, in trying to avoid one evil, were making me bring about a worse, I believe. 'Twas on this one point only, I think, that there was ever anything like disagreement between us; and now it is over for ever—now

I have you to occupy me—indeed, you know, to consult at any moment.” And even while my mother was thus running counter to my father’s deliberate and long-cherished projects for myself, I do believe the dear woman was actually not only persuading him, but herself, that it was all in perfect conformity with his mind on the subject. There was a winning, beguiling, innocent insinuatingness in her voice whenever she spoke so, that steals to my ear, doctor, *yet*. My wife has coaxed me to a trip to Brighton, or a new dress for Miss Emma, forsooth, with tones something similar; but I shouldn’t like to tell her, my dear fellow, how much of it was owing to the echo they had in them, as it were, of the accents that many a time drew my father into bestowing his charity in a doubtful quarter, or to forgiving a child sooner than he would; and which often cheated him, later in the day, out of his own weariness or his pain.

“Perhaps,” she said again, “that strange wild history ought to have been spoken of before him, Joseph! Dreadful although it be—and oh! so painful for me to believe myself involved in it—yet, whatever may be the truth in that respect, might not our poor boy have been warned by such a narrative? Oh, Joseph, Joseph! should it really be inherited—some woe!—woeful disposition in the blood—” And here my mother gazed earnestly in my father’s face—“Then, instead of thwarting, let us direct it—let him at least go forth with our prayers, our blessing and counsel, our home to return to—as Jacob went forth from Isaac and Sarah; not like Ishmael, a reckless fugitive in the great wilderness!”

As my father glanced vacantly round the room, his eye perhaps rested for a moment on the great print of Hooker which hung above the buffet. At this moment I can recall its solemn face, when his own look is blotted out. Yet I fancy I see the pang it must have cost him to give up his favourite idea. “Well, dearest love,” he said, after a minute’s silence, “give me your arm to help me upstairs to bed. I leave it to you—let the boy judge for himself!” And, without bestowing further notice

on me, or bidding any of us good-night, they left the room together. To hear them thus talking over the matter aside, in that grave, anxious way, as if my very fate depended on it—as if all I knew or felt about it, too, were but a trifle to what they did—why, it had given me a strange indescribable sort of feeling, that crept back upon me with a chill and a shiver, while I sat stupidly by myself. My sisters had quietly disappeared; the room felt lonely; when I looked about, it seemed to me I didn’t know it, or the loud sound of the clock ticking in the passage. But above all was the eagerness to know what this strange history could be, which I had heard alluded to, and what it could have to do with me: the most curious thing is, it strikes me that, sitting there with just the corner of my eye to the half-open door, not daring to turn my head though I should sit till midnight, ’twas because, at every beat of the clock and my own heart, I felt surer and surer some one would come in, to tell some dreadful tale. At the sudden sound of a footstep, in fact, I started up, and saw my mother enter: she shut the door, snuffed the candles, and stirred the fire, and, bidding me sit on one side while she placed herself on the other, she began to talk to me seriously about the choice of a profession. My father and she, she said, now saw the necessity of this being done soon; in fact, it now lay between some mercantile business and what I had myself spoken of: in whichever of the two paths I should ultimately decide for, they would be prepared to further my best interests. I remember she described a merchant’s life, such as she was brought up amidst: the sober, honest industry, the perseverance, the skill, and the enterprise; bringing their own reward in a good conscience, with influence and honour amongst men, domestic comfort, and a green old age surrounded by affection. Then, quite on a sudden, my mother broke into an account of some one’s adventures at sea, and extraordinary indeed it was. One time she grew so confused in it that I didn’t well know how the next could have come; another time she seemed to picture it

to herself so strongly that she put her hands over her eyes and shuddered—now a villainous plot and a hairbreadth escape, now an awful storm, and now some huddled sort of idea about a shipwreck and a battle. The part most clearly to be made out was that no end of disasters had fallen on this unlucky character; and all along, something about a woman, and the loss of a child. To her that told it, the sea was a region where every fable and prodigy of the ancients still existed: the briniest old Triton that ever gulled the marines, with his tongue in his cheek and his weather-eye winking, or the sharpest young reefer that ever astonished a tea-party after his first voyage, couldn't have strung together a more surprising set of incidents. 'Twas only what most concerned the main characters, no doubt, that was real—with the love and the fear which, God knows, she must have set herself all the while to hide in these very high-wrought descriptions of hers; for no inkling had I of their utter simplicity; and the rest sank out of me, like the fine grains through a sieve, leaving but a glorious notion of boundless water and blowing wind, a sailing ship, and strange countries, and wild adventures with an enemy. "Yes, yes, mother!" said I eagerly, forgetting my late mood, and all that had passed, my eyes sparkling as I seized her hand, "what a man he must have been! And they searched for this little girl everywhere, and never could find her, you say? Why didn't they try at sea; she might have been in some ship, you know, or some island! But didn't you say, mother, it all happened not so long ago?"

"Not very many years ago, Robert!" she said; "it is a true story, I can assure you."

"Then depend upon it," answered I, "not to have been heard of all this time, she must be living in some of these islands where I have heard people might live all their lives on the fruits. I'll tell you what, mother," and I suddenly jumped up, "I'll visit every island in the sea to find her. Never mind storms—never mind battles, ever so many—I feel quite sure I should discover her in the end,

and such a strange thing as it must be to see a little girl that has lived all her life alone in an island—how beautiful she would be—she would be grown up, and we would—"

"Robert, Robert," interrupted my mother, snatching my arm, and looking strangely into my face, "my dearest boy, I fear—I have fresh reason to be convinced—that this little girl has long ago been found—that in reality, Robert, this lost child is—your own mother!" I started, stared, and did not at first comprehend that it was herself she meant; for who on earth would ever have suspected that quiet, ordinary woman, with her fair hair in her frilled housewife's cap, her busy hands and her bunch of keys, of being any way concerned with a strange story. By all that's holy! sir, I can now scarce conceive such heartlessness to have been in a boy—'tis perfectly unfathomable to me at this moment—the sudden gloom that came over me, the bitter disappointment and anger, the wild wish to have the whole world rolling between me and everything at home. But so it was, and she sat explaining it to me as I listened askance, like one that had nothing to do with the matter; how she always had understood from her childhood that she was an orphan relation, adopted by the good people in Aldersgate Street with their own children, and so treated while they lived. All she had known till near her so-called father's death, was that he brought her over from France when she was an infant, before the French war, when he happened to be there; more he would never say of her parents than that both of them were English. She had wondered and pondered about them often when she was a girl, till, however sad might have been their fate, she said she would have given worlds to hear about it; but the time passed by—what with affection to those about her, and what with new prospects of her own, it got to be little more than a dream to her, of what had scarce happened at all. After her marriage, it seemed, the old sugar-merchant who had brought her up, and whose memory had somewhat failed him, chanced to be turning up some old newspapers, reading

the advertisements, when he hit upon one that struck him, long although it had lain there unnoticed — long enough to turn yellow. The old man came to my father, and told him a secret—my mother had, in fact, been found a mere infant of a week or two old, exposed one night near the door of a French lodging-house where he had staid at Dieppe. But the dates exactly tallied with what he had now read in the newspaper, and there was a piece of the child's dress that had an English mark on it, though every effort to discover the parties at that time was vain. It was out of a natural dislike to the thought of letting the helpless infant be sent to a French foundling hospital, and made a Frenchwoman of, that he and his wife carried it to England with them; then they could not reconcile their minds to parting with it at all—it smiled so innocently, and seemed to come just in the place of their own youngest, that had died.

So, with my father's consent, old Dickson, the merchant, wrote a letter to the address mentioned in the newspaper; it was a banker's abroad: but, as they expected, no word came back in turn, at least during the old man's life—a year or more. He died peacefully, indeed; my mother and father amongst those round his bed, where not only his children, but his grandchildren too, stood shedding their tears together to see him breathe his last. For her part, she had at that time heard nothing of all this late inquiry.

It was one afternoon, she told me, not long before my own birth, she was sitting in the drawing-room, waiting for my father's return home, and looking along the passage to the open nursery-door, where she had hushed my little sister asleep, and put her to bed. Suddenly a carriage and pair came full speed along the City Road, and drew up before our door; she heard some voice talking to the servant, and asking to see my father; then some one was shown into the room below. It was a gentleman, the girl said, who would wait until her master returned; and my mother went back to her place, till all at once, out of the quietness beneath, she heard a foot pacing the floor, *hastier*

and heavier, as if the stranger grew impatient; then it ceased, as if he sat down, but still began again, always turning and turning within the same short space. Wherefore she knew not, but the sound of it made her uneasy—it stirred strange thoughts in her she could not account for; but, above all, she became more loath every moment that the gentleman should thus wait, his carriage-horses trampling restlessly before the door, he probably on some important business, and my father perhaps to return later than usual. She accordingly went down stairs, and opened the dining-room door: he was sitting almost on the same spot where I had sat some hours ago, for my mother pointed to it—perhaps in the same arm-chair; and when he turned his head and saw her, he gazed at her so earnest and so sudden that she started. But he rose from his chair and bowed—not an old man, though his hair was grey, and he stooped; for he was tall and strong, his face dark, and he lifted himself up proudly when he spoke. He was a baronet, Sir Richard Herbert. Yet, polite though his manners were, and his dress a gentleman's, there was something in his presence altogether, in every motion, in his deep hoarse voice, and still more in the keen, bold brightness of his eyes, that jarred on her much, while she wondered at it. He held an open letter in one hand, and when he sat down and began, as in a voice forcibly suppressed, to explain the business on which he came, she scarce heard him for noticing that the sleeve of the other arm hung empty to his breast. He spoke of the late merchant, who, he found, was dead. Ere she well knew, the stranger was on his feet again, pacing the room to and fro as before; but now and then, at the turn, he stood and looked at the wall, straight and full, as it had not been there, or should not. Faster and faster became his pace, but suddenly he stopped again, and slowly wheeling till those restless eyes of his glided, as it were, from some vast distance to her face, he burst into a strange story of himself—how, for the sake of one he loved, he had been driven about in storm and battle; that villany had robbed her of her child, and even con-

trived to load herself with the suspicion of having murdered it; how he had wandered and followed the slightest threads of likelihood to find this child; and now, since the mother was long dead, he rested nowhere, seeking but for peace, peace—which, from his very infancy, he said, had been like a dream to him, and yet for ever denied. The tones of his voice, that had grown loud at one moment, as if he shouted in a storm, sank piteously as he turned his eyes from her. He shook his head, and said a thousand faces in the world had thus reminded him of his dead Mary, even in the East Indies and in the West, at the South Cape, or in Italian towns—ay, in passenger ships going by at sea—so *that* was no sign to prove her child by. No—nor the peaceful looks of some, that had to do only with their homes and their children, as the beauty of others was for their lovers. He must have proofs—proofs that could not be gainsaid; and then, were his long-lost daughter in a beggar's hut or a duke's palace, the power of man should not withhold her from him. He paused in that strange movement of his again, that always came again, she said, to and fro, like the tread of a panther in a cage; and seeming to recollect himself, he asked her pardon—for this letter which he shook in his hand, he told her, had wakened up the desire in him again beyond what he could bear. And now her father, who had written it, was dead, what could he do?—where should he learn? Surely her husband might lead him to some trace, for somewhere—somewhere they must have sent her. If she still lived, she must be sitting, standing, moving, doing something at this moment—*somewhere!*

All this while my mother's agitation, as she said, had increased: she saw and heard him as if it were some confused unnatural tale of other worlds, and passions she had nought to do with. She could neither move nor speak; but with her eyes fixed, and following him against her will, she listened to every footstep past the window for my father's coming. Suddenly the stranger seemed to catch the expression of her features anew; for he strode forward, gazed silently into her face, and, seizing her arm,

with a great and terrible oath, he poured forth question upon question—her age, name, birthplace, everything about her, in the same eager breath, with those keen eyes glancing restlessly, as it were, through and through her the while. A shadow of his meaning, for the first time, fell upon her—that this unknown being, never heard of by her before, was, in fact, actually claiming her for his child—doubtless some distracted man, she thought, catching at any rumour or chance likeness in his fancy, without regard to ordinary feeling. All that had settled down in her memory rose up against it, she said; there was nothing in her mind but an unspeakable dread and horror. Yet she collected herself with an effort, and, shrinking from his hand, made some answer of an ordinary kind, she did not remember what. But never would she forget, my mother said, the slow look with which the stranger's eyes sank, measuring her inch by inch, as it were, from head to foot, and flashed upon her face again—the large fingers that struck next moment over them, as if to press them back into their sockets—the smothered groan that broke with a heave from that broad breast. When he looked out again, his features stood as at his first coming, and he spoke, with a bow, of some mistake, and of seeking no further; but as for her, an awful feeling swelled up within her—she would have given her very life to speak, and knew not what. She seemed but to hear, for minutes upon minutes, his last word, “Madam,” mingled with the rolling of the wheels into the heart of London far off; until my father's voice was heard in the lobby, when she ran to him, and swooned away in his arms.

“Then,” exclaimed I eagerly, when my mother stopped at that point—“then he came back next day! You sent to him?” “No,” she said, her face turned away from me, “he did not come back—we did not know where to send. When your father heard what I had to tell, he was so evidently moved that it was useless to attempt concealing from me what he had been informed of by my late kind guardian. The name of Sir Richard Herbert he soon discovered

in a list of other captains in the navy ; he is now, I have heard, an admiral abroad. But, after all, your father said the supposition started by him was improbable ; it was even out of the power of either of us *now* to bring proofs. On the one hand, it would be unjust, he said, to accept any right to the fortune of a man on such slender grounds ; on the other, could there be any question of affection in the case worth thinking of, between those who never were together—towards one continually at sea ? Your father held my hand while he said, that even were it really all true, Providence had designed the separation, to give me fonder friends, and quietness of life ; so it was better to let it rest thus. Indeed," said my mother, glancing full at me, "*you* were born very soon afterwards, Robert."

"Mother, mother!" said I, looking up boldly, "it was my grandfather!"

She made no answer. "You said I was to decide for myself," continued I, the whole evening's matter gathering to a head, as it seemed, in that one point. "Well, I can easy enough choose—I'm ready to do it at once!"

"No, no," said she hastily, "take a week—a month! There must be no changing afterwards, remember!" Heaven knows she said that last by way of sternness, doctor—a deep wile, a sort of desperate threat, that melts my heart to think of!

"If I were to wait twenty years," persisted I, "it wouldn't make a bit of difference. I want to go to sea!"

My mother did not move, she did not raise her hand, she did not show sign of anger or surprise ; she only looked at me as I had never seen her look before, and never saw woman look since : 'twas as if the very light in the midst of her two eyes froze, and spread till her lips were pale, and could not close. She seemed not to know me as she stood upright, eyeing me from aside ; her voice sounded strangely cold and altered when she said—"Well." Something pierced my heart like ice as she turned her back on me, and I still waited with my hands in my pockets, wondering what she could be thinking of so long without stirring. She shivered, drew her shawl up about her shoulders, and looked round vacantly towards the door,

when my being still there appeared to astonish her. "I think I told you I wished to be alone," said she deliberately ; "what do you want ? You may go." Every word dropped singly from her lips ; there was that in her manner which I dared not disobey, even had her eye not driven me, as it were, at each step where I hesitated, and watched me out.

It was near midnight, the house quiet, and I was slinking up-stairs to bed like a guilty thing, but sullenly—when a sound came up to me through the empty passage, out of the room. My breath stopped—I held by the banisters and listened—again and again, distincter and distincter, sob after sob bursting from her where she was. My whole soul seemed to turn in me—I knew nothing, nothing, but that, crying as if my heart would break, and clasping her very dress between my hands, I was next moment in my mother's arms. Never, never, I vowed and repeated, would I offend her more ; I would be humble and obedient. Whatever course she and my father chose for me, I would follow, even to turning merchant, or going away to school, or preparing for the church ; and as for the sea, I had no wish for it—in fact, I would hate it henceforth. My mother said nothing ; she merely pressed me to her, and soothed me while she grew composed herself. There was a sadness in her face which not even her full belief in my assurances could remove : it was there when she bade me good-night so tenderly, and it was there when she came down next morning. While, for my part, I actually longed to commence doing something of the kind they wished for me—and from that day, in fact, I may say, turned over a new leaf at home. I have no doubt she had a weight on her mind not seen into by living soul.

It was *this*, doctor!—

The issue of all that striving and thinking, of course, every one may know who sees me as I sit here. Any one might tell it beforehand, that has known his very heart bound in him, when he was a boy, for the first time, at the sight of actual craft in the smallest port, the tide making a noise about their black bottoms, their white yards across the high spars aloft, the ropes

and lines, the anchors and the song of the men—where the blue light came keen through the street that wasn't closed by rigging, and the white air hung wide all about the town—the smell of tar close by, and seaweed in the wind—the network climbing hither and thither out of the confusion, across the hanging canvass, and above the housetops, clear against the sky; some one of 'em hauling through the mess, amidst a Babel of noises, till she slips clear and sets a jib and top-sail in the breeze, while far out in the roads is a noble frigate turning slowly at her single anchor. Trust me, doctor, certain souls at the first sight of it swear by rope and stick, by mast and keel, from the rudder to the bowsprit, without knowing the names of 'em—ay, the mere green rust about her water-line, the red stains where she pins her finery down upon her belt, some slovenly tag-end of a lace from her breast, or a tassel of a swab dripping alongside—they each and all look like the finding out of a thing one oughtn't to have been kept in the dark about. Down goes your childhood into the hold like ballast, with your school-learning on top of it, as so much cargo you've got nothing to do with all your lifelong afterwards, but to hand it out to the stevedores in some other world, just as it was put in. From that moment up you're a man. What care you for soft fancies, fine thoughts, or good bargains! What you've got to do is to take hold below and hold aloft, play your part like a man all the while, and never see the man's duty afloat which you're not able for. If there are fine sights in the world, you're to see 'em, as 'twere, by chance—because it lets a man down to be gaping and staring at things, like a boy before a shop-window. If there's a deep feeling in the mind, 'tis to be felt when none can possibly say it was so, when the anchors are in and the lumber cleared away, in the dead of night when you look sleepily over the side, as the broad sea-swell rises with a glimmering wash under your face, and goes astern like a ghost into the dark hollow behind the rudder, that never was before nor will be again. If you sleep, 'tis to be by snatches; if you enjoy yourself, 'twill be as if you

didn't, with your discontented face at home where everybody looks happy, and your drunk one abroad where everybody is grave; and to the end of the chapter you'll be best known by what you're least like, most friendly to fellows you haven't seen a day before, who'll shake hands with you for ever when you get into port; you'll be a better man during five minutes' danger afloat than throughout five week's comfort ashore; and you that didn't deny yourself the least whim for the sake of those you love best in the world, will give your last guinea to a beggar, or share your drop of water in an open boat in the tropics with a man you'd knock on the head next day;—for why, the notion of manhood has got hold of you ere you've left off being a boy, when you swore to take the sea for better or worse—and by Jove! sir, in trying to get rid of the one, you're rather apt to keep overacting the part of the other!

My appointment in the service had been obtained, to the *Pallas* frigate; 'twas war time, and the spirit of all Britain had risen each year higher, each port busier and noisier than another—for both in war and commerce she had possession of the sea. The very sight of it glittering at a distance stirred up patriotism, and the commonest merchant foremast-man was looked upon as a hero: to get into the navy at all was like having a miracle worked in your favour, seeing that through the whole British fleets there seemed to be only one midshipman wanted, and you happened to be he. You may fancy with what feelings I went up-stairs and down-stairs, out of one room into another, from the lobby to the street, and back again, till my clothes came, and my traps were being stuffed together, amongst all sorts of superfluities which I never saw till I was kindly favoured with a small share of 'em in the steerage-berth of the *Pallas*. My father and mother showed no signs of unwillingness: for her part, she even appeared restless and uneasy till all was ready, and the last night come. When my father went up to bed, she sat alone with me hour after hour, indeed, giving me many earnest advices and tender entreaties—

talking as only a mother can talk to an only son going to sea, but always calm. I was to get up at daybreak, which was not very far off, when we separated; so I did not wonder that I breakfasted alone, and was even hastening straight out of the room to the chaise, that was already at the street door, when at the very last she came down-stairs. 'Twas but a moment, though to this day I know not how I could have gone through that door, unless she herself pushed me forth in my bewilderment—for the convulsive clasp with which she strained me to her, the kisses showered upon my face, the tears that dropped on it, the burst of utter agony to which she gave way in an instant—they sometimes seem to cover me and touch me yet, like a power from the other world.

'Twas not for years after that I learned from my mother her firm belief that the stranger she had seen before my birth must actually have been her own father. "Your unaccountable choice, Robert," said she, earnestly, "proves it to me—so does your fondness for this wild, this homeless and dangerous life—which nothing checks, which no enjoyment here seems to allure you from—which, indeed, appears to be without an object that I can divine!" "But—but," she added, in a manner peculiarly solemn, "there is more than this. At that moment, Robert, when he stopped—when he heard my cold answer—when he eyed me over so reproachfully, so indignantly, as it were—I saw that the belief in his mind had in some way become conviction. Oh, my dearest—dearest boy," she said, grasping my hand, and drawing me nearer to her, "I have a sinful truth to confess to my own child—for, at that moment, as he turned away, a strange unspeakable feeling sprang up instinctively in my mind too. I persuaded myself it was fear, that I was nervously foolish—that he was insane. Yet oh how deceitful is the natural heart! It was—it must have been, Robert—some response in myself to his appeal—my part of that divine link which God has implanted in the breasts of parent and child—the solemn consciousness of my being

his lost daughter! I trembled to think that if I should have a son—to hear such tales—to see the wild delight which evidently mingled with all that sense of misfortune—in short, to be continually near the strange influence which even I felt, in spite of myself, about that man—he would be lured away, and I should lose him! I did not speak—I did not move—and he departed! Oh, what an awful sin was this!" she continued, weeping as she spoke, and hid her face with her hand. "To what did I doom my own parent!—to go back to that fierce element once more, whose worst affliction is—even *its*—that it separates the parent from the child, and estranges them, till, if they but happened to be kept a little longer apart, they would not know one another!

"See," she ran on, while I knew not what to say—"see, Robert, how the Lord works punishment to sin! For, since I could not listen to other proof, the very circumstance which convinces me, without any refuge—which brings my unnatural feeling once more home to me, Robert—becomes the penalty. On the contrary," she added, thoughtfully, "had he found what he desired, then he might have been at rest—his latter days might have been peaceful—*his* experience would perhaps have had the effect for which my anxiety mistook the way. Yet the thought has given me strength to control myself—it has even been a satisfaction, when the wind was loud at night, to think that you now shared the same dangers with your grandfather!"

And God knows, sir, she would have covered the whole broad ocean over with a cloak, if she could, that ships might sail—heaven save the mark!—in a perpetual calm. To the last she retained that belief—of Admiral Sir Richard Herbert's being my grandfather—and it has puzzled me to the present hour to know the truth. There were no proofs that ever reached me which might not have been as easily turned the other way, even to one acquainted with the story. Not only so—my mother never lost the idea that she herself had actually, as she said, resisted the movement of her own mind

towards her father, and deceived her conscience, at the time described, through selfish love for her child: no more than she could be persuaded that the sea was not a region continually full of the most frightful dangers—or would leave off reproaching herself for having spoiled me. But bless her—bless her!—'tis easy now to see that it was pure innocence got up this accusation of itself, from sheer want, as it were, of real blame! When she couldn't help imagining some cause for what she couldn't understand, she mixed up later feelings, no doubt, with her remembrance of former ones, till she actually fancied, in her excitement, that she had refrained from owning her parent, for fear he might make a sailor of her son. 'Twas as a man sees his own shadow upon the grass when he turns back!

Nevertheless, doctor, the incident was a singular one—eh?

SCURGEON (bestirring himself, and looking up, as from a not unpleasant reverie.)—Certainly, sir. Then, did you never yourself meet with this supposed grandfather of yours?

LIEUT.—Personally, never; but, so far as falling in with the squadron which a man commands, seeing the signals of his flag-ship, and coming under their authority, may be called meeting with him, I did—and that three times, on three several occasions. The strange coincidence was, too, that, on each of these occasions, it was the cause of one of my "misfortunes," as I may entitle them; that is to say, our ship happened in this manner to be kept, put, or sent out of the way of active service afloat. And no sooner did I get clear of him, by his finally going home, than things seemed to bid fair for a change to my advantage; but then came the—the long peace! By George! I often saw cause to wish I had been known as an admiral's grandson; if my mother really made a mistake, it was, according to my notions, a most fatal one for me. I heard often about Admiral Herbert, and a most eccentric being, by all accounts, he must latterly have been; yet that was nothing to the incidents of his earlier life, which my peculiar

at in him enabled me to collect

from various quarters. Some time ago, my mind running on the old French war, I threw them altogether into a sort of connected shape; for it struck me they might not only have served, in the hands of one of your sea novelists, for a romantic story, but throw light on the much-vexed question of Rodney's tactics at the end of that war.

But, good God! what a thing is memory! With a single thought you all at once plough it up about you, like light out of the black Atlantic at night, suddenly showing you are in the Gulf Stream. That old brick house stands in the City Road yet; some German optician has turned the lower part into a shop, and a huge pair of spectacles sticks out from a window above, that belonged to their bedroom: the first time I passed it, I could scarce restrain the impulse to tear the thing down, as if it were a mockery. But not many yards along is Bunhill-fields burying-ground; and, oh! doctor, to go there, fresh from a three years' cruise, looking for home—to have to go *there*! To meet that stillness in the face—the light, the heat, upon the grass, upon the stones—was it not awful, think ye? 'Twas hot, but the strong man trembled like a leaf—the very hush shook him as if it had been a whirlwind. Thousands of graves fallen down level, and in the midst of the calm, one long swelling heap at my feet—but *one*—and they were both there; for she had followed him during these three years. One year more, in coming home round Cape Horn, and touching at the South Sea Isles, as our first purpose was—that green mound would have been sunk like the rest, while winds blew and waters swelled! Heavenly mercy! and I almost amused myself of night-watches on our way back, at the old joke of her lying awake listening as the windows shook, when the wind howled along the City Road—how it was no use to say we had fine weather in their winter, and day while they had night; for when it was day at home, she would now think the ship was in the dark—if it were very calm there, 'twas because a fearful storm raged far off;

and as they gathered happier or merrier than ordinary about the fire, she would sometimes start at the fancy of some dire misfortune befalling the only one that was absent. But does a man think they never die at home! Tongue cannot tell the dreadful calm, the heave and swell, the storm and deadly struggle that the soul suffers thus—when the deep comes out of one's own heart to meet him at home, and he knows not if it be a moment, or his whole life, he stands gazing on one spot of ground beneath him!

Now it is different. When I have stood there since, I have felt myself near where a great victory had been gained, although I *was* in the midst of the battle. It shed stillness into my soul to read their names: they lay almost side by side with John Bunyan, that wrote the book about journeying from the world to heaven long before, and Dr Watts, who made hymns we used to repeat when we were children. The blades of grass were as thick one-where as the other: you saw them when you bowed your head down, like bloodless weapons against the light far off, where those that had fought the good fight stood up quietly on all the hills—the small flowers blowing joyous sounds, as it were; only you couldn't hear them for the distance, and the noise of your own life. Oh, what a peace is *there*, Doctor Randolph! The smoothest lot upon earth is a sea to *that*. What is the happiest day of our existence, in comparison, but a struggle, where we enjoy nothing but the chance snatches of success, and the excitement of it? What your friends or your kindred, in the mean time, but beings all striving to be away from each other to their own course as soon as they can? Politeness is but the discipline that makes mutiny bitterer, when we lie rotting at our anchors in a truce; for the devil, sir, finds us enemies as soon as we begin to think the Almighty has none.

They were good people, more devout than common. She even leant a little to the Methodists, or the Quakers, or something of that kind; whom he, on the other hand, the more orthodox he was, the more thoroughly abhorred; hating their doctrines, he

used to say, but endeavouring—heaven save the mark!—to love the *men*. But if ever I trust for any share in the good part above, 'tis because of their prayers for me, truly "cast upon the waters" many a year. That thought, the "resurrection of the just," would be more than a man like me could fathom, much less endure, were it not for the certain expectation of seeing two saints he knows among the blest. A strange thing once happened to me at sea. Do you believe in supernatural appearances, Doctor Randolph?—in guardian angels?

SURGEON (with surprise.)—Why—of course! At least in times of antiquity and the dark ages, people appear firmly to have believed in such things. In certain recorded cases, I suppose, sir, there seems some difficulty in getting rid of the idea, even as an outward fact.

LIEUT.—Rid of it, sir! If I could have got rid of it on many occasions, I tell you I'd have blown out my brains on the spot. If I didn't believe it more firmly than ever, I'd feel I ought to go and knock my head against the first stone, till the one was no better than the other. But neither, sir, is it a thing of course; and to call it so argues utter ignorance of the matter, at the very least.

SURGEON (explanatorily.)—My own conception on the point, sir, is that supernatural occurrences really took place in these dark ages, when probably required; which we have no experience of, in fact, from their being rendered needless by civilisation.

LIEUT.—On the contrary, my good fellow, 'tis as we rise from the Hottentot towards an Admiral Lord Nelson, giving thanks to God for a great victory, that we find the best and noblest of men more sensible of their need for such aid. And what was the worst hour in *my* life but my dark age, in which I needed an angel from God, or a ghost from the grave, a thousand times more than the apostle Paul could do, or Saul, king of Israel. It was the year 1824, the month of August—I remember that night and next day well, as I have reason. It was a ninety-gun ship, of which I was fifth lieutenant only,

after all my waiting and toiling, my anxiety, high hopes, and tantalising prospects of fame and glory. Still a profound peace, no signs of any change. We were then in the weariest stretch of that weary ocean, the Pacific; day after day a glittering swell, a breathing trade-wind, that used the line-of-battle ship generally as a lady's fan might use a castle, while we were on our way all the time to—what think you?—to relieve the admiral then commanding the China station, in lying at anchor off Macao! I need not mention the ship's name, but she had a rear-admiral's flag at her topgallant-mast-head; and it was considered a great thing to be even a loblolly boy in the flag-ship. Nevertheless, to me it was no advantage as yet, rather a curse, seeing that at that time I had an enemy on board. He was above me, though a younger man; and for what reasons of his own he bore me a grudge heaven knows, unless I may have been the better seaman of the two—which I can believe, for it was no hard matter. At any rate he did so, and had influence, on family grounds, with the highest quarter on board; so that, if ever an eye fell on me from the poop, or weather-side of the quarter-deck, at all, it was with no prejudice in my favour.

That hot night came, wearier than ever; the ninety-gun ship slipped through the water in the sudden dark, and floated upward with the wide slow swell, as if blindness had just been added to want of breath. There was scarce a ripple or a wash heard at that height, when the watch was set; and as many men besides were piped down with the hammocks as sleep in most small towns. As I dragged out my own watch alone, where I had charge on the forecastle, nothing to do, and none I cared to speak with, a dreary bitterness came on me—my heart for the first time seemed to sink. I remembered all my ill-success. Here was I thirty, and had not even care of the decks at night—every prospect shut out, as it appeared—when I had all but missed being a midshipman with whiskers, or an overgrown master's mate: the

I might look for, to command revenue-cutter, when my head

was grey, and turn sot, with shabbiness and contempt at the end. My desperation reached its lowest, till, in the utter hopelessness, the stifling heat, and listlessness in and about me, I made an awful purpose. Ay, though no vow to God passed my lips, the fixed resolve I took was equal to an oath; by myself, and all that was proud in me. It seems to me now, doctor, I didn't at that moment *believe* in God, if, in fact, my belief in Him before was different from a thing learned by rote. Was it I, I thought, that twenty years before left love behind me to go and be a great hero, who was now to rust and rot on the very moving ocean, to truckle and crouch before men and the servants of men, if I would rise at all? No! I looked over, and saw the dark swell come up softly along the bows, and a light foam sparkle back from the cut-water: it wasn't a notion of the sea now that woke up thoughts in me, nor wild adventures, nor grand battles with the enemy, nor the fame of history, but what was beyond the sea, deep down and fathomless, quiet for ever—where if one had been nothing, done nothing, gained nothing, he wouldn't know it! The very thought of fame I laughed at fiercely to myself, and laughed yet more fiercely at the thought of scorn. But not in my own watch would I have it. No: none should say I left a duty undone; none should so much as be aware how it happened, for I would do it when the next watch was quietly set. It wouldn't be guessed at till the morning, and then it would be thought he had slipped overboard by some accident.

Not even when the light air blew cooler, and the sky had risen out hollow above our lofty spread of canvass, did this purpose falter. 'Twas wider, the air aloft that night, than usual, even in the clear southern tropics of the Pacific—lapping over the dusk that still floated, as it had been a crystal bowl, until it was free on every side; the stars swam out like drops of light that gathered to each other; the planet Jupiter burned opposite like a lamp, with rays about it; and the Southern Cross hung like diamonds in the darkest part of the horizon, where it looked blue through

an open port by the stanchions of the poop-ladder. The whole space overhead, in fact, glittered with them, hanging as it were in emptiness; the smooth, large, noiseless motions of the sea below were to me like when a strong hand is lifted off something that has striven to rise, and we were mounting with it; the stars were seen so plainly, the dull-blue breasts of the swell came up with such a sweep of their images, all blurring and blending away into a streak, till they fell down quenched into the black hollow. Yet there was no breath and no life—less and less every time I turned, for the sails had lost all air, wrinkled and flabby as they clung to her huge joints and bones, with every sinew strained to reach some point where it seemed to have to climb, and cross, and climb again—one eternal weary maze getting up to the bare poles for no end. When a grown man sees the stars over his head at sea, and feels himself moving before a breeze, he thinks, no doubt, of the dead; and I could not but think of them then, but not like one on his own way. No: the more transparent all of it glowed between the wide soft shadows she hung out against it, and the farther one seemed to look beyond, the less could I bear to think of them: they were dead—dead—that was all. Nothing could reach them—nothing could pay that mother, that father, for the love they bore me, who had never measured it till now—I could think of them but as they used to be when they lived; and if such a thing as a heaven existed for good spirits, what would be the blessing of it if a thought entered it of *me*—where all was knowledge? They must have seen how little I had deserved it all; and if they had, God only grant they had long since forgotten both that and me! For home, I had nothing of the kind; the very house had been given up, and there were strangers living in it; both my sisters married, with matters of their own to occupy them; there wasn't a living soul who, at that moment or any other, would be troubling their head about me—who weren't, in fact, laughing, talking, eating, or enjoying themselves; and who, when the news of anything having happened to me arrived, wouldn't content themselves

with the thought that it took place a good while ago, and perhaps have a quiet discussion at bedtime about making no show of crape. If any one hasn't known such an hour in his life, all I say is, he's a lucky man, sir. What cared I for the stars above me?—what was it to me that they were as different from what I used to see every night out of my bedroom window as Juggernaut Pagoda is from St Paul's Cathedral—shining so large, and showing, at a glance, that the round world was between us and home, as one looked out to the other side—the very grandest notion of one's boyhood? Why, one's thoughts were just as different as they were—there was nothing now for the world to come in between. But *here I stood*: faces came back on one, he didn't know how or why, out of doors or going round the corner of a street, as distinct as possible, with a wild recollection how lovely he thought them at the time. But all the while there was one thing I kept steadily in mind, as settled at the bottom of my soul as the anchor when a ship is pitching above it: in a single second, with one spring, I would lose sight of everything—within me and without me: be they stars overhead or thoughts under, they would flash away for ever. I believed it as firmly as I was sure of my existence. My own will would do it—I would wash them all out together, as it were. 'Twas rather like dying in the very moment of victory, than being overcome; and in the height of my feverish excitement, I seemed to grind the whole world in my hand as a hateful thing—only waiting till the watch were called.

Eight-bells struck as the sentry turned his sand-glass; the shrill call brought up the men from below, the wheel was relieved, and I bid good-night to my messmates who took my place. I walked quickly aft to the quarter-deck, touching my cap stiffly to the officer before-mentioned, who had now charge of the ship: contrary to his wont, he returned it rather graciously, and made a remark on the weather as I passed him. It seemed to me as if he did it in sheer self-complacency, that had got to afford politeness to the man he hated—I could have struck him to the deck

before me ere I could have answered. If aught had been required to determine me, it was *this*; yet till his notice was turned from me, or some slight occasion occurred to draw off his attention, it was impossible for me to carry out what *he* was the last man in the world I could suffer to suspect. I walked to the openest part of the bulwarks, before the mizen-chains, put my foot on the nearest carronade-slide, and leant over—looking down the side for the best way a man could let himself suddenly down, so as to avoid noise or splash. I was still looking over: I could not have gone to sleep, hot although it was, and feverish as was my blood—for I saw the three tiers of open port-lids, one below the other, and it struck me it was better to go down on the main-deck to gain my object. I even saw the glassy blue of the slow swells all the time, and it may have been no more than a moment. Who knows? All was so still, that between each long wash gliding to her bends, one could hear the sentries turn with a slight clatter—the lieutenant pacing fitfully as a man does in light winds, and a few of the men speaking in subdued tones forward; then they were lost, to one leaning overboard, in the seething volume of water. All at once, then, in the midst of this, I heard voices outside, as if some person out of one port were speaking to some one at another. I leant down, listening—no, they were not *there*; but I heard, I *heard*, sir, as distinctly as I hear myself speak now, two separate voices far apart from me, talking to each other. I knew not where—a weight was on my eyes that I could not lift them; 'twas somewhere between me and the stars. Ay, doctor, they were talking to each other, and about *me*—*they two*. I heard them, just as I heard them twenty years before, when they sat together, looking into each other's faces, and discussing the wild announcement I had made *then*, when they reasoned about it aside so gravely. I *knew* they were sitting together now—their words fell on my ear as if the vast space aloft were but a room, where I stood with my eyes sullenly fixed on the floor, hearing them. But the thing, the unspeakably strange

thing, was, that what they were saying was quite different—the purpose that had never passed my lips, never been in my mind till this point, never been formed in words even to myself—it was *that* they spoke of!—in accents so calm, and the meaning of all they said was so unutterably pure beyond what I could understand, that for worlds I could not have dared to look up. Yet, as I am a living man, doctor, I believed at that moment, I believe now, could I have looked up, I should have seen their spirits. Then far far off overhead, out of the very uppermost hollow of heaven, as it were, it seemed to me some one was going back with a whisper that asked and asked, I knew not what—till suddenly all was still—I heard nothing but the swell wash to our counter the next moment, with a start. But, oh God! close by me, close into my ear, from over the bulwarks at my side where I leant, there came a sound as if one had bent over for an instant with me—like a sigh, like my own name just breathed—the very breath came cold upon my cheek. I turned round, I sprang up like one from a trance, I raised my face, and saw but a dimness rise swiftly up against the sails, and over the loftiest yard through the clear night, softening the stars there till they seemed to melt as I gazed. I could not see. There was something fell on my face through the utter blindness that came over me—a wet, sudden drop! Was it dew, or rain, or a tear of my own? At the moment, Doctor Randolph, that was no matter of question with me—I knew, I *felt* it was from no eyes of mine, it was a sign dropped from another world. For it was not till then that I turned away again, and wept myself; my very heart was a boy's once more, to know they could have been thinking of me *there*! Ay, perhaps ever since they entered that state—every voyage, in every port, day and night, whatever one did—never showing proof until now! And after that, when the breeze was beginning to come broad over the Pacific, bringing up clouds out of the horizon, I went down to my berth, and prayed to God.

Well, sir, but there was something further to come. Next morning

watch, when we relieved the deck, we found that choking weary night, with its clear stars, hadn't meant little: it looked angry, and was blowing in fits from all points of the compass, with a wild irregular sea, doubtful which way to run. Just at daylight, the ninety-gun ship was suddenly taken a little before the beam by a tremendous hurricane out of north-north-east, that beat the sea flat down before it. The ship heeled over to her beam-ends, the surf making a perfect breakwater of her as it was driven before the wind, without a single swell to give her a timely heave. Port after port was forced in; the breechings of the weather guns were yielding: she would neither pay off nor part of her own accord with a mast. It was an awful scene for a few minutes, as the old white-haired admiral clung on by a stanchion above the confusion, blinded with the spray, yet unable to shift his place; and all would soon have been over with His Majesty's line-of-battle ship, had not some of us contrived to scramble up, and do what everybody knew afterwards should have been done—cut away the weather mizen-shrouds and back-stays, as well as the mast itself. Officer or man, there was little difference between them, when the true character is brought out. Neither would that serve her, but the mainmast had to follow; after which the ship payed off suddenly with a jerk, righted, rolled to windward on the first swell that came, and caught the whole strength of the hurricane, as she went off before it, on her solitary foremast. Next minute she was totally dismasted, save the bowsprit and her mainmast stump, on which we got up what hammocks and such-like odd canvass as we could, to keep her fairly before it. As the sea got up, however, she was quite at its mercy: so deep and heavy was her rolling, that to rig jury-masts, man the pumps, or clear away the wreck alongside, was impossible, since no one could keep his feet; while the forecastle every now and then took a green wave over either bow, which washed everything away with it. The captain had two or three times proposed to the admiral to have the guns thrown overboard immediately, as the

only way to ease the ship: I was standing on the quarter-deck below, and saw the old man's evident reluctance; but at last he yielded. The word was about to be given, when a thing came back to my mind I had never thought of since my first reefer-days, seeing it was only connected with the story of my supposed grandfather, and the accounts of him I had picked up here and there amongst old sailors. I got up the poop-stair, took off my cap, and begged respectfully to be allowed to mention a plan for easing the ship. The admiral, no doubt, saw it was no time for ceremony, though he stared at me; but every man was staggering and holding on to the nearest thing left about the bulwarks, so he told me to speak at once; and no sooner had heard the plan described, than he said eagerly it should be tried. By his request, indeed, the captain ordered me to see it done myself—which was no slight matter, from the seas that broke over the forecastle. However, I had the rope cable of the best bower-anchor cut from it at the clinch, and payed out overboard, full eighty fathoms, which was scope enough to make the drift of the cable a kind of breakwater to her bows, at the same time that it steadied her as if she'd had a staysail aloft: she rode easy to the sea, and rose over it with her head clear, till the wreck was freed, jury-masts rigged, and the pumps set a-going. That night, in fact, we were drifting before it in comparative safety; and next morning, having somewhat like sticks aloft, we hove in the cable, to steer, as well as might be, on our course.

It still blew a great gale, and was, on the whole, one of the most inveterate storms I ever knew, even in that latitude. It had been worse, we afterwards found, farther west, and God only knows how many sail of ships went down with their crews in that hurricane. On the third day, I think it was, it moderated; and the men were busy sending up more spars for a wider spread of canvass, when, somewhat to my surprise, I was sent for to the admiral's cabin, where I found him pacing the deck alone. He turned round to me with an appearance of some emotion, but it was not

that which struck me most: I had never before seen him face to face with his hat off; and his fine venerable features had something in them—a sort of hovering expression, as it were, that brought to my mind I scarce knew what, but it was startling.

"That was an ingenious expedient of yours, Mr Curtis," said he, looking at me—"a most lucky thought, and shows you to be a thorough seaman, sir!"

"There was little merit, Sir Henry," I said, bowing, "in the mere carrying it out, although I certainly had never seen it tried before!"

"Never even tried before!" exclaimed the admiral, with increased surprise; "then your credit is the greater, sir! I confess, myself, that although I have now been a sailor from very early life, such a thing would never have occurred to me—at least it did not. You have saved my guns, Mr Curtis, there is no doubt; but not only so, it is not unlikely that you have saved His Majesty's ship and men! It will be my duty to mention you with praise in the highest quarter, and—and—I have to add"—here the admiral turned round, made a few steps from me, and came back, his voice trembling a little as he said—"Mr Curtis, I own I have known too little of you—I have even done you injustice. Forgive me, sir!"

Doctor, one little minute before, there had been a fiend whispering at my heart—whispering that I should hide the truth—but he was gone that instant. My own throat grew husky—I could scarce get utterance.

"Sir Henry!" I said hastily, "I am as much surprised as yourself—believe me, on my honour, Sir Henry, when I say that had I dreamt I should be thus mistaken, I should have ventured to interrupt you just now! The occasions are so few on which a plan of the kind needs to be resorted to, that I supposed it, if really sufficient, a well-known idea in the service! No, Sir Henry, so far as I am concerned, it was derived from incidents in the life of a singular man; I believe I first heard of it from the lips of a woman—of my own mother!" It might have caught her attention, in fact, doctor, as all things did that

seemed to subdue dangers at sea—from oil upon the waves to calms aloft—and it had remained in my memory ever since, though, till now, I never had been sure how it worked.

"Strange!" said the Admiral, "and who was this?"

"Rear-admiral of the Blue, Sir Richard Herbert, sir," I replied.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "he was my dearest friend—my earliest adventures were shared with him, elder although he was, and better! we were joined together by many bonds, Mr Curtis—I owed all to him—my life, my experience, anything I know of practical seamanship; for even while in obscurity, even while abhorring the sea, and avoiding the navy as one avoids something dreadful, he was the best seaman and the bravest man I ever knew."

"Is Sir Richard, then, dead?" I asked.

"No," was the answer, "he lives—but the wreck of what he was. He is now a very old man, though hale and strong for his age,—but his memory is entirely gone, so far as his life since he was a child is concerned. He recollects nothing of his ever having been at sea; he knows no more about the sea, and has no more of it on his tongue, than the youngest child that sails a paper boat. It would be dreadful, Mr Curtis, did not a peaceful smile sometimes appear to spread over his features as he sits yonder on the lawn, before Herbert Court. The leaves and sunshine, I think, make him happy, although he is perfectly alone in the house, save for the servants—and it has seemed to make no difference when my own family have been visiting there."

The admiral mused. It was perfectly awful at that time to feel the line-of-battle ship lurch under us, then rolling up the other way on some mighty wave—the roar of the wind sunk to one dull steady groan above us. You heard her creak and strain to the very lashings of the heavy guns on her lower deck; then the full howl of the tempest burst upon her as she rose, whistling across her shelterless decks in a way to keep one in mind of the masts being gone, even had her uneasy behaviour let you forget it. Sir Henry clung to the bulkhead of



the inner cabin for half a minute, and the same thought seemed to have struck both; for as soon as the ship was felt making her long plunge ahead, he looked up and caught my eye. "This is so extraordinary a circumstance, Lieutenant Curtis," he said, "that I never shall forget it—to suppose that, now he can no longer communicate anything to me on such points himself, an important piece of seamanship, which I never yet heard him mention, should thus reach me through a stranger to both. In short, sir," he continued, "I now find the safety of this ship at this moment, not to speak of your life and mine, Mr Curtis, owing to no other than my old friend! Who could refuse to believe in supernatural coincidences! By heaven! I could almost imagine his former spirit was with me, ever ready, ever skilful, as of old; or that at length he is dead, freed from the weight of years and infirmity, and can be *here*, in the midst of the storm! I confess," said the admiral, still steadying himself as he stood, "it much moves me. The truth is, sir, the country itself owes a debt of gratitude to Admiral Herbert, unknown although he was at the time, which my own knowledge enables me to verify, yet on which the seal of confidence rests for—"

"Yes, Sir Henry," exclaimed I, rashly, "I know it—the whole, I think; but the secret, believe me, sir, shall not pass my lips."

Sir Henry started, being almost hurled to leeward as he let go his hold; and I sprang to his assistance. "Why, why," he said, observing me intently, "what meant this? Sir Richard was of all men the most incommunicative, even to his nearest friends. My only sister he loved, to death; yet not to her, or me, did he breathe a word of what I mean! Anything I know, I saw myself."

Every incident came back to me as it was fixed in my mind, and I knew him while he spoke. He was the boy I had heard of so long before—the brave boy that rowed to the lonely island alone, through the dark sea at night, to save his captain—he that took my ~~my~~ ^{my} nancy more than even that strange captain did, or she the captain was so madly fond of. But, once

for all, it came on my recollection like a mystery never to be solved, the thought of that old man sitting by himself—everything blotted out of his brain: what could be asked at *him*, what could he tell? Admirals both of them, the blood of them both might run in me—but would the sea rise in his memory, that he might know if I was his grandson or not? "Some remarkable circumstance must have drawn that narrative from him," added Sir Henry, earnestly, "to whomsoever he told it!"

I said nothing, but he seemed to see something in my face. "Who—who, for God's sake, are you?" cried he loudly, and bending forward.

At that moment the fore-cabin door was swung furiously open with a sudden lurch of the ship, and the deafening thunder of the blast broke upon our ears. Never in my life did I feel anything like the ghostly sort of horror I felt that instant, sir—'twas as if some unearthly being had flung it wide open upon us, and came in.

The storm had again reached its height—the white air full of scud, the crests of the waves glaring far and wide; while a heavy sea took the line-of-battle ship right abeam, rolling her to port till she rose with her deep waist full of water; the men to be seen struggling up to the topgallant fore-castle, out of the way of a spar they had been at work with; and a boat had been washed clean off the booms, for we saw it rise keel upwards in the crest of a wave half a mile away. It wasn't that I thought we were gone. No; that would have been nothing to the strange creeping dread with which I stood holding on breathless to the wheel,—and certain, yes, certain there was something terrible, as it were, on the wings of the wind.

It was towards afternoon, and as long as we had the ship under hand, the low sail she carried, added to the length of the waves, enabled us to keep her pretty well driving with the run of it upon her beam. As for going before it, ninety-gun ship though she was, 'twould have been more than her life was worth: without a single topmast up to carry sail aloft, the third of three following waves would have pooped her as if she had been some

cock-boat ; and it was useless to try sending up a single spar at present.

As we had had no observations taken for days, however, about three o'clock the captain thought proper, with the admiral's approval, to heave her to. Till three-bells of the next watch, accordingly, did she keep rising and falling there, head to wind, safely enough to all appearance, by the help of her high poop and plenty of hammocks firmly lashed up abaft. Look-out aloft, certainly, we couldn't have, for want of masts ; so it was very little to be wondered at, though seldom could news have startled men more, when three or four at the bows jumped down together, shouting hoarsely there was low land upon the lee-beam, not four miles off. We had been steadily drifting upon it since they hove her to. It was but a small island, the captain told the admiral immediately after ; the ship must either bear up and scud to leeward of it, or else wear quite round and try to weather it—but, in that case, it was absolutely necessary to have some heavier spar aloft, and carry more sail. For this there was little time, and it was, after all, precarious. Both of them agreed upon it, and they made their choice of the other together, the rest of the officers standing by. 'Twas an awful matter to choose, as one heard them speaking in the lee of the bulwarks there ; but I knew perfectly well it was the best choice : all, sir, was done, that man could do. But I felt just as sure in my own mind when I heard them, mark me—just as sure, that what we were doing was all useless : I cannot explain it, but I *knew* our fate was certain. A shadow of death, as it were, crept on me as the land rose now and then steady, when we lifted, then was hidden below the rolling water. Let no man say he has no sins to remember—*my* sins came back on me, and things I had thought lightly of before appeared horrible. The very thing I was resolutely prepared to do two or three days before, of my own will, I was now terrified to meet when it wasn't *mine*. Strange, too, when the one time there was no other world in my mind—and the next it was what spirits themselves had come whispering to me was true ! There

were seven hundred and fifty men standing on that ship's decks—seven hundred and fifty faces that had looked on death before, like me,—I don't know if another heart grew chill as the ship was felt to fall off before the gale, and make her first plunge ahead—I saw no other man—but I own to *you* now, John Randolph, there was *one* man on board that was *afraid*.

The admiral stood high on the poop stair, his white hair blowing from behind his cheek, his hand over his eyes ; the captain himself coned the wheel from the steps below him. Not a man stirred or opened his lips—they were all set firm together, for we saw the land grow darker at every heave. The breakers shone between the hollows of the waves, rising high enough to hide it, so that, if we had gone upon them to our destruction, 'twould have been without even a glimpse of the earth where we were to drift dead ashore. Suddenly the admiral raised the glazed cap he wore, from his head, waved it in his hand and looked round—the captain's eyes met his. "I knew, Hargrave, we should do it !" shouted he in triumph. We had cleared the land. Every man let out his breath like a sob, and there came a cheer that was heard even above the wind.

The gale still blew, however ; but for our want of our masts, we should have felt it more ; and the roar of it over that ship's bare bulwarks, out of the clear empty hollow of the sky to eastward, was like a voice out of the mouth of immensity : it seemed to order her on. To leeward was the spray, the scud, and the confusion, mixed up with a red glare made by the setting sun. There was a single man, the best look-out in the ship, holding on to the spar above our mainmast stump, with his feet in the jags where it was broken off. Suddenly that man, sir, turned round and stared down at us with a face white as the sail behind him—his voice could not have been heard ; and he sprang down by the help of a rope, came reeling off with the next roll she made, and he grasped a stanchion of the ~~stair~~ ^{ship} beside the captain. He pointed with the other hand, first to one bow, then to

another, and yelled into the captain's ear. There was land heaving in sight ahead, to leeward and to windward: every eye turned with one accord, and the whole crew was trying to stand on tiptoe, to watch when we swayed over on the side of a swelling sea. The sun, sir, was dropping beyond it; the shape of peaks came out for a moment firm and still—ay, and sharp as the face of death—it was no cloud: then it was hidden by the mass of a wave, until we rather felt than saw that a wall of surf reached far on either bow.

"The anchors, the anchors!" I heard the admiral cry as men pressed together—"Captain Hargrave, the sheet-anchor, sir—to the anchors, men!" The captain did no more than look anxiously in his face; not a man stirred: the very marines knew well we were in deep blue water, every seaman was aware it was a sharp coral coast. Sir Henry knew it well himself, for the next moment his hands dropped to his side, his air of command was changed to one of blank despair. The next thing he said was, like one recovering himself, "In half an hour we shall all be in eternity—the ship is gone!" The captain only turned away his head, went down the last step, and leant his head against a cabin door. Some folded their arms, and unfolded them again to clutch a rail. For me, it came on me like a relief—I felt at last as if a load were being taken off me. Yet, when I looked round, I would have given worlds upon worlds to have been alone, to have known I had no hand in the fate of that glorious old ship with all her crew, when every bound she made was sweeping us together to destruction—without a chance, sir, without a hope, without a single thing that man could think of, or do! Among the men, a few were moving their lips, and their eyes were shut, as if they tried hard to whisper something over to themselves; but most were eyeing each other stealthily, and looking over their shoulders, and getting together in a crowd, as if a single moment more would send them in a rush towards the hatchway leading down to the spirit-room. Suddenly the first lieutenant rose out of it bare-headed, his sword naked in his hand:

he planted his foot on the combings, and stood with a firm eye fixed on the foremost man. There were three marines with drawn bayonets on the steps of the ladder below, and a sentry's head appeared at every other hatchway. The captain had looked up out of his seeming stupor to order it quietly. The ringleader of the gang, as bold a seaman as ever stepped, slunk back before that steady glance of the first lieutenant's like a thief: we were to die; but like men, not beasts. The thought seemed to strike home even to myself. Seeing these marines so grim and true to the last, one felt a sudden shame; one's mind couldn't but wander to all in the wide world one had looked upon before with a sort of scorn.

Now, hark ye—hark ye, John Randolph—almost in the midst of the gale, with that fate rushing on us, there came all at once a lull. Our canvass flapped in it, then there was a stillness more awful, if possible, than the roar. You heard no man speak, but the wash of the swell astern, the rudder-chains creaking, the water yearning deep down in the bowels of the hold as it shifted, followed by the dull moan of the breakers ashore. We were expecting till the blast should come on again more furious than ever, and every man's breath together seemed to say "hush!" The scud of the sea itself was taking her in still. Ay, there it came! No—no—'twas but the boom of the surf coming louder and distincter as we neared it—thundering in our ears! The very calm would destroy her—only there was a little longer agony, wrought up to desperation as we were, and longing for the first crash!

It *did* come, Doctor Randolph. There was the flutter aloft, the loud flap, the misty glare of coming spray, the flash of foam, and the plunge of heavy seas, as the ship heeled groaning over and rose up without way upon her, save the motion of the swell, full into the steady sweep of the gale. But by all that's holy, John Randolph! this time it was to the other side she heeled. What canvass she had still spread, and that consisted of two tough storm-staysails, had been taken flat aback—the gale had all at once

shifted six points into the north-west! It was *that* which had brought us the sound of the breakers as it began to blow off-shore, and the mainmast staysail was taken out of its bolt-ropes in the twinkling of an eye, and driven away like a cloud to leeward, leaving the ship to pitch for half a minute between two cross seas that were like breakers themselves. Captain Hargrave was the first to perceive the true change, and he threw himself all his might upon the weather spokes of the ship's double wheel, followed by all about him; while I and the man who had borne me that grudge I spoke of, as if one soul had moved us, were next moment straining together amongst the men on the fore-castle, to ease off the sheet of the only sail left. Inch by inch we did it, like men hanging to a rope in the midst of surf, for the spray at times took the deck from under us; and when we had all fast, the ship was falling off into the trough: the wind swept her through the very crest of the next wave, plunging to her cat-heads, and the sail still held. Although the sea still hove her bodily in, yet, at every forge she gave through it, she was edging from the shore. It had grown suddenly pitch dark, save where the crests of the waves curled away from us with a gleaming scatter of spray. The ship's heavy bell now and then gave a clang when she sank into their lee; and, hour after hour it may have been, we held there by cleat or ring-bolt—her decks bare between us, and the light in the binnacle alone showing the hands that grasped her wheel, or the face that looked in: all else in utter suspense—only we went the way of the wind, till the longer send of the waves showed how they had rolled back, and we had cleared the land. Then, sir, I turned round to see the man nearest me; 'twas he I considered my enemy, and he was doing the same. Our hands met and grasped each other: without a word, from that day we were close friends. But when the day dawned, bleak though it was, and showed an open horizon on every side, the captain came down off the poop, hung up the glass, and looked silently in the admiral's face. "Thank God!" exclaimed Sir Henry, drawing a long

breath—"thank God!" Then he turned his face away, went into his cabin, and shut the door.

It was a Sunday morning: till the morning and forenoon watch we were hard at work, all hands of us, clearing the wreck and rigging spars, by which time there was some sail got upon her. Dinner was had, and the grog served out: we expected to turn to again, when all hands were piped to the quarter-deck; and as we stood, the admiral came out suddenly, followed by the chaplain in his gown. Every head was bare, and the admiral uncovered his. The chaplain's voice rose: sometimes it trembled, and sometimes the hiss of a following wave came in between, as it mounted upon our quarter. At other times we had all to wait while she rolled, and the round of the horizon opened smooth, as it were, between two sentences—the sea lifting her like a tower with its roof blown off, her canvass but a patch or two upon so many sticks, and the flag of England lashed by its four corners under the poop, to keep it spread. A mere frigate might have bearded the grand old ship then!

But these verses of that psalm will never leave my memory, as I heard them that day:—

"They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters:

"These men see the works of the Lord: and his wonders in the deep.

"For at his word the stormy wind ariseth: which lifteth up the waves thereof.

"They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep: their soul melteth away because of the trouble.

"They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man; and are at their wit's end.

"So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble: he delivereth them out of their distress.

"For he maketh the storm to cease: so that the waves thereof are still.

"Then are they glad, because they are at rest: and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.

"O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness: and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men.

"That they would exalt him also in the congregation of the people: and praise him in the seat of the elders."

It was a solemn moment, doctor! The chaplain could speak no longer; his voice broke, and he turned away towards the admiral: rough men, ay, to the very topman, who the night before would have led his shipmates to quench their reason in liquor, defying both God and man—ay, doctor, to myself—we were like children. The chaplain closed the book. Another minute, and the men were piped down. In the evening we were busily at work, the sea falling, and the ship headed with a steady breeze to her old course for China.

That, sir, I may say, was the turning-point of my life; I seemed to be a new man, for things began to go well with me. No further word passed between Sir Henry and myself on the point we had so singularly raised; but he ever afterwards favoured me. Almost the first news we heard in port was of the Burmese war; and I obtained an exchange

into a frigate then leaving for that service. In eighteen months I made more way than in eight years before: perhaps if I hadn't shifted about rather hastily to get into the various small scuffles that arose, I might have got on still faster; and if I hadn't married, I'm quite sure I should. But *that*, sir, I couldn't help—I'm not even sorry for it!"——

The clock of St Paul's is here heard sending the first stroke of four to Greenwich Hill: the lieutenant, who with the late excitement has risen to his feet, speaking faster and faster, stops short, and takes out his watch.

SURGEON. — We shall be just in time for dinner, I think, sir?

LIEUT. (slapping his young friend on the shoulder cheerfully.) — After it, my good fellow, as soon as the ladies are gone, I'll give you *one* toast, at any rate, in addition to her Majesty and her Majesty's Navy!

WHAT IS MESMERISM?

SIR,—I was invited some weeks ago to an exhibition of Mesmerism, to witness its extraordinary powers in the person of "Adolphe." There was a preliminary lecture, in bad taste enough, vulgarly offensive, in a tone of defiance of the members of the medical profession, whom the lecturer—having invited all to be present to hear the vituperation—seemed to consider as generally unbelievers in the science.

This was not judicious, for medical men ought to be more able than others to test the physical facts of Mesmerism; and it should have been remembered that some eminent men of the profession are, if not inventors or discoverers, at least the great promoters of the science.

A shrewd quack doctor, in a country town, having told the gaping clowns that some of them—fixing his eyes on the proper objects—were in danger from dreadful diseases, which he alone could cure, saw an eminent regular physician approaching in his carriage. "I will appeal," said he, "to Dr —, if it be not so." He stopped the carriage, and thus addressed the physician,—“I have been telling these good men that they are labouring under dreadful diseases,” which he named in awful Latin, and added—“*Qui vult decepti decipiatur*: be so good, Doctor —, to say if that be not the truth.” The Doctor bowed, and said “Undoubtedly.” The infallible-cure pills were soon all sold.

I confess this manner of the lecturer told with me thus: He rather wishes to keep away the profession, fearing their scrutiny; or, in case of their being sceptical, to cast contempt upon their knowledge. I think it would have been wiser to have conciliated them. The manner was not calculated to induce belief; nevertheless, mesmerism may be true: it may be a wonderful secret of nature. For my own part, neither believing nor disbelieving, but holding my judgment in abeyance, I desire to examine the science, or whatever it might be called, by the consistency of its facts. To do this, it is necessary first

to lay down accurately what is claimed for it—not vaguely, as I find it in letters and lectures, where that which is asserted at one time as its power is denied at another; but to speak clearly of its congruent powers or asserted powers, without vacillation; then to follow these powers to their consequences—their necessary consequences—if they be powers at all; and to draw conclusions arising from the two natures upon which it works, or perhaps is worked upon—materiality and spirituality.

As to its claims. And here it is as well to make a preliminary remark—that a scientific vocabulary is wanted; for we are bewildered and misled by terms belonging only to our organs, which organs have nothing whatever to do with the phenomena of mesmerism. For instance, if the eye be closed effectually, it would be better not to use the word “seeing,” and so on; and this is necessary, because while it is asserted that the organ is useless—and if so, the person mesmerised may as well have the object behind as before him—I generally notice, that the object to be known is put as near to the eye, as to the nose and mouth: but of this presently. I now only wish to lay down what is claimed as the powers. We might almost limit these to a few words, but fear to shock the reader, though in effect it must come to pretty much the same thing—that is, supposing the science not to be yet advanced to its extent—we will say then only *a kind of*

Omnipresence,

Omniscience,

not impeded by intervening solid or opaque substances, and equally valid (perhaps more valid) over the spiritual as over the material world. I speak here of a *kind of*—aware that it may be said that there are limits—which I am justified in doing, as no limits are defined: and the phenomena which do not succeed at one time and do succeed at another, according to the operation of the mesmeric influence, are really of the nature belonging to, and the property of omniscience and om-

nipresence. And as this is important, that I may not step beyond the ground on which I am made to stand by the mesmerisers themselves, I will state what was asserted for Adolphe himself on the evening spoken of; and this will supersede the need of entering into the particulars of his exhibition.

It was given out at the conclusion of the evening, that Adolphe would be "at home"—to receive patients—to cure their diseases, and with as much infallibility as is ever claimed, by a kind of entering into the bodies of those patients; and then by a knowledge—instinctive or mesmeric, for lack of a term—not acquired by study of medicine or anatomy, of telling the exact drug or remedy for whatever disease the patient may have.

That he would likewise be "at home," for consultation on the private affairs of persons, to inform them of extreme minutiae of circumstances relating to them and their concerns, whether past, present, or to come—as, for instance, for the recovery of lost papers and documents, whereby they may be enabled to recover estates, to retrieve their affairs, and to know all combinations of circumstances, making for or against their interests. I do not think that any one present will deny that such is the substance of the promises held out to all who might be disposed thereby to visit Adolphe "at home for consultation."

Now, granting for a moment that he has this power, it necessarily follows he must be in spirit only, not in body, which is in the presence of the consultor, wherever the required documents are to be found, or where the personages are who are acting and designing for or against the interests to be speculated on. And here a previous knowledge as to all the whereabouts must be supposed; and this is a power of being anywhere or everywhere, and of knowing everything relating to the persons or matters to be inquired into, which is in its kind and its degree—for in human hands we may even here admit degrees—both omniscience and omnipresence.

I asserted that these powers are not impeded by solid or opaque bodies intervening: let me show that this

also is claimed for our belief. I do so, not only by asserting that it must necessarily be inferred from the nature of the things with regard to hidden documents, and persons at distances from the operating process—not only as to rooms, but of towns or countries; but I will show it by this common mesmeric exhibition, and such was shown that evening. The mesmerised takes the hand of a person, and by so doing, as it is said, travels with him in mind; but I shall show he does more. In the instance exhibited, he "travelled" to a foreign country—that is, he crossed the sea; he entered into a house, described its furniture, its position, its form, &c. And here he could not be said to travel in the thought of the person with whom he was in "rapport," for he described a picture, which that gentleman did not think about, nor knew was there. This one fact, therefore, puts the affair out of, and beyond the category of *thought-communicative-travelling* or ubiquity. Now, I remember a week or two ago, seeing a letter quoted from Dr Elliotson, in which he denied that certain persons could see through solid substances; but did not Adolphe in this case assume to travel through solid substances? For there is one kind of solid substance which, bodily or spiritually, must be passed through—the solid substance of this earth itself. For you will observe, here is a very serious obstacle, it being out of all possible rule of perspective to reach, say for instance Edinburgh, from this place, through the rotundity of the globe, without passing through a portion of its solidity; that is, if the organs, outward or inward, have anything whatever to do with the affair. If they have not, there is a presence of another kind—an ubiquity of spirit, knowing all and *seeing* all at one and the same time; so that, as I said, solid substances intervening are no obstacle. Nor do I say that the somnambulist always succeeds; the powers are said to be sometimes weak. All I require is to have the position of the powers established; and for that purpose, it is sufficient if the somnambulist ever succeeds, and if the success is not attributable to coincidence and chance.

Now as to the two natures engaged, operating and operated upon, in Mesmerism, they must be matter and spirit; and here I cannot but note a very wonderful inconsistency in some advocates for mesmerism, who do in conversation and in published works deny that there is any such thing as spirit at all, showing at the same time phenomena that cannot belong to matter, and must belong to spirit. There are no conceivable effluvia, or electric essences, or anything whatever material, however subtle, that can foretell events—that can reveal the secret of the “to come.” Prophecy must be a spiritual power; so that the pure materialists at once cut from under them the greater number and the greater of the facts upon which the claims of mesmerism are built.

Here, then, is a spiritual power: it is either inherent in the nature of man—and if so, he is in progression to be more than man; or it is imparted to him at times, and upon occasions, as with the prophets of the Scriptures. We might well be said to shrink from the former supposition; if we assume the latter, we must do so with an awe and reverence not quite suited to the circumstances of the displays of the various exhibitions we witness. So that, taking the claims at their weakest and apparently least offensive construction, it must be asserted that the somnambulist is an inspired person, and that, in this inspired state, he is at once both in and out of the body—that he can make all his bodily organs dead, inoperative; and that he acquires from a new source all their powers, and these enlarged.

Be it observed, I have not here supposed any cheat, any collusion, or illusion, trick, or conjuration whatever. That is quite out of the question, as I would treat the subject. I have only to specify, to make clear the varied claims—to show what they are—not to deny them, or the facts on which they are built; but, having done thus much, I think it will follow that we cannot reasonably be called upon for so large a measure of faith, without being allowed to scrutinise the facts in every possible way—and even strongly, without offence, to express doubts—

and, if it may happen, to suspect imposture.

And I do think that, in the search after so great a truth—if mesmerism be a truth—it is quite out of and below the dignity of the subject to resort to any of those exhibitions which are common with professed conjurors. I would, therefore, urge upon the members of the mesmeric body that they altogether abstain from cards and card-playing; and I would suggest—as it is professed that the somnambulist cannot see—that, instead of giving him sealed letters and books, these things should be in another room; and that these letters should be written, and books opened, of which passages are to be read: for it is quite inconsistent with the claims to suppose that the somnambulist shall be able to see what is, and what is doing, in a room hundreds of miles off, and not be able to tell what is read and what is doing in the next room. I wish to see this science at one with itself—mesmerists at one with themselves. They must not blow hot and cold; and if they put down failures to a weakened mesmeric influence, they must suffer their claim, as to its full influence, to be nailed down—to be an immovable, undeniable fact that they have claimed, and do claim, directly and indirectly, a kind of omniscience and omnipresence hitherto considered impossible in man uninspired, or in one that is man only.

But there is a further startling claim. I have, as yet, considered the powers of mesmerism as operative only in congenial, or rather the same specific natures in man with man.

Its influence over other natures is now asserted. A rampant bull is arrested and fixed in the very moment of his fierce assault. Savage dogs are instantly made to quail. A cow in *articulo mortis* is cured, which the operator, Miss Martineau, thinks conclusive against the theory of the working upon the imagination. Now, in these brute influences, some of the old assumptions must be either given up or extended: the brute creation must be participators with us in the one case; or that peculiar sympathy, that mind-communication by rapport, must be so modified as, if not to annihilate, greatly to reduce its claim. The human diseases are discovered by the agent,

mesmerically seeing (until the organ-power is given up, or a new vocabulary established, I use the word) the internal structure of the body, and that in all its most intricate parts; the thoughts of persons, or patients, by as intricate a knowledge of their minds, propensities, and dispositions—and here I purposely exclude from the argument the knowledge of future events. The assumption amounts to a kind of identity; the mesmeriser becomes another, and yet retains himself—at least he partakes of the person with whom he is in rapport. Now, if this be the inalienable, the natural power of mesmerism, to what degree, in what manner, and with what result, as to any intelligence given, or to be required to be given, do the mesmerisers of mad bulls and of savage dogs enter into the animus of the animal they make submit to them? I am not saying that brutes have thoughts, as we have thoughts, but they have intentions, motives, and cognisances, which, if mesmerism be a concurrent congruous consistent power, ought to be perceptively identified in the mesmeriser.

But there is a claim still more astonishing: hitherto, life has been the great condition of its efficacy—life in man and in brute. And here, in passing, I may be allowed to notice an inconsistency. Some life is not subject to its power, or weakly so, and that, as mesmerists say, arising from the sceptical nature of minds—that a certain degree of faith is necessary; yet here, the argument is nil with regard to the bull and the dog, and more so still to that of which I now mean to speak—that is, that inanimate bodies are under its power. This may startle the reader, but so it is. I have seen, as doubtless many hundreds have, doors and floors mesmerised, and the hand of the somnambulist, when pressed against the pannel, apparently incapable of being removed; and, in the case of the floor, (mesmerised only by a wave of the hand over it,) the somnambulist, when desired or led to cross it, suddenly arrested by the power, and unable to lift the foot at that particular part of the floor. Nor were those who tried their own force able therewith to remove it from its position.

What is the nature of the sympathy—this material cognisance of mesmeric effect, between the foot and the floor, the door-pannel and the hand? I do not say here that there is none; but if there be, the power claimed is over the inanimate and the animate—over matter and over mind, and making for each a new sympathy. The instance I have given, it may be said, is as to surface only, where an essence or effluvia may be supposed to rest. But not so; for, at the exhibition of that phenomenon, the somnambulist pierced in perception the solid floor, and walls, and doors, for she told what was passing, or had immediately taken place, in other rooms in the house—who had entered, what they came for, and what they were doing; nay, she shortly went far beyond the house, was in her own home, some miles off, and said the postman was at the door with letters, the contents of two of which she told; and I remember they related to interesting domestic concerns, which the mesmeriser afterwards asserted, upon inquiry, were found to be as she had spoken of them. I must observe, however, that with this person there was a mixture of childishness, giving an impression of her playing with her power, which took away from its importance by fastening on little facts—such, for instance, as that a man was standing by the fire-place (which was obstructed from her view by many persons) in a particular dress, and holding an umbrella; that there was a person in the room had “such odd thoughts;” and one standing near to me, in the part of the room to which she directed attention, owned to these “odd thoughts.” I fancied—though it may have been fancy only—that she was endeavouring to establish a belief in the power by these trifling notices. Another thing struck me as worthy a speculative inquiry. With regard to the floor and door-panels, the power was imparted by simply a wave of the hand over the parts; so, by a wave of the hand over them was it dissipated; but what became of this essence or effluvia, this invisible substance? Seemingly it should have fastened upon something else, for the wave of the hand that took it off was over other parts. Nor did the company appear to partake of any of this floating me-

meric atmosphere : it emanated from the hand, was removed by the hand ; but what became of it, or if, having once emanated, it is still a floating operating power, remains a subject to be inquired into.

I did not intend, when I took pen in hand, to narrate mesmeric anecdotes, but to speak of claims, and to speculate upon their nature. Anecdotes are too numerous, and every one has a store of them ; but the nature, the philosophic conclusion that must be reached in all the facts, is pretty much the same : if one fact limits one power, another does not, so that we must conclude of the general and full power as a thing to be attained when the science shall have reached its ultimate practical point, and have become an art. The several facts in individual cases, each perfect, without limit, made a claim on our belief to the full extent of the suppositions I have made. I will, however, as I have been led by the nature of the subject to incidents, mention one or two experiments of which I was a witness ; and I do so because they show a further claim of a most extraordinary nature—that of a power of working upon the will, of totally altering the character, of demoralising the whole mind, or otherwise—of turning the good into evil, and the evil into good, and of subduing the mesmerised person to the will of the mesmeriser fearfully. When I say fearfully, do not let it be understood that I am thereby denying it. It may be a very fearful thing, yet very true ; but let the ground be well searched.

I had met a professional gentleman—a great mesmerist, and who had published much upon the subject—who spoke of the new phenomena which we would see exemplified at Dr Elliotson's, phenomena connected with phrenology, and which showed how characters were convertible by mesmeric process : for instance, that by exciting (and that without touching it, but by waving the hand over it) the organ of acquisitiveness, a person would be induced to steal anything that came in the way,—“for instance,” said he, “the ring off one's finger ;” and he showed that on his own. Then, by exciting in the same

manner other organs, the thief would become a liar, a proud justifier of the deed, and a combative one ; then that, by altering the process, the same thief would become a highly moral character, and abhor theft. We arrived at Dr Elliotson's. There was a large assembly of people, so that what I am narrating was evidently not intended as a private or secret exhibition : did I so consider it, I should be silent. Doubtless, the object was to show the phenomena ; and I suppose I can scarcely be considered as acting contrary to that object, by simply narrating what I saw. Two young women were mesmerised by a single wave of the hand to each. After this, the gentleman before alluded to, who stood behind one of these young women, influenced, by a movement of his hand—yet not touching—the organ of acquisitiveness. She immediately put out, in all directions, her restless fingers, as in search of some object to lay hold on ; finally she put her hands a little over her head, and did actually take the hand of the professional gentleman who had previously spoken of the phenomenon, and took his ring from his finger. The other young woman was then, by a similar process, excited to a high moral sense ; and when told that her companion had stolen the ring, she gravely lectured her upon her criminal conduct. The thief at first denied the fact, which caused the remark that the thief is necessarily a liar ; but after a while the organ of pride was excited, and she justified it, and defied her lecturing companion in a tone of great contempt. And now the hand was also over the organ of combativeness, upon which the thief gave a sharp slap of her hand to her moralising companion, and continued the same proud bearing. After this the whole was reversed : the young woman who had acted the good part of justice, became, under mesmeric process, the thief ; and the thief took the part of justice—nor was there much variation in the manner of the transaction. I could not, however, but notice to myself that the whole passed as it was previously told me it would pass ; and that the very ring was taken which had been shown me as a “for instance” only ; and I men-

tion this, because, in the investigation of facts, minute truths are of value; and we are allowed to entertain suspicion where there is a possibility of trick or acting. Nor is it necessary, in suspecting, that we should throw any moral blame on those high-minded and gifted men who take part in these transactions. They may be persons deceived, and of nature liable to self-deception, as well as to be imposed upon by others; but I am not here now, while treating upon this subject, casting suspicion—I only state what then passed through my mind. There was another fact with regard to one of these young women. Dr Elliotson willed that she should come to him, at the same time telling her by word of mouth not to come. This exhibition was very beautiful, for the young woman assumed most graceful attitudes, as if irresistibly, but slowly, moving toward him, saying, "Why do you tell me not to come, while you are making me come?" I think it cannot be denied that here there was an exhibition of a fearful power. At the same time, there was another woman mesmerised, but there was no other exhibition with regard to her than that which was indeed extraordinary enough; but it was a bodily effect. She was in a chair, with her legs and feet extended, and in such a position that I should have thought no person could have maintained very long; but as I sat close to her, and perhaps for two or three hours, during which time she did not in the least move, I felt sure that she was under some cataleptic influence. But with regard to her, perhaps the still more extraordinary fact was the manner in which she was awakened. Dr Elliotson, who was at a considerable distance from her, made a rapid movement with his fingers, and at the same instant her eyelids shook tremulously, as in correspondence with the action of Dr Elliotson's hand; and thus she was awakened—the stiffness of her limbs removed by passing the hand along them—and she arose and walked away, apparently unconscious of what had taken place. Dr Elliotson, however, just as he began in this way to operate, told the company what would be the effect, yet he instantly recollected that his so saying might shake the

belief of some, and regretted doing so—at the same time stating that the effect would have been exactly the same.

This last experiment, however, rests on quite different ground from the former. It may have been altogether a nervous influence, and one admitted as a curious physical phenomenon long before the days of mesmerism. A materialist here may say matter acts on matter; nervous fluids, however subtle, may combine, and suspend the ordinary action of nerves, muscles, and limbs. But materialism will not go beyond this: it cannot, on the instant, create and annihilate a moral sense, or mould the mind as it would a piece of clay. The power that can do this claims a spirituality; and even if that be doubted in this instance, extend the experiment to clairvoyance and to prophecy, and the claim of spirituality must be at once admitted. Then comes the question—If spirituality, what kind of spirituality?—and some, trying to avoid the question, will ask, "What is spirituality?" One may lose one's-self in such bewilderments. It may be quite enough to take the common notion of it—that it is a power in itself, which, though it may work upon matter, is really independent of it. The kind of spirituality which mesmerism claims I have already shown to be above what has hitherto been believed to be human, and is really a kind of omniscience and omnipresence. And yet, upon consideration, I am inclined to think these words even fall short of its claim; for omniscience and omnipresence do not necessarily imply a making, a creating power, a conversion of substances into other substances—or, at least, into the power of other substances. And I am led to this reflection by remembering what Miss Martineau published with regard to her maid-servant, a poor ignorant girl. I forget with what object, or if any was stated, Miss Martineau gave this girl water to drink, and willed that it should be porter, and the girl spoke of it as porter; then she willed it to be wine, and, if I mistake not, the girl became intoxicated. It is long since I read the account. I do not believe that I am at all exaggerating.

her statement; and, more than this, I think Miss Martineau* questioned the girl, under the influence of mesmerism, as to some theological matters, which, not exactly chiming in with the questioner's notion, she challenged the girl, who confessed that she did not speak on that point mesmerically, but as she had heard from the curate of the parish at church. There appears, certainly, to be something ridiculous in this. But I speak not of it here with a view to ridicule—on the contrary, I really admire the honest and simple candour of the narrator; but it leads to the necessity, as yet, of limiting some of the powers of mesmerism to this globe, and of forbearing to claim for them any higher aspiration. But, to return to the spirituality of mesmerism, there can be no need to argue that, of himself, no man can prophesy. Spiritual discernment must be a gift. If there be a "second sight," it is a power intrinsically not human. A seer is one inspired. He is the instrument through which the Invisible speaks. What Invisible? Perhaps good, perhaps evil!! I do not see how mesmerists are to escape from this admission of there being an Invisible Power—that is, a Spirit, quite above themselves, of a nature not like their own—acting upon them and through them; and yet some of them question you thus—"Do you believe in spirit?" I would grant a physical power to their science; but when they reach clairvoyance—a knowledge of the past, present, and future—there must be something not matter. Must we then go back to Demonology for a solution. Why not? If I admit the facts, and can account for them in no other way, I am forced into it, however reluctantly; and I cast about to see what grounds there are for it. I am only speculating, not asserting—and fear to enter that wide and wild field. Yet, it must be confessed, the

facts, or asserted facts, of mesmerism and of demonology are very analogous. What power inspired the damsel who "brought her masters much gain by soothsaying," of whom it is said that she was "possessed with a spirit of divination?" Paul commanded the spirit to "come out of her, and he came out the same hour;" and her masters then saw that "the hope of their gains was gone." What did this damsel more than is now done by many such possessed young women? Women have been burnt as witches for exhibiting far less power, and for owning to it too. Undoubtedly, people have believed themselves to have been demon-aided, and learned, wise, and prudent people have condemned them to awful punishment for the crime; and we may therefore presume these grave judges believed in the power. And why not, after reading the passage quoted from the Acts?

Remembering the exhibition of the irresistible drawing of the young woman towards the mesmeriser—admitting it to be a truthful exhibition—I cannot but see a most fearful power in evil hands. And such power has frequently been a matter of confession. In the "*Causes Célèbres*" there is a case quite in point. Louis Gaufridy, a priest, is condemned and burned for sorcery, having confessed to the following effect,—That, inheriting some books from an uncle, among them he found one on magic, to which he then addicted himself—that being well practised, he made covenant with a demon, who appeared to him. The result was, that a power was imparted to him that, by breathing over any woman, he should inspire her with a passion for him, and have entire control over her actions as her affections. Having made the compact—"Le diable ne repend point; mais il lui dit, qu'il reviendra. Il revient effectivement au bout de

* Since the above was written, Miss Martineau's atheistical publication has passed through my hands. It professes to be a joint work by herself and a Mr Atkinson, one of the clique of infidel phrenological mesmerisers; but it is manifestly the *doing* of Miss Martineau herself. If Mr Atkinson had any hand in the production, the female atheist ("and here a female atheist talks you dead") must have manufactured and cooked much of his philosophy, as of his grammar and diction. A work more thoroughly degrading to character, whether moral or intellectual, has never come from the press. The credulity of unbelief is truly astonishing. "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God:" it is now added that man is an irresponsible creature—that vice and virtue are mere names.

trois jours. Alors il lui promet, que par la vertu de son souffle, il enflammera d'amour toutes les filles et femmes qu'il voudra posséder ; mais, qu'il faut que le souffle parvienne jusqu'à l'odorat des personnes à qui il voudra inspirer une forte passion." He exercises this power over one Madeline, the daughter of a gentleman ; and so influences the mother by his "souffle" that she becomes his accomplice. In the end, Gaufridy is condemned as a sorcerer—confesses, and is burnt ; and Madeline, bitterly repentant, ends her days in a convent. It is curious that, in his confession, he says that he could, on opening his window, be transported to the "Sabbat"—the witches' meeting. Whoever has seen mesmerism must have seen something very like this "souffle" in appearance. I would not in the least insinuate as to its effects, but every one has seen enough to be convinced that the mesmeriser ought, in all cases, to be a strictly moral, conscientious person.

Philosophers have supposed that the passion of love arises from a kind of "souffle,"—an emanation of the one person sensibly received through the "odorat" of another. Indeed, the phenomena of love are extraordinary enough : do we unconsciously mesmerise each other ? I knew a man who, on a visit to a friend, accidentally went with him to a house in the neighbourhood, where was a lady, neither very young nor handsome, nor did she enter into conversation with him ; but he looked at her, and she at him. The friends did not remain half an hour in the house. On leaving it, the visitor said to his host—"That woman will be my wife ;" and so it was. Was this in the breathing, or in the eye?—was it mesmeric?—does the serpent's eye fascinate ? Dante has it that Charon, by the power of his fiery eye, beckons and collects the wicked :—

"Caron dimonio, con occhi di bragia
Loro accenando, tutte le raccoglie."

Medusa's head, reported to turn the gazer into stone—did it merely fix the limbs and whole person in catalepsy ? The Rosicrucians seem to have anticipated the whole powers of the science, and preserved the secret. Sir Kenelm Digby was no fool, but a

wise man, and discreet. What were his sympathetic powders to cure wounds at a distance ? And, if the story of him be true, he seems not to have been without the fascinating power. It is said an Italian prince, having no children, ardently desired that his princess should present him with one whereof so wise a man should be the father.

What was Cagliostro's art ? Talleyrand's interview with him, told in his *Mémoires*, is at least interesting and curious ; for the female figure in black mantle, who tells him strange things, which turn out to be true, has all the air of a clairvoyante. Then we are told how Talleyrand puts his hand to the forehead of a countess or marchioness, and is not able to withdraw it ; and ultimately, in endeavouring to do so, tears away the flesh from the forehead—by which he loses her friendship for ever. It is true we must suspect the great man, who is evidently given to get up good stories. Yet the interview may have taken place ; and there is the clairvoyante.

The wonderful things said to have been done among us by Alexis, a few years ago, every one must remember ; many who may read this may have witnessed his powers. There is a story told of him, how he came to leave England so suddenly : I know not if it be true. It is said that he and a clairvoyante either met, or mesmerically, at a distance, so affected each other, that a mutual passion was the result ; but that it would not do, and he was accordingly withdrawn to Paris. No *incantations* of the deserted clairvoyante were able to bring him back. If she possessed in her fit the same insight into language and literature as into circumstances and futurity, she might have quoted the line—

"O crudelis Alexi, nihil mea carmina curas."

It was then Adolphe came to England. Is he not brother to Alexis ?

The friend of Adolphe, or partner, who lectured on mesmerism, as I thought, in so objectionable a manner, asserted that persons had received great advantages in recovering property by means of Adolphe's clairvoyance ; but would it not be better that cases should be well attested ? One real undoubted fact of this kind

would greatly tend to establish the truth of the science, and it is of sufficient importance to induce persons to make inquiry. Every quack-medicine advertisement asserts these things, and supplies names; but few trust to them, and fewer still take the trouble to pass a correspondence with the names. Joseph Ady certainly too boldly gave the name of "his friend" Sir Peter Laurie, and, if I mistake not, of the Lord Chancellor, as having recovered large property through his means. The appeal met with a flat denial. In the case of "Adolphe at home," there was every motive to be more particular, because it was his special business and calling to give such important informations for the recovery of estates. I was greatly disappointed that no names for reference were given. Now, it may be thought that I am writing in a bantering spirit, and am throwing ridicule on the whole subject of mesmerism. By no means. If, in the train of thought as I write, some suspicions arise, either on account of a seeming suppression, or from an ill-judged manner of setting forth an exhibition—or if there arise but a half-suspicion—a doubt, a difficulty to admit all that is claimed—it is in the very nature of the discussion that the stretched cord should fly back the whole length. Had I been entirely disposed to ridicule the science, I might have taken "the bull by the horns," or have attended Miss Martineau in her vaccination; but really, and in good faith, I had no such intention when I began to write this paper on mesmerism. The fact is, I neither believe nor disbelieve it, and therefore vacillate, and am now on one side, and now on the other; and if I am treating it lightly now, according to the different state of mind, I have been through the greater part treating it gravely.

I am uncertain, from what I have seen, if mesmeric influence be given more through the hand or the eye—both are used; but surely the perfect clairvoyant, who can travel, being in "rapport," with any one to any part of the world, might easily, one would suppose, converse with, and if not that, be conversant with the doings of the object of his affection. The transmission of a glove, for instance,

by post, might be enough for "rapport." Surely the electric fluid, if it be electric, might pass through such a chain. Do you remember the strange correspondence kept up by two lovers at a great distance, mentioned by Strada, and quoted from him by the *Guardian*, No. 119. In the person of Lucretius, he "gives an account of the chimerical correspondence between two friends, by the help of a loadstone, which had such virtue in it that it touched two several needles. When one of these needles, so touched, began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, began to move at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with four-and-twenty letters, in the same manner that the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed the needles on each of these plates, in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters. Upon separating one from another, into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them retired in privacy at the time appointed, and immediately looked at the dial-plate. If he had a mind to write anything to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for—making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, at the same time, saw his own sympathetic needle moving itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant, over cities, mountains, seas, or deserts." If any ask, what this has to do with mesmerism? the answer is, that both the needle and the thing or person mesmerised may be under the same power—electricity; and some are of that opinion. That a piece of metal, made a loadstone, should, wherever

placed, retain its power unimpaired, however frequently it may impart it—that it should attract and firmly hold to it bodies of great weight, so as not to be removed from it without great force, offers a phenomenon very analogous to that of mesmerism, whereby the hand or the foot is arrested, and so firmly held to a panel of a door, or to a floor, as, without extreme violence, not to be removed. I have heard, too, of cases where parties have communicated with each other, or have been asserted so to have done, in a mesmeric state, though at the distance of many streets. Indeed, what else was the seeing the postman arrive, deliver a letter, and then the telling the contents of that letter, as in the instance I spoke of, and at which I was present? For though, in this case, only one party was in a mesmeric state, it was equally possible the other, though at miles distant, might have been in the same state, and might have known what was going on in the room where the mesmerised person spoke of the contents of the letter. She even described the expression of surprise the contents of the letter were producing on her friends. And this telegraphic power has actually been assumed, and the reader may remember the description given, some few months since, of the condition and situation of the Franklin crew and ships. The reader cannot fail to observe what an exact description this account from Strada gives of the electric telegraph, particularly the submarine. One would almost imagine it to have been written in 1850. But supposing the science of mesmerism to be only now in progress, and to be a perfectible science, why should we doubt taking individual facts as data for more universal and invariable, that the whole machinery of telegraph by wire may be dispensed with? Mesmerists do claim powers quite equal, though in individuals only, and not invariably—does such power at any time exist? If it does, and the science is progressive, who is to define its limit? It is important that we should know what is demanded of our belief. No one will deny that the demand is of a nature to warrant, if credited, the expectation of such a future as I have laid down.

Many may remember that, under this notion of electricity, metallic tractors were in fashion, and said to work great cures—till the experiment was tried with pieces of wood painted to resemble them, and the effects were the same. This took away the virtue from the metallic tractors.

There has ever been, in all ages, an extensive credulity with regard to the power of charm in the human eye and hand—particularly the latter, arising, or greatly strengthened, by its use in the act of blessing. There is the touching for the Evil, hence acquiring a royal name; and the superstition of the healing power in the dead man's hand. Naaman the Syrian thought that the prophet would “strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper.” This striking the hand over the place has been the adopted means of the mesmerists also; but it is not according to the rules of the science necessary. For some go so far as to say they have only to *will*, and they effect. “I will that a person should come to me, and he or she comes”—this I have heard asserted, and many instances given, and some of very strange willing—and purposely strange to test the power. You are told that you may make a person love or hate—if under these passions you should will that they act, will they act? If the honest person, as I have shown, was made a thief by striking the hand “over the place” of thieving; and if a person is really made to come to you by your willing the coming—though at the same time, by words, you will him or her not to come—can you not will that he or she shall commit a particular theft, and it will be committed? I say not that any of our mesmerists are so wicked as to *will* such things; but a science so advantageous to thieves, who require instruments, may fall into very bad hands.

Viewing this and the many dangers which I have shown it comprehends, ought one not to desire that there may be in reality no such science—that it is all mere delusion, illusion, or collusion—anything rather than a truth? And this honest desire is right, and the honesty of it should effectually rescue the unconvinced from the coarseness of obloquy which, I :

sorry to say, the advocates for it, upon all occasions, cast upon all who venture to doubt.

They tell you tauntingly to believe your senses; yet the senses, from experience, one is inclined to mistrust—indeed, some philosophers have absurdly laid down, that they are only given to deceive us, and are no-wise to be trusted. Without being under such philosophy, I would ask which of our senses has not deceived us? Go to a common conjuror, put them all to the test, and question them. Your eye will be positive that it saw a child rammed into a cannon, and shot into or through a wall—and the said child walks away unhurt. Your hand will assert it caught hold of a dove, and grasped at a snake—your ear tells you a person is speaking to you from a box hardly large enough to hold a mouse. Now am I not bound, when so large demands are made on my credulity, and the appeal is to my senses, to refuse to bring them alone into court as evidence? Conjurors, aware of this inroad made on their profession, have very cunningly so imitated mesmeric exhibitions, that it is hard indeed to tell the imitation from the original. Then, again, there have been some very damaging scrutinies—some impostures discovered and confessed. It is said in reply—So the priestess has been suborned, yet the belief in the oracles but little shaken. But this is assuming also the truth of the oracles—a truth in the inspiration of the priestess; and a large world of discussion is laid open to the mind, and it must travel far ere it can come to a judgment on that question. And after all, if the affirmative is reached, the mesmerist may decline to accept or associate with the spirits to which such power shall be ascribed. For the power, if it did exist, was not human, unless, says the mesmerist, “it was mesmerism.” Then we must reply—Then mesmerism, too, is not merely human.

Now it may be said, in answer to this deceit of our senses, that the argument would touch belief in miracles; and it might, with regard to pretended miracles that rest on the evidence of the senses only. But, in fact, the evidence of the senses is only

one of the marks necessary to establish the truth of a miracle; whereas the conjunction of four marks are needed, as “The Short Method” so ingeniously and so undeniably proves—all which marks do combine in the Scripture miracles, and in them only. The senses are witnesses, not judges. They may be false witnesses, and even notoriously have their counterfeits in the imagination. Persons often imagine they hear, see, and feel, what in fact they do not. I want, therefore, in mesmeric cases, something more, and of a nature different from that which a conjuror can deceive me in. Mesmerism does put forth pretensions to evidence of this required character, in its spiritualities—where matter, however fine and subtle, is set aside—as in this further claim of the power of the will. If I can, without touch, motion, or breathing, will, and by willing, create; or if I can be satisfied that any one has, or ever has had, that power—is in possession of that thing a thousand times more potent than the long sought “philosopher’s stone”—I must bow down before the science, worship it, and deprecate its evil influences.

I thought, when I began this paper, to be able to confine the mesmeric claims to two great attributes, though still shrouded by the human veil—Omnipresence and Omniscience; but, in proceeding, I find this power of the will exciting me boldly, and demanding to be heard. It says—It is I that can make virtue and vice; I can will (shall I write it down?) water to be wine—I can create love and hatred—I can make to come and make to go. Without a word of persuasion, I make my will the sole motive of another’s action, that action being itself abhorrent to the general disposition of the person. It is I predestinate—the *fur predestinatus* is the creature of my will. I demand a place with your “kind of omnipresence and omniscience,” and to be named “Omnipotence.”

There is another view of mesmerism somewhat startling—it has a direct tendency to take from man his responsibility; for, if he can, by the hand of influence, be made virtuous or criminal, in vulgar speech, there must cease to be virtue or crime as far as

the actor is concerned. Indeed, some medical men, looking to the brain as the material organ alone actuating man, do often, and have recently, in our courts of justice, made an irresistible impulse, incited by the diseased organ, the proof of insanity; and men who call themselves philosophers and philanthropists, adopting this theory, call upon the legislature to annul punishments. They think, from the form of the head, the man must be what he is. And this is phrenomesmerism. The organism of *life* does everything. I know not to what extent the writers in the *Zoist* may be imbued with this notion; certainly the title seems to imply, as well as much in the contents of the *Zoist*, that upon the materialism of life rest the great phenomena of what we were wont to call mind. "Philosophists," says a satirist, "endeavour to explode private affections, in order to make room for general philanthropy; the next step is, to remove the *invidious* distinction between the several parts of active matter, and to substitute philozoism (love of all that has life) for philanthropy—until which last improvement in morals is effected, we cannot attain to absolute perfection, which I hold to consist in *Philo-entity*, (love of all that exists.) The murderer of Kotzebue vaunted that he had given more than taken life, when he asserted that his victim was then the world and the food of worms. Whoever makes the whole of man a piece of mechanism, to be worked at will, as any other piece of mechanism—denying thereby personal responsibility, whether under the philosophy of phrenology, or phreno-mesmerism, or philozoism, does, in fact, transfer the dignity of his species to a toad or an oyster, level all human distinctions, and ought to profess as much love (if the word may be used at all) for the worms that feed upon his fellow-creatures as for his fellow-creatures themselves.

It would be unfair to fasten this belief in material Zoism on all mesmerists, or on them in general; but it is as well to notice the tendency—and, to those who follow the beginnings of things to their conclusions, this tendency must be very natural; for the man that can make another, merely

by the waving of his hand over an organ, do what he wills him to do, must look upon that man as a mere machine in his hands, and think of himself, that whilst in his material form as a Zoon, he has brought the subtle powers of his Zoe—his life—to such a state of energy that he can communicate with, and overpower, all other life.

Now, as I professed in commencing this paper to hold my faith in abeyance, I must confess I find myself, after these reflections, dropped with my whole weight into the scale adverse to mesmerism. What shall weigh down the opposite scale again? first making a vacillation, a suspense, and, if possible, a decided preponderance on the other side. Wise and learned men have been its advocates—as they have advocated witchcraft, and persecuted witches. At the trial of Amy Duny and Rose Callender, at Bury-St-Edmund's, 1664, before Sir Matthew Hale, Sir Thomas Brown, who wrote against vulgar errors, is said to have declared in court, he "was clearly of opinion that the fits of the plaintiffs were natural, but heightened by the devil co-operating with the malice of the witches, at whose instance he did the villainies." He confirmed it by a similar case in Denmark, and so far influenced the jury that the two women were hanged. I begin to feel the weight of Sir Matthew Hale, and the dispenser of "Vulgar Errors" clinging to him.

The great Boyle himself attested several of the cures made by Valentine Greatrakes, in the time of Charles II.—an Irish gentleman, who professed to cure diseases by touching or stroking the parts affected, and who thereby acquired great eminence. Then I am inclined to throw against Boyle an anecdote showing that the workings of imagination may go as far—it is in a note of Granger's:—

"I was myself a witness of the powerful workings of imagination in the populace. When the waters of Glastonbury were at the height of their reputation in 1751, the following story, which scarce exceeds what I observed upon the spot, was told me by a gentleman of character,—'An old woman in the workhouse at Yeovil, who had long been a cripple, and

made use of crutches, was strongly inclined to drink of the Glastonbury waters, which she was assured would cure her lameness ; the master of the workhouse procured her several bottles of water, which had such an effect that she soon laid aside one crutch, and not long after the other. This was extolled as a miraculous cure ; but the man protested to his friends that he had imposed upon her, and fetched water from an ordinary spring.' I need not inform my reader that the force of imagination had spent itself, and she relapsed into her former infirmity."

As Boyle is now rising, let us see if Mesmer himself cannot give him a further lift, and show that one of his cures was as imaginative as that of the old woman of Yeovil. And here, too, be it observed, we have the double weight of a man of extraordinary learning and Mesmer in the scale together.

M. Comte de Gibelin, son of a pastor at Lausanne, and born there in 1727, came to Paris in 1763, where, some years after, he put out proposals for a large work, to be published by subscription, intitled *Le Monde Primitif analysé et comparé avec le Monde Moderne ; ou Recherches sur l'Antiquité du Monde*. The work met with great encouragement, and was extended to 9 vols. in 4to ; when, his health being much impaired by severe application to his studies, he was forced to intermit them, and applied to the celebrated magnetic D. M. Mesmer for relief, by whose operations he flattered himself he had received so much, that he addressed a memoir to his subscribers in 1783, reckoned one of the ablest defences of M. Mesmer and his operations. He relapsed, and, being removed to Dr Mesmer's house, died there in 1784, which occasioned the following lines—

"Cy git ce pauvre Gibelin,
Qui parloit Grec, Hébreu, Latin.
Admirez tous son heroïsme,
Il fut martyr de magnétisme."

Mesmerists say that the commission in Paris appointed to examine into the science made a secret report to the king, contradicting their public condemnation of it. I do not know that this secret report has seen the light. Is it, with the gift of Constan-

tine to Rome, as yet in the moon? Wherever it be, clairvoyance ought to discover it.

Whatever mesmerism is now, in its beginning, if it advances as fast as other sciences, what will become of us under its workings? Will the laws against witchcraft be again in force, and mesmerism come under that denomination? It is frightful to think how rapidly time advances, and brings strange things to pass. In ten, twenty years, what a confusion the world will be in under its power—the consummation of "knowledge is power" all centred in mesmerism. Electricity is probably its great agent. Philosophers say that, if you shake hands, there is an intercommunion of the electric fluid, a mutual participation of sentiment and all the phenomena of mind.

And here I call to mind that, in another part of this paper, I asked what became of the mesmeric influence put on and put off by the wave of the hand. It cannot go through the floor, a non-conductor, or it would not retain power to fasten to it the foot. Admit, then, that in its diffused state it may be too weak to affect the company in the room: what becomes of it—is it floating about, and may be collected? What is to be said if the science shall be advanced to the degree that the mesmeric electric fluid may be concentrated, as in a "Leyden jar?" What a frightful power may be there, more potent than the genie that the fisherman in the Arabian Tale emancipated from the jar that came up in his net. Mesmerism is not under "Solomon's seal." This Leyden jar—contemplate concentrated mesmerism—what will it not do? Will the mesmeriser be enabled to load his jar with any passion-power he pleases—or rather direct the electro-mesmeric fluid, by means of wires, simultaneously to the same phrenological organs in many people? Will he be able to excite universal devotion, or universal combativeness?

Imagination wanders away to new possible camp-meetings, that have had their prototypes in ancient legend; for we may now be but in a lull of sobriety, and awaken to a new and general madness. May the mesmeriser be a Bacchus among his bacchana-

lians, and lead the rout to worse orgies? Does the fabled strange tale represent but a process of the science—a Pentheus will-driven, and torn by his *unconscious* mother and *unconscious* sisters, when it was willed that they should see in him but a bull? Will the mesmeriser possess a more potent Thyrsus, or a more sleep-engendering and awakening Caduceus than that of Hermes? Is there a cycle to bring these things to pass again in more full development? Or, to descend to the more vulgar illustration of this transmitted myth, in the Harlequin of our stage, will the adept in the science transmute by wave of wand, and Columbines run after him at pleasure?

Am I putting the case *ad absurdum*—casting ridicule upon the science? Scarcely so, for the *absurdum* is apparent in the demands; and could these be carried out, there may be things arise ostensibly ridiculous, but tragic in a sad reality.

“Hæ nugæ seria ducant
In mala.”

If, sir, the powers be according to the demand of the professors of mesmerism, I dread it; all ought to dread it. It would make every one suspect his fellow-man to be a demon. For though mesmerists, in defence, say, “the Evil Spirit cannot do good,” may he not first, to establish the evil, transform himself into “an angel of light?” for this is within the scope of his deceptive power. If it be altogether a delusion, a falsity, an imposture, let it be exposed, condemned; and the mesmeriser be, in the law’s eye, a common fortune-teller, and the craft subjected to the same penalties. If it, however, be otherwise, it will be the interest of all to look to consequences, and be at least cautious, lest “the prince of this world,” and the powers of the air, be let loose upon us under the expansion of an evil knowledge.

POSTSCRIPT.

It must be admitted that our excellent correspondent has set forth the claims of “Adolphe” and “Alexis,” and similar interesting abstractions, to the powers of omnipresence and omniscience, with great candour and becoming gravity. We are sorry that we cannot follow what many of our readers may consider so excellent an example. We have no faith in those dear creatures without surnames: we have no faith in animal magnetism, either in its lesser or in its larger pretensions; but we have an unbounded faith in the imbecility, infatuation, vanity, credulity, and knavery of which human nature is capable. And we are of opinion that there is not a single well-authenticated mesmeric phenomenon which is not fully explicable by the operation of one or more of these causes, or of the whole of them taken in conjunction.

The question in regard to mesmerism is twofold: *first*, how is the mesmeric prostration to be accounted for? and *secondly*, how is it to be disposed of? It may be accounted for, we conceive, by the natural tendencies just recited, without its being necessary to postulate any new or unknown agency; it may be disposed of by the influence of public opinion, which would very soon put a stop to these pitiable exhibitions, and very soon extinguish the magnetiser’s power and the patient’s susceptibility, if it were but to visit the performers with the contempt and reprobation they deserve. A few words on each of these heads may not be out of place, as a qualifying postscript to the foregoing letter, which, in our opinion, treats the mesmeric superstition with far too much indulgence.

I. The existence of any physical force or fluid in man or in nature, by which the mesmeric phenomena are induced, has been distinctly disproved by every carefully conducted experiment. *No person was ever magnetised when totally unsuspecting of the operation of which he was the subject.* This is conclusive; because a physical agent, which never does, *of itself* and unheralded, produce any effect, is no physical agent at all. Then, again, let certain persons be prepared for the magnetic condition, and aware of what is expe

of them, and the effects are equally produced, whether the pretended influence be exerted or not. It seems simply ridiculous to postulate an *oddylic* (we should like to be favoured with the derivation of this word) fluid to account for phenomena which show themselves just as conspicuously when no such fluid is or can be in operation.

But it is argued by some of the advocates of mesmeric influence, that their agent, though perhaps not physical, is at any rate moral—that the will, or some spiritual energy on the part of the mesmerist, is the power by which his victims are entranced and rendered obedient to his bidding. Here, too, all the well-authenticated cases establish a totally different conclusion. They prove that the will or spiritual power of the mesmerist has *of itself* no ascendancy or control whatsoever over the body or mind of his victim. Every well-guarded series of experiments has exhibited the mesmerist and his patient at cross-purposes with each other—the patient frequently doing those things which the mesmerist was desirous he should not do, and not doing those things which the operator was desirous he should do. As for the buffoonery begotten by mesmerism on phrenology, this exhibition can scarcely be expected to provoke much astonishment, or credence, or comment, except among professional artists themselves—

“ Like Katterfelto, with their hair on end,
At their own wonders—*wondering for their bread!* ”

The true explanation of mesmerism is to be found, as we have said, in the weakness or infatuation of human nature itself. No other causes are at all necessary to account for the mesmeric prostration. There is far more craziness, both physical and moral, in man than he usually gives himself credit for. The reservoir of human folly may be in a great measure occult, but it is always full; and all that silliness, whether of body or mind, at any time wants, is to *get its cue*.

These general remarks are of course more applicable to some individuals than they are to others. In soft and weak natures, where the nervous system is subject to cataleptic seizures, mental and bodily prostration is frequently almost the normal condition. Such of our readers as may have frequented mesmeric exhibitions must have observed a kind of *semi-humanity* visible in the expression and demeanour of most of the subjects whom the professional operators carry about with them. These poor creatures are at all times ready to imbibe the magnetic stupefaction, because it is only by an effort that they are ever free from it. There is always at work within them an occult tendency to self-abandonment—an unintentional proclivity to aberration, imitation, and deceit, which only requires a signal to precipitate its morbid deposits. This constitutional infirmity of body and of mind furnishes to the mesmerist a basis for his operations, and is the source of all the wonders which he works.

It is only in the case of individuals who, without being fatuous, are hovering on the verge of fatuity, that the magnetic phenomena and the mesmeric prostration can be admitted to be in any considerable degree real. Real to a certain extent they may be; marvellous they certainly are not. Imbecility of the nervous system, a ready abandonment of the will, a facility in relinquishing every endowment which makes man *human*—these intelligible causes, eked out by a vanity and cunning which are always inherent in natures of an inferior type, are quite sufficient to account for the effects of the mesmeric manipulations on subjects of peculiar softness and pliancy.

In those persons of a better organised structure, who yield themselves up to the mesmeric degradation, the physical causes are less operative; but the moral causes are still more influential. In all cases the prostration is self-induced. But in the subjects of whom we have spoken, it is mainly induced by physical depravity, although moral frailties concur to bring about the condition. In persons of a superior type, the condition is mainly due to moral causes, although physical imbecility has some share in facilitating the result. These people have much vanity, much curiosity, and

much credulity, together with a *weak* imagination—that is to say, an imagination which is easily excited by circumstances which would produce no effect upon people of stronger imaginative powers. Their vanity shows itself in the desire *to astonish others*, and get themselves talked about. They think it rather creditable to be susceptible subjects. It is a point in their favour! Their credulity and curiosity take the form of a powerful wish *to be astonished themselves*. Why should they be excluded from a land of wonders which others are permitted to enter? The first step is now taken. They are ready for the sacrifice, which various motives concur to render agreeable. They resign themselves passively, mind and body, into the hands of the manipulator; and by his passes and grimaces, they are cowed pleasantly, bullied delightfully, into *so much* of the condition which their inclinations are bent upon attaining, as justifies them, they think, in laying claim to the *whole* condition, without bringing them under the imputation of being downright impostors. *Downright* impostors they unquestionably are not. We believe that their condition is frequently, though to a very limited extent, *real*. We must also consider, that, in a matter of this kind, which is so deeply imbued with the ridiculous, a mesmeric patient may, and doubtless often does, justify to his own conscience a considerable deviation from the truth, on the ground of waggery or hoaxing. Why should an audience, which has the patience to put up with such spectacles, not be fooled to the top of its bent?

II. How, then, is the miserable nonsense to be disposed of? It can only be put a stop to by the force of public opinion, guided of course by reason and truth. Let it be announced from all authoritative quarters that the magnetic sensibility is only another name for an unsound condition of the mental and bodily functions—that it may be always accepted as an infallible index of the position which an individual occupies in the scale of humanity—that its manifestation (when real) invariably betokens a *physique* and a *morale* greatly below the average, and a character to which no respect can be attached. Let this announcement—which is the undoubted truth—be made by all respectable organs of public opinion, and by all who are in any way concerned in the diffusion of knowledge, or in the instruction of the rising generation, and the magnetic superstition will rapidly decline. Let this—the correct and scientific explanation of the phenomena—be understood and considered carefully by all young people of both sexes, and the mesmeric ranks will be speedily thinned of their recruits. Our young friends who may have been entrapped into this infatuation by want of due consideration, will be wiser for the future. If they allow themselves to be experimented upon, they will at any rate take care not to disgrace themselves by yielding to the follies to which they may be solicited both from within and from without; and we are much mistaken if, when they know what the penalty is, they will abandon themselves to a disgusting condition which is characteristic only of the most abject specimens of our species.

WANDERINGS ROUND THE WORLD.

CIRCUMNAVIGATORS have become quite commonplace characters in this century of mighty steam and universal travel. As in the case of certain gems and flowers, the multiplication of the species has destroyed its value—over-production has been its bane. Captain Cook, to whom, in our boyish days, we remember reverentially looking up, as to the worthy associate of Robinson Crusoe and Commodore Anson, would now, if resuscitated, be held scarcely more remarkable, and certainly less amusing, than that ingenious Yankee, Herman Melville. You shall hardly stroll round a Liverpool dock without rubbing shoulders with men who have made their tour of the globe—once at least. It is a much rarer incident to fall in with a lady who has performed the same feat, whether wholly by water, or by a combination of land-travel and sea-voyage. The book before us—a record of such an expedition—may fairly claim a place amongst the curiosities of literature; less on account of its intrinsic peculiarities—although these are not wanting—than on account of its author, and of the circumstances that led to its production.

It seems no difficult matter to divine the motives that induced a woman, verging upon fifty, and whose life, for many years previously, had glided tranquilly along in the education of her sons, and in the monotonous routine of domestic life in a German city, suddenly to start, without other guide or companion than a moderately garnished purse, upon a journey round the world. We should have been disposed to lay odds upon guessing, at a first attempt, the class of feelings that had stimulated such a person, under such circumstances, to so toilsome and hazardous an expedition. There would seem but one probable incentive to so extraordinary an effort on the part of one of that sex and age—an incentive to be sought in the especially feminine attributes of tenderness and self-devotion. The wish

to find, see, or serve some dear friend or relative, lost, long absent, or in grievous need or peril, would appear the sole solution of the riddle. Dispel this hypothesis, and conjecture is brought to bay. We pay our lost bet, and await, in perfect puzzlement, the explanation of the enigma. It is furnished in Madame Pfeiffer's first page. An innate love of wandering, imperative as the impulse that drives the painter to the easel, and the poet into verse, sent her forth—when the age of her children, and her husband's death, left her at liberty to indulge her errant fancies—upon a pilgrimage to the uttermost parts of the earth. Although she set out with a companion, she soon found herself alone. Economy being rendered necessary, as we infer, by her moderate means and inevitably heavy expenses, she used a knapsack instead of a travelling-carriage, contented herself with plain fare and inferior accommodation, with second-class cabins, and sometimes even with a few square feet of deck; roughing it, in short, with as good a grace as any travelling student or seasoned soldier. Cheerful in hardship, courageous in danger, her nature kindly and her spirit buoyant, this enterprising and eccentric German lady may serve as an example to many a male traveller.

Although, during her married life, Madame Pfeiffer had had occasional opportunities of indulging her mania for travelling, these had been but limited, and her distant journeys began only with her widowhood. The first, undertaken in 1812, was to Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt. Two small volumes were the result, and they have reached a second edition. Her next wanderings, in 1845, were in a very opposite direction—to Scandinavia and Iceland. Of these, also, she has published the narrative. Finally, on the 1st May 1846, she left Vienna for Hamburg, and took ship for the Brazils. We should fill a page with dry names, did we ena-

Eine Frauenfahrt um die Welt. Von IDA PFEIFFER. Three volumes. Vienna, Carl Gerold; London, Williams and Norgate, 1850.

merate those of the principal places she visited before she again, on the 4th November 1848, set foot in the Austrian capital. The main outline of her route may be briefly given. From Brazil she went round the Horn to Chili, thence to Tahiti, China, Ceylon, British India, Persia, Russia, (Asiatic and European,) and home by Constantinople and Athens. Her journal during these extensive peregrinations forms the substance of the present book, for which she claims no other merit than that of a truthful delineation of what she herself felt, saw, and experienced. It certainly has not the novelty and strong interest of travels in regions previously unvisited or but partially explored, such as Tschudi's *Peru* and Werne's *White Nile*, although its authoress does occasionally take us into nooks which few have entered and fewer described—neither are its literary pretensions of the highest class; but there is a spirit and individuality about the writer which imparts itself to her pages; and the mere circumstance of finding a woman in situations where we are unaccustomed to see any but hardy men, gives a pungency to the whole work which is still unexhausted at the end of the third volume. We can read with little surprise or emotion the cool account given by a Ruxton, a Melville, or some other bold adventurer, of a solitary journey through the howling wilderness, or a hand-to-hand scuffle with a desperate marauder; but it is otherwise startling to find an elderly lady encountering, with equal coolness, perils precisely similar, carrying pistols, and ready to use them, lurching on roast monkeys, dining on stewed snakes, and sojourning amongst savages. Change *Ida* into *John*, and you would unquestionably much diminish the interest of the book; but, even then, it must in justice be admitted to an honourable place amongst narratives of travel and adventure.

The earliest portion of Madame Pfeiffer's book is the least interesting. On the 12th May she reached Hamburg, just in time to embark on board a beautiful brig, a namesake of her own, which was to sail upon the 13th. But she was bound to wait for her travelling companion, a certain Count

Berchthold, who was to join her at Hamburg, and who very ungallantly made her wait. They did not get off till the middle of June, by a Danish brig bound for Rio. The voyage was uneventful. Madame Pfeiffer's account of it, and of the Brazilian capital, presents little novelty. There is greater interest in her excursions into the interior of Brazil. One of the first of these was to the new German colony of Petropolis, founded little more than a year previously, and situated in the heart of an aboriginal forest, at a height of two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The chief occupation of the colonists was intended to be the production of various kinds of European fruits and vegetables, which in that climate thrive only at a considerable elevation. Hence the choice of the locality. Petropolis is at seven leagues from Porto d'Estrella, a great depot of produce from the interior, which is thence sent by water to Rio. In the capital the colony was reported to be in a state of wonderful progress and rapid development; but Madame Pfeiffer seems to have been very slightly impressed by its prosperity, and marvels at the misery her poor countrymen must have endured in their native land, for them to be induced to abandon it for the possession of a niggardly plot of land in the centre of an American forest. Her excursion to Petropolis was chiefly remarkable by the occurrence of her first adventure of any note. She and the Count were attacked by a negro, armed with a lasso and a long knife. Their only means of defence were their parasols, and a clasp-knife, which the lady carried in her pocket, and with which she valiantly defended herself, being resolved, she says, to sell her life dearly. She received two wounds in the arm, and inflicted one on the negro's hand; but she and her companion, who showed very little fight, would to all appearance have got the worst of it, had not two horsemen come up. The end of the affair was that the brigand was pursued, captured, bound, and, as he refused to walk, so awfully beaten about the head, that Madame Pfeiffer, ignorant apparently of the excessive hardness of negro skulls, expected to see his

brains knocked out. She merely got her wounds bound up and prosecuted her journey, so little discomposed by the encounter that she had speedily forgotten it in the contemplation of the enchanting landscape. We should have mentioned that, the better to enjoy the country, and because she wished to collect insects, and the Count to botanise, they performed the journey (seven leagues) on foot, returning in like manner, after a day's stay at Petropolis. No feather-bed traveller, it must be owned, was this middle-aged lady from Vienna, whose next expedition was to the town of Novo Friburgo, or Morroqueimado, founded fifteen years previously by Swiss and Germans, but which, at the time of her visit, did not yet contain quite a hundred mason-built houses. Eight leagues in a steamboat, twenty leagues on mules, took the travellers from Rio to Novo Friburgo. The twenty leagues were accomplished slowly, at the rate of three or four a-day, along a most picturesque, and for the most part exceedingly mountainous road. Madame Pfeiffer was especially struck by the gorgeous luxuriance of the tropical vegetation. "Beautiful beyond all description," she says, "are the parasite plants, which not only completely cover the ground, but are so intertwined with the trees, that their magnificent flowers hang from the topmost boughs, looking like wonderful blossoms growing on the trees themselves. And trees there are whose yellow and red blossoms resemble the choicest flowers, and others which bear great whitish flowers that gleam like silver from out the ocean of green leaves. Such forests may truly be styled the giant gardens of the world." Novo Friburgo was but the half-way house of this journey, whence the travellers proposed going on a visit to the Indian aborigines of the country. Unfortunately a wound in the hand, which Count Berchthold had received in the skirmish with the negro, had become greatly inflamed, and it was impossible for him to proceed. The lady's wounds, on the contrary, were rapidly healing, and neither dangerous nor a hindrance; and she resolved, rather than give up what she considered the most interesting part of

the trip, to go on alone, a trusty guide and a good double-barrelled pistol for sole protectors. Descending from the high ground into the hot region of the valleys, she pursued her journey under a sun in whose rays the thermometer stood at 39° Reaum. (120° Fahr.) passing numerous plantations, for the most part (and with the exception of the coffee and sugar estates) grievously neglected and overgrown with weeds. At various points on either side her path, she saw vast clouds of smoke, arising from burning forests, this being the Brazilian mode of clearing the ground. Unlike fires in the prairie, where the dry herbage flames like straw, these conflagrations never spread to a dangerous extent, the freshness of the vegetation checking them. It is necessary to set light in several places to the piece of forest land intended to be cleared, and even then the fire sometimes dies out before its work is complete, and green oases are found in the midst of the ash-covered desert. Presently Madame Pfeiffer, who had hitherto seen these burnings but from a distance, and who longed for a nearer view, came to a spot where her road lay between a blazing forest and a thicket of low brushwood, also in flames. "The passage between the two was at most fifty paces wide, and completely shrouded in smoke. (One heard the crackling of the fire, and saw, through the volumes of smoke, vast pillars of flame twirling and quivering upwards. Then there came reports like the sound of cannon, as the great forest trees fell thundering to the ground. When I saw my guide ride towards this infernal-looking fiery gulf, I felt a little uneasy; but then I reflected that he was not likely foolishly to risk his life, and that he must know from experience the possibility of passing such places. At the entrance sat two negroes, to instruct travellers as to the right direction to be taken, and to recommend them to ride at speed. My guide translated their words to me, gave his horse the spur, I followed his example, and we dashed, with a loose rein, into the smoking defile. Hot ashes flew around us, and the stifling smoke was even more oppressive than the heat given out by the flames.

Our mules seemed to lose their breath, and we had much difficulty in keeping them at a gallop. Fortunately, we had but five or six hundred yards to get over, and this we accomplished without injury." The passage through fire was shortly succeeded by one through an untrodden forest, the consequence of a slight deviation from the road. Path there was none: they dismounted, and the guide walked in front, lopping off the branches that hung so low as to impede their progress, and hacking at the dense masses of creeping plants that grew high and thick between the trees. Now they were up to their knees in the intricate vegetable web, now clambering over fallen tree-trunks, or squeezing themselves between others that stood so close together as scarcely to permit the passage of their mules. So great were the difficulties and fatigues that Madame Pfeiffer almost doubted the possibility of getting through. Considering the labour inseparable from these wanderings in Brazilian backwoods, and the intense heat of the weather, it is perhaps rather unreasonable of her to complain of her guide for limiting each day's march to some five or six leagues, and to accuse him of so doing for the sake of his daily ration and four milreas. But she soon forgets to grumble, to expatiate enthusiastically on the beauties of a forest garden, draped with garlands of gorgeous flowers, peopled with birds such as she had never seen but in museums, refreshed by the ripple of limpid streams, and from amongst whose fairy bowers she could not help expecting the appearance of sylphs and wood-nymphs. An ardent lover of nature's beauties, she felt more than compensated, by the ride through this earthly paradise, for all the fatigues (by no means slight) of her trip to the backwoods. As a specimen of her rough fare amongst the Indians, we will extract page 104 of her first volume. The said Indians, we may premise, are as real downright savages as any Ojibbeway or Boesjesman who ever raised a war-whoop, but hospitable and obliging—so far, at least, as Madame Pfeiffer's experience of them goes. She describes them as uglier than negroes, of a light bronze colour, stupid-

looking and open-mouthed, tattooed red and blue, with a rag round the loins for sole garment, and passionate lovers of brandy and tobacco. Such are the *Puris* or Brazilian aborigines, whose numbers are estimated at about half-a-million, scattered through the forests. They wander about in small groups of six or seven families, and pitch their wigwams where the fancy takes them, abiding in one place only till they have consumed all the game, fruit, and edible roots in the vicinity. It is extremely difficult to imagine one of those sedate German matrons, whom we have so often seen placidly knitting and coffee-drinking in some well-kept *sommer-garten*, upon a friendly visit to these nomadic barbarians. However, here is Madame Pfeiffer's account of a day amongst the *Puris*:—

"After I had sufficiently examined everything in the huts, I went with some of the savages to a parrot and monkey hunt. We had not far to seek before finding both, and I now had an opportunity of admiring the skill with which these people handle their bows. They shot the birds upon the wing, and seldom missed their mark. When we had brought down three parrots and a monkey, we returned to the huts. In the best of these the good people invited me to take up my quarters for the night. I willingly accepted the offer, for what with severe exercise on foot, the heat, and the shooting-party, I was somewhat weary; the day was drawing to a close, and I could hardly reach the white men's settlement that evening. So I spread out my cloak upon the ground, put a log of wood for a pillow, and seated myself forthwith upon this famous bed. My entertainers cooked the monkey and the parrots, sticking them on wooden spits, and roasting them at the fire. To make the repast right dainty, they added some ears of maize, and roots baked in the ashes. Then they brought some fresh leaves from the neighbouring trees, tore the roasted monkey into several pieces with their hands, laid a goodly portion of it upon the leaves, together with a parrot, maize, and roots, and placed it before me. My appetite was prodigious, for I had eaten nothing

morning ; so I began at once with the roast monkey, which I found most delicious : the meat of the parrot was nothing like so delicate and well flavoured."

Hunger appeased, Madame Pfeiffer, making herself quite at home, requested her hosts to favour her with a specimen of their chorographic accomplishments. By this time it was dark, so they brought a quantity of wood, erected it into a sort of funeral pile, set fire to it, and danced around it to the music of a savage guitar. The first dance—of peace or rejoicing—was accompanied by the performers with a series of hideous grimaces, and an equally hideous noise, intended for a song. If not very graceful, however, neither was it alarming. Their next performance was of a different character. "Arming themselves with bows, arrows, and weighty clubs, they again formed a circle ; but this time their movements were far more lively and wild than in the first dance, and they struck terrible blows around them with their clubs. Then suddenly scattering themselves, they bent their bows, laid arrow to string, and went through the pantomime of shooting at a flying foe, accompanying the demonstration with frightfully piercing yells, which re-echoed through the whole forest. I started up in terror, for I really believed myself surrounded by foes, against whom I had no help or protection. Heartily glad was I that this hideous dance of triumph was brought to a speedy close," and that the adventurous lady, after the fatigue and excitement of this curious day's work, was at last able to lie down beneath the leaf roof of a wigwam, open at the sides, in which she for some time was kept awake by apprehensions of a visit from some noiseless snake or prowling beast of prey.

Round the Horn now went Madame Ida Pfeiffer, in the fine English barque "John Renwick," Captain Bell ; and well pleased was she with the good fare and good-humour of the said Bell, and much amused by his seaman's yarns, although somewhat vexed with him for starting a fortnight later than he had pledged himself to do, and running into Santos when he

I have gone direct to Valparaiso.

She consoled herself for this last delay by an excursion up the country, and by diligently adding to her entomological collection. She had greater difficulty in pardoning the captain an abominable coat of oil-paint which he gave both to the inside and outside of his ship, during the last week of the voyage, that the John Renwick might look gay on entering port. Once on dry land, however, she quickly forgets marine disagreeables. Of her sojourn in Chili she gives a lively and pleasant account, which we are obliged to pass over, in order to accompany her to more distant regions. For two hundred Spanish dollars she engaged her passage by a Dutch barque, bound to China *via* Tahiti. She was ill when she went on board, but she would not lose her passage-money, paid in advance, or await for weeks at Valparaiso the chance of another ship for China. She tried to vanquish her complaint by diet and abstinence, but in vain ; and at last hit upon the rather strong remedy of taking cold sea-baths in a cask, remaining in the water for a quarter of an hour each time. Six of these baths restored her to health, and in spite of a severe storm, and of the overpowering abundance of opions in the Dutch cookery, she reached Tahiti in good case. This was a few months after the settlement of the Tahitian question : she found the town of Papeiti full of French troops, and several ships of war in its harbour. Queen Pomaree had just returned from her refuge in another island, and was in full enjoyment of her four-roomed house, her French pension, and her daily dinner at the governor's table. The place was so crowded, that officers of high rank were glad to content themselves with the most wretched Indian huts for a residence. Poor Madame Pfeiffer went from door to door, seeking quarters, and finding none, until at last she managed to get an allotment of floor six feet long and four wide, behind a door in a carpenter's cottage. There were already four dwellers in the same room, the floor was unboarded, the walls were mere palisades, of chair or bedstead there was no sign ; and for this execrable accommodation she was to pay three shillings a-week

—an exorbitant rent in those latitudes. The humility of her lodging was no obstacle to her presentation at court. Her first sight of Pomaree was at a ball given by Governor Bruat to celebrate the birthday of Louis Philippe—a strange and not uninteresting ball, where elegant French ladies, and staff-officers in full dress, mingled in the same dance with half-naked Indians. “Queen Pomaree was wrapped in a gown, or rather a sort of blouse, of sky-blue velvet, trimmed with double rows of expensive black lace. She wore large jasmine flowers in her ears, a garland in her hair; in her hand she carried a fine pocket handkerchief, beautifully embroidered, and ornamented with broad lace. She usually goes barefoot, but for this evening she had forced her feet into stockings and shoes. The entire dress was a present from the King of the French.” At supper Madame Pfeiffer had the honour to sit between the queen’s husband, who was attired in a magnificent uniform, as a French general—and King Ozoume, the sovereign of a neighbouring island, who appeared, for that particular occasion, in a bright sulphur-coloured coat. Both these illustrious persons had made a certain progress in European breeding, and were attentive to fill their neighbour’s glass, offer her dishes, and the like. It seemed the great ambition of all the guests to ape civilised manners; and they were tolerably successful, although now and then one or other of them committed some slight incongruity. Madame Pfeiffer, a keen observer, could detect nothing worse than an occasional over-cagerness after the champagne bottles, and the abstraction from the table, by Queen Pomaree, of a plate of sweetmeats, which she sent home for her private use.

“As a woman of advanced age,” says Madame Pfeiffer, with a candour rare in her sex, “I may well be permitted to make remarks on such matters.” The matters in question are the immorality and dissolute practices of the Tahitians and their French allies; with respect to which the lady, casting away prudery, and availing herself of the privilege of matronhood, treats her readers to

some curious anecdotes and revelations. Having obtained fourteen days’ leave of absence from the captain of her ship, she was desirous to take a ramble round the island, and expected to obtain the escort of one of the French officers, many of whom were frequently moving about upon duty. To her surprise, however, every officer to whom she applied made some excuse or other for declining the honour of her company. She was totally unable to account for their disobliging conduct, until one of them, compassionating her perplexity, divulged its motive. In Tahiti every Frenchman travels with a native mistress. Enlightened as to the obstacle, Madame Pfeiffer boldly surmounted it, and accepted her informant’s offer to accompany him, his fair Tahitian friend, and old Tati, the most celebrated chief in the island, to his residence at Papara. Thence she made an expedition on foot to a lake eighteen English miles in the interior. The journey there and back, she says, after mentioning the distance, may be conveniently accomplished in two days. A guide had the assurance to ask three dollars to accompany her, but by old Tati’s intervention the demand was reduced. Pedestrian expeditions in Tahiti are fatiguing, for the island is rich in streams, and the traveller has frequently to wade through water and tracts of sand. Madame Pfeiffer equipped herself accordingly. Her dress consisted of strong men’s-shoes, no stockings, trousers, and a blouse tucked up to the hips, in which light and convenient, but not very feminine, garb, she set out, accompanied only by her Indian guide, on the morning of the 7th May. During the first six miles she reckoned no less than thirty-two rivulets, through which they had to walk. This was along the coast: then came breakfast—breadfruit and a few small fish at an Indian cottage—and then they struck into the interior through wild ravines. “A tolerably wide mountain-stream, which courses through the hollow over a very stony bed, was, in many places, in consequence of the recent rains, more than three feet deep, and very rapid. Through this we had to wade *sixty-two times*. In dangerous

places, the Indian grasped my hand, and pulled me after him, often half swimming. The water was repeatedly above my hips; and as to getting dry again, it was not to be thought of. The footpath became momentarily more toilsome and dangerous. We had to climb over rocks and stones, which were so covered with the broad leaf of the *oputu*, that one never knew where to set one's foot in safety. I wounded my hands and feet badly, and frequently fell. It was truly a breakneck journey, which had then been accomplished only by a few officers, and which assuredly no woman had ever undertaken. In two places the ravine was so narrow that there was no margin to the stream; and here the Indians, during the war with the French, had thrown up stone parapets five feet high, as defences against their foe, should he attack them on that side. In eight hours we had got over the eighteen miles, and ascended eighteen hundred feet." The lake is small—some eight hundred feet in diameter—but of very remarkable appearance; so closely encircled by lofty and precipitous mountains, that there is not even a footpath between their base and its waters. Its basin might be the crater of an extinct volcano, and basaltic masses in the neighbourhood strengthen the supposition. It abounds in fish. Madame Pfeiffer desired to cross the lake, and told her guide so. The Indian instantly tore down a few branches, fastened them together with a kind of long tough grass, laid leaves upon them, launched this apology for a raft upon the water, and invited her to step upon it. "I certainly felt a little frightened," says the intrepid Ida, "but I should have been ashamed to show it; so I got upon the raft, which my guide, swimming, pushed before him. I got safely across and back again, though, to say the truth, I did not feel very comfortable during the passage. The raft was small, it was as much under the water as floating upon it, there was nothing to hold on by, and one risked every moment a fall overboard. The mode of transport is not to be recommended to persons who cannot swim." A cheerful fire, a scanty meal, and a bed of leaves, concluded the day;

Madame Pfeiffer, wet and tired, sleeping soundly, without fear of man or beast. The Tahitians are peace-loving and inoffensive; their island harbours neither beasts of prey nor noxious reptiles or insects. Mosquitoes are the only evil to be apprehended; the scorpions, few in number, being so innocent that they may safely be taken in the hand.

During her stay at Papara, Madame Pfeiffer, although, as already shown, no prudish fine lady, was frequently shocked by the license of the scenes that occurred in the house of Mr — (she gives the names of no Europeans in Tahiti, and claims their gratitude for her reserve) when he received the visits of other officers and their female travelling companions. On such occasions she took refuge with the servants, who certainly, she says, joked and laughed, but whose jokes could be overheard without a blush. Her journey back to Papeiti was made, however, in company with an officer and his mistress, and the three performed the six-and-thirty English miles in one day, on foot! A trip to the fastness of Fautana, that extraordinarily strong position which the islanders deemed impregnable until it was taken by the French, filled up the remainder of her sojourn in the island. Governor Bruat, who cannot but have been strongly interested by her hardihood and undaunted spirit, lent her his horses, and gave her as a guide a French serjeant who himself had been present in the action. The day after her return she sailed for China, where, soon after her arrival, she met, at Victoria, five of her countrymen—the celebrated Gutzlaff and four other German missionaries, who were studying Chinese, and who dressed themselves *à la Chinoise*, with shaven heads and long tails. Here her funds ran short. She wanted to get to Canton, but could not afford the twelve dollars that a hired boat or a passage by a steamer costs. So she made up her mind to go by a little Chinese junk, although strongly dissuaded from such a project by Herr Postau, a resident merchant, who declared it dangerous to trust herself unprotected amongst Chinese, but who (probably ignorant of the state of her purse) does not

appear to have offered her the necessary funds for the safer and more expensive conveyance. But the appearance and manners of the Chinese inspired her with no fear. "I cleaned my pistols," she says, "and went quietly on board the junk in the evening of the 12th July. Darkness and the heavy rain soon drove me below, where I passed my time in observing my Chinese fellow travellers. The company was not particularly select, but they behaved with much propriety, so that I could remain amongst them without unpleasantness. Some played at dominoes, whilst others extracted doleful tones from a sort of three-stringed mandoline. They smoked, and chattered, and drank weak sugarless tea out of small cups. On all sides I was offered this Celestial beverage." Far from being molested, the European lady experienced both courtesy and kindness from the Chinese women on board, as well as from the master of the junk. On reaching Canton, she was puzzled how to find her way to the house of Mr Agassiz, to whom she was recommended. She succeeded in making the junk-man understand by signs that she had no money, and that he must take her to the factory, where he should be paid. On her way thither she observed that old and young pointed at and shouted after her, that the people ran out of their shops to look at her, and that many followed her, so that she reached the factory with a crowd at her heels. When Mr Agassiz beheld her, accompanied by the junk-man, and heard of the manner of her journey, and of her walk through the streets of Canton, he was greatly astonished, and could hardly believe she had not been injured or assailed. It was an unheard-of thing for a European woman to walk abroad in Canton with only a Chinese for guide and escort; and Mr Agassiz declared her extraordinarily fortunate not to have been ill-treated and even stoned, in which case her companion would assuredly have taken to flight and left her to her fate. Since the war with England, he said, Europeans were in worse odour than ever; women, especially, on account of the old Chinese prophecy that some day

the Celestial empire shall be conquered by a woman.

Passing over the greater part of Madame Pfeiffer's second volume, which relates chiefly to British India, we find her again at Benares, hospitably entertained by a countryman, Herr Luitpold, there resident. She was now travelling in company with a Mr Lau, having parted, some time before, from Count Berchthold, where and wherefore does not exactly appear. Berchthold seems to have been a travelling companion of little energy or resource, and indeed the lady never gets on so well, or does such bold things, as when alone. Mr Lau procured her a presentation to the Rajah of Benares, at Ramnughur, who received her with great kindness, asked her to smoke a pipe, which she declined, smoked several himself, chatted with her through an interpreter, dazzled her eyes with the brilliants on his cap and fingers, regaled her with sweetmeats and sherbet, and with a native dance, and took her on an elephant to see his garden at some short distance from his palace. She thought very little of the garden, but praised it to gratify the rajah, who seemed exceedingly proud of it, and who sent her, the next day, as a recompense, perhaps, for her good taste in horticulture, a collection of choice fruits—including grapes and pomegranates, great rarities at that season, and which came from Cabool, a distance of seven hundred English miles. "In the palace inhabited by the rajah," she informs us, "no human being has died for many years past. The reason of this is the following: 'One of the owners of this palace once asked a brahmin what would become of the soul of him who should die within its walls. The brahmin replied that it would ascend to heaven. Ninety-nine times did the rajah repeat the question, always receiving the same answer. But when he repeated it for the hundredth time, the Brahmin lost patience, and replied, that the soul would pass into the body of an ass. Since that day, not a dweller in the palace, from the prince down to the meanest of his servants, but hurried out of it as soon as he feels himself unwell, in dread of continuing to

after death, the same part which, during his life, he has perhaps often admirably enacted. A sarcasm which we cannot help considering a very ungrateful return, on the part of Mrs Pfeiffer, for the ride on the elephant, the nautch girls, and the pomegranates of Cabool. By the dancing, however, she seems to have been slightly impressed; her interest being much more strongly roused by some jugglers and snake-charmers she soon afterwards saw at Delhi. The conjurors mingled white, red, yellow, and blue powders together, swallowed the mixture, and immediately spit it out again, quite dry and sorted in the different colours; they cast down their eyes, and, on raising them, the eyeballs appeared to be of gold; again they bowed their heads, and on again raising them, the eyeballs were of their natural colour, and their teeth were of gold. Others made a small opening in the skin of the body, and drew from it an infinite number of ells of thread, sewing silk, and narrow ribbon. The snake-tamers held the reptiles by their tails, suffering them to coil round their arms, necks, and bodies, and allowed great scorpions to crawl over their hands.

At Calcutta, Madame Pfeiffer had been strongly advised not to go beyond Delhi, as the dangers of the road would then be much greater; and her acquaintances there had done their best to inspire her with a wholesome terror of the Thugs, or *Tuggs*, as she persists in calling them. Her apprehensions, however—if any she entertained—diminished greatly during her stay at Delhi, where she was received into the house of Dr Sprenger, chief of the college at that place, under whose roof she found an amount of comfort, kindness, and almost of luxury, which contrasted delightfully with her previous rough fare by land and water. At Delhi she was assured that the “*Tuggs*” were much less numerous than they had been; that in India, Europeans were seldom attacked upon the road; and that, upon the whole, she had little to fear for her personal safety. Countless hardships and privations they did not conceal from her that she would have to encounter. But what availed it to urge these as impediments to the

passenger by the Chinese junk, the wanderer in Otaheitian solitudes, the guest of Chilian aborigines? She pushed on, in a *baili*, (a sort of ox-cart,)—a cheaper conveyance than camel or palanquin—attended by a trusty servant of Dr Sprenger's, and carefully jotting down in her journal all that she saw by the way. For about a fortnight, this did not amount to much of interest. She reached Kottah, left it on a camel—travelling very independently, with a trunk, weighing twenty-five pounds, for sole baggage, and, two days afterwards, fell in with the tents of Captain Burdon, the British Resident at Kottah, who was on a journey of inspection to the different military stations. Mrs Burdon had not seen a European woman for four years; it may be imagined that Madame Pfeiffer found a hearty welcome both from her and her husband, to whom Dr Sprenger had warmly recommended her. Upon this, and upon other occasions, she was greatly struck by the mode of travelling of the English officers and agents in India. She, who had roughed it for many thousands of miles, with no other encumbrances than her little box and her double-barrelled pistols—sleeping sometimes in wretched huts, at others in the open air—gazed in admiration at the clusters of tents deemed indispensable for the accommodation of an ordinary family; at the spacious canvass dwellings, divided into several chambers, and erected with wonderful rapidity for a single night's occupation; at the quantities of portable furniture, carpets, and canteens; at the luxurious beds, numerous attendants, comfortable palanquins, fine horses, and delicately prepared meals. Not in the most civilised countries of Europe, she exclaims, is travelling so luxurious and comfortable as in India. On parting, after a few hours' stay, from Captain and Mrs Burdon, they offered her a palanquin and bearers, as an easier way of pursuing her journey; but she never liked palanquins—she had a European woman's prejudice against using human beings as beasts of burthen—and she declined the kind offer, protesting herself accustomed to her camel's abominable jolting, and that she enjoyed the more exten-

sive view she obtained from his back. So she jogged on, marching twelve hours a-day, sleeping in all manner of wretched places, to Indore, where she was most kindly received by Mr Hamilton, the British Resident, to whom she had letters, and who paid her every attention, notwithstanding, she says, that she had little baggage, only one servant, and shabby travel-faded clothes. At his house (or rather palace) she made acquaintance with all the European population of Indore, consisting of three families, and was regaled, to her surprise and delight, with German airs played by an excellent band, led by a Tyrolese named Näher, whose wife shed tears of joy on beholding a countrywoman—for the first time in fifteen years. It is curious to observe how steadily Madame Pfeiffer pursues her toilsome journey. She is evidently keenly sensible to the delightful change from bivouacs, camel-back, and coarse and often insufficient nourishment, to the repose and comforts of the British residences; and yet, unless there be objects of interest to visit—such as she deems it her duty, as an observant and knowledge-seeking traveller, not to leave unexamined—she never can be induced to linger. She has a perfect mania for locomotion, and might have adopted, as a motto for her book, the line from the old German *Wanderlied*—

“Es treibt in der Ferne mich mächtig hinaus.”

Indore must have seemed to her a very Capua in the wilderness. With the kindest and most generous hospitality, Mr Hamilton gave her apartments in his residence, (a spacious and beautiful building in the Italian style,) provided her with a female attendant, presented her to the native queen and prince, and himself showed her whatever was worth seeing in the place. It must have required some resolution to quit all these pleasant things in forty-eight hours—the extent of her sojourn at Indore. Having done all in his power to make her stay pleasant, Mr Hamilton, when he saw her resolved to depart, did his utmost to speed her on her way, making a bargain for her with a bullock cart, (which she took in pre-

ference to camels, as far less fatiguing,) sketching out her route, providing her with letters, sending a servant and a sepoy to escort her, and even asking her if she were sufficiently in funds. “Doing all this,” she says, “in so amiable a manner, that I really knew not whether I was most grateful for the services themselves, or the kindness with which they were proffered.” And on arriving at her first halting place, the village of Simarola, the road to which lay between beautiful palm ridges, and through richly cultivated land, she found a comfortable and well-provided tent, which Mr Hamilton had sent forward, to secure her a pleasing surprise and a good night’s quarters.

Ten days after this agreeable episode in her wanderings, Madame Pfeiffer halted for a day at Roja, to visit the celebrated temples of Elora, near that ancient Indian city, and with this object got on horseback early in the morning after her arrival. Her day, however, was destined to be spent in a more active manner than in the inspection of pagan altars and idols. “Scarcely had I passed through the town-gate,” she says, “when I saw several Europeans, sitting upon elephants, coming from the bungalow outside the town. We met, stopped, and entered into conversation. The gentlemen were on their way to look after a tiger, of whose whereabouts they had intelligence, and they invited me, if the nature of the hunt did not deter me, to accompany them. I was greatly pleased at this invitation, and soon I found myself perched on one of the elephants, in a great box, two feet high, in which there were already two gentlemen and a native—the latter’s occupation being to load the guns. They gave me a large knife, that I might defend myself in case the tiger should spring too high and attain the edge of the box. Thus equipped, we moved towards the line of small hills, and in a few hours’ time had arrived within a short distance of the tiger’s lair, when suddenly our attendants exclaimed in a low voice, *Bach, bach!* (tiger,) and pointed with their fingers to an adjacent thicket. A pair of fiery eyes were gleaming amongst the bushes; but I had scarcely observed them when

shots were fired. Struck by several balls, and mad with fury, the beast rushed out upon us with such tremendous leaps, that I thought he could not fail to reach our box and seize one of us as a victim. It was a terrifying spectacle, and my fears were still further excited by the appearance of a second tiger; I carried so bold a countenance, however, that none of the gentlemen had the least suspicion how frightened I really was. Shot followed shot; the elephants skilfully defended their trunks by raising or contracting them. After half an hour's hot fight we remained the conquerors, and the slain tigers were triumphantly despoiled of their beautiful skins. The hunters were so kind as to offer me one as a present, but I declined it, as I could not postpone my journey long enough for it to be dried and prepared. They praised my intrepidity, and added that this kind of sport was very dangerous if the elephant were not perfectly well trained. He must not be in the least afraid of the tiger, nor stir from the spot; for if he ran away, the persons on his back were liable to be knocked off by the limbs of trees, and to fall a prey to the bloodthirsty brute."

After some stay at Bombay, Madame Pfeiffer was about to sail for Bassora in an Arab vessel, when she was informed that, within a few days, a small steamer would make its first voyage to that port. Its departure, however, was so long postponed, that she began to think she should have done better to have intrusted herself to the Arabs; and when at last, on the 23d April, the forty horse-power boat "Sir Charles Forbes" left the harbour of Bombay, it was with little prospect of a comfortable voyage, so far as she was concerned. The vessel had but two cabins, both of which had been long engaged, and was overloaded with crew and passengers, the latter chiefly Persians, Mahomedans, and Arabs. One hundred and sixty-nine persons were on board this little boat, and it was scarcely possible to cross the deck without stumbling over chests and boxes, or treading upon hands and feet. Madame Pfeiffer, who by this time was a thorough good forager, with as sharp an eye for the material comforts as any old

soldier, managed to secure for herself the best place on the whole deck—nay, a better place even than the smaller cabin, where her only European fellow-passenger could hardly sleep of nights for heat and vermin. She established herself under the captain's dining table, which was screwed down to the quarterdeck, and thus obtained shelter and safety from being trampled upon. She left Bombay somewhat unwell, and suffered for five days of the voyage with an attack of bilious fever, which rendered it painful and irksome to her to abandon at meal-times her lair beneath the table, to make room, she says, for the legs of the diners. "I took no drugs, indeed I never carry such things with me, (mark this, ye British lovers of periodical pills, who stir not without your medicine-chest,) but left my cure to a kind Providence and my own good constitution. A much more dangerous disease than mine exhibited itself on the third day of the voyage—the small-pox was raging in the chief cabin, which had been engaged by some rich Persians for their wives and children. Eighteen women and seven children were there crowded together. They had far less room than negroes in a slave ship, the air they breathed was in the highest degree infected, and it was forbidden them to come upon deck amongst the men. We deck-passengers were very uneasy lest the contagion should spread over the whole ship. The disease had broken out amongst the children before they came on board; but nobody could know that, for the women were brought on board late at night, thickly veiled, and wrapped in great mantles, under which they carried the children. Not till the third day, when one of the children died, were we aware of the risk we ran." The disease abated after three deaths, and did not extend beyond the crowded harem in the chief cabin. Madame Pfeiffer gives an amusing account of the landing of the Persian women. "Had they been beauties of the first order, princesses from the sultan's harem, greater precautions could not have been taken to secure them from the gaze of male eyes. Thanks to my sex, I had had several peeps into the cabin; amongst the

whole eighteen women, there was not one handsome. Their husbands stationed themselves in two ranks, extending from the cabin stairs to the gangway, and held great cloths stretched out, forming in this way movable walls, impenetrable to the view. One after the other the women ascended from the cabin; they were so completely shrouded that they had to be led like blind persons. As they came on deck they squatted down between the walls, waiting till all were assembled; then the whole procession, namely, the movable walls and the beauties hidden behind them, set itself in motion, step by step. The scrambling down the narrow gangway into the carefully-curtained boat was really a pitiable sight—first one stumbled, then another, and the whole operation lasted upwards of an hour."

In Bagdad, whither Madame Pfeiffer proceeded from Bassora, in an armed English steamer, the *Nitocris*, she deemed it advisable to assume the dress of the country, the little fez and turban, and the voluminous *isar*—a robe which envelopes the whole person, and which she, accustomed, as we have seen, to semi-masculine attire, found most inconvenient. In this garb, however, she could ramble unimpeded about the city. Amongst other places into which she made her inquisitive way, was the pasha's summer harem—a handsome modern building, with lofty windows in the European style, standing in a small flower-garden, which in its turn was surrounded by a large fruit-garden. The fifteen odalisques who dwelt therein, expected her visit, and had made preparations for her reception. They were richly dressed, and had fine eyes, but their countenances were neither noble nor expressive. They laughed, gossiped, and romped, till their visitor was almost abashed; then came an excellent meal, whose cookery Madame Pfeiffer highly approved, although, in lieu of forks, she was fain to use her fingers; then pipes were brought in, and strong coffee, in cups which fitted into little golden goblets, enriched with pearls and torquoises. The greatest familiarity prevailed between the ladies of the harem and their servants; they

all lounged and smoked together on the same sofas; the manners of all were the same; and the only difference consisted in dress and ornament. They were little on their guard before their guest, who departed greatly scandalised by the license of their conduct and conversation. This visit, and another which she made to one of the public baths for women, convinced her that the strict decorum observed in all public places in Bagdad is anything but a correct standard whereby to measure the morality of its inhabitants.

The most remarkable and dangerous portion of Madame Pfeiffer's travels was yet to come. From Bagdad her proposed route was to Ispahan. But a Persian prince, Il-Hany-Ala-Culy-Mirza—a handsome young man with whom she became acquainted during her rambles on the shores of the Tigris, who had for a wife the loveliest creature she had yet seen in any harem, and who possessed nargilehs so magnificently jewelled that she could not refuse to smoke out of them—sent to his German friend, on the eve of her departure, intelligence that modified her plans. He had received bad news from his country: the governor of Ispahan had been murdered, and the whole province was in a state of insurrection. Under these circumstances it was impossible to enter Persia from Bagdad, and she therefore resolved to go north to Mossul, and thence shape her course according to events. To get to Mossul safely and without heavy expense, it was necessary to join a caravan; and she requested Svroboda, a Hungarian at Bagdad, to look out for a trusty caravan-leader. She was strongly advised not to risk herself alone amongst the Arabs, but to take at least one servant with her; but the state of her purse would not permit this, and, moreover, she had begun to understand the Arab character, and she felt confidence in them. The rate of travelling was certainly cheap enough. The distance is three hundred English miles; the time required, twelve or fourteen days, on horse or muleback, and marching by night in the hot season. She paid fifteen shillings for a mule to carry herself and baggage, and the animal's forage

was supplied to her. "At five in the afternoon," says this intrepid lady, "I set out upon a fortnight's journey over deserts and steppes, a journey full of hardships and dangers, without the slightest convenience, shelter, or safeguard. I travelled like the poorest Arab, and must, like him, make up my mind to endure the burning sun, to live upon bread and water, with the addition, at most, of a handful of dates or a cucumber, and to take the parched and glowing earth for my only couch. . . . My little trunk, and a basket with bread and other trifles, were put in two sacks and thrown across the mule's back; my cloak and cushion made a soft and convenient seat; mounting was the worst part of the business, as there was no stirrup. Our caravan was small: six-and-twenty mules and horses, most of them laden with merchandise, and twelve Arabs, of whom five went on foot. At a few miles from the town, several other travellers joined us; mostly traders with laden beasts. Our numbers varied every evening, as there were constantly some persons leaving and others joining us. Often we had shocking rabble amongst us, people whom I feared more than any robbers. It not unfrequently happens that thieves join these caravans, in hopes of finding opportunities to exercise their calling." The first night they rode ten hours, halting at a dirty sort of chan, in the middle of a small village. Madame Pfeiffer went out foraging: milk and three eggs, and her leathern bottle full of water from the Tigris, were the result of her perquisitions in the neighbouring huts. Poor as the provend was, after a hard night's ride, and uncomfortable as was the accommodation, she would gladly have had as good the day after, when she found herself bivouacking in the merciless sun-rays, in an open field, with a cloth thrown over two sticks, for sole and most imperfect shelter. Various were her vicissitudes, both of diet and lodging, during this uncomfortable journey. At one little village—the native place of their guide—the caravan halted two days. "The first day I had much to endure; all the women of the neighbourhood came to

stare at the stranger. They began by examining my clothes, then they wanted to remove my turban, and at last became so intrusive and annoying, that I could only get rid of them by energetic demonstration. Suddenly seizing one of them by the arm, I turned her out of the hut. This I did so quickly that she was outside the door before she knew it, and I made signs to the others that I should serve them in the same way. Probably they took me to be much stronger than I was, for they all retired. Then I drew a line upon the ground, and forbade them to cross it, and in this also I was obeyed." Towards evening, to her great delight, she saw a kettle with mutton in it set upon the fire. Bread, dates, and cucumbers had been her only food for eight days, and she rejoiced at the prospect of a hot and nourishing meal. The mode of preparation considerably damped her appetite. The guide's mother soaked a quantity of onions and some small red grain in water; then, with her dirty hands, mixed and crushed them together, put some of the grain in her mouth, chewed it and returned it to the mess, strained the whole through a dirty rag, and poured this precious sauce over the simmering sheep. Madame Pfeiffer inwardly vowed to have nothing to say to so abominable a brew. But when the stew was taken off the fire, the odour emitted was so fragrant to her hungry nostrils that she relented, and began to think of how many messes she had partaken that were not an iota better than this one. The difference consisted in her presence at the cookery. She shut her eyes and put in her spoon, felt greatly comforted by the repast, and looked anxiously for such another upon the following evening. But Arabs are not so extravagant. Bread and gherkins, without salt, oil or vinegar, composed the next day's meagre meal. After which the caravan proceeded on its way, and, crossing the renowned plain of Arbela, reached Mossul without other incident worthy of note. It was the beginning of July. The heat was so terrible, that in Mossul several persons died of it during her stay; and it even affected domestic fowls, as they

testified by their gaping beaks and expanded wings. During the whole journey she had never taken off her clothes or changed her linen, had eaten meat but twice, and passed half her time on the road. Nevertheless, she reached Mossul fresh and in good spirits.

"From Mossul I could at last venture—certainly not without considerable danger, but yet with a possibility of success—upon the much desired journey to Persia. I sought a caravan going to Tabriz. Unfortunately I found none going the whole way, and must therefore content myself with making the journey piecemeal and circuitously; an arrangement which was so much the more disadvantageous, that, as I was assured, I should not meet a single European upon the road. Nevertheless I risked it. Mr Rassam (the English vice-consul) made a bargain for me for the journey to Ravandus, and provided me with letters of recommendation to one of the natives at that place. I wrote down quite a little lexicon of Arabic and Persian words, and set out upon the 12th July, not without some apprehensions as to the fortunate issue of my expedition. On this account I despatched my papers to Europe before starting, so that if I were plundered or killed, my sons might at least get my journal." This precaution delayed the publication of the book before us. The notes of the journey through Hindostan to Mossul wandered about the world for more than a year and a half before they again reached their writer's hands.

Ali, the leader of the caravan to Ravandus, was a cut-throat looking Arab, clad in rags. By this time Madame Pfeiffer must have been pretty well accustomed to villanous physiognomies; nevertheless she was staggered by his, and would scarcely have risked herself with him, but for the assurances she received of his trustworthiness. The caravan consisted of three Kurds, no better looking than Ali, a few traders, and a pilgrim—apparently the most prosperous of the party, and who had two servants. After a few hours' march they crossed the line of hillocks, forming the boundary between Mesopotamia and Kurdistan, and soon after-

wards halted at a cluster of ruined huts. As usual, Madame Pfeiffer showed herself an old campaigner. "I hastened immediately into the best of the huts to get a good place, and was so fortunate as to find one where the roof still kept out the sun; this place, however, the pilgrim, who presently hobbled in after me, seemed disposed to dispute. I threw my cloak upon the ground, seated myself upon it, and stirred not from the spot, well knowing that no Mussulman will use violence towards a woman, even though she be a Christian. And so it proved: he left me my place, and went grumbling away." It seems that at this period of her travels Madame Pfeiffer (perhaps from the difficulty of receiving remittances in regions so remote as she had now for some time been wandering through) was very much straitened for money. At any rate she left Mossul with dry bread for sole stores, and was indebted to a friendly fellow-traveller for some slight amendment of her fare. Early on the second night's march, there was an alarm from robbers. Kurdistan is ill-famed in this respect. Six sturdy fellows, armed with cudgels, sprang suddenly from behind the corn that lay cut in heaps by the roadside, and seized the horses' bridles. "I was persuaded we had fallen in with a band of robbers, and exulted in having left behind me at Mossul my papers and the treasures I had collected in Babylon and Nineveh. The baggage I had with me was easy to replace. Whilst this passed through my mind, however, one of our party jumped off his horse, collared an assailant, thrust a loaded pistol into his face, and threatened to shoot him. The effect was miraculous; the highwaymen let go our bridles, and strife was exchanged for a peaceable conversation, which ended by their showing us a good camping place and receiving in return a trifling *trinkgeld*." This was a lucky escape, but they were in a region where robbers abound, and had frequent alarms, more or less well-founded. On the 14th July they started at two in the morning, and after proceeding a short distance, left the plain and entered a wildly magnificent mountain pass. A bril-

lilant moon lighted them on their way, or it would have been impossible to advance along the dangerous path, which led them over loose stones, amidst fallen masses of rock, and by the brink of precipices, at whose foot roared and splashed, in a succession of cascades, a furious mountain stream. Their sure-footed beasts scrambled for a while, like izards, over the slippery rocks; then heavy clouds covered the moon, and they were obliged to halt and remain motionless till daylight. A few steps, taken in the darkness, might have consigned them to a horrible death. With the dawn they pushed forwards,—mountains on every side, a snowy peak in the background. They were in the heart of the pass of Ali-Bag. They moved on for three hours and a half. "A short distance before reaching the plateau, we remarked in several places small spots of blood, which at first no one heeded, for they might have been left by some horse or mule that had injured itself against a stone. Soon, however, we came to a place which was covered with large blood-stains. This sight filled us with great horror. With anxious glances we sought the cause of these ominous traces, and presently discovered, in the depths below, two human bodies. One of these hung scarcely a hundred feet below us, on a projection of the cliff; the other had rolled further down, and was half hidden by a rock. We hurried as fast as possible from this frightful scene of murder; many days elapsed before I could prevent my memory from dwelling on it." This tragical incident occurred within a short distance of Ravandus, a little town on the top of an isolated rock, with mountains all around. Madame Pfeiffer had hoped to find there something like civilisation, and some of the comforts of which she stood greatly in need after her fatiguing six days' march. Disappointment awaited her. Ali conducted her to Mansur, the merchant to whom she had a letter of introduction from the English vice-consul. Mansur, who was the first merchant in the place, was seated in a dark den, and took a quarter of an hour to read the few lines she presented to him. Then he said *Salam*

—meaning, "thou art welcome," and repeated it many times; and gave her a breakfast of bread, sheep's-milk cheese, and melons, all mingled together. Conversation was impossible, save by signs—he speaking no European, she no Asiatic languages. He made her understand that, being a bachelor, he could not receive her into his house, but he would take her to that of one of his relatives. There she vainly sought a quiet place for a change of dress and much needed ablution. She was hunted from nook to nook by the inquisitive ladies of Ravandus; she found every room filthy, and trembled for fear of scorpions—her constant bugbear, although during her whole travels she never saw but two specimens of that obnoxious creeping thing. How gladly would she have taken a bath! A woman offered to prepare one; boiled water, and bade her follow—into the cowhouse. There she was to stand upon a stone, and have the hot water poured over her, whilst the entire female community stood around to witness the operation. She preferred remaining unbathed. Poor Mansur did what he could, but that was not much;—Ravandus is a place of little resource. He took care that she was well fed, according to the savage notions of that country, where the bill of fare is extremely limited, and the cookery far from delicate. And he did his best to find a caravan with which she might continue her journey. After four days' waiting, Ali came to her with the joyful intelligence that he was going seventy miles further with a load of goods. Mansur filled her wallet with provisions, gave her a letter to a Persian friend of his, through whose residence she was to pass, and the next day at sunset she was again upon the road.

A very strong interest runs through the whole of that portion of Madame Pfeiffer's third volume, which comprises her journey from Mossul to the Russian frontier. In every page there is something to amuse or to wonder at. It seems inconceivable that she should have passed safely through such a climate and country, through such wild people and countless perils. Her having done so is attributable to coolness, judgment,

and decision, such as are rarely found combined either in man or woman, and to her extraordinary *tact* in accommodating her conduct to circumstances. She has an intuitive perception when to be humble and when haughty—when to appeal to pity, and when to carry things with the high hand, and use pistol and horsewhip. At Raid, the wretched remains of a mouldering fortress, two days beyond Ravandus, she evaded a demand for her passport by pretending not to comprehend it, and fairly disconcerted and drove away the Persian officer and his armed party. In almost every village on the road, the whole of the inhabitants flocked around her, molesting her with their curiosity. Being pressed upon at Raid by a mob of women and children, she dispersed them, alone and unsupported, by a moderate application of her riding-whip. Then she walked down to the river to wash her feet: a lad followed and pelted her, but she took no notice, and he presently left her quiet. It was an anxious journey, even when she had escort. But when Ali left her for the second time, she rode on alone, (weary of waiting for caravans,) with but a single guide, and in defiance of prophecies concerning robbers and cut-throats. She ardently desired to get to Ouroomia, where she would find an establishment of American missionaries; and she was so fortunate as to arrive there without accident, although at one time she expected something disagreeable, in consequence of a violent dispute with her guide. She made him ride in front, however, she coolly informs us, kept her eye upon all his movements and her hand upon her pistol, and soon fell in with a large caravan, whose company relieved her from apprehensions. At Ouroomia, as at every place she had passed through since Bagdad, she was urged not to proceed alone, but at the same time it was admitted that she had got over the most perilous portion of the journey. The missionaries (of the result of whose labours, by the bye, she gives but a discouraging account) prevailed with her to hire an escort when crossing some mountains of evil repute on the road to Tabriz.

But one of the greatest dangers she had run awaited her in the valley beyond. She was assailed by robbers, who seized her baggage. For some time past she had assumed the character of a poor pilgrim, whose expenses were paid by missionaries and consuls, and who travelled without a purse. Her guide, fully convinced of the truth of this story, repeated it to the robbers; she herself, mistrusting the efficacy of her pistol against such overpowering numbers, put on her most piteous and beseeching look, and the bandits not only left her baggage untouched, but offered her water—a scarcity in those valleys—and wished her a good journey.

At Tabriz, the second city of Persia, but considered a finer place than the capital, we shall make our last pause in the pleasant companionship of Madame Pfeiffer. She reached it at a rather unfavourable moment, in August, the month of fasts, when from sunrise to sunset nothing is eaten, no one leaves the house, visits and parties are suspended, and prayer is the sole employment of all. She had to thank the extensive connections and obliging attention of Dr Casolani, a European physician resident at Tabriz, for her admission, notwithstanding the rigour of these religious observances, into several of the principal Persian families, and also for her presentation at the court of the viceroy of Aderbeidschan, the eldest son of the Shah. The vice-queen received her with extraordinary distinction, for Dr Casolani had described her as an authoress, who proposed on her return to Europe to write an account of all she had seen. So the princess, who was but fifteen years old, (her husband was seventeen,) put herself in full dress, and had an arm-chair set for her German visitor. This audience over, Madame Pfeiffer was presented to the viceroy, who made a much less favourable impression upon her than his wife had done. According to her unflattering account, he is a down-looking, yellow-visaged youth, with a bad expression of face, and seeming much older than his age. He asked her a few commonplace questions about her journey, and made some very oriental comments on the recent revoluti-

in France and Austria, expressing his opinion, that European monarchs were extraordinarily simple to allow themselves to be driven from their thrones, and that things would go very differently if more frequent use were made of axe and bowstring. He himself is a sanguinary and tyrannical ruler. "His government," says Madame Pfeiffer, "is that of a child: he revokes to-day what he yesterday decreed." His power is unlimited within the extensive province he rules; his revenue is enormous; his education very trifling. He has one lawful wife, (four are allowed him,) and a large number of unlawful ones. Any one of these who gave birth to a son would acquire the rank of a lawful spouse, and take precedence of the then mistress of the harem, who had but a daughter. "When the prince rides abroad, he is preceded by some hundred soldiers. These are followed by attendants with great sticks, who shout to the people to bow themselves before the mighty potentate. Civil and military officers, and other attendants, surround the prince, and more soldiers bring up the rear. The prince alone is on horseback, all others on foot." A style of procession such as one might expect to find described in some old Persian tale, rather than in a veracious book of travels in the present day.

"On my arrival in Tabriz," says Madame Pfeiffer, "I had expressed my desire to journey thence by Natschivan and Erivan to Tiflis. At first they gave me slight hope of my carry-

ing out this plan, as the Russian government, in consequence of recent political events in Europe, had, like that of China, strictly prohibited strangers from setting foot within its territory. Mr Stevens (the English consul) promised to do his best for me with the consul of Russia. Thanks to this powerful intercession, and to my sex and age, an exception was made in my favour; and I received from the Russian consul not only the desired permission, but several good letters of recommendation to Tiflis and other places."

The last three chapters of Madame Pfeiffer's pilgrimage are but commonplace compared with most of those that precede them. Two days' journey from Tabriz took her into Russia, where alarms from robbers, and contentions with camel-drivers and guides, were exchanged for wearisome formalities relating to passports and post-horses, and for altercations with the most stupid of all custom-house officers—evils less serious, but which she apparently found almost as annoying. Three months later she was back in Vienna, after an expedition which, considering all its circumstances, we believe to be hardly paralleled in the annals of female enterprise—an expedition which is certainly unlikely to be soon again attempted by one of the same sex. She concludes her last volume by an appeal to her readers, which few will disdain, for a favourable judgment of a very unpretending book.

THE LAMENT OF SELIM.

I.

THE waters of the Bosphorus
 Have lost their crimson glow as darkles
 Day's occidental fire, and thus,
 In tearful beauty tremulous,
 The radiant Star of Evening sparkles
 In the blue south, where Stamboul lies—
 Its myriad minarets and spires
 Forsaken by red sunset's fires
 In darkness grouped against the skies;—
 Around my path the cypress trees
 Are stirring in the land-ward breeze;
 The flowers outbreathe beneath my feet,
 Rejoicing that the sunny heat

Hath passed, and that the cooling dew
 Are on their journey from the height
 Of cloudless zenith, to infuse
 Freshness, and fragrance, and delight,
 O'er all the parched and panting things
 On which they fall like angels' wings.
 Far off the Muezzin's voice is heard,
 The watcher's call to evening prayer :
 And overhead that holy bird,
 The Bulbul, charms the silent air
 With notes alone to sorrow given,
 Though breathed on earth that speak of heaven,
 And of the blessed bowers above,
 For still their theme is love—is love !
 If aught below can sooth the soul
 Of him whose days ungladden'd roll
 On, month by month, and year by year,
 With naught to wish for, naught to fear—
 It is an hour like this, so calm
 Along the fragrant fields of balm
 Luxurious Zephyr roams, and brings
 Delicious freshness on his wings.

II.

But Thou art gone !—at twilight's gloom
 I come to rest beside thy tomb ;
 O Azza ! thou of all the daughters
 Of womankind, who wert most dear,
 Thy voice than Zem-zem's murmurous waters
 Was more delicious to mine ear ;
 Vainly the summer blossom seeks,
 Beloved, to emulate thy cheek's
 Soft natural peach-bloom ; and thy brow
 Outshone in whiteness the pure snow
 (As sings the Scald in Runic rhymes,)
 On the hill-tops of northern climes :—
 Thy tresses were like black ripe berries
 Down-clustering from the elder tree ;
 Thy parting lips like cloven cherries,
 That near each other lovingly ;
 And oh, thine eyes ! thy melting eyes,
 More bright than Hourî's glance of heaven,
 A diamond dowry from the skies
 To thee alone of mortals given ; ~
 In their own depths of light did swim,
 Making the wild gazelle's look dim.

III.

Still glooms the night, still shines the day,
 Beneath the moon's soft, silver ray,—
 Beneath the sun's triumphant light,
 That seems to make all nature bright ;
 And thou art not !—in solitude
 The thoughts of other years awake,
 No marvel that my heart should ache,
 When on thy vanished charms I brood.
 Oh, Azza ! what is life to him
 Whose star is quenched, whose day is dim—
 Dim as the visioned hours of night
 When sorrows frown and cares affright :—

And Thou art not !—I look around,
But thou art nowhere to be found !
I listen vainly for thy foot—
I listen, but thy voice is mute !
I hear the night-winds sighing drear,
And all is misery, gloom, and fear !
This City of the Silent far
Transcends for me the haunts of men ;
I'd rather house me in the den
Of hungry wolves than bide their jar :
There all is weariness, or strife
That makes an agony of life ;
Serenely here the eye reposes
On sculptured turban-stones and roses.

IV.

Dark is the night of ruin, dark
As chaos ere the glorious sun
Awoke, or Eve her pearly bark
Launched forth, or stars, like omens, shone
Of blessedness beyond the grave
For all the faithful and the brave.
Whither would roam my visions, where
Find images of man's despair ?
A vessel on a sunless sea
Tossing through mists eternally,
Without an anchor mid the waste
Of waves, where shore is never traced ;
For ever beating round and round
Through endless years the dim profound ;
Or like that bird, without the power,
Mid winds that rush, and clouds that lower,
To light on earth, a bird of Thrace
That knows no human dwelling-place.

V.

They say that woman, like a flower,
Expands her beauties to the day,
Blooms through the lapse of Time's brief hour,
Then withers on the stalk away ;
They say her span is short, and narrow
Though gemmed with flowers her earthly path,
And that the barb of Azrael's arrow
To her brings everlasting death—
A thing that Beauty's breath invents
Of perishable elements.
But man has high hopes they say,
That powers of Darkness cannot bind him,
That, bursting from the tomb away,
He leaves the realms of change behind him ;
That o'er Alsirat's arch he flies,
Until the shores of Paradise
Are gained, and Houris with a kiss
Give welcome to the bowers of bliss—
Of bliss that ends not—joy whose touch
To rapturous ecstasies elate him,
So joy-fraught is his doom, and such
The sun-bright fortunes that await him.
And can it be that Woman dies,
Like Gul in all her July glory,

Courting our love to mock our eyes
 For aye,—the moral of a story?—
 And can it be that she, who stole
 My heart away, who was my trust,—
 My hope,—of every wish the goal,
 Could be a thing without a soul,
 Whose elements were merely dust—
 Dust, which shall sleep for evermore
 Within the silent tomb's domain,
 Which he who framed shall ne'er restore
 To beauty, love, and life again?
 If so—where lies my comfort, where?
 I bow in silence to despair!

VI.

I ask not heaven : there could not be,
 Azza beloved ! at least for me—
 A paradise that holds not thee.
 Ah no ! my first, last, only love !
 Nor in the amaranthine bowers,
 Nor in the crystal shrines above,
 The heart-felt bliss that once was our's
 Could e'er my spirit hope to find ;
 Nor in the maids, whose glances dart,
 Ever angelically kind,
 New thrills of rapture through the heart :
 To thee alone my thoughts would turn,
 Fraught with undying love, and burn !

VII.

I lean my forehead on thy stone ;
 And art Thou not ? I dwell alone
 In sorrow's cloud, since Thou art gone !
 Howe'er I turn—where'er I flee—
 Earth is a wilderness to me :
 I pause to hear thy step in vain,
 Thy timid step of fairy lightness ;
 Ah ! ne'er shall break on me again,
 Like lightning-flash, thy glance of brightness,
 Thrilling my heart-strings with the glow
 Of love, in all its lava flow.

VIII.

From men, and from the ways of men,
 When twilight's dewy shades descend,
 Hither my willing footsteps tend
 In solitary guise ; and then
 While resting by thy tomb, I find
 Solace, in pouring forth my mind
 Unto the silence ; for I ween
 Thou still must be, although unseen,
 Circling my path, until I flee
 To dwell for evermore with thee !
 In realms where anguish is forgot,
 And hateful Azrael enters not,
 But where a future over bright
 Shall smile, and naught have power to sever ;
 And where my soul, made blest for ever,
 Shall sun itself in Azza's light.

DOWNWARD TENDENCIES.

TO ROBERT M'CORKINDALE, ESQ., MANCHESTER.

MY DEAR M'CORKINDALE,—Highly as I esteem the privilege of a communication from your honoured pen, I entertain some doubts as to the propriety of the method you have adopted in conducting your epistolary correspondence. Was there any absolute necessity for confiding your letter to the columns of *Blackwood*? It would have reached me quite as safely, and a good deal more confidentially, through the usual medium of the post-office; and I am sure that, had you trusted to the tender mercies of Rowland Hill, you would have saved yourself from some annoyance, and spared me considerable trouble. No doubt, you can cite numerous authorities in defence of the practice. Various noble souls appear to be so possessed by the thirst of fame, or, at all events, of notoriety, that they cannot rest satisfied with expressing their ideas to their correspondents in language more or less intelligible. They are not comfortable unless they can take the whole British public into their confidence, by the help of some complaisant newspaper. No school-girl can be vainer of her earliest completed sampler, with its lineal groups of alphabetical and horticultural emblems, than those gentlemen are of the firstlings of their literary fancy. Within the last few weeks we have had notable instances of this. Young Sir Robert Peel, in particular, has taken especial care that his character shall not be misunderstood, nor his paternal relation to his tenantry subjected to misrepresentation. We are now thoroughly in possession of his ideas regarding independence of action, and the rights of private opinion. His letter to the excellent Mr Matthews defines beautifully the limits between coercion and that persuasive influence which is the legitimate privilege of the landlord; and we rise from the perusal of the instructive document with an augmented reverence for the writer, which no untidily display of brick-bats or blunders can efface. Nevertheless, I

don't see why you should have adopted this course. Secrecy between friends ought always to be preserved inviolate; and although you are kind enough to chalk out a line of action for my acceptance or refusal, I know no reason whatever why any one else should be made acquainted with the terms which you offer. However, in common courtesy, I must needs follow your example. You have thought fit to publish your letter to me, and I shall do the same by my reply.

Your epistle, my dear Bob, does you infinite credit. For once in your life you have eschewed humbug, and written precisely as you think. In doing this you have acted wisely, and have, moreover, paid me a delicate but decided compliment. An agent of inferior abilities might have been tempted, in conducting such a negotiation as this, to magnify the resources and colour the prospects of his own party, and also to underrate the strength of his opponents. You have done nothing of the kind. So far from concealing the awkward position of your Free-trading friends, you point out very clearly and forcibly the dangers which are impending, and do not disguise your apprehensions that, before long, the Protectionists must carry the day. You describe your cause as a falling one, and, in the same breath, you ask me to come forward and champion it.

Now, if any consideration could tempt me to yield to your wishes, this appeal to my chivalry would have riveted the bargain. There is no credit in fighting a battle with all the chances on your side. A Paladin of old, sheathed in impenetrable armour, and mounted upon a Flanders mare equally invulnerable to dart or arrow, could expect to derive little renown from cleaving some half-dozen naked savages to the brisket; and the example of Leonidas is sufficient to show us in what respect heroism is held when combating against deadly odds. So long as you were carrying everything your own way, you could

very well dispense with such feeble support as I might bring to your assistance. Now, when you are in difficulties, you ask me to come to the rescue; and I swear to you, by Mars and Pollux of the iron fist, that you could not hold out to me a higher inducement than the plain confession of your straits. But I will frankly own to you that there is a preliminary obstacle in the way. I don't exactly see that the course which you and your party are pursuing is calculated to enhance either the national greatness or the national prosperity; and excuse me if I hint that, even by your own showing, you are as certainly booked for destruction as if you had taken a place in the Pandemonium train.

I recollect some years ago, when you were in the very heyday of your statistical enthusiasm, holding a conversation with you on the prospects of the Free-Trade policy. You and I had both made a tolerable haul out of the railways—what unutterable idiots we were to go afterwards into the French lines!—and we were up together in London attending the deliberations of a committee, on an allowance which I wish had been permanent. One fine Saturday we agreed to dine at Thames Ditton, and wiled away the forenoon by watching the gold fish in the basins at Hampton Court, and holding sweet converse beneath the shadow of a mighty chestnut. Then it was that you opened your mind to me fully and without reserve. You were then, as now, a Cobdenite, slightly intoxicated by the sprinkling of the golden shower, which you believed was to last for ever, and fully impressed with the notion that until our age the energies of mankind had never been properly developed. Premiums you regarded as a matter of course, and you would as soon have anticipated an earthquake as the advent of a commercial panic. We got, I remember, into a discussion on the origin of wealth, which I maintained to arise primarily from the soil—a proposition which you scouted as an effete and obsolete fallacy. The outline of my argument was this: that there was no such thing as real wealth except through production—that all production was derived from

or sustained by the soil—and that production must increase or diminish according to its being remunerative or the reverse. Consequently I held that it was the duty of a good Government to stimulate production in all its important branches, and to secure its continuance by protecting it against undue competition, to the amount at least of those burdens which were directly levied by the State. You did not, on that occasion, meet my argument very logically. You seemed to deny that production had anything to do with the soil, and you quoted Ricardo as an authority. You held that to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market was the prime law of humanity, and that any infringement or violation of it must be productive of the direst consequences. You were of opinion that production must look after itself, and that Government had no right whatever to protect, though it had to tax, the industry of a population. Your ideas on the subject of the origin of wealth were exceeding hazy. You had been reading Mill and M'Culloch until your intellects were muddled, and you talked about bullion and capital, and the balance of trade, in a way that would have petrified Cræsus. Leaving abstract principles, and descending to particulars, you averred that the best thing which could happen to Great Britain would be a total annihilation of its agriculture, provided corn could be grown or cattle reared at a cheaper rate elsewhere. You said that the evident destiny of England was to become the workshop of the world; and you asked me with considerable force, whether it was reasonable to expect that an artisan should not only purchase but also grow his victuals? Your peroration struck me as peculiarly fine. "Depend upon it, Dunshunner," you said, "you are utterly and entirely wrong. You are the slave of antiquated prejudices—the supporter of an exploded system. You may just as well attempt to re-enact the feudal laws as to maintain a tax upon articles of prime necessity. Independently altogether of its injustice, such a tax is a most serious obstacle to commerce. Don't you see that, if we were to take all our corn from America, we should

necessarily secure an enormous increment of customers? What is to prevent us from spinning, weaving, and forging for the whole universe? Nothing save the continuance of a restrictive duty, which, for my part, I am surprised to hear any man of common intellect defend. You ask me what is to become of the agriculturists? I answer, let them go to the cotton-mills. You say the home market will thereby be ruined—I reply that I don't care about the home market. You think yourself very clever in suggesting that the national independence may be endangered if we come to depend upon foreigners for our yearly supplies of corn and raw material—I answer that, being a cosmopolite, I am not able to perceive the advantages of national independence." And then you wound up with a quotation from your great leader, touching the manifold blessings which must ensue from the Archimedean feat of laying Manchester alongside of the Mississippi—a process which you seemed to consider as easy as the construction of a viaduct.

That conversation made a strong impression on my mind. I knew that you were not uttering your own sentiments only, but those of a large section of the manufacturing community; for, although you were not then, as now, the depository of the hidden councils and secret thoughts of the League, you knew enough of their views to enable you to speak with confidence. I assure you I have repeatedly, since then, thought most seriously on the subject. Neither of us, I believe, expected that the change would be made so suddenly; and when it did arrive, I could not but confess that you had gained a practical triumph.

However, the proof of the pudding undoubtedly lies in the discussion thereof. Ample time has elapsed to enable us to discover who was right and who wrong in the argument we then maintained; and I cannot read your letter without arriving at the conclusion that you have virtually abandoned as hopeless every one of your former points. You have succeeded in getting Free Trade, and, in a trial, you find that it has not

were your expectations. All of

you manufacturers, both principals and agents, have been compelled to acknowledge that. I put aside altogether the dreary trash which is issued weekly by your friend Skinflint of the *Importationist*, who, poor devil! is only doing his best to keep his circulation and his place—and I look to the trade-circulars for the last two years as the best evidences of the manufacturing condition. What do I find there? An unbroken and continuous lamentation over the wretched state of trade. Prices are down to nothing—demand dwindling—no symptoms of activity anywhere. Short time is becoming the rule, and not the exception—the manufacturers of Dundee have paid off their hands, and closed their factories in despair—and in Nottingham the operatives are besieging that last refuge for British labour, the workhouse!

These are the results—and you cannot deny it—of your practical political economy. It is of no use attempting longer to throw dust in the eyes of people by making a parade of increased exports, even could these be supported. Of what advantage are exports if manufacturers are not thriving? How long will you continue to make them without profit? Everybody knows that the exports of the last two years, about which such a fuss has been made, were occasioned simply by the decline in the demand for commodities at home, which forced the Manchester men to look out for a speculative market wherever they could find one, and thereby, as the natural consequence, to create a ruinous glut. You are feeling it now, and will feel it still more before the year is over. Do what you will, you cannot make up for the deficiency in the home trade; and even if you had that reciprocity which some people were idiots enough to expect, it would not help you out of the dilemma. The great bulk of the people of Great Britain don't live by exports. They live by home industry and production; and the more you discourage these, the worse must it be for the nation.

Villiers thought he made a capital hit last year, when he told us that the nation had saved upwards of ninety millions in the article of food. I believe that statement was cheered to

the echo in the House of Commons, Lord Johnny being kind enough to act as fagman on the occasion. Heaven help the ninny-hammers! What would you say, M'Corkindale, if your butcher told you some fine morning, as you entered his shop to order a leg of mutton, that half-a-dozen of his best customers had got into difficulties and were compelled to reduce their establishments, and that he, Marrowbones, was mightily rejoiced to hear it? Of course you would set down the man as an absolute fool. Without his customers, Marrowbones is nothing. But for them, and their appetites, and the multiplicity of their banquets, the sound of his cleaver would be stilled, and veal become an obscure tradition. Any cause, therefore, which leads to a diminution of their custom must affect the prosperity of Marrowbones, and materially diminish his profits. Now, if it be true that the agriculturists are losing at the rate of ninety millions by this precious experiment of yours, does it not follow that they have precisely ninety millions less to spend? How the mischief can they be expected to pay for your calicoes, if they are making no profit by their own trade? By what hocus-pocus are they to find the money which used formerly to make its way from their pockets to you, in exchange for your valuable shirtings? Do you really think there is a single farmer or landowner in the country who is not reducing his expenditure in a ratio equal to the diminution in his income—or, in other words, withdrawing just so much employment and custom? But why should I insist on those things to you, who know them as well as I do? You frankly confess that you regret the agricultural distress, not on account of the farmers themselves, but because they cannot buy from you. Well, then, why don't you agree to relieve them, since that relief would be a positive advantage to your friends; and is, indeed, so far as I can see, the only method left of extricating them from their difficulties?

You say that it is impossible to go back, and that most of you are committed too deeply. My dear fellow—if you have lost the art of backing out of a scrape, you are a very different

person indeed from the Robert M'Corkindale whom I knew at the bubble period! I have known you leap out of a line, on the success and stability of which you had staked your whole character and credit, as agilely as a cat out of the window of a washing-house, and abuse the Provisional Committee afterwards for a pack of unprincipled scoundrels. And, between ourselves, I do not believe that you are a whit more scrupulous now. Certainly it is at no time agreeable to confess that you have committed an act of egregious folly. Cobden cannot be expected to do it, considering the part he has played; and the pure Ministerial Whigs must of course adhere to Free Trade, or surrender their places at once and for ever—an alternative which they dare not face. Graham and the renegade section are even worse off than the Whigs, for they would cut a much paltrier and more ridiculous appearance if perched upon the stool of repentance; and, therefore, I think they may be classed as hardened sinners, whose recantation cannot, under any circumstances, be looked for. But I take it, that the bulk of you Free-Traders look principally and primarily to your pockets. You expected to make a good thing out of the repeal of the Corn Laws, and you have been most hideously disappointed. You reckoned upon getting new customers by thousands; and, in place of that, you find that you have beggared your old ones. You have gained nothing by the change; but, on the contrary, have lost immensely. If this be the case, I suspect that ere long the manufacturers will be seen dancing as vigorously as Satyrs in advance of the car of Protection. Unless I much mistake their character, they are not the lads to sacrifice themselves to an abstract principle, or to walk into the *Gazette* simply for the sake of maintaining the reputation of the League. They will hark back at the first convenient opportunity, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of yourself and the other mysterious personages who officiate as whippers-in. As you are fond of classical lore, I recommend you to study, with more than ordinary attention, the interesting story of Actæon, and, if possible, to apply the moral.

You ask me to join you, and you hold out the temptation of a place. Let us discuss the minor, though, I confess, the more interesting matter first. It would be affectation in me to say that I am impervious to those kind of arguments; and, if I were guilty of any such hypocrisy, I know you would not believe me. But I observe you qualify your proposal, by putting it in a prospective view. Are you sure, Bob, that you are not counting chickens on the strength of a nest of addled eggs? Suppose that I were to come into Parliament, and, by the exercise of those talents which even modesty finds it impossible altogether to repudiate, achieve a senatorial renown which might place me on a level with the playful Walmsley, or the profound and intellectual Kershaw, what security can you give me for the permanence of the present Government, or even, what is more important, for the prolonged existence of the present Parliament? I suspect, M'Corkindale, you would not venture to stake your money upon either. Lord John has played his last card—unless, indeed, this new Reform Bill of his, which he keeps in reserve, should turn out an extraordinary trump; and the country is wellnigh weary of him. Wood has tabled his last budget, and, tenacious as he is, would this time make no objection to the removal of his furniture from those official apartments which he has so long dignified by his presence. Acting, as he absurdly thinks, upon the principles of his predecessors, and totally misunderstanding the policy by which they were actuated, he has sacrificed indirect taxation without any beneficial result, until he has left himself no margin whatever; and you and I are tolerably well aware that he may as well expect to distil water from stones, as to lay on direct taxes in the present temper of the country. Rely upon it, old Chicory is booked. He never was worth much, even in his best days; and of late years the appearances which he has made have been positively pitiable. He is getting nervous, too; and would as lieve cross the course in front of the starting-post on the Derby day, as encounter Lord Naas, who has several times administered a cross-buttock. Grey,

poor fellow! ought to be sick of it by this time; for, if all accounts be true, he has been obliged to let down his rents five-and-twenty per cent—a step which must be as palatable to a patriot as bolting a dose of ipecacuanha. Hawes and Wilson, you will admit, are no great pillars of state; and Lord Minto, albeit intimate with the Pope, is not exactly the manner of man to inspire the souls of a declining party with confidence. No, sir—you may rely upon it that the days of the present Ministry are numbered. Since their own confession of weakness, and sham resignation in the spring, by which they have gained nothing save an augmented portion of contempt, they have been living entirely upon sufferance; and, in my opinion, they owe a very large debt of gratitude to Mr Paxton, whose ingenious architectural design has done more to prolong their existence than any intellectual or political achievements of their own.

Excuse me, therefore, if I decline committing myself to your proffered patrons. If they are indeed as squeezable as you say they are, I need hardly suggest to so shrewd an individual as yourself the propriety of wringing the sponge so long as it contains a drop of moisture. Your hand is ready for the task; mine is yet untried; and, to confess the plain truth, I have no great stomach for the service. As to entering Parliament at the present time—unless, indeed, you were to pay my expenses, which you won't do—the act would be one of insanity. This session is very nearly over, and who can calculate upon another? I have no desire whatever to join the ranks of the remanent members in the dog-days, even if I saw my way, more clearly than I do, to the probability of another campaign. No, no, M'Corkindale! You must even fight your ship as you best may with such hands as you can muster, for, be assured, this is not the time to be beating up for recruits, even if you were to offer a double allowance of bounty-money!

Having said this much with regard to my own prospects and intentions, let us look a little more closely into yours. Your position is, to say the

least of it, peculiar. You admit that Free Trade has not enriched, but, on the contrary, impoverished the manufacturers. The shopkeepers and retailers throughout the kingdom constitute one grand chorus of grumblers, and are croaking like the frogs of Aristophanes. Those of London, who thought they were to make their fortunes by the great Exhibition, are perhaps the most discontented and decidedly raucous of their order—and no wonder, since the custom which ought to be theirs is, for the most part, transferred to the foreigners, who will have good reason to bless the memorable year 1851, when Vanity Fair was opened. As to the agricultural distress, I need say nothing, since it has already reacted upon you. I think, by this time, you must have arrived at the conclusion, that the home market is, after all, your surest field, and that you cannot reasonably expect to thrive out of the ruin of your best customers. So, then, we are both agreed as to this practical result, that manufacturers, agriculturists, and shopkeepers have all suffered by the change. Certainly this is no light matter, for the catalogue comprehends by far the most important interests of the nation—the producers, the converters, and the distributors of the works of industry. But here we separate. I say that, having taken a false step, we ought to retrace it. You say—and a great many more, who do not thoroughly comprehend the question and the consequences, agree with you—that we must go forward. Now, it is always wise to go forward, *provided you are going in the right direction*. I never could see any grace or dignity in the retrograde motions of the crab: indeed I think experience has shown us that retrogression never will be thought of, and certainly never demanded, unless a false step has been made. But, having once mistaken my path, I am not going to walk over a precipice simply for the sake of consistency—which is the step recommended to us at present by certain wisacres, who affect to lead public opinion through the medium of the daily press. But does the path which you seem bent upon pursuing necessarily lead to a precipice? I assure

you, upon my honour, M^cCorkindale, that I can arrive at no other conclusion. Just look at what is passing around us. From every quarter you hear an incessant cry against taxation, not on account of its unequal distribution, which might be natural enough, but because it is taxation too heavy for the energies of the people to bear. And yet this amount of taxation, expressed in figures, is not greater than it was before, nay, it is far less than the annual burden which was cheerfully sustained during the war-time, and it is distributed over an enormously increased population. Why, then, this impatience of imposts? It can, I think, be only ascribed to one cause—the decrease in the national wealth, caused by the cheapening system.

I wonder it has never struck you or any other of the Free-Traders, that your famous maxim and golden rule of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market is, when reduced to national practice, nothing short of absolute nonsense. Cheapen labour, and you cheapen everything else. I defy you to keep prices up in the face of two things, which it is the tendency of your whole system to create—*increase of competition at home, by narrowing the spheres of employment, and competition invited from abroad*. You may buy cheap, it is true, but you cannot at the same time sell dear; and therefore, when you come to square your accounts, you will find that you are a positive loser. You may deny this consequence if you please, but, nevertheless, it is quite inevitable. You are a loser in this way, that, while the remuneration you receive for your labour or produce is lessened, you have still, by favour of the late magician of Tamworth, to meet your obligations, public and private, in hard money as formerly. No wonder that there is a cry for a currency reform! It is the natural and necessary result of cheapening, and come it will with a vengeance, when the fundholders least expect it. There is no barrier now between them and their assailants. High taxation and low prices cannot possibly coexist; either the one must be brought down, or the other proportionally raised.

You, I observe, have made up your mind to an ultimate operation upon the Funds. I don't know in what shape you intend to spoliolate the last unhappy purchaser of consols—whether indirectly, by an issue of assignats of fluctuating market value, or directly, by reducing the amount of the dividends. But, in one way or another, I see you are resolutely determined to do it; and you will have plenty of people to back you. Now, I fairly confess to you, that I demur as to the justice of any such proceeding. No man is more impressed than I am with the enormous injustice of the act of 1819; or the necessity of a proper change in the laws which regulate our currency, so as to prevent the recurrence of those panics and shocks to credit, which are at present rendered inevitable, whenever the bullion in the Bank of England is suddenly diminished. That, however, is a very different thing from the plunder which you propose. I don't see that you are entitled, until every other means has been tried and exhausted, to attack the fundholders. It is all very well to confound classes with persons, as your friends invariably did when denouncing the agricultural interest—representing the landowners as a set of griping fiends, who thought of nothing but their rents, and were tearing out the entrails of the people. That is the way in which you Manchester men chose to calumniate the squires, utterly forgetting, or rather intentionally concealing the fact, that land, like every other commodity, changes hands, and yields, on the average, a smaller return for the purchase-money than can be obtained for any other kind of known investment. I am not going to follow your example. I refuse to talk of the fundholder as if he were an incarnate individual Israelite, deep in the counsels of Peel and Ricardo, and battenning ever since upon the public plunder. I take the list of the present fundholders, and I find that the great majority of them are persons who, after a life of painful industry, have invested their earnings at a very modest rate of interest in the Funds, on the faith of the national security. I find that a large proportion of these are women, slenderly provided for, and otherwise with-

out the means of subsistence—that old age and infancy are alike represented there—and that, in fact, if you come to deal with the fundholders as a body, you are attacking not the strongest, but the weakest portion of the community. Robert! I insist upon your sparing them. Abstain from laying your impious claws upon their dividends, with the voracity of a revenue officer who affects to scent smuggled cigars in the interior of a veal pie! Do not make their hearts recoil from that odious horse-laugh of yours, which more than once has excruciated my tympanum when you talked of prospective plunder! Be reasonable, and be just! A poor old lady of my acquaintance lately succeeded to a small sum of money, which she was advised to invest in the public securities, and upon the dividends from this she lives. How was she individually guilty of a return to cash payments? She could not, to save the life of her cat or her canary, tell you the standard price of the ounce of gold, and I need hardly say that she is quite guiltless of any knowledge of the amount of bullion in the Bank. All she knows is, that her brother contrived, with great difficulty and pinching, to save some five thousand pounds—that he left it to her in default of nearer heirs—and that she lent it to the Government, which is her understanding of the transaction, on the distinct assurance that she would receive three per cent for her money. Are you going to rob that old woman? If such is your intention, I shall take leave to tell you that you richly deserve the gallows. Many a pretty fellow who was addicted to the practice of appearing in masquerade at untimely hours, with a crape mask and a pistol, has suffered the extreme penalty of the law for a crime of less atrocity; and if this is the sort of service upon which you would have me enter, I humbly take my leave, and wish you a pleasant passage to Tyburn.

Still, I suppose, you will answer me with the general cry—which I believe to be a real and an honest one—We can't pay the taxes. I know you can't. How should you be able to do it, if you persist in

beating down labour, and reducing the value of produce, by every kind of competition? But where is your alternative? You cannot get rid of your army and navy, except at the immediate sacrifice of your independence, nationality, and colonies; and I can tell you that a vast majority of the people of this country would prefer to see every demagogue in Manchester suspended as high as Haman before consenting to any such consummation. If the soldier knows "the reason why" he gets his ration, do you think he is likely to be pleased if you summarily eject him from the service? What are you going to do with him after he is discharged? Is he also to swell the tide of competition, and assist in cheapening labour? It would appear so. And I presume it is intended that the Jack-tars shall henceforward abandon oakum, and betake themselves to spinning cotton-twist. You political economists certainly are a nice set! I prophesy, however, that the British army and the British navy will outlive Mr Richard Cobden and every one of his confederates; though I hardly expect that a military band will attend gratuitously at the obsequies of any of them, or that a farewell discharge of musketry will be fired over their honoured graves.

How, then, are you to get rid of your taxes? Clip and pare as you may, you cannot effect any saving in the expenditure which would be felt as a real benefit; and I say that you cannot, unless you are resolved to break every law, human or divine, attack the public creditor in the wholesale manner which you propose. You may, by extending the franchise very widely, commence a war upon property; but I warn you that, if you resort to such a step, you and those of your class will be the first sufferers. Do you really think that you are popular even among your own operatives? Do you reckon them as machines, not as men endowed with sentiments of love, gratitude, hatred, and revenge, that you expect them to feel attached to you for your resistance to the Ten Hours Bill, and your uniform efforts to degrade instead of bettering their condition? You stand upon the cheap loaf, and you

think that, in that way, you have done something to earn their support. You never were more mistaken in your lives. The better and more intelligent class of mechanics see through your policy, and detect the fallacy of your principles with almost instinctive acumen. Not a man of them but knows, from the traditions of his trade, that labour never was so wretchedly remunerated as now, when you have put the capital on your column, and held your festival, and built your palace, and inaugurated the reign of Free Trade. Do you suppose they feel any exultation or interest in the rapid harangues of your Institute orators touching the diffusion of knowledge, the march of science, or the amazing development of machinery? At this moment, as I write, there are two poor creatures screaming a most woeful ditty in the street beneath my windows, and anxiously looking upwards for the apparition of a charitable hand. They, I am ready to stake my life, would feel uncommonly little satisfaction on being assured that the miraculous powers of the steam-engine are adapted either for the rending of the oak or the picking up of an ordinary pin. They are people of that class, now very numerous in our towns, whose labour has been utterly destroyed by your grand system of competition; and you may lecture them till doomsday on the superiority of the present over the preceding age, without the slightest effect—except, perhaps, the eliciting of a curse on the inventive genius which has made machinery a substitute for human thews and sinews. Did you ever try to ascertain the real sentiments of the working-classes with regard to their position and prospects? I have done so; and nothing has made so strong an impression on my mind as the prevalence of the desire to emigrate. You are aware that emigration is going on at an enormous ratio among those who have capital left. It is a natural effect of Free Trade, and, in Scotland, the drain will soon be felt most seriously. We are losing the best of our population; but those who ought to have been the emigrants are unfortunately left on our hands. The very

poor man cannot emigrate. If work fails him in the country, he must find his way to the towns, and become a candidate for the rewards of competition. Hence the misery, squalor, and vice against which so many Christian voices are raised—the demands for extended education, model lodging-houses, and sanitary regulations—the good people who advocate such excellent measures forgetting all the time that the first requisites for the labourer are work and wages, and that without these all their pains are thrown away upon the mere whitewashing of a sepulchre. No, M'Corkindale—you are entirely mistaken if you suppose that the masses of the people are with you. You may get fellows from Walsall or Stafford to extemporise riots at Tamworth; and you may, in consequence, hang out the brickbat and bludgeon *in terrorem* to your political antagonists. The trick is a venerable one, but it will not answer your purpose now. I won't venture to say whether an increase of the suffrage will be popular or not. I suppose you regard it simply in the light of a means towards an end, the end proposed being the maintenance of the Free-Trade system. Well, then—supposing the franchise extended, and placed upon the broadest possible basis, what next? How are you to get out of your taxation difficulty?—for that is the real problem which all future statesmen must attempt to solve. I suppose you have no wish to see realised property rated for the entire maintenance of the state, and the payment of the interest of the National Debt. That seems to be M'Gregor's notion, in so far as I can penetrate the fog which obscures that sublime Boeotian's ideas; but you, having some property of your own, are probably not disposed entirely to coincide with him in this. The result of such a measure would be the immediate disappearance of capital. You cannot prevent it from going; and go it will, if you try this wholesale method of spoliation. So, upon the whole, and after viewing the question carefully in all its bearings, I cannot, for the life of me, perceive how you are to meet the cry for reduced taxation. You have estab-

lishments to maintain, and a debt to pay for; and you cannot in prudence or in justice break up the one, or deny the validity of the other.

These are my objections to "going forward," as you call it; and I shall really feel obliged if you can remove them by any contrary reasoning. If not, I must even remain true to my old faith, and look to a return to protection for native industry as the only possible and honourable means of extricating the country from its dangers. I pray you, let me hear no more trash about "transition states," or other such unmeaning generalities. We all know perfectly well what is before us. Low prices must hereafter rule—except, perhaps, when the foreigners can avail themselves of a short supply to make a little additional pillage; and it is quite evident that the low price of agricultural produce, caused by unlimited importations from abroad, has the immediate effect of lessening demand for all other products of industry, by impoverishing the best and only certain customers of both the artisan and the manufacturer. Your whole case was based upon the assumption of reciprocity with foreign nations, and you have failed in getting it. You have opened your market to the foreigner, and he, in return, has baricaded his against you. It requires no special gift of prophecy to divine which party must, under such circumstances, be the loser.

Individually, I have no earthly motive for advocating Protection. Whiskers are the sole crops which I cultivate, and you might conceal the whole of them very easily under a bushel. No Duke ever asks me to dinner, and, if he did, I should infinitely prefer my usual table at the Blue Posts. I regard Protection simply as a political necessity imposed upon us by the force of circumstances. I am not blind to the fact that any protective system which can be devised is essentially artificial; but so are our taxation and our monetary arrangements, which originally called it into being. When William of Orange, in his anxiety to bind the middle and commercial classes to his cause by the strong tie of interest, announced the first loan in perpetuity which was

ever heard of in England, he laid the foundation-stone of that gigantic structure, the national debt, which you and your friends now propose to level with the ground. I am one of those who think that the temple never should have been built. I hold that, in abstract justice, each generation ought to provide for its own defence, and not to leave the legacy of its debts to those who follow after. But I am not at all prepared, on that account, to repudiate what has been done. Our creditors are our own fellow-subjects, who have a right to rely upon the distinct pledges of the national faith; and until you can prove to me that there is no other course open, I cannot consent to repudiation. Have you proved this? Let us examine shortly into this matter.

Since the close of the war, and until some six or seven years ago, I presume you will not deny that very large fortunes have been made by manufacturers in every branch, and by those engaged in trade and commerce. If we occasionally saw a monetary crisis, caused by over-speculation, and precipitated by an unnatural contraction of the currency, or a stagnation in trade following upon a period of too rapid and reckless production, these things passed away after the duration of a few months, and again the country exhibited the spectacle of general industry. The increment of our large towns during that period was enormous. Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, and Bristol grew in strength, in riches, and in size; and many places which, thirty years ago, hardly deserved the name of villages, became the centres of a numerous and busy population. An extent of land equal to the surface of counties has been reclaimed and cultivated; roads, bridges, canals, and railways have given us free and rapid communication from one end of the island to the other; we have gone on, in short, steadfastly and strongly in a course of prodigious improvement. Well, sir—all this was done under the system of Protection, and without any sensible augmentation of the National Debt. We were rich enough to purchase the freedom of all the slaves in our colonies at an expenditure of twenty millions. We were uni-

versally esteemed the wealthiest people on the face of the earth—and so we were, because our produce then commanded remunerative prices. There was little or no murmuring against taxation, which I take to be the surest sign of the true prosperity of a nation.

I believe that this picture will not be considered as in any way overcharged. I have made allowance for periods of temporary distress which have occurred, and will occur, in every civilised country. I might make allowance also for times of political agitation, which are never favourable to settled industry; but, on the whole, I am perfectly certain of this, that the nation increased enormously in wealth and comfort, and, if need be, I shall cite as my witness that oracle of the Free-Traders, Mr Porter. Such was the state of Britain under the Protective system, before the political economists began to try their hands with the view of bettering its condition. Mr Huskisson was the first statesman who moved in the direction of Free Trade, and since his time the tendency has been decidedly in favour of competition. But no step of great importance was taken until the late Sir Robert Peel revised and reduced our tariff, and thereby gave a decided impetus to the consumpt of foreign manufactures.

The effects of this very soon became visible throughout the country. Small trades declined; the wages of artisans were lowered; and the shops exhibited everywhere a display of articles, sent expressly from abroad to compete with the industry of our people. It was most natural that this should excite discontent among our artisans. They were compelled to pay taxes indirectly for their tea, coffee, beer, soap, tobacco, and many other articles of universal consumption; and, moreover, they saw before them what they considered a great monopoly in favour of the agricultural interest. From that time, the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws became really formidable. Thompson might have written and Cobden declaimed for ever, without influencing the masses of the people, had these been in a prosperous condition; but when men whose wages have been

reduced are exhorted to declare themselves in favour of cheap bread, the instinct of their nature can suggest only one reply. Future employment, hinging upon the profits of other classes, is then a secondary consideration. They can see no reason why the labour of one man should be protected, and that of another exposed to foreign competition; and, for that matter, no more do I. Sir Robert Peel, when he sacrificed the agriculturists, was acting in entire conformity with the principles of his sect, though directly in antagonism to his professions. He was merely doing by them what he had already done by others; and the Whigs, by abolishing the Navigation Laws, took another step in the same direction.

All these changes were made ostensibly for the benefit of the country. Prophets upon your side were never weary of depicting the enormous advantages which were to follow, and of reckoning the wealth which the whole of us were individually and collectively to amass. We have given the system a fair trial, and what has been the result? In the first place, the incomes of the landowners have been diminished, and the capital of the farmers absorbed. There is no doubt about that now, whatever there might have been at the close of 1849. The gallant attempts of Messrs Huxtable and Mechi to show that cultivation might be successfully carried on at present prices have been abandoned, and it is to the credit of both these gentlemen that they have virtually admitted their error. In the second place, manufactures of all kinds—for I don't speak of cotton only—have been, and are in a state of extreme depression, and that for a much longer period than ever occurred before. In the third place, the same tale of misfortune reaches us from every one of the shipping ports, and also from the iron districts. I could extend this category to almost any length. The railways are not paying, in spite of the attractions of the Exhibition; stocks won't move out of the hands of the shopkeepers; and that class of tradesmen who minister to the luxuries of the now wealthy portion of the community, complain of want of orders.

Now, it is quite impossible to

ascribe this general, or rather universal depression, to any exceptional cause. You can't allege now, as formerly, that it arises from the pressure of railway calls, or from the potato disease, or from the shortness of the cotton crop in America. The disease is evidently a chronic one, and it must be dealt with as such. Do you really doubt what has induced it? Not you. You know, quite as well as I do, that it is the direct product of Free-Trade; and that, unless the whole system is altered, matters must get worse and worse. And, to do you justice, you want to alter the system, not by restraining competition, or enlarging and protecting industry, but by sacrificing the national credit.

If I am right, then, in what I have said above, which is matter of history and not of speculation, it appears that, under Protection, this country grew and flourished, augmented its capital, and executed all these wonderful improvements which are the admiration of the world. It appears, also, that under Free Trade we have absolutely retrograded, lost capital, are arrived at such a point of difficulty that the people have grown impatient of taxation, and that our statesmen are at their wits' end to devise a proper remedy! Ought I, then, to have the least hesitation in acknowledging that I prefer the one system to the other, and that I will not join in any new legislative or financial experiments with men whose theories and anticipations have been so utterly and speedily refuted? I say to you—go back! If not a lion in the path, there is a crocodile in the quagmire which you are entering, and I have no wish to have you shrieking in the jaws of that obscene monster. You can retreat with the best possible grace. If you are the fortunate possessor of that most rare of literary treasures, a perfect collection of the speeches of Mr Cobden, you will find, on referring to those delivered some five or six years ago, numerous laudations of the worldly wisdom and extreme acuteness of the Americans. You will find that, in comparison with them, Mr Richard esteems his own countrymen to be as innocent as

babies in every matter connected with trade or commerce; and that he holds out their example to us as one which should be implicitly followed. So be it. I question not the acumen of the Yankees wherever profit is concerned; and where, I ask you, will you find any nation more decidedly or energetically protective, both in their opinions and their system? Also, in the same valuable repertory, you will discover various encomiums upon France, and the spirit entirely hostile to restrictions, which was understood to animate the population of the larger towns. Where is that spirit now? Ascertain, if you can, the present address of M. Cremieux, friend of Cobden, and he may perhaps be able to enlighten you considerably on the point.

Depend upon it, Britain cannot stand alone as the practical exponent of Free Trade. What might have been the effects of general reciprocity, had we actually obtained it, I need hardly stop to inquire. My humble opinion is, that it never would have compensated for the loss sustained by the withdrawal of Protection; and that it would have entirely altered the character and disturbed the occupations of the English people. But with that we have nothing to do. Reciprocity, in the broad sense of the term, is precisely the last and the most improbable thing which we could expect to have. It is amazing to me that even a single man, of any tolerable amount of intellect, could for one moment have contemplated its realisation; and yet, some few years ago, it was in the mouths of all the Free-Traders. Was it in the least degree likely, M'Corkindale, that America would sacrifice her rising cotton-factories and iron-foundries, which are rapidly becoming the sources of wealth, and extending the breadth of her cultivation, simply for the sake of sending us two or three millions of quarters of grain in an ordinary year? And yet that was precisely what you gentlemen of the cheap-and-nasty school told us must take place; and it would seem that you really induced a good many people to believe you. I am not without hopes that the Exhibition in

Hyde Park may be productive of real benefit by enlightening the public mind as to the state of manufactures on the Continent. It is now plain to ocular demonstration, that our neighbours, even in the construction of textile fabrics, are not far short of ourselves: and that circumstance sufficiently accounts for the extreme care with which they watch and alter their tariffs, to suit the precise state of the market, and to secure at home the preference for their own manufacturers. And, most assuredly, if the maxim, that the kings of the earth should rather take tribute from strangers than from their own children, has been sanctioned by direct Divine approval, the governments of those countries do well and wisely to provide for the development of the industry of their people. For, after all, M'Corkindale, there is such a thing as national independence, though we, in the flush of our new steam power, may be willing to forget it. In ancient times, that independence was considered so sacred and so valuable, that the man who conspired against, or devised measures to weaken it, was considered a traitor to his country, and dealt with accordingly. It was in order to secure the national independence of England that the Edwards and Henrys applied themselves to the improvement of manufactures in this island, by inviting over artisans from France and Flanders, and by highly protecting their labour. And so, under that very system which is now decried, trade grew, and commerce increased, until, aided by its natural mineral resources, England became the foremost manufacturing country of the world. You may tell me that the treatment which is required for the young plant is not necessary for the mature tree; and that you thrive better for the removal of all protection. It may be so, though I take leave to doubt whether experience will justify this assertion; but, at all events, you must remember that in most of the Continental countries manufactures still require protection, and must have it, if they are to progress. Do you think that Russia, or Prussia, or France wish to be dependent on England for any important article of

supply, if it can be produced within their own territories? If that is your notion, I abandon you as an incorrigible blockhead. So long as the foreign potentates can raise their revenue by customs' duties, do you esteem it probable that they will depress the industry of their people, and annihilate the capital which is now actively at work, by throwing open their ports, and inviting the importation of the products of Manchester and of Sheffield? Anything more suicidal they could not do; and let me tell you, there is on the Continent only one opinion with regard to the impolicy of Free Trade. Bastiat is now scouted in France as thoroughly as M'Gregor in Glasgow. I presume you are about as ignorant of the German language and of German economy as Mr Cobden, and therefore it would be waste of time to refer you to the eminent writers whose views have been practically carried into effect by the establishment of the famous Zollverein. Suffice it to say, that every man whose name and experience entitle him to be considered as an authority has declared himself in favour of strict protection, and that the system, so vigorously pursued, has met with the entire consent and approbation of the people. What they aim at is perfect independence, the position which, of all others, a government ought to struggle most strenuously to secure. Are we looking to our national independence? Evidently not, for Free Trade is precisely the way to annihilate it. Already we have come to depend so much on foreign supplies of food, that the Prime Minister is not ashamed to allude to that circumstance as an additional reason why we should be cautious of giving offence to our neighbours; and, as time rolls on, the caution will of course be still more stringently required. We cannot, I am very much afraid, expect that the clarion of war will be silenced for ever by the braying of Elihu Burritt. Look at it in what light you please, there is no security for the maintenance of tranquillity on the Continent. One other convulsion, and, from no fault of our own, we may be inextricably entangled in a war. In that event,

where would be our independence? We have brought ourselves to this pass, that we are now compelled to rely on foreigners for a considerable portion of our supplies, and years would elapse before we could recover the ground which we have lost. What amount of land in Great Britain has as yet gone out of tillage, has not been accurately ascertained; but we know that in Ireland the calamity has reached an alarming point, and doubtless the decay which has commenced there will soon be extended to the other countries. The defalcation of the supply from Ireland has virtually rendered us dependant; a consideration the more melancholy, because Ireland has almost no manufactures, and her sole internal resources were derived from the cultivation of the soil. However, it is no use preaching to the deaf. Many of your friends, I am aware, set so little store by the national independence, that they would have no objection to see London in the hands of an invading army! Pleasant notion this for the shopkeepers—eh, M'Corkindale? The bare mention of it is enough to make the mouth of a Frenchman water like the fountains of the Meander; but, as you seem resolutely bent on the withdrawal of all Protection, it is a contingency which we are entitled to contemplate; and I only hope that, when the hour arrives, the partition will be made upon principles of strict cosmopolitan equity, and Briton and Foreigner be permitted to share like brothers.

You ask me what I think of the Graham party? I answer you that I consider them an exceedingly contemptible set. Without the power or the ability to originate any decided line of action for themselves, they seem bent upon maintaining the attitude of obstructives, and, consequently, they are daily losing whatever reputation they formerly possessed. I can very well understand your feelings with regard to certain landlords, who of late have done everything in their power to render themselves and their order ridiculous. For example, there is Mr Philip Pusey—a gentleman who I believe prides himself peculiarly on his ancestry, and the deservedly high position which he has achieved as a grower of turnips, and a feeder of fat

castle. He, like others, has been smitten by the mania of writing letters to the newspapers; and I must needs say, that his two last productions are about as splendid specimens of squirearchical logic and reasoning as it was ever my fortune to peruse. Mr Pusey, it seems, was a staunch Protectionist up to a late period. He was not one of those who submitted to the degradation of substituting Sir Robert Peel's opinion for their own; he stood manfully by the cause until Protection was abolished, and then, like Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, thought himself entitled to look out for another service. So far he is blameless. We cannot object, under such circumstances, to any change of sides, provided always the soldado transfers his convictions as well as his actual aid. But Mr Pusey has queer notions on the score of political allegiance. He tells his constituents that he is now a supporter of Lord John Russell, and in the same breath he admits that he is by no means satisfied with Free Trade. The men of Berkshire are anything but satisfied with it; they are writhing under its operation, are determined to do everything in their power to overturn it, and have actually had the temerity to look out for another candidate to be brought forward at next election! Flesh and blood cannot be expected to submit to such treatment—the ire of the Pusey is awakened, and he straightway sitteth down and inditeth a letter to these base conspirators of Berkshire. It is certainly a wise as well as a valorous epistle. He enters less into the question of Protection than into the presumed policy of the leaders of the Protectionist party; and, putting his own interpretation on their views, and chalking out for them a line of conduct which they have never announced, he proceeds to declare that he has no confidence either in Lord Stanley or in Mr Disraeli. He is great upon the subject of a five shillings fixed duty, which he pronounces to be a mockery and a snare. He thinks it could not raise the price of wheat to the British grower more than two shillings per quarter; and for such an insignificant boon as this he declares his aversion to disturb the present arrangement.

Observe his words:—"When the quarter of wheat has fallen from £3 to £2, reducing the farmer's return from his wheat field by 70s. an acre, a Member of Parliament, who speaks of relieving the farmer substantially by taking off a few pence of county rate, or securing to him 2s. a-quarter out of the pound which he has lost, seems so ignorant of your real circumstances, and of farming, that one can scarcely keep up one's attention." This is all very fine; but it will naturally occur to the Berkshire farmer, that a gentleman holding such magnificent opinions on the subject of remuneration must be prepared to do something more—that, if two shillings per quarter are too little for their acceptance, Mr Pusey must be ready to do battle in their behalf for ten. How can he? He is a sworn supporter of Lord John Russell!

Now it is quite true that a five shillings duty might not raise the price of wheat more than Mr Pusey anticipates, but it would certainly have an effect which most of us consider desirable. It would add very materially to the State revenue, and enable us to get rid of the Income-Tax, which every one detests, and which is, of all possible imposts, the most grievous and unjust. It would be, moreover, in the estimation of the farmers, a step in the right direction; for, although two shillings may be no great matter, it is as well to have them as not—especially in these times, when silver is rather scarce. But it does amuse me to hear the high and mighty Pusey, now confessedly a joint in the tail of Lord John, lecturing his constituents for their perfidious conduct in daring to dream of starting another candidate, and abusing Mr Disraeli for remaining true to his principles, with the hearty scurrility of a Saxon franklin, whose principal claim to distinction was founded on his ownership of a herd of swine, unrivalled for their bristles and their brawn! No, M'Corkindale! believe me, I do not stand up for such manner of men. They are very poor representatives, indeed, of the class to which they naturally belong. They have all the arrogance and insolence of the feudal times, without a spark of its knightly courtesy; and

they reflect anything but credit on whatever side their caprice may lead them to espouse.

But enough of this serious vein. I did not intend, when I commenced my letter, to go over the case so minutely; but somehow or other I have been led into an exposition of my whole views, which, if they do not convert, can do you no harm by their perusal. Independent of politics, I must own that I should rather like to have a seat in the House of Commons; and I will tell you why. I have serious thoughts of launching into matrimony, if I can find a lady whose accomplishments are not inferior to her endowments either in land or the funds; and I have a notion that the magical letters M.P., appended to the name of Dunshunner, would render that illustrious individual nearly irresistible.

I have lately met with a remarkable book upon this subject, entitled *A Career in the Commons; or, Letters to a Young Member of Parliament*, by a certain Mr William Lockey Harle; and I intend, if you will allow me, to conclude this letter with a few comments upon that most excellent work, for your especial edification. Of Mr Harle, personally, I know no more than I do of Prester John; but, judging from his writings, he must be a gentleman of immense intelligence, acuteness, and information—the very person, indeed, whom I would recommend beyond all others as the Mentor for the parliamentary Telemachus. But although I am not acquainted with Mr Harle, I know his correspondent—"the young Member"—well. You should see him, M'Corkindale, as I once saw him at the Reform Club. Picture to yourself a sandy-haired shambling biped, with immense paws and feet, red ears, no straps, inexpressible baggy at the knees, a paletot torn at the button-holes, the pockets crammed with papers, arms like the sails of a wind-mill, and a voice as melodious as the amatory call of a corncrake! If you can realise my description, you have before you the faithful portraiture of that accomplished and engaging youth who, according to Harle, is "about to be united in wedlock to Miss —, a wealthy heiress, who has nearly the

whole of a long Welsh valley to her accomplished self!" And how do you think that this Caliban has contrived to inveigle the Cambrian Miranda? Unless you read the pages of Harle, I will bet you five hundred to one that you do not discover the nature of his love-charm. It is neither more nor less than this: He has made a speech in the House of Commons, which the *Times* reporter has graciously consigned to immortality in a column of print; and he has, moreover, diligently served upon some three or four committees!

Harle's work ought to be reviewed for the benefit of the rising generation. He has the merit of discovering the shortest and easiest method towards the acquisition of a fortune which has been yet promulgated; and I strongly suspect that some of the Irish members are acting systematically on his advice, and endeavouring to ensnare the affections of some confiding heiress by the length and multiplicity of their speeches upon the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Do you know, I have more than half a mind to come in at next election, for some place or other, on the chance of this enticing prospect? I will not, however, pledge myself implicitly to follow the advice of Mr Harle; for I can see no harm in priming the temperance band at my election with ginger cordial, or indulging in a fair expenditure in the article of banners, provided there should happen to be a calico manufactory in the neighbourhood. Neither will I register an oath to answer, by return of post, all letters which I may receive from my constituents. Next to habitual intoxication, I hold that correspondence is the worst vice of the age. If a man is to be held bound to reply to every nincompoop who may choose to address him, there is an end to personal freedom, to leisure, and to all the comforts of life. Out of twelve letters, ten answer themselves sufficiently, if you allow a fortnight to elapse; and, besides this, I have no idea that an M.P. should put himself at the mercy of his correspondents. Am I, because some pragmatist dealer in opodeldoc pleases to insist upon having my opinion on matters in general, to commit myself in black

and white, so that next morning my letter may appear in print, solely for the gratification of the creature's vanity, but exceedingly to my personal detriment? I trow not. We have had examples enough already of the consequences of that sort of imprudence; and I, for one, should be exceedingly sorry to run any such hazard.

Harle represents his friend as figuring at a ball, and insinuates that the Marquis of Lansdowne took special notice of him. It certainly would be difficult to abstain from noticing such an animal; and I am not at all surprised that his appearance produced so marked a sensation. But I believe that he is altogether romancing when he states that Lord John Russell wished to secure the services of Mr Orson in an inferior department of the Ministry. Lord John Russell knows better than to be guilty of any such transparent folly. Some years ago he made one or two experiments of this nature, which have turned out remarkably ill; and, for the future, it seems extremely improbable that the stream of patronage will be allowed to overflow the limits of the family circle. I think he is perfectly right. I can conceive nothing more annoying to the feelings of a gentleman than the chattering of such a jackanapes in office, who is always ready to obtrude his information at second-hand, and to enlighten his superiors with scraps of political economy derived from the pleasant tomes of Porter or Tooke. Far less offensive is the demeanour of the staid, stolid, and purely imbecile official. If he knows nothing, he at least does not disgust you with the impudent assumption of knowledge. He takes his orders quietly, as an underling should, and executes them according to the best of his small ability, without attempting to overstep his instructions. Such a man is fitted by nature for a place; he is worth fifty of your young members.

After all, I have a strong suspicion that there was no Welsh heiress in the case. Women are too sensible to marry a man whose parliamentary duties, according to the present sen-

sible arrangement, detain him in the House of Commons regularly until one or two o'clock in the morning; and, moreover, I can't and won't believe, unless I see the parson's certificate, that the individual in question is actually united in wedlock. Why, sir, if he were engaged in making love, I do not suppose that he could stumble upon a topic more akin to his situation than the last return of the census, and the increase of the population—he would regale the lady of his heart by an account of the export tables—and the nearest approach he could make to poetry would be an extract from some of the inspired ditties of Ebenezer Elliott, touching the price of the quartern loaf. This, you will admit, is a sad descent from the "Loves of the Angels," and I doubt its superior efficacy to the ancient method of quotation. On second thoughts, therefore, I shall even remain where I am, without becoming a candidate for senatorial honours. Before next election, the country will have had ample opportunity of deciding on the merits of the recent commercial policy; and if, as I anticipate, it shall be discovered that Free Trade has enriched none, whilst it has impoverished many, there can be little doubt as to the nature of the verdict which will then be pronounced by the popular voice. If, on the contrary, the majority shall declare in favour of the cause of progress, as you facetiously denominate your downward movement, it will be full time for every man to look after his personal safety. I have still a small balance at my credit with the bank, and a few shares which are yet saleable. With these converted into cash, I shall abandon all hopes of a Welsh heiress, who after all might prove rather an encumbrance than otherwise, and make the best of my way to California, where there is still room for men of action. So, good-bye, old fellow! Keep out of scrapes if you can, and expect to hear of me from the Diggings.—Yours always,

AUGUSTUS R. DUNSHUNNER.

MODERN STATE TRIALS.

NOTE ON PART III.—DUELLING—CAPTAIN HELSHAM.

It may be recollected that, in the above Paper, which appeared in our December number, we cited, among several trials for duelling, one which we had ourselves witnessed—that of Captain Hesham, on the 8th October 1830, at the Old Bailey. It was shortly afterwards brought to our notice that that gentleman was alive, and complained of certain statements in the article, as unjustly reflecting upon his conduct with reference to that unfortunate transaction. It seems superfluous to state that nothing could have been further from our intention than to cause a moment's pain to any one, by referring to the trial in question; and had it occurred to us that Captain Hesham was alive, assuredly even no reference at all would have been made to it. As it is, we regret that, owing to the lapse of upwards of twenty years, we should have fallen into any kind of error with reference to any incident connected with the trial, or the duel which led to it. We regret having given a moment's pain to the gentleman in question, or having, however unintentionally, done him the slightest injustice; and are anxious to make every reparation in our power, by withdrawing every imputation upon him of anything like unfairness with reference to the duel; and in particular to state that, having made inquiries relative to the expressions attributed to Baron Bayley, and the statement or suggestion that Captain Hesham had practised pistol-firing previously to the duel, we believe that the statements in the article relative to those matters are unfounded.

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THE CENSUS AND FREE TRADE.

MR MALTHUS says that the principle of population is "a spring loaded with a variable weight;" and the vast inequalities we observe in the rate of increase of the human species, at different times, or in different places at the same time, proves incontestibly that the observation is well founded. It is only from fixing our eyes exclusively on a particular country, or quarter of the globe, and remaining insensible to what is going on at the same time in other quarters, that any apprehension can arise either as to the undue multiplication, or the alarming diminution of the human species. The constant and steady increase of population in all the European nations for several centuries, joined to the still more rapid augmentation of the Transatlantic States during the last two, filled the speculative philosophers of Europe, at the close of the last century, with alarm as to the prolific powers of mankind; and Mr Malthus gave currency and consistency to their apprehensions by the forces of learning, reflection, and talent. The world forgot that at the very time when fear of the inordinate increase of mankind had seized possession of the thoughtful in Europe, the closest observers in the East were anticipating the entire destruction of the human race from the grinding influence of Mahometan oppression in Asia. The present time affords another example

of the same balance preserved by Nature in her great operations. Hardly had the astonishment of Europe, at the marvellous advance of the American population during the last ten years, subsided, when the Irish census was presented, and the increase of 3,500,000 on the other side of the Atlantic was found to have been simultaneous with a decrease of 1,660,000 in a single island of the British Empire.

If the lessons of experience and a large view of human affairs place in a striking light the balancing principles which here, as everywhere else, maintain the equilibrium of Nature, they illustrate not less clearly, and demonstrate not less conclusively, another truth of still more practical importance to mankind, because it has an immediate bearing on the influence of good government on social felicity. This is the all-important truth, that so long as the springs of industry are uninjured, there is no external calamity which can seriously retard the progress of population, still less occasion any considerable diminution of its numbers; and that the only lasting bar to the multiplication of the human species is to be found in the *cessation of profitable employment to industry*. History swarms with decisive proofs of this all-important truth. It has been observed by the historians of all ages—it has been

noticed with surprise by the observers of all countries. In vain did Xerxes, with fifteen hundred thousand men, invade the diminutive States of Greece. Athens rose from its ashes almost as rapidly as it had fallen: it increased immediately after, alike in power, population, and riches; and within half a century of the burning of that city by Xerxes, the glories of the Parthenon gave token at once of its taste and its influence, and the Athenian republic had become the most important maritime state in the Mediterranean. The disasters of the second Punic war, the slaughter of Cannæ, had no lasting effect on the population of Rome. The huge void of seventy thousand in a single battle was speedily filled up; and we are told by Polybius, that within fifty-three years from the termination of the contest with Hannibal, the power of Rome was extended over not only the shores of the Mediterranean, but nearly the whole extent of the habitable globe. In like manner it is mentioned by Sismondi, that, notwithstanding the dismal accounts transmitted to us by contemporary historians of the dreadful mortality consequent on the Crusades, and the numerous plagues which devastated Europe during the middle ages, there appeared no lasting decline in the population, but all the States which had been laid waste appeared, in a few years, as full of inhabitants as before the catastrophe took place.

All these accounts, however, being founded on no accurate census or register, and transmitted to us through the dubious channel and in the inflated language of old annalists, are more or less subject to suspicion. But in our own country, and our age, there has been afforded the most decisive proof on the greatest possible scale, and ascertained by the most authentic evidence, of the utter inability of the most dreadful and long-continued external calamities to occasion any diminution of population when the springs of industry are unaffected. New wars, which broke out in Europe with the rise of the French revolution, continued, as all the world knows, for two-and-twenty

years, with scarcely any intermission, and on a scale of magnitude previously unprecedented among mankind. In France alone, between 1792 and 1815, upwards of *four millions* of men, all in the prime of life, perished during those sanguinary contests;* and as these were the losses of the party which, down to the last, was almost constantly victorious, it may readily be believed that the losses of those on the other side—who, till the last three years, were almost constantly defeated—must have been still more considerable. Above half a million of men perished in the Moscow campaign; in that of Leipsic, on the two sides, a still greater number. For seven years, three hundred thousand were annually mowed down in the Peninsula. Plague, pestilence, and famine, as usual, stalked in the rear of such unprecedented warfare: among which, the famine in France in 1794, when the people were dying in the streets—and that in Great Britain in 1800, when wheat rose to 120s. the quarter—and the terrible typhus fever, which, issuing from the crowds blockaded in Torgau in 1813, spread over and devastated every country of Europe for the three next years—may be reckoned the most remarkable. Yet the population, not only of Great Britain and France, the principals in the fight, but of every country in Europe, increased with unprecedented rapidity during this period of unparalleled effort, bloody warfare, and chequered achievements. The population of old France, which in 1789, before the war began, was 25,400,000, had swelled in 1816, when it was closed, to 28,500,000: that of Great Britain had advanced, during the same period, from 13,400,000 to 18,740,000.†

The reason of this steady advance of population through the greatest external disasters, when they are unaccompanied by any weakening of the springs of industry, is this: The destruction of full-grown men, how great soever, is immediately compensated, in a healthy state of society, by the additional impulse communicated to the principle of population,

* Alison's *Europe*, c. 89, § 65, note.

† *Stat. de la France*, and *Census 1821*, Great Britain.

by the enhanced demand for labour among those who survive or remain at home. If the work of ten men come to be divided among seven, the rise in the wages of labour will be so considerable, that the amelioration of their condition gives an immediate and decisive impulse to the principle of population. Wages are so high, that marriages, as in seasons of plenty, become frequent among the working-classes: their condition is so comfortable that they become prolific. The gap is speedily supplied by increased births. At the close of such a long-continued course of external shocks, unaccompanied by internal paralysis, there may be, and often is, a great diminution in the number of *adults* or fighting men, but there is never any absolute decline in the entire numbers of the people; and when the children grow up, there appears a great increase. Accordingly, in France, although there was a very great deficiency in the number of fighting men during the latter years of the war, and it was this experienced impossibility of then recruiting his armies, on an adequate scale, which was the main cause of the ruin of Napoleon; yet the number of *children* begot during these disastrous years was so great, that the whole inhabitants—who in 1789 were only 25,400,000—in 1837 amounted to 33,500,000.*

But the case is widely different when the devastating influence of war, pestilence, or famine coincides with a *declining* state of society, with a diminution in the demand for labour, and decreased vigour in the mind, or activity in the occupations of men. When this is the case, the losses produced by external calamities are never repaired; on the contrary, they become the signal for still greater chasms, which are never filled up, and which terminate at length in the utter prostration and ruin of the state. The destruction of one class in society thus draws after it the destruction of the other classes who depended upon it: the ruin of the farmer induces the ruin of the manufacturer; and the towns find themselves oppressed with a helpless

multitude, who, flying the desolation of the country, where employment can no longer be found, seek in cities the chance of work, or the hopes of charity, which is denied them in their native seats. In such circumstances, the increase of the towns is too often the measure, not of their strength, but their weakness, as their inhabitants soon find to their cost, in the enormous increase of poor-rates and direct taxes with which they are oppressed. Yet, such as it is, it is in great towns only, and especially great seaport towns, that any traces of the former prosperity of the state are to be found. *Ruin invariably begins in the country.* It is in the decrease of rural inhabitants and productions that the premonitory symptoms of national decline and fall are found. The reason is, that it is rural industry which is first oppressed by the free importation of foreign grain, which the clamours and influence of the populace, in great towns, never fail to bring about in the later stages of society, when their sway generally becomes paramount. Between the importation of this foreign grain and the exportation of the classes who are ruined by it, the exportation of the national strength, and the importation of its weakness, the inhabitants of the great seaport towns sometimes contrive, for a considerable time, to carry on a gainful traffic, and cast a last and delusive gleam of prosperity over the state, by the contrast it exhibits to the general gloom by which it is surrounded. How exactly this is a description of the latter days of the Roman empire, need be told to no scholar. In fact, it is written from the recollection of the woful descriptions of their historians. During the reign of Justinian, we are told by Gibbon, the devastations of war, pestilence, and famine were never repaired, and it was disgraced by the disappearance of a moiety of the whole inhabitants of the empire. Happy if it is not descriptive also of another state, greater than Rome, but which has entered by the same gate the gulf of perdition, and is going down it at even an accelerated pace.

* *Stat. de la France*, (Population.)

There is another peculiarity which is invariably characteristic of a declining state, and the certain precursor of its ruin, that the decrease which takes place in its population is mainly owing to *emigration*, not to pestilence, famine, or violent deaths. It is the sinking of men's *minds*, from the appalling sight of ruin around them in every direction, not the prostration of their bodies by war or disease, which is the real cause of the decline of a state. As long as people's spirits are kept up, by the demand for labour being considerable, wages being fair and industry remunerative, the utmost disasters arising from plague, pestilence, and famine are speedily repaired, and they make no durable impression or chasm in the population. But when, *in addition* to these external calamities, the lasting evils of declining employment, unremunerated industry, and a rapidly increasing pauper-class, are felt, despair, after a time, seizes the mind of nearly the whole middle and working classes. Every one makes haste to leave the country in which hope is closed, where despair is painted in every countenance. *Sauve qui peut* becomes the universal principle: it is like the rushing of passengers in a ship-wrecked vessel to get into the life-boat. The indigent, if they can only get away, hasten in multitudes to the sea-coast to avoid the starvation which awaits them at home. The dangers of an emigrant vessel, as the *Times* well remarks, "are forgotten in the greater horrors of a work-house." Emigration then becomes the great running sore which weakens, and at length destroys, the state; for not only does it draw off numbers doubly greater than all that can be destroyed by plague, pestilence, and famine, but it entirely weakens and paralyses the principle of population at home;—it not only removes a large portion of the people, but it cuts off the sources from which they are to be renewed;—it sweeps away future generations with the present. The persons who go away are, for the most part, men and women in the prime of life; and whence is the rising generation to come from if they are removed? Yet so universal is the despair which, in a state that is visibly sinking, seizes the whole, especially of

the rural population, and such the desire to escape the crushing weight of the direct taxes with which such a state of society is invariably attended, that it is recorded by the historian of the *Decline and Fall*, that the Roman empire was more depopulated, in its later stages, by the migration of the inhabitants of its frontier provinces, than by all the arms of the barbarians, and that, in several incursions, the Scythian horse regained their native wilds with 120,000 *willing* captives at their horses' heels.

In such a state of society, emigration which, under more favourable circumstances, might have proved a relief, is found to be the greatest possible *aggravation* of the public distresses. The reason is, that the only persons who can get away are those who have some capital, and thus possess the means of transport. The paupers and destitute are all forced to remain at home, deprived by their poverty of the *flexible remedium*, so largely had recourse to by their more fortunate brethren in misfortune, that of leaving their homes, their country, the bones of their fathers. They dare not hope even for the lot of the poor exile of Erin. As it is only the solvent and comparatively affluent who can thus make their escape, and the paupers are all left, not only does the burden of their maintenance daily become more oppressive upon those who remain, but their means of meeting the burden are diminished in the same proportion. The productive industry of the country declines in the same proportion as its direct taxes increase. The people who would maintain that productive industry, are not only gone, but they have carried with them the seeds of industry yet to come. The condition of those left at home thus daily becomes worse; and as the public burdens in such a state of society, as a matter of course, so far from diminishing, rapidly increase, from the multitude of poor who must be relieved, the condition of the industrious classes at length becomes such that the state is stripped of all its useful citizens, and falls an easy prey to the first serious invader. No reader of the immortal *Decline and Fall*, or of the more detailed works of Sismondi,

Thierry, and Michelet, on the condition of the Roman provinces under the later emperors, need be told how exactly the causes now detailed were those which at first weakened and at length destroyed the empire of the legions.

Never in modern times was so striking a demonstration of the truth of those principles afforded, as the progress of population in the British Empire for the last half century has afforded. There, equally as in France,

the numbers of the people continued steadily and rapidly to advance, through all the impediments of the bloodiest war known in modern times, and all the subsequent evils of scarcity and pestilence, and frequent commercial crises, far more disastrous in their effects than all the three put together. The progressive growth of population in Great Britain and Ireland, since the census began to be taken in these islands, respectively has been as follows :—

Year.	England, Wales, Army and Navy.	Scotland.	Ireland.	Lesser islands.	Total.
1801	9,343,578	1,599,068	...	...	10,942,646
1811	11,781,115	1,805,688	...	...	13,586,803
1821	12,298,175	2,093,456	6,801,827	89,508	Ireland included. 21,282,966
1831	14,174,204	2,365,114	7,767,401	103,710	24,410,429
1841	15,911,757	2,620,184	8,175,124	124,040	26,831,105
1851	17,905,831	2,870,784	6,515,784	142,916	27,435,315

The first thing which strikes the observer in considering this most important and momentous table, is the rapid increase of the population during the war, when the burdens of the nation were so excessive, and a sanguinary contest in every quarter of the globe was apparently mowing down the flower of our population,

and which was ushered in with the most terrible famine recorded in recent times, that of 1799–1800. The rate of increase in reference to the existing population was greater then than it has ever since been. From that time, although the numbers have increased, the rate has declined. It has stood thus :—

Year.	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.
1801–11	14½	14	
1811–21	17½	16	
1821–31	16	12	15.6
1831–41	14.5	10.7	8.7
1841–51	12.5	8	22 decrease

The next circumstance which attracts attention, is the SUDDEN STOP WHICH SINCE 1840 has been put to the growth of the population of the Empire, which for the half century preceding had increased so fast and so steadily. From the preceding table, it appears that the increase of the two islands of Great Britain and Ireland, taken together, has been as follows :—

1821–31, . . .	3,127,463
1831–41, . . .	2,420,676
1841–51, . . .	604,210

But this sudden change in the last decade, though in itself sufficiently alarming, is by no means the whole truth. *The change has all taken place*

since 1845, and from that period there has been a decline in the entire population of the Empire. Everybody knows that down to that period the Empire, especially from 1842 to 1845, was not only prosperous, but eminently so. It was the period of fine harvests, trifling importation of food, railway mania, high wages, extensive paper issues, and unbounded prosperity. We all recollect how loudly Sir R. Peel sounded the note of triumph on this state of things, in his parliamentary speeches in 1845 and 1846, and with what complacency he referred to them, as proving that his Tariff of 1842 had been founded on right principles. Assuming, then, that

these statements were well founded, there cannot be a shadow of a doubt, that down to the close of 1845, or the middle of 1846, the former rate of increase in the two islands had gone on without diminution. The emigration down to 1845 was a perfect trifle to what it has since become, as appears

from the table quoted below.* Assuming, then, the increase to have been as great from 1840 to 1845, as for the half of the preceding ten years in Great Britain and Ireland—and there can be no doubt it must have been greater—the population of the Empire in June 1846 must have stood thus:—

Great Britain and Islands in Channel, in 1841,	18,655,981
Increase to 1846, one-half of preceding ten years, †	1,210,338
Ireland, in 1841,	8,175,124
Increase to 1846, one-half of preceding ten years, ‡	203,862
Total population of Great Britain and Ireland in 1846,	28,245,305
Actual population in 1851,	27,435,315
DECREASE since 1846,	809,990

Here is a result sufficient to make us hold our breath, and awaken the most serious reflections in the breast of every person capable of reflection in the country. The population of the Empire has not only ceased to increase since 1846, but *it has receded since that time no less than 810,000*, being at the average rate of 200,000 a-year!!! This in a country which had previously so steadily and rapidly increased in numbers, which, between 1821 and 1831, had increased 3,127,000, being at the rate of above 300,000 a-year; and from 1831 to 1841, no less than 2,420,000, being at the rate of 240,000 a-year!

If we inquire into the particulars of which this change is composed, it appears still more frightful. It has occurred, for the most part, in one part of the Empire, the depopulation of which stands forth in hideous relief beside the increase exhibited in some of the great cities. The total decrease of inhabitants in Ireland has been, since 1841, 1,659,940 souls. But as the population unquestionably went on increasing at the rate of the preceding decade down to 1846, the numbers at the commencement of that year must have stood thus:—

Population in 1841,	8,175,124
Increase to 1846,	203,862
Actual population in 1851,	8,378,986
Decrease since 1846,	6,515,784
	1,863,102

Being a DECREASE at the rate of country which, from 1821 to 1831, about 372,000 a-year; and that in a had increased from 6,801,827 to

* Table showing the emigration from the British islands in the years

1841	118,592	1846	129,851
1842	128,344	1847	258,270
1843	57,212	1848	218,089
1844	70,686	1849	299,498
1845	93,501	1850	280,896
	468,335		1,216,614
† 24,410,429		‡ 7,767,401	
26,831,105		8,175,124	
2)2,420,676		2)407,723	
1,210,338		203,862	

7,767,401, being an INCREASE of 965,574,—at the rate of nearly 100,000 a-year!

The same result appears in all the other parts of the Empire, though not, of course, in such striking colours as in Ireland; which, being entirely agricultural, has, of course, suffered most

from the great change of measures which took place in 1846. Generally speaking, the great towns have increased; and in the purely agricultural districts, population has declined. The increase in a few of the greatest towns of the Empire has been as follows:—

	1841.	1851.	Increase.
London, . . .	1,948,369	2,863,141	414,772
Glasgow, . . .	270,486	333,657	63,171*
Dublin, . . .	232,726	254,850	22,124

On the other hand, population in the greater part of the purely agricultural or pastoral districts has declined. The total increase of Scotland, it has been seen, in the last ten years, was 250,600, of which no less than 98,015 has been in the single county of Lanark, including 63,171 in the city of Glasgow. The inhabitants of that city need not be told of what description of persons this increase has consisted. The enormous and crushing weight of the poor-rates serves as a perpetual memento, that it is chiefly composed of destitute Irish, who

arrived in four months, only preceding April 10, 1848, to the number of 42,680; for a year after, at the rate of 1000 a-week.

The same contrast between the movement of the population in the cities and the country, which forms the leading features of the late census, appears in the most striking manner in the neighbouring island. **ALL THE TOWNS IN IRELAND HAVE INCREASED—ALL THE COUNTIES HAVE DECLINED.** The chief towns have stood thus:—

Places.	Number of Persons.		Increase.	
	1841.	1851.	Numbers.	Rate per Cent.
Dublin, . . .	232,726	254,850	22,124	9
Belfast, . . .	75,308	99,660	24,352	32
Cork, . . .	80,720	85,485	5,765	7
Limerick, . . .	48,391	55,268	6,877	14
Waterford, . . .	23,216	26,667	3,451	14
Galway, . . .	17,275	24,697	7,422	43
Drogheda, . . .	16,261	16,876	615	3
Carrickfergus, . . .	9,379	8,488	891	9
			71,497	

On the other hand, the decrease in the counties has been universal—alike in the north and the south, the east and the west, among the Protestants and the Catholics, the Orange-

Places.	Number of Persons.		Nos.	Decrease.
	1841.	1851.		Rate per Cent 1841 and 1851.
Antrim, . .	276,188	250,353	25,833	7.6
Wexford, . .	202,033	180,170	21,863	11.6
Down, . .	361,446	317,778	43,668	10.5
Londonderry, . .	222,174	191,744	30,430	13
Donegal, . .	296,448	244,288	42,160	13.5
Kildare, . .	114,488	96,627	17,861	14.5
Armagh, . .	232,393	196,420	35,973	14.7
Louth, . .	111,979	91,045	20,934	16.9
Tyrone, . .	312,956	251,865	61,091	18.8
Kerry, . .	293,880	238,241	55,639	28
Carlow, . .	86,228	68,157	18,071	20
Wicklow, . .	126,143	99,287	26,856	18
Waterford, . .	172,971	135,836	37,135	20.5
Kilkenny, . .	183,349	139,934	43,415	19.4
King's Co. . .	146,857	112,875	33,982	23
Westmeath, . .	141,300	106,510	33,790	22
Meath, . .	183,828	139,76	44,122	22
Tipperary, . .	435,553	323,829	111,724	26.8
Fermanagh, . .	156,481	115,978	40,503	24.5
Clare, . .	286,394	212,720	73,674	29.8
Monaghan, . .	200,402	143,410	57,032	26.4
Cavan, . .	243,158	174,303	68,855	26.4
Cork, . .	773,398	551,152	222,246	30.6
Limerick, . .	281,638	201,619	80,019	28.5
Longford, . .	115,491	83,198	32,293	27.8
Queen's Co. . .	153,930	109,747	44,183	24.2
Leitrim, . .	155,279	111,808	43,489	26.9
Sligo, . .	180,886	128,769	52,117	29.3
Galway, . .	422,923	219,129	124,794	30.7
Mayo, . .	388,887	274,716	114,171	31.3
Roscommon, . .	253,591	173,798	79,793	30.6

What a picture does this table exhibit! Cork sunk 222,000; Galway 124,000; Mayo 114,000; Tipperary 111,000; Limerick 80,000; Roscommon 79,000—all in five years; for up to 1846, as already shown, all these counties had increased in numbers! The history of modern Europe does not present a similar instance, in so short a time, of awful and well-authenticated decline of the human species.

But this is not all. The census of Great Britain for 1851, although it does not exhibit the same appalling picture of the decrease of the human species as Ireland affords, yet contains unequivocal proof that we have attained the limits of our prosperity, and that, with the great change in our policy in 1846, the weakness of age has already set in upon the yet youth-

ful state. Nay, this appears even in the great manufacturing towns, and among the trading and commercial class, for whose benefit the great change, fraught with such awful calamities in other quarters, was exclusively intended. Take, as an example, Glasgow, one of the greatest manufacturing and commercial cities of the Empire, and where Free-Trade principles were most prevalent, and were expected to produce the most beneficial results. It appears from Dr Strang's tables, compiled with equal care and judgment from the census returns, which that gentleman conducted, that the movement of the population for the last fifty years has stood thus within the bills of mortality of that city, which take in about 10,000 more than the Parliamentary limits:—

Census.			Increase.	Increase per cent.
1811,	.	110,460	26,691	31.865
1821,	.	147,043	36,563	33.11
1831,	.	202,426	55,383	37.66
1841,	.	280,682	78,256	38.22
1851,	.	347,001	66,319	23.62*

Thus, since the days of Free Trade commenced in 1842, not only has the absolute increase of the great commercial city of Glasgow declined sensibly, but the *rate of increase* has decreased in a still more striking proportion. The absolute increase in the last ten years of Protection was 78,000; in the first ten years, one half of which were those of Free Trade, it was 66,000: the rate of increase in the former period was 38 per cent; in the last it had sunk to 23!

The only answer which the Free-Traders have ever attempted to make to these and similar facts, proved in all quarters by the last census, is, that the decline in Ireland has been owing to the potato rot and famine in that country in 1846, and the emigration arising from it, and the check in the manufacturing cities to the dreadful monetary crisis of October 1847, from the effects of which few of them have yet recovered. But a little consideration must be sufficient to show that these are not the real causes of the decline, but that it arises entirely and exclusively from the changes with which Free Trade is alone chargeable.

In the first place, the potato rot of 1846—which has been the great stock in trade which has kept the Free-Traders afloat ever since, forming at once, in their view, a reason for their policy, and an excuse for its effects—occurred five years ago, and we have since had very fine harvests, for which, twice over, public thanksgivings have been returned. The entire value of the agricultural produce which was deficient was never estimated higher than £15,000,000, not a *twentieth* part of the entire agricultural produce of the Empire, which at that period was estimated at £300,000,000 annually. This was nothing to compare to the failure of the entire grain crops in 1799

and 1800, as was decisively proved by the result; for in three years the price of wheat rose to 110s. and 120s. a quarter, and in 1847 the average price was only 69s. Yet the great famine in these years, which affected the whole Empire, and extended to *all* sorts of food, instead of being confined to one only, and continued for two years, was so far from producing any decline in the population of the Empire, that it co-existed with the greatest and most rapid increase it ever experienced.

In the next place, the least attention to the details of the extraordinary decrease of the Irish population of late years must be sufficient to convince every reasonable mind to what cause this change has really been owing, and that it is the sinking of men's minds from despair as to the future, not the prostration of their bodies by the devastation of pestilence and famine, which has really produced the calamity. The total decrease of the Irish population during the last five years, supposing it to have advanced at the previous rate up to the end of 1845, it has been seen, is about 1,860,000; but it is known that about 1,100,000 of this number have emigrated, of whom at least four-fifths have gone during the last five years; the total emigration from the Empire having been 1,220,000 during those five years, against 470,000 in the preceding five. There cannot be a doubt that, during the same period, 300,000 or 400,000 have passed over to Great Britain, and are now permanently located in England or Scotland. This estimate will appear below the truth, if we reflect that, between October 1847 and December 1848, above 100,000 Irish made their appearance in Lanarkshire, and that no less than 64,185 Irish were in Glasgow alone at the date of the last census.† Supposing, then, that 800,000 Irish have emi-

* Dr Strang, p. 14.

† Dr Strang's Report, p. 20.

grated during the last five years, and 400,000 inundated Great Britain during the same period, there will remain 660,000 unaccounted for during that time : a grievous multitude, doubtless, to have wasted away by the effects of plague, pestilence, and famine, during so short a period, but not greater than had often occurred in other countries, and even in that one on former occasions, without occasioning any permanent decline whatever in the number of the people.

In the third place, the failure of the potato crop in 1846 was only a passing evil, and if it had been unaccompanied by other causes of depression, must have given a stimulus rather than the reverse to the labours of agriculture. It immediately and greatly raised prices. Wheat rose from 54s. in 1845, to 69s. in 1847. There was no failure in the grain crops; on the contrary, their value was greatly enhanced; and though, doubtless, very severe local distress must, under any circumstances, have arisen from so considerable a failure of the staple food of the country among a peasantry little able to make purchases elsewhere, yet the immense importation of that year, amounting in fifteen months to £33,000,000 sterling, or above double the value of the whole crop which had failed, much more than filled up the gap, and the enormous amount levied for the poor rate, which reached in that year £2,400,000, and at one time fed daily 3,100,000 persons, furnished the means of paying for the food which was required. But the decisive circumstance which proves that it was not the potato famine, but a very different set of causes, which have caused the depopulation of Ireland, is to be found in the fact proved by the emigration returns already quoted, that the great emigration took place neither in the years 1846 nor 1847, when the famine was raging, but in the years 1849 and 1850, when uncommonly fine crops, both in grain and potatoes, blessed the land.*

Lastly, as to the monetary crisis of

1848, and the devastation still unrepaired which it has made in the ranks of manufacturing and commercial industry, that is only another way of stating the effect of the Free-Trade policy. Every one who has reflected on the subject is aware—and none more so in their secret hearts than the authors of the system—that it was our monetary laws, passed in order to carry out the system of cheapening everything, which, and which alone, produced the dreadful monetary crisis of October 1847, by which so many of all classes were ruined, and from the effects of which none have by any means yet recovered. When a Government first, in order to induce a show of prosperity throughout the country, to render popular a change of policy, encourage a railway mania, and pass bills requiring an extra expenditure of £200,000,000 on them alone during the next four years, next pass an act declaring that for every five sovereigns sent out of the country a £5 note is to be withdrawn from the circulation, and then pass acts inducing an importation of grain nearly all paid in sovereigns to the extent of £33,000,000 sterling in fifteen months, *without any corresponding change in the monetary laws*, it needs no one to rise from the dead to tell us that such a contraction of the currency of credit must take place as will ruin half the persons engaged in business in the country. With what facility such a catastrophe might have been avoided with a currency *capable of being expanded instead of contracted* when the gold was sent abroad, may be learned from the examples of 1800 and 1810, in both of which a much greater deficiency in the general supply of food for the Empire than occurred in 1846, was surmounted without any monetary crisis whatever, and that, too, although in both these years a dreadful war was raging in every quarter of the globe, and the whole metallic treasures of the country were drained away to meet its demands in foreign states.

* EMIGRANTS.

1846,	.	.	129,851	1849,	.	.	299,498
1847,	.	.	258,270	1850,	.	.	280,896
			388,121				580,394

It is quite hopeless, therefore, to ascribe the depopulation of Ireland to the famine of 1846, or any of the causes to which the Free-Traders impute it. The cause of the woful calamity is obviously to be found in some circumstances of *permanent operation*, and which are operating more powerfully at this time, and have done so for some years past, than they did when the famine was at its height; for emigration is the cause of two-thirds of the decrease, and that emigration is going on with more rapidity, and more universally, in the Emerald Isle at this moment, when the potato crop is unusually fine and abundant—and it has been so for some years—than it was when a severe but passing blight had destroyed great part of its produce. What this cause is, is no longer a matter of doubt. It is known to all the world, and to none better than the Free-Traders themselves; for hear what the *Times*, the able and indefatigable organ of that party, says on the subject, so late as July 7 last:—

"It is very true that for nearly two years and a half agricultural prices have been below a remunerative level; and though a depression of this length is by no means uncommon in agriculture or any other trade, it has never occurred without prostrating that unfortunately large class to be found in every employment, who are always in debt, always in difficulties, always just above water, always paying interest by adding to debt, always waiting, in fact, for the last quince which is to break the back of their insolvent estate. Men of this sort are to be found in the landlord as well as in the tenant class, and they have constituted the chief part of the sufferers in this instance. In Ireland their ruin has been hastened, or their misfortunes at least aggravated, by a great natural calamity, and by the consequent burden of a social duty too long repudiated. Its arrears have at last to be paid, with ruinous interest. With respect to the whole United Kingdom, it is needless to refer more particularly to the well-known causes which have added to the cup of agricultural bitterness at this trying hour. We see in all this nothing but what has occurred often before in all branches of industry and enterprise. Misfortunes never come alone; and it is no new thing, much less a condemnation of a national policy, that they who have relied on a protection which they ought never

to have enjoyed, on a prosperity which they knew to be fleeting, on elements which they knew to be changeable, and on speculations which they knew to be hazardous, should find all these chances turn against them at once. No prudent man will risk his all on one die; much less will he expose his whole fortune to many simultaneous ventures. Yet, that is what has been done by a large class of our landowners and farmers, and they are suffering the usual results of their infatuation. Time, experience, and, perhaps, a change of fortune—if we may use the term—will set the strongest and best of them on their legs once more. We look to that rather than to any measure of legislative relief, though the agriculturists have quite as much interest as the mercantile classes—perhaps even a greater—in all measures of financial and social reform."—*Times*, July 7, 1851.

Here, then, is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," come out at last. It has become so evident and notorious, that the Free-Traders can no longer conceal it, and therefore they pretend to make a boast of it, and ascribe it as a fault of their opponents. It is Free Trade which has done the whole. "FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS AND A HALF AGRICULTURAL PRICES HAVE BEEN BELOW A REMUNERATIVE LEVEL." Is this the croaking of some gloomy Protectionist—the cry in distress of some ruined agriculturist? No! It is the admission of the *Times*, the daily and hourly advocate of Free Trade, the great organ of the monied and export manufacturing interest. Is it surprising that, when for two years and a half agricultural prices have been below a remunerative level, Ireland, which is *entirely an agricultural country*, whose export of manufactures is only L.230,000 a-year, should be in the most miserable state, and that its peasantry, who are notoriously, for the most part, destitute of capital, should be entirely prostrated, and reduced to utter despair by so long-continued and dreadful a reverse? Could the Manchester cotton lords stand so long and fearful a decline of prices, even with the aid of their hundreds of thousands at their back? How, then, is it to be expected that the Irish cottars, who have no capital in general but a stout pair of legs and arms, and a ragged vesture to clothe them, should not be

seized with utter despair at such a state of things?—and need we be surprised that half a million of them should, in the midst of a profound peace and manufacturing prosperity in the neighbouring isle, in two years “seek,” in the eloquent words of the same journal, “the dangers of the emigrant ship, to avoid the horrors of the workhouse”? Free Trade, like a devouring fire, is ever in their rear, ready to drive them to perish on the wayside, or rot in the workhouse. In five days in the first week of June last, with wheat at 38s. a quarter, *ninety-nine ships laden with grain* arrived in Cork, bringing to this woe-stricken and poverty-begirt land, in overwhelming quantities, *the only article* on which their industry could by possibility be profitably exerted. What would the manufacturers of Manchester say, if, at the period of their greatest depression, ninety-nine vessels were to arrive in the Mersey, in five days, laden with foreign cotton goods, all admitted at a nominal duty of a *fortieth* of the declared value, corresponding to the one-shilling duty on wheat? Accordingly, as might be expected, the progress of depopulation is now more rapid than ever in Ireland, and carrying off the whole solvent and well-doing part of the community. Hear the *Limerick Examiner* of July 14, 1851:—

“The *Limerick Examiner* of yesterday says he has never seen the quays of Limerick so crowded with emigrants; and adds, ‘The only surprise is, where do the numbers come from! The remnant of the substantial farming classes are evidently those who are now on the move—those who have bravely fought against accumulating difficulties for the last six years. . . . Already we hear, on good authority, that even for the saving of the approaching harvest it will be very difficult to obtain hands in several rural districts. What will it be next year! What the year after! Where is the drain to stop!’ The tide of emigration already remarked in other seaport towns continues to flow on without any visible abatement.”

Indeed, so sensible are the Free-Traders that the frightful depopulation of Ireland is owing to their own policy, and it alone, that they are preparing men’s minds for a still greater

decline in the population of that island, and even for its extending to Great Britain. Hear again the *Times* on this momentous subject:—

“Ten years ago a man would have been laughed at who should have ventured to foretell, that before the expiration of that period a failure of the potato would reduce the population of Ireland to less than it was thirty years ago, and would send more than a million across the Atlantic. Less than ten years ago we remember to have seen it affirmed that nothing would ever induce an Irishman to enter a workhouse or apply for public relief. Facts, however, are sometimes more paradoxical than opinions, and we now find ourselves in the full tide of some of the most considerable facts with which history acquaints us. We may, then, venture to ask a question, which would have sounded ridiculous ten years ago. *How far will Ireland leave Ireland, and England follow afterher?* It is at least a question for the gravest consideration. *A quarter of the Irish peasantry is already on the opposite shore of the Atlantic,* and that quarter represents a much larger proportion of youth, strength, energy, and skill. What is gone attracts; what remains repels. While the Americans have received a far greater number than they ever thought possible to be admitted, their own opportunities and enterprises have increased in a still more astonishing ratio. This decade, so marvellous in the annals of a marvellous people, has been as fertile in new territories, new States, new cities, new railroads, new canals, new lines of maritime, lake, and inland navigation, new manufactories, and new mines, as it has been in its increased population. Though the labourers are many, the harvest is still great. Is it probable that this prospect will soon lose its fascination in the eyes of the Irish peasantry? They know what they will find in the United States—what is there in their own country to detain them at home! Even the mortality and the casualties of an emigrant ship are trifling compared with those of a workhouse. They are incited and assisted by those who have gone before. Are there really no bounds to this emigration, or even a probability of its being confined to its present amount? Civil war between the States of the Union, or a dreadful epidemic, might check the emigration, but that would be only for a time. On the whole, we hold it safe to reckon on Ireland being still further depopulated, and the United States still further peopled from that island.

“But why should not the population of

Ireland be reduced, say to *four or five millions*! Should that, indeed, come to pass, it must and will involve great changes in the social and political state, not only of Ireland, but of Great Britain also. It must greatly increase the value of labour, and the appreciation of the labourer throughout these isles. For a whole generation man has been a drug in this country, and population a nuisance. It has scarcely entered into the heads of economists that they would ever have to deal with a deficiency of labour. The inexhaustible Irish supply has kept down the price of English labour, whether in the field, the railway, the factory, the army, or the navy; whether at the sickle, the spade, the hod, or the desk. We believe that for fifty years at the least, labour, taking its quality into account, has been cheaper in this country than in any part of Europe; and that this cheapness of labour has contributed vastly to the improvement and power of the country, to the success of all mercantile pursuits, and to the enjoyment of those who have money to spend. This same cheapness has placed the labouring classes most effectually under the hand of money and the heel of power. But will there not be a change, and a beginning of changes, when our great reservoirs of human labour begin to fall short; when *every employer of the people, from the authorities at the Horse Guards and the Admiralty to the occupier of fifty acres, or the possessor of half a dozen lace-machines, begins to call in vain for more hands?* Will it not be a day of change when, instead of two men being after one master, two masters will be after one man? Perhaps it will be thought that, at all events, the condition of the labourer will be so much bettered that there will be no English emigration. *(If that we are not sure.* What keeps the English labourer at home is his profound ignorance, his want of versatility, and his habits of dependence. But these peculiarities will be much affected by any social changes that shall make the labourer more actually independent than he now is; and we can conceive a *great demand for labour, skilled or unskilled, increasing emigration instead of repressing it.* Such changes will give the labourer the means, the combination, the self-management, and perhaps also, in the increasing quarrels between master and servant, the *provocation necessary for trying a new country.*"—*Times*, July 3, 1851.

To do the Free-Traders justice, they have strong nerves, and can look the consequences of their acts in the face. They are prepared for the

population of Ireland being reduced to four millions, less than half of what it was in 1841; and they expect England to follow the example. They are prepared for our twenty millions being reduced to ten millions, and that at a time when, by a different policy, it might, with safety and comfort to all concerned, be raised to thirty millions in Great Britain alone. They are not deterred by the consideration how, with half our inhabitants, and less than half our resources, we are to pay the interest of our *whole debt*, rendered doubly oppressive by the general effect of the cheapening system, and consequent decline of all the incomes from which its interest is to be extracted. The only thing which staggers them is the probable rise in the wages of labour, in consequence of the millions of labourers who have left the country. They are somewhat alarmed at the prospect of "every employer of the people, from the authorities at the Horse Guards and the Admiralty to the occupier of fifty acres, or the possessor of half-a-dozen lace-machines, calling in vain for more hands." *That* does alarm them; for it threatens to neutralise all the advantages expected from this policy. The ruling passion is strong in death. They can contemplate, without dismay, the halving of the population, power, and resources of their country; but the thought of a rise in the *wages of its labour* does strike them with apprehension. *That* is the only black spot in the otherwise to them brilliant prospects of the decline in our numbers, power, resources, and means of independence, coupled with a constant increase in the value of accumulated capital, from the general poverty with which it is surrounded. They see, however, that a rise in the wages of labour is the necessary result in the end of a policy which drives the labourers out of the country; and they are in alarm at the prospect of the final result of a system introduced for no other object but for their own profit—to *cheapen those very wages.* Should such a result, however, in the end take place—as take place it will if the present system is continued many years longer—it will not be the first instance in which the power of Providence has

been found to be stronger than the perversity of man; and after a generation has been sufficiently punished by the consequences of its own acts for its selfishness and its wilful blindness, the benignity of the Almighty has interfered to put a period to its self-inflicted, though not intended, chastisement.

Nothing can put in a clearer light the extraordinary folly and blind perversity of our present policy, than what recently occurred in the House of Commons on occasion of the discussion of Mr Scully's motion for the employment in profitable labour of the able-bodied adults who, to the number of above 100,000, crowd the Irish workhouses. What objection did the Government functionaries make to the proposal? Was it that employment could not be found for them—or that the means of employing them beneficially for themselves and usefully for their country, did not exist? Not at all. What was said, *and all that was said*, was, that if employed in useful labour, whereby they might do something for their own support, and lighten the weight of poor-rates in the country, they would injuriously compete with the outdoor labour in their vicinity; and to that argument a majority of the House of Commons gave effect.* That is to say, such has been the decay of employment in Ireland, owing to the importation of foreign grain, and the glutting of the English market both with cattle and corn from foreign parts, that it is not enough that 1,800,000 human beings have disappeared in five years—labour is so much a drug at home, from its “having for two years and a half been unremunerative,” as the *Times* tells us, that the Irish authorities are obliged to keep from 150,000 to 250,000 paupers constantly shut up in workhouses, for the most part able-bodied but perfectly idle, at an annual cost of from £1,500,000 to £2,500,000 a-year; because if allowed to work, they might throw out of bread some of the unpauperised labourers in their vicinity. And this, too, although above 200,000 emigrants are annually leaving the

Emerald Isle in quest of that employment beyond the Atlantic which they can no longer hope for in their own ruined land; and that in a country in which 8,500,000 inhabitants were, comparatively speaking, in comfortable circumstances six years ago; and where not only are there several millions of acres of waste land capable of being rendered arable, awaiting only the arms of laborious industry to convert them into smiling fields, but the agricultural resources of the country are such that, if properly cultivated, it could, in comfort and affluence, maintain triple its present number of inhabitants! What is the cause of this extraordinary and most melancholy anomaly? Simply this: the *Times* has told us what it is: “*Agricultural labour for two years and a half has been unremunerative*,” and Ireland is solely and exclusively an agricultural country. Othello's occupation is gone. His only means of living is at an end. The ninety-nine ships laden with grain unloading in Cork harbour in five days, with wheat at 38s. a quarter, explains the whole. And if statistics were wanting to prove how it is that the resources of this noble and fertile island have been wasted away under the influence of Free-Trade legislation, we should find it in the facts, that the total importation of all kinds of grain into the Empire is now from nine to ten millions of quarters annually; and that the export of Irish grain to Great Britain has sunk from 3,250,000 quarters in 1845 to 1,426,000 quarters in 1849; while 1,500,000 quarters of foreign grain were poured in the last year into that agricultural island.

When Free Trade has, in so short a time, committed such devastation in our population, has it produced any beneficial results on our production, wealth, resources, or shipping, which may serve as a set-off against such appalling and unprecedented evils? The answer is, not only that there are no such advantages, but that the effect has been *just the reverse*: and it is hard to say whether the chasm which the new system has made in

* *Times*, July 9, 1851.

our wealth and resources, is not greater than that which it is proved to have effected in our population. Facts, undeniable, damning facts, establish this beyond the possibility of doubt; and he who refuses assent to them, would not be convinced though one rose from the dead.

From a paper lately laid before Parliament, it appears that the property assessed for trades and professions, (schedule D,) in the under-mentioned years, has stood as follows:—

1843,	.	L.63,021,904
1848,	.	60,068,090
1850,	.	54,977,566

Decrease since 1843, L.9,043,338 *

So that all that Free Trade has done for trades and professions—that is, the entire commerce and manufactures of Great Britain—has been to *reduce its profits* nine millions in five years; that is, nearly two millions a-year. It is in vain to say this was owing to the monetary crisis of 1847—not Free Trade; that is only another way of stating the same thing. Everybody knows the monetary crisis, with all its consequent horrors, was the direct result of the monetary laws, introduced with no other view but to follow out the grand cheapening system, by augmenting the value of money and diminishing the value of everything else.

Then as to the returns from land, measured by schedule A in the income-tax return, it was lately stated by

Lord Granby in the House of Commons, without contradiction from the Ministerial benches, that it exhibited a falling-off of L.20,000,000, or nearly a fourth of the entire amount of that species of production since Free Trade was introduced. Were Ireland included in the tax, the decline would be nearly L.10,000,000 more, or a *third* of the entire revenue of the country. We shall see how the produce of the income-tax will stand in the quarters next year, when this prodigious defalcation comes to affect the sums paid into Exchequer. It already begins to appear, although the money paid in the year ending July 5, 1851, was, of course, founded on the returns made in the year ending April 5, 1850, when the great fall of prices had only recently begun.† “Coming events cast their shadows before.” The property-tax returns are now declining at the rate of L.50,000 a-quarter; and next year, beyond all question, it will be L.100,000 a-quarter. Need we wonder that such a result takes place, when the *Times* itself tells us, that for two years and a half, agriculture, on which three-fifths of that impost depends, has been carried on without any remuneration?

The decline in our resources is equally clearly evinced in the general finances of the Empire. The *decrease* on the year ending 5th July 1851, as compared with the corresponding returns in the preceding year, has stood thus:—

Year ending		Quarter ending	
5th July 1850,	L.50,414,750	5th July 1850,	L.13,005,406
5th July 1851,	50,204,011	5th July 1851,	12,910,052
Decrease on the year, L.210,739		Decrease on the quarter, L.95,354	
—Return, July 1851.			

* Parliamentary paper, 20th Feb. 1851.

† Property-tax, year ending 5th July—

1850,	.	.	L.5,459,843
1851,	.	.	5,353,425
Decrease in the year,			L.106,418
Quarter ending 5th July—			
1850,	.	.	L.1,026,835
1851,	.	.	976,881
Decrease in the quarter,			L.49,954

So that all the Free-Traders have got by their boasted system, in which everything was to be sacrificed to wealth, is a *decline* on a year of above L.200,000, now grown into nearly L.100,000 a-quarter.

It is to no purpose to say that this decline was partly owing to the remission of taxes; that we took off the tax on bricks last year to please the builder of tall chimneys, and on stamps to relieve insolvent land-owners who were disposing of their property. That may be very true; but what was it which rendered necessary this reduction of taxation? Every one knows it was to the last degree impolitic and unstatesman-like; on the one hand, the national debt which, as Sir Charles Wood told us last year, *had increased £20,000,000 during the last twenty years of profound peace*, arose in portentous and alarming magnitude, loudly calling for reduction: on the other, the colonies and the parent state—both of which were in evident peril from the inadequacy of our naval and military establishment—as imperiously demanded not a reduction, but a great increase of our forces, both by land and sea. With such pressing calls for

every shilling of surplus revenue, on the one hand to effect a reduction in the debt, on the other to make the necessary augmentation to our defences by land and sea, how does it happen that any remission of taxation is even so much as thought of by Government? Simply because it had become unavoidable; because the cheapening system, the fall of prices, and consequent decline of incomes, have rendered these taxes unbearable; and the general outcry against burdens—which are every day becoming more oppressive, from the diminished resources of those who are to bear them—had become such, that no Ministry could venture to face the country, without a show at least of measures calculated for this reduction.

Again, as to the shipping interest, the country owes a deep debt of gratitude to the great leader of the Protectionists, Lord Stanley, now the Earl of Derby, for having brought the effect of the recent measures prominently before Parliament. From them it appears that since the repeal of the Navigation Laws came into operation on January 1st, 1849, the following decline in British, and increase in foreign, shipping has taken place:—

ENTERED INWARDS.					
	To Jan.	1849	1850	1851	Increase.
Total tonnage,	.	5,579,461	6,071,269	6,113,696	42,427
Of which United Kingdom,	.	4,020,415	4,390,375	4,078,541	Decrease. 311,831
Foreign,	.	1,552,046	1,680,894	2,035,152	Increase. 354,258
Spain,	.	14,672	17,812	23,717	
CLEARED OUTWARDS.					
Total tonnage,	.	5,051,237	5,429,908	5,906,978	Increase. 477,070
Of which United Kingdom,	.	3,553,777	3,762,182	3,960,764	198,562
Foreign,	.	1,497,460	1,667,726	1,946,214	278,483
Spain,	.	14,352	18,897	22,611	
FOUR MONTHS.—INWARDS.					
Total tonnage,	.	1,554,960	1,408,451	1,690,247	Increase. 280,796
Of which United Kingdom,	.	1,406,813	946,745	1,025,793	79,048
Foreign,	.	598,147	462,706	664,454	201,748
Spain,	.	3,758	6,857	8,046	
CLEARED OUTWARDS.					
Total tonnage,	.	1,724,574	1,724,315	1,940,453	Increase. 216,138
Of which United Kingdom,	.	1,211,794	1,258,895	1,339,254	80,359
Foreign,	.	512,780	465,420	601,199	135,779
Spain,	.	4,756	6,705	9,092	

Thus it appears that the total tonnage of the Empire, which in the year ending 5th Jan. 1849 was 5,579,461 tons, had increased, in the year end-

ing 5th Jan. 1851, to 6,113,696 tons, or above 500,000 tons. It is this increase which the *Times* and the Free-Traders always rest upon, with-

out going farther. They studiously keep out of view in *what proportions the increase is divided* between our own shipowners and foreigners. They forget to tell us, or rather they *remember very well and will not tell us*, that on the shipping of the United Kingdom there has been a *decrease*, during these two years of free trade in shipping, of 311,831 tons; while on the foreign shipping there has been an *increase*, during the same two years, including Spain, of 354,256 tons; making between the two, in two years, a difference of 666,087 tons, or nearly THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY THOUSAND TONS A-YEAR!! And this prodigious and, to a maritime power, most perilous change, so far from diminishing in the present year, is hourly and rapidly augmenting; for of the increase inwards of the shipping employed in conducting our trade, which in the first four months of 1851 amounted in all to 280,796 tons,

there was foreign, including Spanish, 201,748 tons; British, only 79,048. So that our trade is fast gliding into the hands of foreigners; and its boasted increase is adding to the strength of our maritime rivals and enemies nearly *thrice as fast as it is augmenting our own*. And this is what Free Trade has done for the shipping interest.

Has, then, Free Trade in every department diminished the returns, and has it nowhere given the Board of Trade the cheering prospect of an increase? Yes; there are three particulars in which the returns do exhibit a great and marked increase, which may well be put beside the extraordinary decline in our numbers, income, resources, and shipping. These are, in *crime, emigration, and poor-rates*. The following table, taken from the Parliamentary Returns, will sufficiently prove this:—

Year.	Emigrants.	Commitments in Great Britain and Ireland.	Poor-Rates, England.	Prices of wheat yearly.	Poor-Rate in quarters of wheat.
			£	s. d.	
1840	90,743	54,892	4,576,965	68 5	1,336,340
1841	118,592	52,118	4,760,929	65 3	1,459,288
1842	128,344	56,684	4,911,498	64 9	1,534,843
1843	57,212	53,332	5,208,027	54 4	1,917,665
1844	70,686	49,565	4,976,093	51 5	1,935,595
1845	93,501	44,536	5,039,708	50 10	1,976,354
1846	129,851	47,668	4,954,204	54 8	1,801,528
1847	258,270	64,677	5,298,787	69 9	1,513,939
1848	248,089	73,780	6,180,764	50 6	2,423,436
1849	299,498	74,162	5,792,963	44 3	2,433,166
1850	280,896		5,600,000	40 2	2,800,000

The only figures in the above table not taken from the Parliamentary Returns is the poor-rate of 1850, which has not yet been published, that we have seen. But taking it at £5,600,000, which is £162,000 less than the precoding year, the result is that the poor in the last year *cost* 2,800,000 *quarters of wheat*, being the greatest ever yet known; the number in 1834, the year before the new poor-law came into operation, being 2,736,717 quarters only. At any rate, supposing we stopt short with the poor-rate of 1849, which is the last yet published, it is much greater measured in quarters of grain, the real test, than in any year of the

last decade. As to the emigrants and commitments, the former have more than tripled, the last nearly doubled, since Free Trade was introduced.

What have the Free-Traders to set off against this frightful decline in the numbers of the people, and in their resources, income, shipping, and national revenue, and the increase in all the particulars which indicate increased suffering or augmented demoralisation among the people? Nothing but the increased exports and imports, which have stood thus during the four years immediately following the introduction of Free Trade:—

IN FIVE YEARS BEFORE FREE TRADE.			IN FIVE YEARS FOLLOWING FREE TRADE.		
Year.	Exports— Declared Value.	Imports— Declared Value.	Year.	Exports— Declared Value.	Imports— Declared Value.
1841	£51,634,623	£64,377,962	1846	£58,786,876	£75,953,875
1842	47,381,023	65,204,729	1847	58,842,377	90,921,866
1843	52,279,709	70,093,353	1848	52,849,445	93,547,134
1844	58,584,292	85,441,555	1849	63,596,025	105,874,607
1845	60,111,082	85,281,958	1850	65,756,032	103,000,000*
	£269,990,929	£370,899,357		£299,830,745	£469,197,482

So that the boasted increase of exports arising from Free Trade, supposing it all owing to that, and no part of it to the impulse given to commerce by the pacification of the Continent and the opening of Californian treasures, comes to this, that it has increased in five years after Free Trade was introduced, as compared with five years before that change took place, from L.269,000,000 to L.299,000,000, being L.30,000,000 in five years—being not more than had taken place in a similar time during every five years since the battle of Waterloo.

But these tables of the imports and exports suggest another consideration of the very last importance, especially to the commercial classes. This is the enormous and rapidly increasing amount of our imports compared with our exports. It appears that this difference in the five years of Free Trade *has swollen* to L.170,000,000; whereas, in the five years preceding that change, it was only L.100,000,000. Mr Wilson, of Economist celebrity, accordingly boasts, that since Free Trade was introduced, our exports have increased 51 *per cent*, and our imports 64 *per cent*. Be it so. How is this huge and daily increasing balance to be paid? It can only be in cash, or bills representing cash; and, beyond all doubt, it is this alarming excess of our imports above our exports which is the cause of those terrible monetary crises which now periodically devastate the land, and

spread such unutterable misery among all classes. What can be expected from the continuance of a system which, as the result proves, has given so much greater an impulse to our imports than our exports—in other words, to the industry of foreigners over that of ourselves—but a continued and *increasing strain on the metallic resources of the country*, which must perpetuate the danger, and render more frequent the recurrence of these monetary catastrophes? And thus, while Free Trade has made such hideous chasms in our population, and decreased so sensibly our national riches, income, shipping, and industry, it has tended only in the manufacturing class, for whose benefit it was introduced, to *render certain*, and hasten the recurrence of those terrible commercial catastrophes which at once sweep the whole gains, ill-gotten because made at others' expense, of the years which have intervened since the last. It was reserved for the Free-Traders to introduce a system, of which it may be truly said, that it is the only one which, since the beginning of the world, induces with certainty the most terrible calamities from its greatest and most boasted triumphs, and accelerates their approach by the very magnitude of those triumphs.

We conclude with the words, rendered now more impressive from the entire confirmation they have received through subsequent revelations of disaster, with which we ended a

* Taken at a guess, as the return for that year of the total value of importations is not yet come out. The above, however, cannot be far from the mark, as the Custom-House duties of 1849 were L.22,194,600; of 1850, L.21,904,566.—*Parl. Papers*, 10th February 1851, p. 10.

similar essay two years ago. "Let the Free-Traders be of good cheer: they have done marvellous things. They have accomplished what no British statesman since the days of Alfred has been able to effect. They have *stopped the growth of our population, and for the first time during five centuries rendered it retrograde.*"* But the now ascertained result has greatly outstripped what we then predicted—so much have the real effects of Free-Traders' measures gone beyond what the most gloomy imagination among the Protectionists could then anticipate. Irrespective of plague, pestilence, and famine, they have caused a chasm in five years in the Irish population of 1,800,000 souls, in the whole Empire of 900,000. They have sent, for the last three years, from 250,000 to 300,000 people yearly out of the country in search of that food of which they were deprived at home. They have with one blow swamped the Poor Law Amendment Act in England, rendered necessary a crushing rate in Ireland and Scotland, and made rates higher in England during two years of boasted prosperity, when measured in grain, their real standard, than they ever were before in the worst years of deplored misery. They have extended crime, during these two boasted years, to an extent never before known in the gloomiest periods of disaster. They have, on the admission of their ablest supporters, rendered agricultural industry unremunerative for two years and a half over the whole country. They have cut £9,000,000 annually off the income of trades and professions, £20,000,000 off the rent of land in Great Britain. They have destroyed all hope—as long as their system is continued—of reducing the debt; and have added 30 *per cent* to its weight by taking as much off the incomes of those by whom it is to be paid. They have extirpated in a few years 200,000 cultivators in Ireland. They have lowered, by their monetary system, railway property at least a half over the whole Empire, and cut

a moiety off its whole commercial wealth. They have rendered the nation dependent in three years for a fourth part of the entire food of the people on foreign states. They have compelled the Government, by the cheapening system, and consequent decline of the revenue which it is possible to extract from the people, to lower the national establishments so much, that the occurrence of disaster, on the first breaking out of hostilities, is a matter of certainty; and the maintenance of the national independence, if the present system is continued for any length of time, has become impossible. They have destroyed £100,000,000 worth of property in the West Indies. They have sown the seeds of separation by severing the bond of protection in Canada, and diffused such discontent through the other colonies, that, in despair of preserving, they are preparing to abandon them. They have repealed the Navigation Laws, and caused two-thirds of the annual increment of the shipping employed in carrying on our trade, to pass into the hands of our enemies. The Peace Congress, headed by Mr Cobden, has done that which no war congress in modern times has been able to effect. They have caused the disappearance, in five years, of a million and a half of our people, while the most sanguinary war recorded in our annals was attended, in the same time, by an increase of as much. They have stopped the increase of the remainder by depriving so many of them of bread. They have been worse enemies to human happiness than either the rivalry of kings, or the ambition of their ministers: they have done that to stop the growth of mankind which neither the guillotine of the Convention nor the sword of Napoleon had been able to effect. They have not only mowed down the present generation, but prevented the possibility of its restoration; for they have deprived the majority of those who survive, not only of subsistence for the present, but hope for the future.

VOLTAIRE IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

It was impossible to keep him quiet—there would have been no peace in the shadowy regions of the departed unless this energetic, inquisitive, self-willed spirit had been allowed to have his own way; and Voltaire, rising to the earth in the city of Paris, (where else could his spirit rise?) started by train to see the Great Exhibition.

Reports had reached him that in a Crystal Palace, not far from the Thames, were to be assembled specimens of the industry of all nations—nothing less than a museum of the works of man. But it was not this only that had excited the curiosity of the philosopher of Ferney. Rumours of a new era of society, of unexampled advancement or development of mankind, had from time to time descended into the territory of the shades, and had kindled a desire to revisit the earth.

It is a well-known fact, for which our mesmeric and clairvoyant philosophers will stand guarantee, that, when spirits return to this world, they (as in the curious case of a double consciousness) forget their spiritual existence, and re-assume the mental habits, as well as the corporeal forms, of their earthly lives. Thus it is, that whilst nothing is more common than the apparition of such spirits, we never learn anything from them of their own spiritual world. They could not tell us. They are at the time oblivious. By dint of certain strong terrestrial sympathies they have become invested with their past consciousness, and do, in fact, return to their former selves. This point has been so satisfactorily cleared up, that a brief allusion to it is all that can be necessary. Henceforward let no one be surprised that the ghost of a man speaks so much like the man himself, so much like a mere mortal revived; for, as Mrs Crowe and others will explain to him, it is precisely because the departed spirit is absorbed in its past thoughts and feelings, that it has become a ghost. This is the very philosophy and the true scientific explanation of a ghost.

Our spiritual visitor, of course,

made his appearance upon earth in the same flowing wig and ornate costume which he wore that night at the opera, when, surrounded by beautiful women, and almost overwhelmed by the adulation of the crowd, he exclaimed that he was in danger of being "stified by roses." But these honours of the toilette he was compelled to exchange for the more simple costume of the present day. Some disadvantage he felt, from the necessity of speaking English, in the conversations which ensued—a language which he never spoke with perfect ease; but, if his wit could not fairly be displayed in it, he still retained something of the terseness and simplicity of his style. The verbose periods of our modern speakers and writers he was by no means disposed to imitate.

"Progress! progress!" muttered our returned philosopher to himself, as he whirled along upon the railway. "What a din this age makes about its progress! It travels fast enough, if that were all. Rapid progress of that kind. For the rest—let us see whether the world is revolving in any other than its old accustomed circle."

Very soon—but not before he had revived his impressions of our great metropolis—he stood in the park before the Crystal Palace. He saw it glittering before him: he entered, and beheld its dome arching with ease the full-grown elm tree; and when he reflected that this immense and novel structure had been designed and reared, and all the materials constructed for it, in a few months, he could not defend himself from a certain enthusiasm. It was evident to his penetrating mind that there must have been an admirable *organisation of labour* to accomplish all this; and that not only had the architect and the engineer been there, with all their skill, and taste, and ready invention, but that a well-disciplined army of workmen of every description must have been at hand to second their intentions. Here, thought he, is a just triumph for the political economist. Out of the free labour of the artisan,

to be got only by paying for it, to be retained only so long as the workman is content with his bargain—out of materials apparently so uncontrollable as these, an organisation and discipline has been created for the purpose of industry, equal to any that the Grande Monarque could boast of for the purposes of war.

On every side of him, as he surveyed the products collected in the building itself, he saw proofs of the same effective discipline of the industrial force. A profound philosopher, and a countryman of his own, accosted him as he was revolving this idea. "*Pardon*," he said, "I see that, like myself, you are engaged in contemplating the principles of things, the great results, not the petty details, of this Exhibition. What do you suppose is the purpose of this extraordinary display of the fruits of human industry?"

"I am willing to be enlightened," was the courteous reply.

"Sir, our princes of the earth have gathered together all the products of industry, and they have called together the industrious classes to behold them. They say—this is what you have produced—this is yours! Large-handed industry is invited to inspect her own productions—invited to inspect, perhaps more than to inspect, her own property. There are two words I see everywhere written about the walls of this building. They are not '*Tunis*,' or '*Turkey*,' or '*France*,' or '*Austria*;' they are two little words addressed to human industry—'*Make! Take!*' '*Take! Make!*'"

"True! very true!" said the philosopher of Ferney. "These are the products, and, if you will, the property of industry—but of industry that has submitted to discipline, that has submitted to subordination. Take! But if the army of industry loses its discipline in the pillage, it will only take once—it will never make again. You may then efface both your little words for ever from the walls."

"*Esprit borné!*" muttered the profound socialist, and turned upon his heel.

"Ah!" said our wit and philosopher, "it was always thus. I can remember I always received that

compliment whenever I said anything indisputably true."

He proceeded to the department where the machinery is exhibited. Here a professor of mechanics was so courteous as to explain to him the various processes of our cotton manufacture. He explained the powerloom, the mule, and I know not what other contrivances beside; and, pleased with his intelligent listener, he launched forth into the glorious prospects that were opening to human society through the surprising mechanical inventions that had illustrated our age. To labour man was born, he said, but we should take the sting out of the curse; it would cease to be toilsome, cease to be degrading, cease to be incompatible with refinement of manners and intellectual culture. Stepping through an open door into a neighbouring department, the professor found himself in the presence of a gigantic locomotive standing upon its railway. "Here," he exclaimed, "is one of our iron slaves; we feed him upon coal; he bears us, a thousand at a time, with the speed of an eagle, from town to town, from county to county. What limit can you set to human progress when you reflect upon such an engine as this?"

Voltaire did reflect. "Very clever are you men," he said; "you cannot exactly fly—you have not yet invented wings—but you go marvelously fast by steam. No spirit need travel quicker. But methinks there is something hypocritical and deceptive in this obedient engine of yours. Goes of itself, you say. Does it? Your iron slave wants many other slaves, unfortunately not of iron, to attend on it; on this condition only will it serve you. No despot travels with so obsequious a train, and so subservient, as this quiet-looking engine. Putting my head out of the window of my railroad carriage, whilst we were yet at the station, I saw an industrious mortal going from wheel to wheel with a huge grease-pot, greasing the wheels. He greases wheels from morning to night; eternally he greases. Another man trims lamps incessantly; I saw him with a long row before him feeding them with oil; in oil he seems

himself to live. Of engineer and fireman I could not catch a glimpse, but I saw a crowd of men employed continually in putting boxes and carpet-bags from a truck into a van, and from a van into a truck. Not much intellectuality there. And when the shrill whistle was heard, and we started, lo! there was a living man standing on the bank, acting signal-post—with arm outstretched and motionless, a living signal-post. Most useful of men no doubt, if mortal necks are worth preserving, but his occupation not such as could possibly be intrusted to one who might wander into reflection. The railroad train runs, it seems, not only upon those hundred wheels of iron which we see and count, but on a hundred other wheels forged out of human flesh and blood."

"You are perfectly right," said a pale melancholy Englishman who was standing beside them, and had overheard this conversation. "We are altogether in a wrong course; we are making machines that enslave ourselves, and bind us down to all the toils and all the social degradations of slavery. We must go back to simplicity. We must learn to limit our desires, and discard fictitious wants. Then only can the reign of Justice commence. If all men were contented with the gratification of the simple wants of nature, all men might be equal, and equally enlightened. Our task ought now to be not to invent more machines, but to select from those already invented the few that are really worth retaining. For my part, I find only two that are indispensable."

"And what may they be?" said the professor of mechanics with a smile of derision.

"The plough and the printing-press. With these two, and the principle of justice, I would undertake to make a happy community of human beings. Bread and books! what more do we need? Here is supply for mind and body."

"No! no! no!" exclaimed Voltaire, who retained all his horror of this return to primitive simplicity. "Get as much civilisation as you can. Let as many enjoy it as can. If you had nothing but the plough, you might dispense with your printing-

press as well. What on earth would your rustics have to write about? Bread and books! and what sort of books? Bread, books, and an Egyptian priestcraft—pray complete your inevitable trio."

"Sir, you blow hot and cold with the same mouth. Our mechanical inventions are but rivetting their fetters on the industrial classes: you see this; and yet when I would break the machine you interpose."

"He who talks on man must blow hot and cold with the same mouth. He has always lived, and always will live, in the midst of contradictions. Let us hear nothing of this return to simplicity and ignorance. No savage happiness for me. The Fuegians—so a traveller from South America once told me—when they are hungry, kill a buffalo, and, scraping the flesh from off the bones, make a fire of these bones to roast the flesh withal. What admirable simplicity in this self-roasting ox! Here is your golden age at once. I recommend to you a voyage to Terra del Fuego."

"Are we then," said the plaintive idealist, "to see nothing in the future but the contradictions and turmoils and iniquities of the past?"

"And what men endured in the past, why should not you also and your posterity endure? The type of civilised society has been again and again presented upon the earth: we may improve, we cannot materially alter it."

"There," said the professor of mechanics, "I must be allowed in some measure to differ from you. I observe that you have a due appreciation of the arts and inventions that contribute to civilisation; but you do not sufficiently understand the enormous progress that this age has made beyond all others."

"Pooh! pooh!" said his impatient auditor, "there is a vast difference between civilised life and savage, but the progress you make afterwards is but slow and slight. You take a wild country, and from a swamp reduce it to a cultivated plain. Corn is growing in the field. The change is immense. Well, you may grow still more corn in the same field, but you can never produce any other change like that which it

has already undergone. Between the wild Celt or Saxon and the civilised inhabitants of Paris or London, who would not acknowledge the difference? But I would as willingly have lived in the Paris of a hundred years ago, as in the Paris of to-day. A wealthy citizen of Bruges or of Florence in the fifteenth or sixteenth century passed, I suspect, as rational, as agreeable, and as dignified a life as the wealthy citizen of your own monster metropolis in the nineteenth century. He would not enjoy quite such immense feeding—not such luxurious banquets as your Guildhall and your Mansion House can boast, where you spend as much at a dinner as would have built the Parthenon—but he perhaps found a compensation in a keener zest for art: at all events he lived in a city which had not quite blocked out every charm of nature, in which every green thing had not withered, and where the sky was still visible. At Athens and Rome, and, for aught I know, at Babylon and Thebes, men have enjoyed life as keenly, and lived as wisely as they do here. Many are the eras of the past where you may point to the city, the seat of government and the arts, and the neighbouring cultivated country where the peasantry have enjoyed the protection, and shared to some extent the mental culture, of the town. Such has been the type of civilised society hitherto; nor is it always that the last instance in order of time presents the most attractive picture.

"I walk," he continued, "through the spacious streets and squares of London. I see the residences of your wealthy men: the exterior is not pleasing; but if I enter, I find in each what deserves to be called a domestic palace. In these palatial residences, many a merchant is living amongst luxuries which no Roman emperor could have commanded. I lose my way amidst the dark, noisome, narrow streets and interminable courts and alleys of this same London. Each house—each sty—swarms with life. And oh, heaven! what life it is! They are heaped like vermin. They prey upon each other. How they suffer! how they hate! Full of corroding anxieties, they endure a wretchedness and torture which no

Roman emperor could have inflicted upon his slaves."

"But, sir—"

"I tell you I have seen the beggar at Naples. He is a prince. He lies in the sun, on the earth—it is his home—and the open sky above him, it is his. He rises to beg, or to work, or to steal—he does either with a savage energy—then lies down again, no leopard in the forest more carelessly dispread. But poverty in England is steeped to the lip in bitterness, in care, in hatred, in anxiety. When bread comes, it is eaten with fear and trembling for the future. Tears are still flowing upon it. Yes, you have indubitably progressed thus far: you have made hunger reflective."

"But, sir, we are at present in a state of transition. Say that hunger has become reflective: in the next stage of our progress the reflective man will have protected himself against the chance of hunger."

"A state of transition! I am charmed with the expression. What age ever existed that could not have accounted for all its sufferings by this happy word, if they had but known it? Oh, the world, I think, will be very long in a state of transition! But, gentlemen, we must use our eyes, as well as other organs—however gratifyingly employed—in a place like this. Pray, what is that," he inquired, as they stepped into the central avenue of the building, "round which so eager a crowd is collected?"

"That is the Great Diamond—the *Koh-i-noor*, as it is called—once the boast of some Great Mogul, now the property of the Queen of England."

"Oh! And what is that to the right, where a crowd almost as dense is congregated?"

"That are the jewels of the Queen

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the savage islanders of the Pacific Ocean, he gave them glass beads in exchange for solid provender. We smile at the simple savages. They were reasoning philosophers compared with our lords and ladies. The glass bead was not only a rarity; it was a novel and curious production to the savage. A precious stone is no longer a novelty to any of us; and for the very important purpose of personal ornament it may be easily imitated or substituted. I defy you to find another element than simple ostentation in the extreme value we put upon our glass beads. They are merely the insignia of wealth. The children!—but men always have been, and always will be, children. I have frequently said it of my own Parisians, and, between ourselves, never liked them any the less for their being the most perfect children on the face of the earth."

Our visitor moved on to that end of the building which, to us, bears the name of the foreign quarter. He was not a little surprised to see the extremely tasteful and artist-like display which Austria and Bavaria make. A certain Parisian, thought he, once asked if it was possible for a German to have wit; at all events no one will ever ask whether it is possible for a German to have taste. And the descendants of his favourite, Czar Peter, did not fail to attract his attention. They, too, are running the race of luxury and civilisation. He entered into the little sculpture gallery of the Milanese and other Italians. There was the usual medley of subjects which a sculpture gallery always presents. Eve, the Christian Venus—Venus Repentant, as she might be called—here has a charming representative. Not only the expression of the face, but of the whole attitude, tells the sad history. She sits looking down, and shrinking within herself, as if she would contract herself out of sight, if it were possible. Opposite is a head of Christ. Our critic paused with reverence before it; but an involuntary smile rose to his lips, as he observed that the artist, in his endeavour to make the head more and more placid and patient, had at length sent it fairly to sleep. Near it were Leda and her swan, and Danae waiting for her double shower

of love and gold. Such is the medley we are always doomed to encounter in any collection of sculpture!

From this Milanese gallery he hastened to the room devoted to English sculpture, that he might compare the genius of the two nations. The sculpture of the whole Exhibition—that which is displayed as pure art—is but of a secondary character; but our visitor found as much to please him in this room as amongst the Italians. Here were the lost children in the wood, whom the little birds covered with leaves. The poem is known throughout Europe, and the artist has translated it most faithfully into marble. Here is a mother or a nurse with a child, the child they call Bacchus; and Voltaire recognised with delight the Ophelia of Shakspeare. Here she stands, leaning on the branch that will treacherously precipitate her into the stream; and the artist has, with singular felicity, succeeded in portraying, not only the beauty and the sorrow, but the bewildered mind of the love-lorn damsel. In the corner stood a head, designated *Il Penseroso*, which, if the police had not been so vigilant, our visitor might have been tempted to purloin.

Traversing the building, he soon returned to that part where his own countrymen especially make so great a display with their jewellery, their bronze clocks, the gilt ornaments of every description, their silks and velvets, and every article of luxury. He kindled for a moment with a sentiment of patriotic pride, as he noticed here the eminent position of his own France. Seeing so large a display of these articles, he asked one of his countrymen what could have induced him and others to bring so great a number of these costly products across the Channel. What could have been the motive, he asked—was it honour or was it profit?

"Both," was the reply. "We bring to exhibit, and we bring to sell. It is pleasant to take the conceit out of our neighbour, and his money at the same time."

"But what has induced your neighbour to invite you here, with all these splendid silks and trinkets?"

"*Ma foi!* I know not. Perhaps

he wanted a lesson in good taste, and was willing to pay for it. If you look down the building you may catch, even at this distance, a glimpse of the gewgaw splendours of Birmingham. With an unlimited supply of tinfoil, a North American savage would do better."

"Ha! monsieur, you must instruct your neighbour, and he, as is just and fit, will pay for his instructions."

Voltaire had no sooner ceased speaking than he found himself revolving a more serious train of thought. He sate himself down on a bench, and surveyed as much as he could, at one glance, of the whole building and its contents. "The industry of all nations!" thought he. "It is well; but what I see here most prominent, is the luxury of all nations. Did England really need a lesson in luxury? And if her taste in jewellery and upholstery has been defective, is any very great end answered by highly cultivating such a taste? What other countries may learn from England I know not; but she herself can learn nothing from this Great Exhibition but the lesson my countryman is so willing to teach her: she can learn only how to spend her money in objects of luxury, in what they call ornamental and decorative art.

"Pure art I honour," thus he continued his soliloquy. "I honour all the fine arts. From the man who designs a temple to him who engraves a gem, I honour all who contribute to the cultivation of the mind through a love of the beautiful. Men must have emotions for the soul as well as food for the body; and if they do not find these in poetry, in music, in painting, they will seek them exclusively in those gloomy superstitions which afflict while they agitate, and render men morose and uncharitable. I honour the arts, and I respect also every useful manufacture which adds to the comfort of daily existence; but there is a province of human industry lying between these two, which is neither fine art nor useful manufacture, which I do not honour, for which I have no respect whatever—ornamental nonsense for which I feel something very near akin to contempt. Men decorate their houses and their

persons with costly fooleries. I put my elbow on the mantelpiece and am in danger of precipitating some china mannikin. Huge vases encumber the floor, which never held, and never will hold, anything but the chance dust that is swept into them. Absurd tables are set out to be covered with knacks and toys, that have not even the merit of amusing a child. The fingers are squeezed into rings; holes are made in the ear for the jeweller's trinket; there is no end to the follies committed in what is called decoration and ornament. Say that such things must be, is it a purpose worthy of the energies of a great people to increase and spread abroad the taste for fantastic upholstery and useless china, and all the very imposing splendours of the haberdasher and the silversmith? Is it a very magnificent project to invite competitions in lace and embroidery, and *or moue*, and all the sumptuous trivialities of a lady's boudoir? Art! art! exclaims one. Do you value at nothing the art bestowed on these articles? Not much. If you model a human figure, of man or woman, let it be done for its own sake. A true work of art is a sufficient end in itself. Must I have the human figure scattered everywhere, upon every utensil I possess? Can I not have a time-piece but a naked woman must sprawl upon it? Is this doing honour to the most beautiful of forms to make it common as the crockery or drinking cup it is called in to ornament? Must it support the lamp upon your table, or be twisted into the handle of a teapot? If I pour water from a ewer into a basin, must I seize a river-god by the waist? Have you nothing better to do with the head of a man than to model it upon every prominence, fasten it upon the lid of your coffee-pot, or squeeze it under the spout of your jug? In all this taste I find little else but mere ostentation. Would you have sumptuary laws? says one. No; but I would have a sumptuary opinion if there was any getting it."

A part of this soliloquy had been unconsciously uttered: d. "It does good for trade," d a
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"Not exactly upon absurdities, I suppose."

"Anyhow they should spend their money. I am a tradesman—a Manchester man; I care nothing for these fine things myself, but I say, that rich men ought to spend their money."

"And whether the articles can be of the least service to them or not?"

"It does good for trade all the same."

"Not all the same. Suppose he lent it to a respectable capitalist like yourself, a Manchester man, who would employ it in some useful manufacture, in multiplying articles of substantial service to mankind, of which there is still by no means a superfluity, would not this be doing good for trade, and in a better manner?"

"Ay, ay! and bring him a good percentage for his money. You are right there. Beg pardon, sir, but you are not such a fool as I took you to be. Let the nobleman have his grand house and his garden, his pictures and statues, but if he has more money than he knows what to do with, let him lend it to the industrious capitalist, who will multiply useful things for the community at large. Profits, to be sure, would be somewhat less, but everything would be cheaper. I see, sir, you are no fool."

Voltaire, bowing in acknowledgment for the compliment he had received, rose and threaded his way through the crowd, passing the gold and velvet of Persia and Turkey and India, and not forgetting to pay his respects to the Chinese. Other people cultivate the beautiful, or intend to do so; it is fit, thought he, that there should be one people who cultivate the ugly, the monstrous, the deformed, and with whom the grotesque stands in place of the graceful. The elaborate tritling in their ornamental carvings in wood and ivory, secures them, however, a high position in this industrial exhibition.

What our visitor thought of all the various works of art he encountered, as well gigantic as minute—the Amazon, the lion, the archangels who in several places are killing Satan, or the dragon, with the utmost calmness, and with the least effort in the world, it were too long to tell, even if his criticisms were worth preserving.

We follow him into what is called the Mediæval Court. Here altar and crucifix and sacred candlestick, and all the paraphernalia of Roman Catholic worship, arrested his attention, and somewhat excited his surprise. Well, said the philosopher to himself, I have always remarked that the spirit of trade is an admirable counterpoise to the spirit of bigotry. I have heard of the English people making idols for exportation to heathen countries; dealing with them as articles of commerce. They despatch a vessel to some barbarous coast, and in the cabin they carry out a missionary and his tracts, to convert the inhabitants, and in the hold they have an assortment of idols from Birmingham to compete with the native manufacture. Nothing so liberal as the spirit of trade. Now, here these English Protestants are making what they think most superstitious implements for the benefit of some Roman Catholic neighbour. "Pray," said he, addressing a sleek stranger, whom he thought likely to give him the required information, "Pray, for what country may these be intended? France can supply herself; to what people do you export them?"

"Hush! They are not for exportation," said the grave gentleman, casting his eyes down upon the ground, and speaking in a plaintive and subdued voice. "They are for the English themselves."

"But the English are Protestants."

"Say rather Anglo-Catholics. But they are returning, slowly and doggedly, to the true fold. You, who are a foreigner, will be rejoiced to hear this."

Voltaire took largely of his snuff. "If it pleases you, I will be rejoiced. They will read my *Cyclopædia* now. At last I shall be understood in England."

"What is it you are remarking?"

"But is it indeed true, that the countrymen of Locke are resigning their thoughtful metaphysical piety—for this? What manner of *progress* have we here?"

"We think, sir, that the less metaphysics we have in our piety the better."

"You do! I tell you that the English have some philosophy amongst them, but they clap the Bible on it,

and keep it safely down. Substitute one of these candlesticks, the heaviest and tallest you can select, and watch the issue of the experiment; that is, if you have any eyes to watch with."

"Sir, when you do not wish to be heard, you should drop your voice a little lower. I have eyes as well as others."

"No doubt of it. But in every age there is a sect—what name it bears amongst you I cannot tell—who indeed have eyes, but carry them at the back of their head, and see nothing but the road that has been left behind."

Escaping from this theological encounter, our nimble visitor darted across to the other side of the palace, and was again amongst the machinery. Here he still found his professor of mechanics. Never weary of explaining, he was enlarging on the cost and ingenuity of an enormous steel loom, of most intricate structure, for the weaving—of lace! The group around him listened and looked with the utmost eagerness, but the complicate arrangement evidently baffled their apprehension. "Here is a Jacquard loom," he said, "of a somewhat earlier and simpler construction. Here perhaps you may better comprehend this wonderful invention, by which we can not only weave our fabric by machinery, but weave it of the most varied and intermixed colours, and in the most intricate patterns."

Doubtless, thought our philosopher, the rage for mechanical invention which distinguishes this epoch must have here and there its good result; but it is plain that the real utility of the machine is not always in proportion to the ingenuity and skill displayed in its construction.

At this moment, for some incidental purpose, the professor lit a common lucifer match. Voltaire had never seen the like before. He begged the experiment to be repeated. He examined the simple apparatus minutely; and asked for the old flint and tinder-box, that he might make comparison between them. They smiled at him. Such a thing did not exist.

"Here is an invention," he cried, "which, as a real contribution to the comfort of life, far surpasses everything I have seen. Oh Lucifer! as they

call thee, thou son of the morning, if I had had thee in a box by my bedside, how many hours should I have saved! how much anger and impatience should I have escaped! and François, how thy knuckles would have been spared! Verily, this is the greatest invention that has been made in the world since I—" But seeing that he was attracting to himself a degree and kind of attention from a staring and tittering audience, that was by no means agreeable, he broke off. Meanwhile, the professor, who talked on as incessantly and unwearyedly as if he too were set in motion by the steam-engine, had already commenced his eulogium upon another instance of our mechanical invention.

This time the machine was one calculated to interest Voltaire. It was a printing-press of the latest construction, worked of course by steam. He saw it in full operation. The type was arranged upon a large upright cylinder; four smaller cylinders, placed around it, bore the paper and carried off the impression from the types. At every revolution of the large cylinder, four sheets of printed paper were consequently delivered, for the edification or amusement of the world. Our ex-author watched the process, and was very much disposed to call for pen and paper, that he might give some *copy* to the machine. The professor continued his oration. "By a machine of this description, but of still greater power," he said, "the *Times* newspaper is printed, I tremble to say how many thousand in an hour. Each paper contains matter that would fill an octavo volume. The debates in Parliament that may have been heard at two o'clock in the morning, are that same morning laid on the breakfast table of the country gentleman who is residing one hundred miles from the House of Commons. And not only have the speeches been reported and printed, but they are accompanied by well written comments of the editor. Wonderful celerity!"

"I hope," thought our listener, "that the orations are equally wonderful. They should be. From what I remember of such matters, I

think I could wait a few more hours for them without great impatience; and perhaps the well-written comments would not suffer by the delay."

Quitting the lecturer and the scene of his glory, Voltaire mounted the gallery. Here he encountered what, for a time, entirely subdued the capacious spirit, and called forth all the natural energy and enthusiasm of one who had been poet, wit, and philosopher. This was the electric telegraph. He could scarcely contain his enthusiasm as he watched the index on one dial-plate, and saw the movement responded to by the index of a corresponding dial, and reflected that no conceivable length of distance would render the operation less certain or less instantaneous. Thought travels here with its own rapidity; untrammelled from the trammels of space and time. Yet, after all, he added, it can be but human thought that travels on the wire.

Stepping on a little further he found himself surrounded by improved fire-arms, muskets that would kill at the distance of five hundred yards, and many-barrelled pistols, which promised to deal half-a-dozen deaths in as many seconds. The cynical humour returned. "They are not all messages of peace and love," thought he, "that yonder electric telegraph will be employed to communicate. The old game of war is played at still, and, like the rest, duly provided with improved implements. And what is it I read on this label? 'A pair of duelling pistols.' Duelling by the law of England is murder. It must be a very dead law, when in this industrial exhibition we have 'duelling pistols,' thus distinctly labelled. 'Pistols for committing murder!' would have been rather a startling designation. It seems, therefore, that, in the public opinion, duelling is just where it used to be, just the same honourable custom, where men contrive to mingle in exquisite proportions the foolery of coxcombs, and the ferocity of savages. The progress seems to be all in the mechanical department."

A member of the Peace Society, and one who called himself a Christian Socialist, was passing by the spot, shaking his head, and sighing

lugubriously at sight of all those guns and pistols, swords and bayonets. Observing that it was a foreigner and a Frenchman that stood near him, he opened his heart to him in a franker manner than he would probably have done to a stranger of his own country. "Ah!" he cried, "if France and England would but agree to disarm, the whole world might be reduced to peace!"

"France disarm!" said our startled sage: "Better ask her to walk at once out of the map of Europe."

"Oh this insane and destructive love of conquest! will it never end?"

"From what I gather of human affairs, it is not the love of conquest alone that keeps up great armaments. The army is the internal police of every European country. Without it there is not a government that would endure an hour. No magistrate could flog a thief if he had not the bayonet bristling behind him."

"Alas! sir," sighed the Christian socialist, "the whole organisation of society is vicious. Men are taught each one to take care of himself. The consequence is, that some get, and others lose; there is an endless scramble, hate, misery, destitution, pride. The true Christian doctrine is, that each man should take care of others. Thus all would be taken care of, and all would be full of love."

"Ah!"

"Instead of each man taking thought how he should be fed, or how he should be clothed, he ought to think only of feeding or clothing others—the community at large. He, too, as one of the community, would be fed and clothed in his turn."

"You go to the root of the matter."

"This, sir, I apprehend, is what Christianity came into the world to teach. It would relieve each man from any anxiety after his own welfare; it would remove from him every cause of envy or hatred; he has but to be good, and he will be happy."

"Admirable scheme! What novel and profound thoughts you have amongst you!"

"Christianity is developing itself. By teaching each man to labour for a community, of which he is one"——

"Yes, I perfectly understand. Did

you ever travel into the country of watches?"

"The country of watches! What may you mean?"

"I did. I sojourned some time in the country of watches. Shall I tell you my adventures there?"

"By all means."

"I had no sooner installed myself in this country than a solemn functionary of the State presented me with a watch, and bade me see to it that it was kept always going, and in as good repair as possible. Such is the mysterious condition of life in this country, that each man's existence is bound up with the watch he carries in his waistcoat pocket. Not that he lives as long as this is properly attended to; the watch may be in excellent repair, and the man may die; but unless the watch is kept going, there is no living; the moment it ceases to tick, the heart too ceases to beat.

"It is impossible to describe to you how extremely anxious the possession of this watch at first made me. I was constantly putting it to my ear to be assured that it was going. When I walked in the streets I was always afraid lest the crowd should press against me, and damage this 'condition of my existence.' The proper winding of it up was the subject of continual anxiety. I often awoke in the night, in alarm lest the watch had gone down. Fear deprived me of all confidence in my own memory, and I could not recal whether I had really wound it up or not. Can you be surprised? Was not the ticking of that watch like the very pulse of my own heart?"

"With time, or habit, this anxiety wore off. I learned to wind up my watch at stated intervals, as others did, and became at length as little alarmed as any of us may be, at the consciousness that we carry about with us our hearts or our livers, without whose *going* life would certainly come to a pause. Everybody around me seemed to be quite at ease on the subject, or to have only occasional fits of disquietude, and I naturally fell into the same state of security.

"You will perhaps be surprised to hear that men could live tranquilly under such circumstances; if so, you

will be still more surprised when I tell you that the greater number of this watch-bearing community *had lost their key*, or had never possessed one, and were entirely dependent on some neighbour for the winding up of their watch. The community was divided into two great classes, those who had, and those who had not a key. Yet I never discovered any marked difference in the manner in which these two classes endured the common condition of their existence. Those who manifested the greatest trepidation were often to be found amongst those who had keys to their watches.

"It cannot, however, be denied that the class who had no keys were very much in the power of those who had. To get his watch wound up, many a man was compelled to sad acts of villany. Sometimes a poor girl, who had nothing but her chastity to give, was told that she must surrender that, or her watch would be suffered to go down.

"Now, some time before I came into the country, a great and good prophet had appeared. He invited all the people to deliver their watches into his keeping. He came, he said, to abolish this painful and mischievous condition of existence. They should build a temple to his name in each city, and the preservation of this temple from all impurities should be the new and far easier condition on which life should depend.

"Strange! men believed the prophet, yet, with a few exceptions, they kept their watches. Those who had no keys clung to them with just as much tenacity as those who had. They all desired to have a key, but none would part with the watch.

"Meanwhile, the priests had built a temple, and put a clock in the tower thereof, and had led the people that, unless the clock kept going, the world would be devoted to a state of confusion. I can not tell the result was of one, there we saw of existence: each man had his watch, and the clock, and the clock, to keep my existence of watch."

nimble philosopher retraced his way along the gallery. In his haste he entered unawares into a wooden case, or closet, where there was exhibited an anatomical model, in wax, of the human figure. It was the size of life, and stood upright, with the breast laid bare, exposing for convenient inspection the heart and liver, and all the other great viscera of the human frame. "Ha! ha!" he cried—"No change here. The same as ever—heart, stomach, and the rest of us: the same creature they laid in the pyramids, and burnt upon the shore, and deposit now in deep holes in the earth. No alteration here. Oh, those bowels! how often did they afflict me!"

Apropos of burying, he was involved soon after in the examination of a new design for stowing away the increasing multitude of our dead. It was the model of a pyramid, to be erected of the same size as the greatest of the Egyptian pyramids, but to be erected after a very different fashion. For whereas the ancient pyramid was an encasement of stone enclosing the coffin of one man, in the modern pyramid every stone might be said to contain its dead. The area would be first covered with vaults built close to one another, on these a second area of similar vaults would be constructed, on these a third rising gradually to an apex. The project had something in it to please a reflective mind. How the two structures would contrast—the despot's pyramid and the democratic pyramid! What admirable types they would form of the two forms of society, the memory of which they would severally perpetuate! In the one a people of slaves build an enormous mausoleum for one man, who is, as it were, a representative for the whole; in the other, a nation of free-men construct an eternal monument for themselves, simply by each man lying down in his place as he is called.

"But begin soon, oh ye Englishmen!" he exclaimed, "or you may leave but a truncated and incomplete pyramid as the monument of your departed greatness."

"What bird of ill omen is it," said a stranger who overheard him, "that prognosticates the downfall of England?"

"The Campania is a desolation."

"Rome built her greatness upon conquest."

"And England upon commerce."

"Say rather upon industry. Our wealth is the product of the industrious classes, of the active capitalist and the indefatigable workman—not the pillage of provinces by consuls and emperors."

"A portion of your population depends for subsistence on foreign commerce, and foreign commerce cannot be secured. You will say this was inevitable; the consequences are not the less inevitable. On this very spot you are hastening the disaster. You are inviting other nations to inspect and imitate that machinery by which alone you are the foremost traders in the world. You are in the possession of much curious mechanism, skill, and craft, which have become necessary to your existence. You would impart these to the Turk, to the Bavarian, to the Italian, and you would take a few coffee cups, and china saucers, and some fantastical upholstery in exchange."

"Sir, we keep no secrets. Let other nations imitate what they see. By the time they have imitated, we shall have advanced a stage beyond."

"You are sanguine. You seem to think that the spirit of industry which exists in your countrymen—a spirit quite unusual in the history of the world—can never be overtaken; that it cannot possibly succumb; that it never will relax. May you augur rightly! Meanwhile there can be no harm in beginning the pyramid."

Spirit as he was, our visitor began to find himself exhausted by the multitude of objects which solicited his attention. He had seen enough he thought for one visit. But in quitting the Crystal Palace, the model lodging-houses erected by Prince Albert caught his eye. "This Prince Albert!" thought he; "I hear a great deal of this prince, and from all I hear there has not been on or near a throne, for many an age, so intelligent and accomplished a man. One must go back very far in the annals of England to find his parallel. This prince has equal intelligence and far more knowledge than my Frederick of Prussia, and Frederick could be a—But

I have forgiven him. Moreover, I had my revenge; after which one very sincerely forgives. Into these lodging-houses that bear the prince's name I must make some inquiries."

He did so, and that with a rapidity and acuteness which soon put him on a level, in point of information, with the rest of the spectators. A prospectus for the society for building a better order of houses for the workman and the peasant was put into his hand. It did not fail to meet with his most cordial approbation: it was a scheme of judicious philanthropy worthy of its royal and enlightened patron.

As he was withdrawing his foot from the step of the model cottage, he met for the third and last time the professor of mechanics, who here also was indefatigable in explaining and developing. Observing Voltaire, whom he now regarded in the light of an old acquaintance and antagonist, he determined to push the advantage which their present subject of examination gave him, and he enlarged triumphantly on that philanthropic desire which had lately sprung up in the higher and middle classes of the community, to improve the condition of those who occupy a lower place in the social scale.

"The socialists," he exclaimed, "of every kind are manifestly wrong. Some expect to make all men equally rich; some would be contented if all were equally poor; whilst others trust to I know not what of religious sentiment to remodel society. Society is already modelled—we have but to complete and perfect the design. Peasants and labourers there must be, but they shall be frugal, and prudent, and instructed, and, as an inevitable consequence, well remunerated. We shall raise the standard of enjoyment."

"And the standard of wages—is that rising?"

"It has been lowering because men multiply too fast. By raising the standard of enjoyment we shall induce them to postpone or forego marriage."

"Am I to understand that the love of clean linen and household furniture will compete with and supplant the second great instinct of our nature?"

"Canst thou draw leviathan with a hook?"

"Don't quote Scripture, sir; it is profane. Experience is against you. Respectable men *do* forego or renounce marriage rather than"—

"Renounce their social position—rather than lose caste. It is an experience old enough, but this motive cannot operate, I presume, upon those who have no class beneath them. I was doubly wrong in my quotation. You *can* draw leviathan with a hook. Vanity will hold him fast and draw him far. But I see nothing in what passes under this title of 'standard of enjoyment' that will serve your purpose."

"At all events," said the professor, "you will not deny that the wealthy part of our nation have shown an extraordinary solicitude for the well-being of the less favoured class."

"Perhaps, too, a little solicitude for the common safety. And very wise of them if they have."

"We are all working for one common end, the advancement and amelioration of society. It is the peculiar feature of our age, and its golden characteristic—this zeal which one class feels for the happiness of another."

"It is, indeed, a very extraordinary zeal. But"—

"What can you possibly object here?"

"Nothing in the world. I make no objections. But"—

"Pray speak out; you will not offend me."

"If I hear on board ship the cry of 'all hands to the pumps!' and see it bravely responded to, I may trust that the vessel will be kept afloat, and brought safely into harbour. But I cannot precisely congratulate the crew on their novel and extraordinary activity. You do not sail the better for all this pumping. You sailed as well when you left all to the canvass and the breeze, as you will again leave it all, be assured, so soon as the leak is got under."

The professor was about to overwhelm him with a burst of honest indignation, when he discovered to his surprise that his antagonist had vanished from the scene. Voltaire went back quite contented that he had lived in Paris a century ago.

PICTURES FROM ST PETERSBURG.

IN enlightened Germany—so we are informed by Mr Jerrmann in the preface to his portfolio of sketches—extraordinary misconceptions and prejudices exist with respect to Russia and its ruler. Enlightened England, we suspect, is, in this particular, not very far ahead of its neighbour. We may not be, as Mr Jerrmann says his countrymen are, “more intimately acquainted with the state of China than with that of a country which commences at our frontier,” but we quite coincide in his opinion, that the majority of recent publications professing to describe Russia and the Russians, have disseminated or confirmed erroneous views. Independently of wilful misrepresentations, foreign writers have contemplated the social and political circumstances and institutions of Russia through foreign spectacles, or, as Mr Jerrmann teutonically expresses it, “with the eyes of their own nationality.” This is neither right nor just. Put the same saddle on every horse, says Sancho, and sore backs will be plenty. Many things may be admirably adapted to a young and semi-civilised nation, that would be grievously galling to an older and wiser one. “I praise in Russia,” says Mr Jerrmann, “much that I should bitterly blame in Germany. Persons who have blamed those things in Russia, have had before their eyes, when forming their judgment, not *Russia*, but *their own* country, *their* nationality, *themselves* in short. I have done my utmost to avoid this subjective manner of viewing things, and have endeavoured, when investigating whatever struck me as strange, to make due allowance for differences of climate and civilisation, and in the temperament and character of the people. As for the rest, I stand upon *facts*, partly historical, partly still existing, and therefore incontrovertible. My views may possibly be refuted, but the facts upon which they

are based defy refutation.” This is confidently and sensibly spoken. The same tone pervades the book to which these remarks are a prelude, and which is characterised by practical sense, and, to all appearance, by strict impartiality. Besides these good qualities, it possesses others—less important, perhaps, but highly agreeable to the reader—which will be apparent as we proceed. Mr Jerrmann is an actor—so we learn from his seventeenth chapter touching theatricals in St Petersburg, where he passed three years as member and manager of the German company. The present volume is his second appearance in a literary capacity. A residence in France suggested his first book. We should perhaps take shame to confess that we never heard of him either as actor or author, until his Petersburg pictures reached us; but German theatricals have little interest in England, and the Leipzig catalogue is a voluminous work. We are glad to have made his acquaintance, for he is very interesting, and we incline to think him equally honest. If he praises and justifies certain things which public opinion is wont to censure and condemn, on the other hand he also freely exposes the rotten places in the state of Russia. Although he calls his book “unpolitical,” there will not be wanting persons to tax him with a political bias, because the facts he relates, and the deductions he makes from them, tend upon the whole rather to approbation than to blame of the present order of things in Russia. He considers that country to be in a transition state, a state of steady but slow improvement—the more satisfactory because slow. A warm admirer of the Emperor Nicholas, he dissents from those writers who represent the Russians as a horde of slaves, driven and ill treated by a pitiless tyrant and taskmaster. The great talents of the Czar, his grasp of mind and energy

Unpolitische Bilder aus St Petersburg: Skizzen, nach dem Leben gezeichnet, von Eduard Jerrmann. Berlin, Allgemeine Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt; London, Williams and Norgate. 1851.

of purpose, are indisputable. Mr Jerrmann undertakes to show that he has a heart as well as a head, and that the welfare and happiness of his people are his great object in life—an object which he strives to attain by gradual steps, making freedom wait upon civilisation, and not by sweeping and hasty measures dignified with the much-prostituted name of reform. The numerous anecdotes and traits by which Mr Jerrmann illustrates and supports his opinions, are at least as worthy of attention and credit as the exaggerated tales of oppression and cruelty with which many writers on the same subject have freely garnished their works. Of more than one of such writers he exhibits, upon occasion, with no sparing pen, the blunders, hasty judgments, and insufficient opportunities.

The name of the Emperor Nicholas is of very frequent occurrence in Mr Jerrmann's book. It heads his first chapter, and is repeatedly to be found in the forty-one that follow. It were unjust to accuse him, on this account, of adulation, or even of excess of gratitude for past favours. For how could it be otherwise, in a book treating of the present state of Russia? The name of Nicholas, he justly says, is at this day as inseparable from that of Russia as is the notion of the sun from that of daylight. This premised, he enunciates, in few words, his profession of faith as regards the nation and its emperor. "The rights of man," he says, "are trampled under foot in Russia! Who denies it? A nation, still semi-barbarous, is subjected to a semi-barbarous rule! Perfectly true. Laws unworthy of the name still exist there, as well as classes of men degraded below the proper dignity of man. All this is matter of fact; but the profound genius of the Emperor, who discerns all this, his restless striving to remedy these evils, to reconcile these incongruities, *that* stamps him in my eyes, not only as a great sovereign, but also as a true friend of the people." Mr Jerrmann then instances some of the measures by which Nicholas advances, slowly and prudently, but steadily, the welfare and freedom of his subjects. Not the least remarkable of these are the increased facili-

ties afforded to serfs for their emancipation. Formerly the male serf's sole escape from bondage was by military service. Once under the colours he was serf no longer—but he was a soldier for twenty years, at the end of which time, unfitted by age and habit for any other career, he for the most part clung to the service till death or the hospital received him. The boon of emancipation was in fact a mockery, until Nicholas shortened the term of service to eight years. These expired, the soldier is still a young man, able to begin the world on his own account, and found a free, perhaps a wealthy family. Other roads to freedom, more intricate in appearance, but equally sure, have been opened to the serf since the accession of Nicholas, and must gradually but inevitably lead to the extinction of serfdom, the institution that most widely separates Russia from civilisation. These roads are indicated and explained at considerable length in Mr Jerrmann's first chapter, which is unfavourable to extract or condensation, but well worthy of careful reading and consideration. "I have not room," he concludes, "here further to sketch what the Emperor Nicholas has done, and still is daily doing, for the true freedom of his subjects; but what I have here brought forward must surely suffice to place him, in the eyes of every unprejudiced person, in the light of a real lover of his people. That his care has created a paradise—that no highly criminal abuse of power, no shameful neglect prevails in the departments of justice and police—it is hoped no reflecting reader will infer from this exposition of facts. But the still-existing abuses alter nothing in my view of the Emperor's character, of his assiduous efforts to raise his nation out of the deep slough in which it still is partly sunk, of his efficacious endeavours to elevate his people to a knowledge and use of their rights as men—alter nothing in my profound persuasion that Czar Nicholas I. is the true father of his country."

As may be inferred from its name, the book before us is of a very desultory nature, and a notice of it must necessarily partake of the same

character. Taken as a whole, it supplies a most complete picture of the Russian capital and its inhabitants; but no great pains have been bestowed upon the ordering and arrangement of the chapters. The first that tempts us to pause is entitled "Buildings;" and we turn to it not with intention to describe the architectural appearance of St Petersburg, but because it contains a pleasing trait of the master of one of those serfs to whose future prospects we have just referred. Amongst the best and richest shops in St Petersburg are provision shops—somewhat resembling our Italian warehouses—where an immense variety of edibles and potables, the choicest spices and most expensive wines, delicacies of every kind, as well as butter, cheese, and other common articles of consumption, are exposed for sale. Goods, to the amount of many millions of rubles, are heaped up in these shops, most of whose keepers, themselves *millionaires*, are serfs of Count Scheremetiew, in whose name the business is carried on, since by Russian law no serf can trade. When they began business they were aided by the count's money and credit, and in return they pay an annual poll-tax, in like manner with the serfs who till the ground, and with those who, by their owner's permission, take service in the towns. Five rubles (four or five shillings) was the yearly sum they paid when they first set up their shops. They pay the same, and no more—so Mr Jerrmann assures us—now that they roll in wealth, inhabit sumptuous mansions, and drive in elegant carriages. "By the Russian laws every female serf is free as soon as married to a free man; on the other hand, marriage with a serf entails serfdom on a free woman. On a certain day one of Count Scheremetiew's rich bondsmen appeared before his lord to petition for the freedom of a son. The young man was in love with a poor but free maiden, who returned his affection, but who would not sacrifice her liberty to her love. The father offered eighty thousand rubles as the price of his son's happiness. The count accepted, and desired his vassal to produce the money. In an instant it was paid

over. Letters of emancipation were forthwith drawn up, and the count delivered them to the delighted father, with the words, 'You must let me be the bridesman.' When in this capacity the count had conducted the bride from the altar to her husband's house, and had handed her, according to Russian custom, upon a silver waiter, the first glass of champagne, he presented to her, as a bridal gift, a bouquet of fresh flowers, skilfully arranged round a small packet containing the eighty thousand rubles. It was his pride to have wealthy men as serfs, but their wealth had no attractions for him." Such instances of generosity, there is reason to fear, are not very common amongst Russian serf-owners; and, indeed, Mr Jerrmann intimates as much in his twenty-fourth chapter, headed "Master and Slave," where he exhibits the lamentable condition of those serfs whose spendthrift lords, in that frenzied love of extravagance and display which is innate in the higher classes of Russians, squeeze the very marrow from the bones of their miserable vassals. Of such poor wretches he describes the existence as one of wailing and despair; their dwellings are more like dens of beasts than human abodes; their food is unwholesome; their half-starved bodies are covered with rags. If they contrive, in spite of still recurring exactions, to accumulate a little property, it profits them not. Fearing to be dispossessed of it by their tyrants, they bury it in the ground; and it has often happened, after the death of poor wretches who had led a life of abject poverty, that considerable sums of money belonging to them have been found concealed in cellars, barns, and other hiding-places. As a contrast to this, nothing can surpass the fidelity and devotion of the Russian serf, when his master, by humane treatment, and by some slight show of sympathy and kindness, has inspired him with attachment to his person. For such a master he readily and joyfully sacrifices all he possesses, even to his own life. Mr Jerrmann gives instances of this self-devotion. "In the neighbourhood of Kasan, a landed proprietor, oppressed by debts, was obliged to offer some

villages for sale. As soon as his vassals, to whom he had always been a kind master, were aware of his embarrassments, they held a meeting and subscribed the greater part of their hard-earned savings to relieve their beloved lord from his debts, and keep him as their owner. They asked no bond, no acknowledgment: it was entirely the effect of faithful and sincere attachment." The cruel complications to which the system of serfdom, and the heartlessness of serf-owners, sometimes lead, are strikingly exemplified in the story of a Russian priest, with whom Mr Jerrmann made acquaintance during an excursion near St Petersburg. This priest's father was a serf on an estate near Kasan, and was permitted by the count, his master, to take service in the town, he paying a yearly *abrok* or fine, in lieu of the labour he was bound to perform. He obtained employment in the household of a rich goldsmith, and there occupied his leisure in drawing, for which he had a natural taste. One day he surprised his employer by the exhibition of a beautiful arabesque design. The goldsmith, struck by his ability, released him from his menial duties, and took him as a pupil into his workshop, where his talent, backed by unwearying assiduity, soon converted the dull peasant into a highly skilled artist. Thus he continued until he reached his five-and-twentieth year, when he fell in love with the goldsmith's daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen. She ardently returned his love, and her father consented to their union on one condition, that the serf should become a freeman. This condition could not be complied with. The count obstinately refused to liberate his vassal; all that entreaty could wring from him was the promise that, without absolute necessity, he would not withdraw him from the town. This did not satisfy the old goldsmith; but he could not resist his daughter's tears, and the lovers were united. A year of perfect happiness flew rapidly by; then came the war with France; the bridegroom's younger brother was taken for military service, his father died, and he himself was summoned by his owner to manage the now deserted farm. On his brother's

return from the army he was to be at liberty to go back to Kasan. But his brother never returned, and the poor artist, the cunning worker in gold and silver, was condemned to follow the plough, whilst his free-born wife sat beneath a serf's roof, nursing her infant son. This child was her only consolation in her sadly altered circumstances. She passed her time in dressing and adorning it, and the fame of its beauty spread through the hamlet, till it reached the ears of the countess, who demanded to see the child. The proud mother decked it out like a lamb for the sacrifice, and took it to the castle. The countess was delighted with its beauty, as she might have been with that of a poodle or parrot, and declared her intention to do its parents the honour of adopting it. In vain the mother wept, implored, and raved in despair at the prospect of losing her son. The infant remained upon the countess's lap, the mother was forcibly turned out of the castle.

Brought up in luxury, the boy thought not of the parents he had scarcely known. The count died soon after his adoption, leaving his widow with two sons and a daughter, besides the adopted son and two adopted daughters. The six children grew up together in perfect equality, receiving the same education, sharing the same sports, until the serf's son reached his fifteenth year. At that period the young count fell dangerously ill; the physicians abandoned him, and his despairing mother made a vow that if he recovered she would devote all her adopted children to the church. He did recover; she sent her two adopted daughters to a convent; one took the veil; the other so obstinately refused it, that the superior of the convent sent her back again to the countess, who, furious at her refusal, gave her in marriage to a gamekeeper, a dissolute fellow, who took her away to Moscow. Then came the turn of the goldsmith's son. He had no taste for the priesthood; but what could he do? A serf and the son of a serf, obedience was his only passport to freedom: refusal would condemn him to a life of toil and misery. By consenting, he at least secured his emancipation; for

no serf can be a priest in Russia. He yielded, was received into the church, and it was during his residence at the St Petersburg seminary that Mr Jerermann fell in with him, and heard from his own lips the sad story of his life.

Before quitting the subject of the architecture and public buildings of the Russian capital, Mr Jerermann gives a most interesting account of the burning of the Winter Palace in December 1837. The court were at the Michael's Theatre, where the French company perform, when suddenly an aide-de-camp entered the imperial box and whispered to Prince Wolkonsky, one of the ministers then present. The prince gave him orders, and continued to look quietly on at the performance. Half-an-hour later the aide-de-camp returned, and this time the Prince spoke to the Emperor, who rose, gave his arm to his wife and conducted her to her carriage. The coachman received orders to drive to the Anitchkoff Palace instead of to the Winter Palace. The Emperor mounted a horse that was in waiting for him, and galloped to the Winter Palace. There was a terrible crowd and crushing in the streets; half St Petersburg was on foot; it was as light as day, and flames were roaring up into the sky: the Winter Palace was on fire. When the Emperor got there, the flames were bursting through all the windows. The massive walls still stood firm, as did the gigantic statues that surmounted them, and which passed, blackened but uninjured, through that terrible night; but the whole interior of the palace, with its costly pictures, furniture, and decorations, was evidently doomed.

"The Emperor galloped round the building to look after his sentries. The precaution was not superfluous; on the western side two soldiers were near falling victims to the fire; in the general confusion those whose duty it was had forgotten to relieve them, and there they stood, notwithstanding the terrible heat, musket on shoulder and resigned to their fate. The Emperor relieved them himself, and pressed forward into the palace; with a glance he saw that the whole must soon fall in, and he hastened into the rooms where the danger seemed greatest, to call out the men

who were saving the furniture. At his command everybody fled from the building, with the exception of four workmen who had received orders to save an enormous mirror, and who would not leave the place without it. The Emperor drew his sword, and with one blow of the hilt shivered the glass. Scarcely had the last man passed the threshold, when the roof fell in with a terrible crash. Having satisfied himself that no lives were in danger, Nicholas hurried to the Empress at the Anitchkoff Palace.

"The Empress had recovered from her first alarm. She was tired, and asked, with some uneasiness, where she was to pass the night. Her secretary, the privy-councillor Chambeau, begged permission to conduct her to the sleeping-room that had been hastily prepared for her. There she found, to her great astonishment, through the delicate attention of an attached servant—her sleeping apartment out of the Winter Palace, with its thousand little comforts and conveniences; everything in the same place and order as if it had remained untouched since she last dressed herself. When the fire had reached that wing of the palace, (and it spread with tremendous rapidity,) Chambeau hastened to the boudoir with a dozen servants and muschiks. 'All here belongs to the Empress!' he cried; 'not a thing must be broken!' and in aprons, baskets, pockets, were carried away all those thousand-and-one nicknacks—clocks, vases, boxes and ornaments—without which such a boudoir could not be complete. Without the slightest injury they were conveyed through the flames, and for half-a-league through the heaving throng that filled the streets; and when Chambeau had arranged everything as it was in its former place, the locality alone was changed; all things seemed to stand where they had been left—not a ribband was crumpled nor a sheet of paper soiled. I doubt there being many masters in Germany who are so well and quickly served."

The next day the Emperor returned to the scene of destruction. Within the walls the fire still raged. For some time he gazed mournfully at the blackened remnants of one of the chief ornaments of his capital.

At last he raised his head, passed his hand over his brow, and said cheerfully, "This day year I will sleep in my room in the Winter Palace. Who undertakes the building?" For a moment all recoiled before an undertaking that seemed impossible. Then General Kleinmichael, an aide-de-camp of the Emperor's, stepped forward and said, "I will!" "And the building is to be complete in a year?" asked Nicholas. "Yes, sire." "'Tis good! Now set to work!" An hour later the still burning ruins were being cleared away. The fire was in December 1837; by December 1838 the palace was rebuilt. Three months afterwards it was occupied by the court. Kleinmichael kept his word—but at a heavy price, a price that could be paid only in Russia, for it was at the cost of human life as well as of mountains of gold. Under the Empress Elizabeth the palace had taken eight years to build; Kleinmichael completed it in one. True it is that almost the whole of the masonry resisted the fire, but the whole of the interior had to be reconstructed; and what a task that was! The work went on day and night; there was no pause for meals; the gangs of workmen relieved each other. Festivals were unheeded; the seasons themselves were overcome. To accelerate the work, the building was kept, the winter through, at the excessive temperature of twenty-four to twenty-six degrees Reaumur. Many workmen sank under the heat, and were carried out dead or dying; a painter, who was decorating a ceiling, fell from his ladder, struck with apoplexy. Neither money, health, nor life was spared. The Emperor, who at the time of the conflagration had risked his own life to save the lives of others, knew nothing of the means employed to carry out his will. "In the December of the following year," says Mr Jerrmann, "and in proud consciousness of his power, he entered the resuscitated palace and rejoiced over his work. The whole was constructed on the previous plan, but with some improvements and many embellishments. With the Empress on his arm, and followed by his family, he traversed the apartments of this immense building, completed, in one

year's time, by the labour of thousands of men. He reached the saloon of St George, the largest and most beautiful of all, and the royal family remained there longer than anywhere else, examining the costly gold mouldings of the ceiling, the five colossal bronze chandeliers, and the beautiful relief over the throne, which represents St George slaying the dragon. The Empress was tired, and would have sat down;—*the patron-spirit of Russia prevented her*: as yet there was no furniture in the hall, so she leaned upon the Emperor's arm and walked into the next room, followed by the entire retinue. The last of these had scarcely passed through the door when a thundering crash resounded through the palace, which trembled to its very foundations, and the air was darkened by clouds of dust. The timbers of the ceiling of the saloon of St George had yielded to the weight of the chandeliers; and the whole had fallen in, crushing everything beneath its enormous mass. The saloon, so brilliant a moment before, was a heap of ruins. The splendid palace was again partly destroyed, but the genius of Russia had watched over her destiny—the imperial family were saved!"

Whilst speaking of buildings pertaining to the crown, Mr Jerrmann gives an account of the various imperial establishments for educational purposes. These include military and civil schools—schools for engineers, miners, lawyers, agriculturists—and are under the special protection, and, indeed, under the personal superintendence, of the Emperor, who takes the strongest interest in and frequently visits them. His visits are seldom announced beforehand. Sometimes he rises in the middle of the night from the iron camp-bed upon which he invariably sleeps, gets into his one-horse droschki, and makes a solitary tour of inspection of the different public schools. These investigations are conducted with true military rigour. "The Emperor's first glance on entering the corridor is at the thermometer; and woe betide those who are responsible if it does not stand at the prescribed fourteen degrees. Then he visits all the rooms, to see if there is everywhere light, and if the officers

on duty are vigilant. The beds of the scholars are next examined; the Emperor pulls off the bed-clothes, and, holding a light in one hand, with the other he turns the children from side to side, strictly investigating the cleanliness of the linen, and of their persons." It seems almost inconceivable that idle and malevolent persons have taken the Emperor's nocturnal expeditions as foundation for the wildest and most ridiculous tales, which are often the subject of jest and laughter in the family circle of the Russian court. In proof that these nonsensical fabrications have reached the ears of Nicholas himself, Mr Jerrmann refers to his having one day said to Viscount de Custine, when showing him the pupils of the public schools, whose healthy happy appearance struck every one: "Here are some of the youths of whom I devour a few every week;" and Count Orloff, who just then came up and was presented to Custine, announced himself as "the famous poisoner."

Having thus incidentally alluded to M. de Custine, Mr Jerrmann launches forth into a diatribe against his book on Russia, ridiculing his pretensions to depict the political and social circumstances of a country to whose language and usages he was a total stranger, and which he had never visited previously to that residence of three short months, in which he pretended to have collected materials for two large octavo volumes. Three months, says Mr Jerrmann, filled with visits, balls, concerts, theatres, parades, court festivals, and the like. "Had the noble viscount passed his days in the streets and squares, in the public buildings, markets, taverns, and coffee-houses; and if, in the evening, instead of visiting brilliant *soirées*, he had sat down with his *dwornik*, (an upper servant,) and made him talk about the mode of life, the joys and sufferings of the Russian people, he would have learned much more that was true and worth knowing than in the *côteries* he frequented, and which took advantage of his thoroughly French love of gossip to impose upon him all sorts of ridiculous fables." The great temporary success and popularity of M. de Custine's book are attributed by Mr Jerrmann

to the strong prejudices then existing in Europe against Russia. "The work reached the Emperor's hands, and accident threw a copy in my way, in which he had made red marks against the most striking passages. Whether the malice of some of these vexed him I know not; but I think I can answer, of my own knowledge, for his having often heartily laughed at the nonsense and many absurdities the book contains." In his double capacity of a foreign actor of note, and of a man of ability and education, Mr Jerrmann seems to have made his way into good society at St Petersburg. We do not mean that he frequented the balls and drawing-rooms which he blames M. de Custine for making his habitual haunts, but that he enjoyed the acquaintance, and even the intimacy, of many persons of note and intelligence, whose conversation must greatly have aided him in forming his estimate of Russian men and things. He had also a sort of access to the court, with some of whose officers he frequently dined; and he gives an amusing account, in his chapter headed "Eating and Drinking," of the arrangements of the imperial table. Some years ago, it appears, the Empress of all the Russias took it into her head to look into the state of her housekeeping. She ordered the daily reports of expenditure to be brought to her, and found, in the first she took up, the following rather singular item:—A bottle of rum for the *Naslednik*, (heir to the crown.) This struck her as strange, and excited her curiosity to look further back; but what was her astonishment when, for years past, she found a bottle of rum set down every day to the account of the *Naslednik*. Shocked to find her son such a confirmed drinker, she continued her investigations, and found that, even in his infancy, he had made the same enormous consumption of spirits—that in his cradle, and on the very day of his birth, he was still charged with the daily bottle. And on referring back to before his birth, the bottle was still put down. This was inexplicable. Continuing her researches, however, the Empress at last got to the first bottle. It was set down in some year of the last century, and the following note was

on the margin :—" On account of violent toothache, a teaspoonful with sugar to be given; by order of the physician of the imperial court." So, because the Emperor Alexander, when heir-apparent, had taken a teaspoonful of rum for a toothache, a bottle had ever since been daily drawn from the imperial cellar, and nominally consumed by him and his successors. This was rather too strong, and led to further investigations; and the Empress informed her husband of the discoveries she had made. He read and calculated and cyphered, and at last exclaimed, " If this goes on, I shall have to pledge my lands in order to pay for my table. An end must be put to this—*I will put myself out to board.*" And no sooner said than done. Next day the imperial kitchen existed no longer. A liberal contract was entered into for the board of the whole imperial household: a great economy was effected, everybody was better fed, and all were content save cooks and butlers.

Even the smallest glimpses of the private character and habits of so remarkable a man as Nicholas of Russia, cannot but have their interest. The chapter entitled "The Imperial Family," comprises several pleasing traits of *bonhomie* and kindly feeling in the Emperor. "He considers himself," says Mr Jerrold, "as the first servant of the State, and likes to make those around him observe this. If a party of pleasure be proposed, he 'will join it if the service permits.' To a favoured but weary official, who asked to retire on a pension, he replied, '*So long as I serve, you also, I hope, will not refuse your services to your country.*' The days he passes in his country palace of Peterhof are his time of relaxation from this '*service.*' Every hour of them is spent in the bosom of his family. Invested with crown and sceptre, he inspires respect and admiration;—behold him in his domestic circle, and one cannot help loving him. . . . At Peterhof I often met the Emperor walking alone in the park and gardens. There he puts himself at his ease; lays aside sword, uniform, and epaulets, and rambles about in a sur-tout and forage-cap. In his capital,

where he is 'on service,' he never appears otherwise than in uniform; even in the coldest weather he wears only a cloth cloak, like any other officer. I never saw him in a fur coat, nor do I believe that he has one. In the metropolis his appearance is quite unassuming; he walks about the Newsky unattended, and his presence is only to be noticed by the joyful movement of the crowd. None are allowed to address him; and although it were most agreeable to him if he could with propriety be left unnoticed, yet he exacts due respect from those by whom he knows that he is recognised. He once stopped opposite to two young men belonging to one of the imperial schools, who were staring him in the face, and asked why they did not salute him. One of them maintained a terrified silence; the other plucked up courage, and replied, 'We do not know you!' 'No matter;' replied the Emperor, 'you see that I wear a general's uniform; go, both of you, to the Winter Palace, and report yourselves to the guard as under arrest. There you will find out who I am, and will know it for the future.' With throbbing hearts the young men obeyed orders, and augured little good from the unfriendly reception of the officer on guard. The guard had their dinner; nobody heeded the prisoners. Several hours passed, still they were kept fasting. They had just received a harsh refusal to their humble petition to be allowed to send out for a loaf, when one of the imperial servants entered with a dinner from the Emperor's table, and a bottle of champagne. For that day, he told them, they were the guests of the Emperor, who requested them to drink his health, and not to forget in future to salute when they met him, as he could not afford to invite them to dinner every day." Once the Emperor met Vernet, the French comic actor, in the street, and stopped to speak to him. He had no sooner walked on again than the police came up, and conveyed Vernet to the nearest guard-house for speaking to the Emperor. Vernet might easily have obtained his release, by sending a line to the director of the theatre, but he delayed doing this

until the time of performance arrived, and then took things so leisurely in his dressing-room, that he made the audience wait, and was ill received. He acted with more spirit and humour than ever; so much so, that the Emperor, who had laughed exceedingly at his performance, and wished to console his favourite for his bad reception, went behind the scenes between the acts, spoke to him in the most friendly manner, and asked if he could not do him a pleasure in return for all the amusement he had afforded him. "Sire," replied the actor, "the greatest favour you can do me is never to accost me again in the street." The Emperor looked astonished; General Gedeonoff, the director of the theatre, (who had just fined Vernet three hundred francs for being too late,) changed colour. Vernet proceeded to relate, in humorous strain, his adventure with the police, and concluded by pointing to the General, and saying, "Sire, to complete my misfortune, I am fined three hundred francs." The Emperor, convulsed with laughter, hurried back to his box to tell the story to the Empress, and next day Vernet received the receipt for the fine, paid out of the imperial purse, and, in his Majesty's name, a costly diamond-ring as *dommages intérêts*. This anecdote is one of several examples, scattered through Mr Jerrmann's book, of the absurdly literal interpretation of the laws by the Russian police. Like the sentinels who would have perished by fire under the walls of the Winter Palace, the police of St Petersburg know nothing but the letter of the law. Terrible consequences have sometimes ensued from this blind respect for routine. Some years ago the performances of the pantomime company of the German Lehman were the chief attraction of the Maslinissa, the greatest and most thoroughly national festival of the Russians, which occurs in the last week of the Carnival. There was a perfect rage for these pantomimes; all Petersburg flocked to see them; and although they were repeated every two hours, the temporary theatre in which they were played, upon the Admiralty Square, was continually filled to

suffocation. During one of the morning performances, whilst the pit was in full glee and uproar of delight, the harlequin suddenly rushed upon the stage, and exclaimed, "Fire! *sauve qui peut!*" The announcement was received with a general burst of laughter at what was taken for a stupid joke. The misapprehension was fatal, for it shortened the brief space during which escape was possible; in a few moments the flames burst out from behind the scenes; the wooden building was in a blaze. The audience, wild with terror, rushed to the doors; unfortunately these opened *inwards*, and the pressure of the frantic throng closed them as effectually as iron bars and bolts. Exit was impossible. Outside, a workman, who had assisted in the building of the theatre, stepped forth from the crowd and called for an axe, declaring that he knew every joint of the boards and beams, and could quickly open a passage for the imprisoned audience. But the *budschnik* or policeman on duty would not permit this to be done till his superiors came to decide upon the matter. At last urgent necessity overcame every other consideration, the punctilious police agent was pushed aside, several men seized axes, and soon a large opening was made in the side of the building. A dense cloud of smoke made the crowd recoil, and when it had cleared away a horrible spectacle presented itself. In closely packed masses, sat men, women, and children, apparently still gazing at the stage, which was a sheet of flame. Rescue had come too late; the sudden smoke, filling the crowded building, had stifled the entire audience: not one was saved.

Nothing that he saw in Russia more strongly excited Mr Jerrmann's indignation than the gross abuses in the administration of justice, and in the department of police. "Justice and police," he says, "are the scandal of the Russian empire." Shameful corruption prevails amongst officials of every grade. The laws themselves he considers not only well adapted to the spirit and character of the people, but also for the most part humane—far more so than accords with popular notions of Russian

had so talismanic an effect, and with whom Mr Jerrmann had invented an intimacy for the sake of his plate-chest, is the minister of the home department, appointed by Nicholas with the express aim of checking the corruption prevalent amongst Russian officials. Mr Jerrmann declares him admirably qualified for the Herculean labour, but fears to speak too confidently of his chances of success, even if he should escape the countless intrigues and cabals organised against him by the thousand-headed monster he has to combat. He has the support of the Emperor, however, and the cordial good wishes of the people, who are the gainers by his zealous labours. His personal exertions are described by Mr Jerrmann as extraordinary and unremitting. "Disguised, and with a long false beard, he went about to shops and stalls, purchasing sugar, meat, and butter, and checking the weight of his purchases. Many shops were closed, but the housewives of St Petersburg rejoiced at the augmentation of weight and measure. To prove to the administration of the police what venal officers were to be found in its ranks, he once sent for its chief, and communicated to him information he had received, that every night, in a particular house, prohibited games of chance were played. He asked for two of the most trustworthy officers, and sent them at night to the house in question. It was surrounded, and the two agents went up stairs to the apartment that had been indicated to them. There they found a party of six or eight gentlemen, seated at a round table, in the full enjoyment of a game at *faro*, and with heaps of gold before them. Caught in *flagranti*, the disconcerted gamblers were about to be conveyed to the guard-house, when one of them managed to make the two police tyrants understand that "*écarté*," which they had just been playing, was a very harmless amusement; that the pile of gold upon the table was no evidence against them; that they were in the habit of playing this game—which was one of skill, not of chance—for very high sums; and, to prove this assertion, he offered to play a game at *écarté* with each of the police agents, at a thousand

rubles a game. The agents accepted the offer, as well as the thousand rubles, took themselves off, and next morning the chief of the district reported to the minister that the visit to the suspected house had produced no other result than the discovery of a party of gentlemen harmlessly amusing themselves with a friendly game at cards. Perowsky sent for the two police agents, heard their report from their own mouths, and then, turning to their chief, who was present, "Learn," he said, "what dependence you can place on the men in whom you confide, and who should be the guardians of the public welfare." And, opening a side door, he disclosed to the astonished officials the gamblers of the night before, sitting round the same green table, in the same order, and engaged in the same prohibited game.

The entire system of public service and administration in Russia is based upon the principle of responsibility, pushed to its very utmost limits, and to an extent that is at once cruel and demoralising. The advantage of the State is preferred to every other consideration; and so long as the end is attained, the means are too often disregarded. Every official is an absolute sovereign so far as his responsibility extends. On the other hand, the faults of his subordinates are visited upon him. A mutiny in a company dishonours its captain; a nail in a horse's foot may lose an equerry his place; the defalcation of a clerk is the ruin of the chief of his division. "A groom in Germany, no matter in how good condition were his horses, would be severely blamed or punished if convicted of having made away with even the smallest portion of their corn, or of having neglected to litter them well down; on the other hand, he is not answerable for their sickness or death if he can show that it has not arisen from neglect of his. In Russia it is very different: there he may give his horses brick-bats for straw, and May-flies instead of oats, so long as they look and work well; on the other hand, their sickness or death are *his* fault, though twenty physicians certified the contrary. How far this

principle is a good one I will not investigate; what is certain is, that it leads to the desired end. An officer of my acquaintance was travelling in charge of horses belonging to the Emperor. The man has one of the best and kindest hearts under the sun, and yet he confessed to me that often, in bad weather, when he took up his night's quarters in a village, and no straw was to be obtained, he had the thatch taken off the peasants' cottages. 'It grieved me,' he said, 'to see the rain pouring into the people's beds, but my horses must have dry litter; my responsibility was at stake.' I was glad the houses were covered with straw instead of tiles, for I firmly believe that, in the latter case, he would have taken the villagers' bedding to lay under his horses. Yet, I repeat it, this was an excellent man; but he was a Russian, and the Russian knows nothing superior to the word 'SERVICE.' The same officer assured me, that, during his whole journey, so long as he was on Russian ground, he never paid a kopeck for anything. Every morning the mayor or burgomaster of the place brought him a receipt for what he had consumed, but steadfastly refused the money. This was assuredly out of no love for either the Emperor's horses or the officer; it was out of fear of the consequences of accepting payment. In like manner, in all Russia, no postmaster will take money from a cabinet courier. He prefers losing the posting to risking having his horses driven to death. The government will never think of calling officer or courier to account for non-payment; their responsibility extends only to the safe and punctual delivery of horses and dispatches." The atrocious evils of such a system are too obvious to require comment. One of its most curious and harmless exemplifications is to be found in the mode of remounting the cavalry. The Russian cavalry, at the present day, is said to be some of the finest in the world. A glowing eulogium on its admirable qualities is contained in one of Mr Jerromann's earliest chapters, entitled, "A Military Review," where he particularly notices the beauty and uniformity of the horses. It is usual, every spring, for the

Emperor to review some eighty thousand men upon the Champ de Mars at St Petersburg. "One sees whole regiments of dragoons mounted on great strong black horses, all exactly the same height, without a single white hair, and so much alike as to be scarcely distinguishable from each other. The same is the case with other regiments, which ride all brown or all chestnut horses; and I saw the same in a hussar regiment, mounted, to a man, on dapple greys." Where such exact uniformity of colour and height, and such perfection of form, are required—and even in the line regiments, where they are less particular—it is no easy matter to purchase horses at regulation prices, which in Russia are very low. "For a hussar horse I think the allowance is four hundred rubles banco, and for a dragoon horse five hundred; but I am not sure of these figures, nor are they of the least importance, for whatever is paid is notoriously not a third of the real value. Colonels of regiments set their pride upon their troop horses, and yet do not contribute a doit from their own pockets towards purveying good ones. The way the thing is done is this: The richest and most ambitious of the young officers are sent upon remount-duty. These young men make it a point of honour to execute this duty in a brilliant manner, and to earn the favour and good opinion of their chiefs; and so it often happens that a young subaltern expends, out of his pocket, a sum equivalent to a small fortune, paying fifteen hundred, instead of five hundred rubles, for every horse—sacrificing forty or fifty thousand rubles, and half ruining himself to enjoy the fame of having brought a good remount. If he be so rich that he can afford to despise the government allowance, he throws the helve after the hatchet, and pays the whole price himself; the colonel recompenses him with his esteem, and has made an 'economy.'" *Economy*, in Russia, be it observed, is the classical term for embezzlement. The insufficient allowance, despised by the wealthy subaltern, goes into the colonel's pocket; the said colonel being not unfrequently in the habit of consuming a portion of his troopers' forage in

the shape of hard cash. No matter; he has fine horses in his ranks, and they are in excellent condition; further than that, no one troubles himself to inquire. All these are unquestionably gross abuses, but they are part of a system which it would be not only hazardous, but impossible to upset in a day. It is Mr Jerrmann's opinion, that none of its vices escape the penetrating eye of Russia's present ruler, and that he unremittingly toils at the great task of its amendment.

For a specimen of the singular action of the "responsibility" system upon the minds and moral perceptions even of upright and honourable men—showing how it perverts their views of true justice, and makes them prefer the profit of the State to every other consideration, we turn to the fourteenth chapter of this most desultory book for an anecdote of Cancrin, the famous Russian finance-minister. One of his spies—no branch of the Russian administration is without these—brought him intelligence that a receiver-general of the revenue had misappropriated large sums of money. In most countries the natural consequence of such a denunciation would be an immediate investigation of the accused person's accounts. Cancrin did nothing of the sort. He went into his office, and called out aloud to a secretary, who sat at the further end of the hall, "to give notice to those officials whom it concerned, that upon that day week there would be a general inspection of all the public money-chests of the metropolis." Of course the defaulter was informed of this within the hour. Off he ran to Jew and Turk, and borrowed for a few days the amount of his deficiencies. The week elapsed, and the inspection began. The finance-minister came himself to the accused person; his books were checked, and the balance they exhibited was compared with the state of the treasury. Thanks to his money-lending friends, the amounts coincided to a kopeck. With a well-pleased glance Cancrin had the money restored to its iron coffer, locked it with his own hand, and—put the key into his pocket. An hour afterwards the receiver-general received his dismissal. Thus he escaped

Siberia, justice was cheated, and several innocent persons—perhaps honest men, who had been eager to oblige and serve him—were defrauded of their money. But the State lost nothing, and the minister saved his "responsibility."

On the banks of the Neva, hard-bound with ice, the winter-traveller to St Petersburg is greeted, at its entrance, by the merry songs of a crowd of washerwomen, pursuing their chilly avocation through holes cut in the iron covering of the stream. There they are, the year round, in the parching summer (hotter at St Petersburg than in many southern lands) as in the depth of winter, gay and light-hearted at their often painful toil. But Russian cheerfulness strikes every traveller. Mr Jerrmann particularly notices it. The Russian of the lower class is decidedly a singing animal. Aided by his song and his *wodka* (Russian brandy) he gaily supports incredible hardships and fatigues. Naturally lazy, he would gladly pass his life singing, drinking, and sleeping. But, when spurred by necessity, nothing can exceed his fortitude and powers of endurance. As an illustration of this view of the Russian character, Mr Jerrmann glides off into a characteristic and clever sketch of a most important personage in the imperial household.

"Observe," he says, "yonder stately, six-foot high, comfortably full-bodied man, with his round face and still rounder beard, in the kaftan of fine green cloth, and the square cap of red velvet trimmed with fur. The man's habitual mode of life is the most comfortable imaginable; the *dolce far niente* is his profession, and only from time to time has he to make certain superhuman exertions. That is the Emperor's *body-coachman*! Off duty, he lives like a lord of the land. You probably imagine that the coachman's natural residence is the stable! but—to err is human!—our charioteer has never seen the stable since he received his last appointment. Whether the carriages be in good condition, the horses fat or lean, the harness suitable—he troubles not his head. Even as a chamberlain approaches the Emperor with the words, 'Sire, the carriage

is at the door!' so does a coachman of the second class present himself before the great chief of the stable-department and say, 'Alexei Iwanowitsch, the horses are put to!' Then the comely man with the beard rises from his chair, empties his glass, and descends deliberately into the courtyard; there a groom offers him his arm, leaning upon which he gently attains the coach box, settles himself comfortably, and nods. At that nod the reins are handed to him, he winds them round his hands, stretches out both arms straight before him, settles himself firmly against the box—he neither can nor will sit—and, proud as the Emperor on his throne, he drives off. It might really be said that he does his work without moving hands or feet; the latter he hardly can move, for he is firmly planted upon them, and of the motion of the former you are not aware, for he guides the fiery horses with the pressure of the little finger. It is only out of affectation that, when he suddenly pulls up, he throws his body backwards, clasping both arms to his breast, like a person swimming. After a half-hour's drive he returns home; the Emperor alights, and he drives to the courtyard. A groom runs to the horses' heads, another helps him off the box, he throws the reins to a coachman, and walks away. His day's work is done. He has driven the Emperor, that is the whole of his duty. For that he has officer's rank, several thousand rubles of salary, and lives in clover. But the medal has its reverse; for it may happen that the Emperor, on getting into his carriage, instead of bidding him drive to Kamina-Ostrow, gives the word 'to Moscow;' and, just as he would have driven seven versts, in the one case, so he drives 726½ versts in the other, without pause or refreshment, without closing an eye or leaving his box. At certain distances along the whole road there are little houses built as halting-places for the Emperor Alexander; but Nicholas does not use them; he seldom alights till he reaches Moscow, and, the changes of horses being effected with lightning-swiftness, the coachman has hardly time to toss off a glass of *wodka*. At every post a

fresh postillion gets upon the box with him; but the most the postillion is allowed to do is to urge on the horses; the reins never leave the coachman's hand, and thus he gets over the *one hundred and four German miles*, standing, with outstretched arms, without food, his attention unceasingly upon the strain, exposed to every possible variety of temperature—on the box of the carriage with twenty-four degrees of heat, and on that of the sledge with as many of cold. It has happened that, on his arrival in Moscow, he was unable to leave his box; four men lifted him off, he was perfectly stiff, his eyes were starting from his head, he had to be bled and put in a bath, before his stiffened limbs and strained nerves resumed life and suppleness. No German could endure such enormous fatigue; the Russian endures it with ease, when he *must*, *he* who would do nothing his whole life long if he *might*."

A minute and curious observer, Mr Jerrmann has the faculty that would enable him to write interesting sketches of any country in which he were for some time resident. We will now follow him to his own particular ground—the stage. He devotes a long chapter to the St Petersburg theatres, a shorter one to "concerts," and a third to "Henrietta Sontag." Towards the close of September the St Petersburgers flock into town from their summer retreats; in the course of October the court and highest aristocracy also return to the capital, and then begins the theatrical season. The Emperor goes to the theatre every day to one theatre or to another, especially to the French. This stands in opposition to the policy, especially to the French, and was a birth of the Emperor's. Its exterior is not so fine as that of the French. The notion of the Emperor is that in the palace of the Emperor of the first.

the others. The German company perform in it on *off-nights*, but with much less success, as Mr Jerrmann regretfully acknowledges, than their French rivals. On the occasion of his benefit the court was present; the theatre, he assures us, was in a better state at that time than it had been for years previously; the Emperor expressed his satisfaction, and sent him civil messages and a diamond ring, but he did not revisit the theatre. The same thing occurred when Emile Devrient, an actor justly celebrated in Germany, went to perform at St Petersburg. He performed at the palace at Peterhof—once, and no more. The French company performed there every week. In like manner the Italian opera has completely eclipsed that of Germany. In the spring of 1842 General Gedeonoff was appointed director of the imperial theatres. This was the death-warrant of the German opera. In the autumn of the same year he inducted a brilliant Italian company into the spacious Camino-Theatro, the largest theatre in St Petersburg, previously occupied by the Russian and German operas. To make room for the southern intruders, the Germans were sent to Moscow. They never recovered the blow, nor returned to St Petersburg, where the Italians, after acting experimentally for two years, were finally installed for a permanency. Their immense success endures to the present day, and Mr Jerrmann predicts their long and brilliant popularity. The triumphs of some of the great singers can hardly, he says, be described with mere words. "Only those persons who have witnessed the enthusiasm of Spanish and Italian audiences, can form an idea of them. Above all, Rubini, although he then possessed but *the tradition of his voice*, and the admirable Viardot Garcia, were the heroes of the day. The first was appointed singer to the imperial chamber, and Prince Wolkonsky himself was present in the Winter Palace at the ceremony of his investiture with the uniform of that post. At his benefit a golden laurel-wreath was thrown upon the stage, and at Garcia's benefit such a rain of flowers around her that she literally

waded through them, and they had to be carried off the stage in great wash-baskets. Bearing in mind that this was in February, when in St Petersburg a rose costs twenty rubles, and a handsome garland or bouquet eighty to a hundred rubles, I shall not be exceeding the truth if I say that on that day a fortune faded on the singer's bosom. Could there be a more characteristic trait of the luxury and extravagance of the Petersburgers?" The uproar of applause lasted half-an-hour, during which time Madame Viardot had to appear at least twenty times upon the stage; and Mr Jerrmann declares, from actual observation, that at the end of this almost unparalleled theatrical triumph, many of the great singer's frantic admirers, who had shouted lustily and sonorously at the fall of the curtain, were unable to raise their voices above a whisper. After exciting such enthusiasm as this, no wonder that foreign musicians complain of the apathetic and discouraging coldness of English audiences, which they attribute to the want of a taste for music, whereas in reality there are few countries where good music will obtain more eager listeners and such high prices. St Petersburg, however, is notoriously the paradise of opera-singers. There the Italian opera is still a novelty, and lavish generosity to those who minister to their pleasures is a Russian characteristic. In the year 1840, General Gedeonoff, on the recommendation of Countess Rossi, sent for Madame Czecca, who had formerly given instruction in singing to that distinguished artist, and installed her as chief of the singing department in the great theatrical school at St Petersburg, with a salary of four thousand rubles. For St Petersburg this appeared very poor pay. But it was the least part of the value of the appointment. All the wealthy Russian aristocracy desired to have their daughters taught by her who had taught Sontag, and her lessons were sought at extravagant prices. Once she went to the house of the Countess Scheremetiew rather after the appointed time, and pleaded, by way of apology, that owing to the very bad weather, she had had to wait

for a hackney coach. Upon the day fixed for the next lesson an elegant carriage went to fetch her, and when it had taken her home again, the coachman begged to know where he should put it up. Two lines from Countess Scheremetiew begged her kind acceptance of "this little present." Who would not give singing lessons in St Petersburg? But not every music mistress is as fortunate as Madame Czecca. She was indebted for her favourable reception to the gratitude of the amiable ambassadress, her former pupil, who not only recommended her, but sang at a public concert for her benefit. "This would have been nothing for Mademoiselle Sontag; for the Countess Rossi, in the midst of the high Russian aristocracy, and of their haughty prejudices, it was an incredible deal. The concert was the most brilliant of the season, and its net receipts were fourteen thousand rubles." Mr Jerrmann proceeds to sketch an interview that occurred after this concert between the Countess and Madame Czecca, and another scene between Madame de Rossi and an Armenian merchant, a passionate lover of music, who had come all the way from Charkow to hear her sing. This, the eighteenth chapter of the *Bilder*, has little to do with St Petersburg. Its chief object seems to be to prove, what has been often hinted, that Madame Sontag was never quite consoled by rank and high station for the cessation of her theatrical triumphs, and that it cost her less than might have been supposed to replace for a while the countess's coronet by that artist's wreath, which to her, almost from her infancy, has ever been a crown of laurel.

Concerts in St Petersburg have a short but busy season. Throughout the whole winter a concert is a thing almost unheard of, until Lent arrives. Then the theatres are closed, dancing-music is forbidden, and concerts are the rage. There are often half-a-dozen in a day. They begin at noon, and last till late at night. It is nothing unusual for a person to go to two or three in one day. In January 1842 Liszt visited St Petersburg, travelling more like a prince than a pianist, with two carriages and four, secretary, valet, chasseur, and other

attendants. All Petersburg was up at arms. Count Wilkowsky, one of the first and most liberal patrons of music in the Russian capital, sent a courier to meet him and offer him quarters at his hotel. The unassuming musician declined, preferring solitude and seclusion. Apartments were engaged for him at an hotel; for three days previously to his arrival, the streets leading to it were blockaded by the concourse of his admirers. At last he came, and gave twelve concerts, which yielded him some twenty thousand rubles each. When he left St Petersburg, his popularity was as great as ever; the whole town raved in his praise. He should never have returned. The public of St Petersburg is the most capricious in the world. Doubtless ignorant of this, or confident in his genius, he revisited the Russian capital the following year. He played as well as the year before—if anything, with still greater perfection; but, for some inexplicable reason, none cared about him. As Mr Jerrmann expresses it, "*ce n'étoit qu'un artiste de plus.*" But Russians are always in extremes. Like their climate they are all fire or all ice. The quality in which they (at least the higher classes) appear most consistent, is their unbounded extravagance. The twenty-ruble roses showered upon Viardot were but a trifling example of this, unworthy to be named in the same day with other instances scattered through the *Sketches*. Some of these instances are cited *à propos* of the foundling hospital, the most magnificent and richly endowed of the public institutions of St Petersburg. Amongst other sources of revenue, it enjoys the monopoly of playing cards. The duty on these is very high; their consumption is enormous, and attributable partly to the long winter evenings—nearly nine months out of the twelve—partly to Russian fondness for play, but chiefly to luxury and waste. "In the higher circles, a pack of cards serves but for one game of ombre, whist, &c.; and even in the better sort of clubs, new cards are taken after every third game. In Germany such extravagance would astonish; it gives but a faint idea of the luxury prevailing in Russia—although this is but a pale shadow of that which

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medley of facts, anecdotes, and traditions. After visiting three palaces, and dismissing them with brief notice, he enters an unpretending little house which Russian veneration for a great sovereign has covered with a wooden casket, to protect it from decay. There dwelt Peter the Great, when superintending the building of his capital. His chamber is scrupulously preserved in the same state as during his life. There are his bedstead, some of his tools, his iron ruler, his writing materials, and some fragments of his clothing. Everything that belonged to him is held sacred by his descendants, in grateful memory of the benefits he conferred on his country. His room has been converted into a chapel. At an altar, whose plainness accords with the simplicity of the apartment, two masses are daily said. An old inn is shown in the neighbourhood, built upon the same spot where formerly stood the little tavern in which Peter and Menzikoff drank the Dutch ambassador under the table. Hard by stands a monument of Peter's energy and skill; the citadel, built of granite, after a plan of his drawing. In the church pertaining to it are preserved the banners and keys of conquered towns; those of Warsaw, Oczakoff, Ismael, and Derbent, taking the first places; and there are also kept the bread and salt which the chief magistrate of Warsaw presented, with the city keys, to Suwarrow, in token of the entire subjection of Poland. In a casemate of the fortress, converted into a state prison, prince Alexis, son of Peter I., ended his days, after his condemnation as a rebel. And there, in 1771, perished the princess Tarakanoff, and all the other state prisoners there confined, in consequence of an overflow of the Neva. "Since those days the state of morals in Russia has greatly improved, even amongst the very lowest classes, and manners and habits have become milder and more humane. In the year 1776, out of 4369 deaths in St Petersburg, 113 persons were found dead—murdered, there could be no doubt. What a difference between then and now. Modern writers certainly warn us of the insecurity of the streets in the long winter evenings;

even Kohl, who wrote only eleven years ago about St Petersburg, sees a candidate for the cemetery in every sledge that crosses the Neva after nightfall; but such expressions are the mere results of preconceived notions or exaggerated apprehensions. It has happened to me to return home from Wassilije-Ostrow at every hour of the night, and in every season of the year, and I never found cause for the least uneasiness." St Petersburg, Mr Jerrmann thinks, is nearly or quite as safe of nights as Berlin itself. Of the corpses occasionally found in the streets of the former capital, many are erroneously supposed to be the result of violence, when in reality drunkenness was the cause of the deaths. A nap in the streets on a December night is inevitably fatal, in a climate where sentries, enveloped in thick furs, and relieved every hour, sometimes die upon their posts, as happens nearly every winter at Kronstadt. Occasionally, too; a loiterer may be attacked by wolves, although Mr Jerrmann protests against those highly-coloured descriptions of Mr Kohl's, "according to which one might be led to suppose that in every summer-house round St Petersburg, the bears and wolves run about as plentifully as puppies and poodles in German country places. All this belongs to the class of exceptions—nay, so great is the scarcity of wolves at St Petersburg, that when the court on one occasion, to pleasure a foreign prince, got up a wolf-hunt, the witty prince, when the chase was ended, expressed great surprise at the singular breed of the slain savage, round whose neck the hair was rubbed off, *exactly as if he had worn a collar*." If, in Russia, the poor are more exposed than the rich to death from frost, this is only an indirect consequence of the cold—a more direct one of their love of brandy—for even the very poorest has at least a sheepskin. The better classes wear furs that resist a cold of twenty or more degrees in the open country. They are costly—Mr Jerrmann paid nearly fifty pounds for one—but they last a long time; and when he left St Petersburg, the furrier willingly took his back, after three years' wear, at a very trifling reduction of price.

"A sort of fur that is much prized in Russia, but not very universally worn, perhaps on account of its great costliness, is called *baranken*, and is composed of the skins of unborn lambs. The mother has to be killed shortly before lambing time, when the wool of the lamb should be silky, and have a silvery lustre. Thus it often happens that a great many ewes are sacrificed before enough lambskins are got together (of sufficiently fine quality) to make a fur coat. This explains the high price. These skins come from Persia, Bucharest, and the land of the Calmuck. Formerly they were believed to be a vegetable product—the *Scythian sheep*, as it was called, concerning which so many fables were current. The Tartars, who deal in these skins, still vouch for the story, and demand enormous prices on account of the scarcity of their growth. The legend of this *plant* is current all over Russia. Its origin may be traced to Bell Von Amermony, who discovered, in the steppes of Astracan, certain dry shrubs, with stems eighteen inches high, surmounted by a cluster of sharp thorny leaves, in whose shade neither plants nor grass would grow. Hereupon was founded the legend of an animal-plant, with seeds like those of a melon, and with fruit in the likeness of a lamb, growing upon a stem five spans from the ground. The taste of this lamb's flesh was like that of a crab. It was fixed firmly to the stem at the navel or middle of the belly; it had head, eyes, and all the other parts of a lamb, and lived until the root had consumed all the surrounding grass and plants, when it dried up for want of nourishment. Wolves and other beasts of prey sought it as a great delicacy. From its skin were made costly turbans, caps, muffs, &c. All the writers of travels in Russia during the sixteenth and seventeenth centu-

ries relate these fables; even botanists, like Reutenfels, Struys, and others. Kämpfer and Bruce first discovered, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, that the *baranken* are the skins of unborn lambs, and were not a little surprised to find, at that date, the belief in the lamb-plant general throughout Russia, a belief which even at the present day is not quite extinct in some parts of the empire. The pretended plant was called *Baranez*, (a lamb,) whence the name of the fur, *baranken*."

Persons familiar with Mr Shaw's translation of that singular Russian novel, *The Heretic*, will remember the effective use there made of the fable of the mandrake. These wild legends of strange animals appear to have formerly been very prevalent in Russia. Mr Jerrmann mentions another concerning a great fish called *morff* or *mors*.

"The naturalist Mihow first related that this fish was wont to leave the Northern Ocean and ascend the mountains in the neighbourhood of the Arctic, working his way up by digging his great teeth into the earth. When he reached the top of the mountains, he rolled down the other side. Of the teeth of this pretended fish were made knife and dagger hafts, sword hilts, &c., which were sold at very high prices to the Turks and Tartars. The belief in this fable was supported in Russia by writers till the middle of the seventeenth century. Negebauer describes the sea-monster *mors* in such a manner that, notwithstanding the walk up the mountains, there is no difficulty in recognising the sea-horse of the icy ocean."

We close Mr Jerrmann's picture-book without further comment, but with warm commendation of one of the most amusing German volumes that for some time past has come in our way.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

LEONARD and Helen settled themselves in two little chambers in a small lane. The neighbourhood was dull enough — the accommodation humble; but their landlady had a smile. That was the reason, perhaps, why Helen chose the lodgings: a smile is not always found on the face of a landlady when the lodger is poor. And out of their windows they caught sight of a green tree, an elm, that grew up fair and tall in a carpenter's yard at the rear. That tree was like another smile to the place. They saw the birds come and go to its shelter; and they even heard, when a breeze arose, the pleasant murmur of its boughs.

Leonard went the same evening to Captain Digby's old lodgings, but he could learn there no intelligence of friends or protectors for Helen. The people were rude and surly, and said that the Captain still owed them £1, 17s. The claim, however, seemed very disputable, and was stoutly denied by Helen. The next morning Leonard set off in search of Dr Morgan. He thought his best plan was to inquire the address of the Doctor at the nearest chemist's, and the chemist civilly looked into the *Court Guide*, and referred him to a house in Bulstrode Street, Manchester Square. To this street Leonard contrived to find his way, much marvelling at the meanness of London: Screwtown seemed to him the handsomer town of the two.

A shabby man-servant opened the door, and Leonard remarked that the narrow passage was choked with boxes, trunks, and various articles of furniture. He was shown into a small room, containing a very large round table, whereon were sundry works on homœopathy, Parry's *Cymbrian Plutarch*, Davies' *Celtic Researches*, and a Sunday newspaper. An engraved portrait of the illustrious Hahnemann

occupied the place of honour over the chimneypiece. In a few minutes the door to an inner room opened, and Dr Morgan appeared, and said politely, "Come in, sir."

The Doctor seated himself at a desk, looked hastily at Leonard, and then at a great chronometer lying on the table. "My time's short, sir—going abroad; and now that I am going, patients flock to me. Too late. London will repent its apathy. Let it!"

The Doctor paused majestically, and, not remarking on Leonard's face the consternation he had anticipated, he repeated peevishly — "I am going abroad, sir, but I will make a synopsis of your case, and leave it to my successor. Hum! Hair chestnut; eyes—what colour? Look this way—blue, dark blue. Hem! Constitution nervous. What are the symptoms?"

"Sir," began Leonard, "a little girl—"

DR MORGAN, (impatiently.) — "Little girl! Never mind the history of your sufferings; stick to the symptoms—stick to the symptoms."

LEONARD. — "You mistake me, Doctor; I have nothing the matter with me. A little girl—"

DR MORGAN. — "Girl again! I understand! it is she who is ill. Shall I go to her? She must describe her own symptoms—I can't judge from your talk. You'll be telling me she has consumption, or dyspepsia, or some such disease that don't exist: mere allopathic inventions — symptoms, sir, symptoms."

LEONARD, (forcing his way.) — "You attended her poor father, Captain Digby, when he was taken ill in the coach with you. He is dead, and his child is an orphan."

DR MORGAN, (fumbling in his medical pocket-book.) — "Orphan! nothing for orphans, especially if

inconsolable, like *aconite* and *chamomilla*.”*

With some difficulty Leonard succeeded in bringing Helen to the recollection of the homœopathist, stating how he came in charge of her, and why he sought Dr Morgan.

The Doctor was much moved.

“But really,” said he after a pause, “I don’t see how I can help the poor child. I know nothing of her relations. This Lord Les—whatever his name is—I know of no lords in London. I knew lords, and physicked them too, when I was a blundering allopathist. There was the Earl of Lansmere—has had many a blue pill from me, sinner that I was. His son was wiser; never would take physic. Very clever boy was Lord L’Estrange—I don’t know if he was as good as he was clever—”

“Lord L’Estrange!—that name begins with Les—”

“Stuff! He’s always abroad—shows his sense. I’m going abroad too. No development for science in this horrid city; full of prejudices, sir, and given up to the most barbarous allopathical and phlebotomical propensities. I am going to the land of Hahnemann, sir,—sold my good-will, lease, and furniture, and have bought in on the Rhine. Natural life there, sir—homœopathy needs nature: dine at one o’clock, get up at four—tea little known, and science appreciated. But I forget. Cott! what can I do for the orphan?”

“Well, sir,” said Leonard rising, “Heaven will give me strength to support her.”

The Doctor looked at the young man attentively. “And yet,” said he, in a gentler voice, “you, young man, are, by your account, a perfect stranger to her, or were so when you undertook to bring her to London. You have a good heart—always keep it. Very healthy thing, sir, a good heart—that is, when not carried to excess. But you have friends of your own in town?”

LEONARD.—“Not yet, sir; I hope to make them.”

DOCTOR.—“Pless me, you do? How?—I can’t make any.”

Leonard coloured and hung his head. He longed to say “Authors find friends in their readers—I am going to be an author.” But he felt that the reply would savour of presumption, and held his tongue.

The Doctor continued to examine him, and with friendly interest. “You say you walked up to London—was that from choice or economy?”

LEONARD.—“Both, sir.”

DOCTOR.—“Sit down again, and let us talk. I can give you a quarter of an hour, and I’ll see if I can help either of you, provided you tell me all the symptoms—I mean all the particulars.”

Then, with that peculiar adroitness which belongs to experience in the medical profession, Dr Morgan, who was really an acute and able man, proceeded to put his questions, and soon extracted from Leonard the boy’s history and hopes. But when the Doctor, in admiration at a simplicity which contrasted so evident an intelligence, finally asked him his name and connections, and Leonard told them, the homœopathist actually started. “Leonard Fairfield, grandson of my old friend, John Avenel of Lansmere! I must shake you by the hand. Brought up by Mrs Fairfield!—Ah, now I look, strong family likeness—very strong!”

The tears stood in the Doctor’s eyes. “Poor Nora!” said he.

“Nora! Did you know my aunt?”

“Your aunt! Ah—ah! yes—yes! Poor Nora!—she died almost in these arms—so young, so beautiful. I remember it as if yesterday.”

The Doctor brushed his hand across his eyes, and swallowed a globule; and, before the boy knew what he was about, had in his benevolence thrust another between Leonard’s quivering lips.

A knock was heard at the door.

“Ha! that’s my great patient,” cried the Doctor, recovering his self-possession—“must see him. A chronic case—excellent patient—tic, sir, tic. Puzzling and interesting. If I could take that tic with me, I should ask nothing more from Heaven. Call again on Monday; I

* It may be necessary to observe, that homœopathy professes to deal with our moral affections as well as with our physical maladies, and has a globule for every sorrow.

may have something to tell you then as to yourself. The little girl can't stay with you—wrong and nonsensical. I will see after her. Leave me your address—write it here. I think I know a lady who will take charge of her. Good-bye. Monday next, ten o'clock."

With this, the Doctor thrust out Leonard, and ushered in his grand patient, whom he was very anxious to take with him to the banks of the Rhine.

Leonard had now only to discover the nobleman whose name had been so vaguely uttered by poor Captain Digby. He had again recourse to the *Court Guide*; and finding the address of two or three lords the first syllable of whose titles seemed similar to that repeated to him, and all living pretty near to each other, in the regions of May Fair, he ascertained his way to that quarter, and, exercising his mother-wit, inquired at the neighbouring shops as to the personal appearance of these noblemen. Out of consideration for his rusticity, he got very civil and clear answers; but none of the lords in question corresponded with the description given by Helen. One was old, another was exceedingly corpulent, a third was bedridden—none of them was known to keep a great dog. It is needless to say that the name of L'Estrange (no habitant of London) was not in the *Court Guide*. And Dr Morgan's assertion that that person was always abroad unluckily dismissed from Leonard's mind the name the homœopathist had so casually mentioned. But Helen was not disappointed when her young protector returned late in the day, and told her of his ill success. Poor child! she was so pleased in her heart not to be separated from her new brother; and Leonard was touched to see how she had contrived, in his absence, to give a certain comfort and cheerful grace to the bare room devoted to himself. She had arranged his few books and papers so neatly, near the window, in sight of the one green elm. She

had coaxed the smiling landlady out of one or two extra articles of furniture, especially a walnut-tree bureau, and some odds and ends of ribbon—with which last she had looped up the curtains. Even the old rush-bottom chairs had a strange air of elegance, from the mode in which they were placed. The fairies had given sweet Helen the art that adorns a home, and brings out a smile from the dingiest corner of hut and attic.

Leonard wondered and praised. He kissed his blushing ministrant gratefully, and they sate down in joy to their abstemious meal; when suddenly his face was overclouded—there shot through him the remembrance of Dr Morgan's words—"The little girl can't stay with you—wrong and nonsensical. I think I know a lady who will take charge of her."

"Ah," cried Leonard, sorrowfully, "how could I forget?" And he told Helen what grieved him. Helen at first exclaimed that "she would not go." Leonard, rejoiced, then began to talk as usual of his great prospects; and, hastily finishing his meal, as if there were no time to lose, sate down at once to his papers. Then Helen contemplated him sadly, as he bent over his delighted work. And when, lifting his radiant eyes from his MS., he exclaimed, "No, no, you shall not go. *This* must succeed—and we shall live together in some pretty cottage, where we can see more than one tree"—then Helen sighed, and did not answer this time, "No, I will not go."

Shortly after she stole from the room, and into her own; and there, kneeling down, she prayed, and her prayer was somewhat this—"Guard me against my own selfish heart: may I never be a burden to him who has shielded me."

Perhaps, as the Creator looks down on this world, whose wondrous beauty beams on us more and more, in proportion as our science would take it from poetry into law—perhaps He beholds nothing so beautiful as the pure heart of a simple loving child.

CHAPTER XIV.

Leonard went out the next day with his precious MSS. He had read sufficient of most the names of

publishers; and to these he took his way with a bold step, though a beating heart.

That day he was out longer than the last; and when he returned, and came into the little room, Helen uttered a cry, for she scarcely recognised him. There was on his face so deep, so silent, and so concentrated a despondency. He sat down listlessly, and did not kiss her this time, as she stole towards him. He felt so humbled. He was a king deposed. *He take charge of another life! He!*

She coaxed him at last into communicating his day's chronicle. The reader beforehand knows too well what it must be, to need detailed repetition. Most of the publishers had absolutely refused to look at his MSS.; one or two had good-naturedly glanced over and returned them at once, with a civil word or two of flat rejection. One publisher alone—himself a man of letters, and who in youth had gone through the same bitter process of dis-illusion that now awaited the village genius—volunteered some kindly though stern explanation and counsel to the unhappy boy. This gentleman read a portion of Leonard's principal poem with attention, and even with frank admiration. He could appreciate the rare promise that it manifested. He sympathised with the boy's history, and even with his hopes; and then he said, in bidding him farewell—

"If I publish this poem for you, speaking as a trader, I shall be a considerable loser. Did I publish all I admire, out of sympathy with the author, I should be a ruined man. But suppose that, impressed as I really am with the evidence of no common poetic gifts in this MS., I publish it, not as a trader, but a lover of literature, I shall in reality, I fear, render you a great disservice, and perhaps unfit your whole life for the exertions on which you must rely for independence."

"How, sir?" cried Leonard.—"Not that I would ask you to injure yourself for me," he added, with proud tears in his eyes.

"How, my young friend? I will explain. There is enough talent in *ae* verses to induce very flattering
s in some of the literary jour-

nals. You will read these, find yourself proclaimed a poet, will cry 'I am on the road to fame.' You will come to me, 'And my poem, how does it sell?' I shall point to some groaning shelf, and say, 'Not twenty copies!' The journals may praise, but the public will not buy it. 'But you will have got a name,' you say. Yes, a name as a poet just sufficiently known to make every man in practical business disinclined to give fair trial to your talents in a single department of positive life;—none like to employ poets;—a name that will not put a penny in your purse—worse still, that will operate as a barrier against every escape into the ways whereby men get to fortune. But, having once tasted praise, you will continue to sigh for it: you will perhaps never again get a publisher to bring forth a poem, but you will hanker round the purlieus of the Muses, scribble for periodicals, fall at last into a bookseller's drudge. Profits will be so precarious and uncertain, that to avoid debt may be impossible; then, you who now seem so ingenuous and so proud, will sink deeper still into the literary mendicant—begging, borrowing—"

"Never—never—never!" cried Leonard, veiling his face with his hands.

"Such would have been my career," continued the publisher. "But I luckily had a rich relative, a trader, whose calling I despised as a boy, who kindly forgave my folly, bound me as an apprentice, and here I am; and now I can afford to write books as well as sell them."

"Young man, you must have respectable relations—go by their advice and counsel; cling fast to some positive calling. Be anything in this city rather than poet by profession."

"And how, sir, have there ever been poets? Had *they* other callings?"

"Read their biography, and then envy them!"

Leonard was silent a moment; but, lifting his head, answered loud and quickly,—"*I have* read their biography. True, their lot poverty—perhaps hunger. Sir, I envy them!"

"Poverty and hunger are small evils," answered the bookseller, with

a grave kind smile. "There are worse, —debt and degradation, and—despair."

"No, sir, no—you exaggerate; these last are not the lot of all poets."

"Right, for most of our greatest poets had some private means of their own. And for others, why, all who have put into a lottery have not drawn blanks. But who could advise another man to set his whole hope of fortune on the chance of a prize in a lottery? And such a lottery!" groaned the publisher, glancing towards sheets and reams of dead authors lying like lead upon his shelves.

Leonard clutched his MSS. to his heart, and hurried away.

"Yes," he muttered, as Helen clung to him and tried to console—"yes, you were right: London is very vast, very strong, and very cruel," and his head sank lower and lower yet upon his bosom.

The door was flung widely open, and in, unannounced, walked Dr Morgan.

The child turned to him, and at the sight of his face she remembered her father; and the tears that, for Leonard's sake, she had been trying to suppress, found way.

The good Doctor soon gained all the confidence of these two young hearts. And after listening to Leonard's story of his paradise lost in a day, he patted him on the shoulder and said, "Well, you will call on me on Monday, and we will see. Meanwhile, borrow these of me,"—and he tried to slip three sovereigns into the boy's hand. Leonard was indignant. The bookseller's warning flashed on him. Mendicancy! Oh no, he had not yet come to that! He was almost rude and savage in his rejection; and the Doctor did not like him the less for it.

"You are an obstinate mule," said the homœopathist, reluctantly putting up his sovereigns. "Will you work at something practical and prosy, and let the poetry rest awhile?"

"Yes," said Leonard doggedly, "I will work."

"Very well, then. I know an honest bookseller, and he shall give you some employment; and meanwhile, at all events, you will be among books, and that will be some comfort."

Leonard's eyes brightened—"A

great comfort, sir." He pressed the hand he had before put aside to his grateful heart.

"But," resumed the Doctor seriously, "you really feel a strong predisposition to make verses?"

"I did, sir."

"Very bad symptom indeed, and must be stopped before a relapse! Here, I have cured three prophets and ten poets with this novel specific."

While thus speaking he had got out his book and a globule. "*Agaricus muscarius* dissolved in a tumbler of distilled water—tea-spoonful whenever the fit comes on. Sir, it would have cured Milton himself."

"And now for you, my child," turning to Helen—"I have found a lady who will be very kind to you. Not a menial situation. She wants some one to read to her, and tend on her—she is old and has no children. She wants a companion, and prefers a girl of your age to one older. Will this suit you?"

Leonard walked away.

Helen got close to the Doctor's ear, and whispered, "No, I cannot leave him now—he is so sad."

"Cott!" grunted the Doctor, "you two must have been reading *Paul and Virginia*. If I could but stay in England, I would try what *ignatia* would do in this case—interesting experiment! Listen to me—little girl; and go out of the room, you, sir."

Leonard, averting his face, obeyed. Helen made an involuntary step after him—the Doctor detained and drew her on his knee.

"What's your Christian name?—I forget."

"Helen."

"Helen, listen. In a year or two you will be a young woman, and it would be very wrong then to live alone with that young man. Meanwhile, you have no right to cripple all his energies. He must not have you leaning on his right arm—you would weigh it down. I am going away, and when I am gone there will be no one to help you, if you reject the friend I offer you. Do as I tell you, for a little girl so peculiarly susceptible (a thorough *pulsatilla* constitution) cannot be obstinate and egotistical."

"Let me see him cared for and happy, sir," said she firmly, "and I will go where you wish."

"He shall be so; and to-morrow, while he is out, I will come and fetch you. Nothing so painful as leave-taking—shakes the nervous system, and is a mere waste of the animal economy."

Helen sobbed aloud; then, writhing from the Doctor, she exclaimed, "But he may know where I am? We may see each other sometimes? Ah, sir, it was at my father's grave that we

first met, and I think Heaven sent him to me. Do not part us for ever."

I should have a heart of stone if I did," cried the Doctor vehemently, "and Miss Starke shall let him come and visit you once a-week. I'll give her something to make her. She is naturally indifferent to others. I will alter her whole constitution, and melt her into sympathy—with *rhododendron* and *arsenic*!"

CHAPTER XV.

Before he went, the Doctor wrote a line to Mr Prickett, bookseller, Holborn, and told Leonard to take it, the next morning, as addressed. "I will call on Prickett myself to-night, and prepare him for your visit. But I hope and trust you will only have to stay there a few days."

He then turned the conversation, to communicate his plans for Helen. Miss Starke lived at Highgate—a worthy woman, stiff and prim, as old maids sometimes are. But just the place for a little girl like Helen, and Leonard should certainly be allowed to call and see her.

Leonard listened and made no opposition;—now that his day-dream was dispelled, he had no right to pretend to be Helen's protector. He could have bade her share his wealth

and his fame; his penury and his drudgery—no.

It was a very sorrowful evening—that between the adventurer and the child. They sat up late, till their candle had burned down to the socket; neither did they talk much; but his hand clasped hers all the time, and her head pillowed itself on his shoulder. I fear, when they parted, it was not for sleep.

And when Leonard went forth the next morning, Helen stood at the street door, watching him depart—slowly, slowly. No doubt, in that humble lane there were many sad hearts; but no heart so heavy as that of the still quiet child, when the form she had watched was to be seen no more, and, still standing on the desolate threshold, she gazed into space—and all was vacant.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr Prickett was a believer in homœopathy, and declared, to the indignation of all the apothecaries round Holborn, that he had been cured of a chronic rheumatism by Dr Morgan. The good Doctor had, as he promised, seen Mr Prickett when he left Leonard, and asked him as a favour to find some light occupation for the boy, that would serve as an excuse for a modest weekly salary. "It will not be for long," said the Doctor; "his relations are respectable and well off. I will write to his grandparents, and in a few days I hope to relieve you of the charge. Of course, if you don't want him, I will repay what he costs meanwhile."

Prickett, thus prepared for

Leonard, received him very graciously, and, after a few questions, said Leonard was just the person he wanted to assist him in cataloguing his books, and offered him most handsomely £1 a-week for the task.

Plunged at once into a world of books vaster than he had ever before won admission to, that old divine dream of knowledge, out of which poetry had sprung, returned to the village student at the very sight of the venerable volumes. The collection of Mr Prickett was, however, in reality by no means large; but it comprised not only the ordinary standard works, but several curious and rare ones. And Leonard paused in making the catalogue, and took

many a hasty snatch of the contents of each tome, as it passed through his hands. The bookseller, who was an enthusiast for old books, was pleased to see a kindred feeling (which his shop-boy had never exhibited) in his new assistant; and he talked about rare editions and scarce copies, and initiated Leonard into many of the mysteries of the bibliographist.

Nothing could be more dark and dingy than the shop. There was a booth outside, containing cheap books and odd volumes, round which there was always an attentive group; within, a gas-lamp burned night and day.

But time passed quickly to Leonard. He missed not the green fields, he forgot his disappointments, he ceased to remember even Helen. O strange passion of knowledge! nothing like thee for strength and devotion.

Mr Prickett was a bachelor, and asked Leonard to dine with him on a cold-shoulder of mutton. During dinner the shop-boy kept the shop, and Mr Prickett was really pleasant as well as loquacious. He took a liking to Leonard—and Leonard told him his adventures with the publishers, at which Mr Prickett rubbed his hands and laughed as at a capital joke. "Oh give up poetry, and stick to a shop," cried he; "and, to cure you for ever of the mad whim to be an author, I'll just lend you the *Life and Works of Chatterton*. You may take it home with you and read before you go to bed. You'll come back quite a new man to-morrow."

Not till night, when the shop was closed, did Leonard return to his lodging. And when he entered the room, he was struck to the soul by the silence, by the void. Helen was gone!

There was a rose-tree in its pot on the table at which he wrote, and by it a scrap of paper, on which was written—

"Dear, dear Brother Leonard,
God bless you. I will let you know
when we can meet again. Take care
of this rose, Brother, and don't forget
poor
HELEN."

Over the word "forget" there was

a big round blistered spot that nearly effaced the word.

Leonard leant his face on his hands, and for the first time in his life he felt what solitude really is. He could not stay long in the room. He walked out again, and wandered objectless to and fro the streets. He passed that stiller and humbler neighbourhood, he mixed with the throng that swarmed in the more populous thoroughfares. Hundreds and thousands passed him by, and still—still such solitude.

He came back, lighted his candle, and resolutely drew forth the 'Chatterton' which the bookseller had lent him. It was an old edition in one thick volume. It had evidently belonged to some contemporary of the Poet's—apparently an inhabitant of Bristol—some one who had gathered up many anecdotes respecting Chatterton's habits, and who appeared even to have seen him, nay, been in his company; for the book was interleaved, and the leaves covered with notes and remarks in a stiff clear hand—all evincing personal knowledge of the mournful immortal dead. At first, Leonard read with an effort; then the strange and fierce spell of that dread life seized upon him—seized with pain, and gloom, and terror—this boy dying by his own hand, about the age Leonard had attained himself. This wonderful boy, of a genius beyond all comparison—the greatest that ever yet was developed and extinguished at the age of eighteen—self-taught—self-struggling—self-immolated. Nothing in literature like that life and that death!

With intense interest Leonard perused the tale of the brilliant imposture, which had been so harshly and so absurdly construed into the crime of a forgery, and which was (if not wholly innocent) so akin to the literary devices always in other cases viewed with indulgence, and exhibiting, in this, intellectual qualities in themselves so amazing—such patience, such forethought, such labour, such courage, such ingenuity—the qualities that, well directed, make men great, not only in books, but action. And, turning from the history of the imposture to the poems themselves, the young reader bent

before their beauty, literally awed and breathless. How had this strange Bristol boy tamed and mastered his rude and motley materials into a music that comprehended every tune and key, from the simplest to the sublimest? He turned back to the biography—he read on—he saw the proud, daring, mournful spirit, alone in the Great City like himself. He followed its dismal career, he saw it falling with bruised and soiled wings into the mire. He turned again to the later works, wrung forth as tasks for bread,—the satires without moral grandeur, the politics without honest faith. He shuddered and sickened as he read. True, even here his poet mind appreciated (what perhaps only poets can) the divine fire that burned fitfully through that meaner and

more sordid fuel—he still traced in those crude, hasty, bitter offerings to dire Necessity, the hand of the young giant who had built up the stately verse of Rowley. But, alas! how different from that “mighty line.” How all serenity and joy had fled from these later exercises of art degraded into journey-work. Then rapidly came on the catastrophe—the closed doors—the poison—the suicide—the manuscripts torn by the hands of despairing wrath, and strewn round the corpse upon the funeral floors. It was terrible! The spectre of the Titan boy, (as described in the notes written on the margin,) with his haughty brow, his cynic smile, his lustrous eyes, haunted all the night the baffled and solitary child of song.

CHAPTER XVII.

It will often happen that what ought to turn the human mind from some peculiar tendency produces the opposite effect. One would think that the perusal in the newspaper of some crime and capital punishment would warn away all who had ever meditated the crime, or dreaded the chance of detection. Yet it is well known to us that many a criminal is made by pondering over the fate of some predecessor in guilt. There is a fascination in the Dark and Forbidden, which, strange to say, is only lost in fiction. No man is more inclined to murder his nephews, or stifle his wife, after reading Richard the Third or Othello. It is the *reality* that is necessary to constitute the danger of contagion. Now, it was this reality in the fate, and life, and crowning suicide of Chatterton, that forced itself upon Leonard's thoughts, and sate there like a visible evil thing, gathering evil like cloud around it. There was much in the dead poet's character, his trials, and his doom, that stood out

to Leonard like a bold and colossal shadow of himself and his fate. Alas! the bookseller, in one respect, had said truly. Leonard came back to him the next day a new man; and it seemed even to himself as if he had lost a good angel in losing Helen. “Oh that she had been by my side,” thought he. “Oh that I could have felt the touch of her confiding hand—that, looking up from the scathed and dreary ruin of this life, that had sublimely lifted itself from the plain, and sought to tower aloft from a deluge, her mild look had spoken to me of innocent, humble, un aspiring childhood! Ah! If indeed I were still necessary to her—still the sole guardian and protector—then could I say to myself, ‘Thou must not despair and die! Thou hast her to live and to strive for.’ But no, no! Only this vast and terrible London—the solitude of the dreary garret, and those lustrous eyes glaring alike through the throng and through the solitude.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the following Monday, Dr Morgan's shabby man-servant opened the door to a young man in whom he did at first remember a former visitor.

A few days before, embrowned with healthful travel—serene light in his eye, simple trust in his careless lip—Leonard Fairfield had stood at that

him again—the boy. Pore John was ill and Restless for days afterwards. John is a pore cretar now, and has had paralytiks. And he Talked of nothing but Nora—the boy's eyes were so like his Mother's. I cannot, cannot see the Child of Shame. He can't cum here—for our Lord's sake, sir, don't ask it—he can't, so Respectable as we've always been!—and such disgrace! Base born—base born. Keep him where he is, bind him prentis, I'll pay anything for That. You says, sir, he's clever, and quick at learning; so did Parson Dale, and wanted him to go to Collidge and make a Figur—then all would cum out. It would be my death, sir; I could not sleep in my grave, sir. Nora that we were all so proud of. Sinful creturs that we are! Nora's good name that we've saved now, gone, gone. And Richard, who is so grand, and who was so fond of pore, pore Nora! He would not hold up his Head again. Don't let him make a Figur in the world—let him be a tradesman, as we were afore him—any trade he Takes to—and not cross us no more while he lives. Then I shall pray for him, and wish him happy. And have not we had enuff of bringing up children to be above their birth? Nora, that I used to say was like the first lady o' the land—oh, but we were rightly punished! So now, sir, I leave all to you, and will Pay all you want for the boy. And be Sure that the secret's kep. For we have never heard from the father, and, at leest, no one knows that Nora has a living son but I and my daughter Jane, and Parson Dale and you—and you Two are good Gentlemen—and Jane will keep her word, and I am old, and shall be in my grave Soon, but I hope it won't be while pore John needs me. What could he do without me? And if *that* got wind, it would kill me straght, sir. Pore John is a helpless cretur, God bliss him. So no more from your servant in all dooty,

“M. AVENEL.”

Leonard laid down this letter very calmly, and, except by a slight heaving at his breast, and a deathlike whiteness of his lips, the emotions he felt were undetected. And it is a proof

how much exquisite goodness there was in his heart that the first words he spoke were, “Thank Heaven!”

The Doctor did not expect that thanksgiving, and he was so startled that he exclaimed, “For what?”

“I have nothing to pity or excuse in the woman I knew and honoured as a mother. I am not her son—her—”

He stopped short.

“No; but don't be hard on your true mother—poor Nora!”

Leonard staggered, and then burst into a sudden paroxysm of tears.

“Oh, my own mother!—my dead mother! Thou for whom I felt so mysterious a love—thou, from whom I took this poet soul—pardon me, pardon me! Hard on thee! Would that thou wert living yet, that I might comfort thee! What thou must have suffered!”

These words were sobbed forth in broken gasps from the depth of his heart. Then he caught up the letter again, and his thoughts were changed as his eyes fell upon the writer's shame and fear, as it were, of his very existence. All his native haughtiness returned to him. His crest rose, his tears dried. “Tell her,” he said, with a stern unfaltering voice—“tell Mrs Avenel that she is obeyed—that I will never seek her roof, never cross her path, never disgrace her wealthy son. But tell her, also, that I will choose my own way in life—that I will not take from her a bribe for concealment. Tell her that I am nameless, and will yet make a name.”

A name! Was this but an idle boast, or was it one of those flashes of conviction which are never belied, lighting up our future for one lurid instant, and then fading into darkness?

“I do not doubt it, my prave poy,” said Dr Morgan, growing exceedingly Welsh in his excitement; “and perhaps you may find a father, who—”

“Father—who is he—what is he? He lives, then! But he has deserted me—he must have betrayed her! I need him not. The law gives me no father.”

The last words were said with a return of bitter anguish; then, in a

calmer tone, he resumed, "But I should know who he is—as another one whose path I may not cross."

Dr Morgan looked embarrassed, and paused in deliberation. "Nay," said he at length, "as you know so much, it is surely best that you should know all."

The Doctor then proceeded to detail, with some circumlocution, what we will here repeat from his account more succinctly.

Nora Avenel, while yet very young, left her native village, or rather the house of Lady Lansmere, by whom she had been educated and brought up, in order to accept the place of governess or companion in London. One evening she suddenly presented herself at her father's house, and at the first sight of her mother's face she fell down insensible. She was carried to bed. Dr Morgan (then the chief medical practitioner of the town) was sent for. That night Leonard came into the world, and his mother died. She never recovered her senses, never spoke intelligibly from the time she entered the house. "And never, therefore, named your father," said Dr Morgan. "We knew not who he was."

"And how," cried Leonard, fiercely—"how have they dared to slander this dead mother? How knew they that I—was—was—was not the child of wedlock?"

"There was no wedding-ring on Nora's finger—never any rumour of her marriage—her strange and sudden appearance at her father's house—her emotions on entrance, so unlike those natural to a wife returning to a parent's home: these are all the evidence against her. But Mr Avenel deemed them strong, and so did I. You have a right to think we judged too harshly—perhaps we did."

"And no inquiries were ever made?" said Leonard mournfully, and after long silence—"no inquiries to learn who was the father of the motherless child?"

"Inquiries!—Mrs Avenel would have died first. Your grandmother's nature is very rigid. Had she come from princes, from Cadwallader himself," said the Welshman, "she could not more have shrunk from the thought of dishonour. Even over her dead

child, the child she had loved the best, she thought but how to save that child's name and memory from suspicion. There was luckily no servant in the house, only Mark Fairfield and his wife (Nora's sister): they had arrived the same day on a visit.

"Mrs Fairfield was nursing her own infant, two or three months old; she took charge of you; Nora was buried, and the secret kept. None out of the family knew of it, but myself and the curate of the town—Mr Dale. The day after your birth, Mrs Fairfield, to prevent discovery, moved to a village at some distance. There her child died; and when she returned to Hazeldean, where her husband was settled, you passed as the son she had lost. Mark, I know, was as a father to you, for he had loved Nora: they had been children together."

"And she came to London—London is strong and cruel," muttered Leonard. "She was friendless and deceived. I see all—I desire to know no more. This father, he must indeed have been like those whom I have read of in books. To love, to wrong her—that I can conceive; but then to leave, to abandon; no visit to her grave—no remorse—no search for his own child. Well, well; Mrs Avenel was right. Let us think of *him* no more."

The man-servant knocked at the door, and then put in his head. "Sir, the ladies are getting very impatient, and say they'll go."

"Sir," said Leonard, with a strange calm return to the things about him, "I ask your pardon for taking up your time so long. I go now. I will never mention to my moth—I mean to Mrs Fairfield—what I have learned, nor to any one. I will work my way somehow. If Mr Prickett will keep me, I will stay with him at present; but I repeat, I cannot take Mrs Avenel's money and be bound apprentice. Sir, you have been good and patient with me—Heaven reward you."

Doctor v
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CHAPTER XIX.

Leonard did not appear at the shop of Mr Prickett that day. Needless it is to say where he wandered—what he suffered—what thought—what felt. All within was storm. Late at night he returned to his solitary lodging. On his table, neglected since the morning, was Helen's rose-tree. It looked parched and fading. His heart smote him: he watered the poor plant—perhaps with his tears.

Meanwhile Dr Morgan, after some debate with himself whether or not to apprise Mrs Avenel of Leonard's discovery and message, resolved to spare her an uneasiness and alarm that might be dangerous to her health, and unnecessary in itself. He replied shortly, that she need not fear Leonard's coming to her house—that he was disinclined to bind himself an apprentice, but that he was provided for at present; and in a few weeks, when Dr Morgan heard more of him through the tradesman by whom he was employed, the Doctor would write to her from Germany. He then went to Mr Prickett's—told the willing bookseller to keep the young man for the present—to be kind to him, watch over his habits and conduct, and report to the Doctor in his new home, on the Rhine, what avocation he thought Leonard would be best suited for, and most inclined to adopt. The charitable Welshman divided with the bookseller the salary given to Leonard, and left a quarter of his moiety in advance. It is true that he knew he should be repaid on applying to Mrs Avenel; but, being a man of independent spirit himself, he so sympathised with Leonard's present feelings, that he felt as if he should degrade the boy did he maintain him, even secretly, out of Mrs Avenel's money—money intended not to raise, but keep him down in life. At the worst, it was a sum the Doctor could afford, and he had brought the boy into the world.

Having thus, as he thought, safely provided for his two young charges, Helen and Leonard, the Doctor then gave himself up to his final preparations for departure. He left a short

note for Leonard with Mr Prickett, containing some brief advice, some kind cheering; a postscript to the effect that he had not communicated to Mrs Avenel the information Leonard had acquired, and that it were best to leave her in that ignorance; and six small powders to be dissolved in water, and a tea-spoonful every fourth hour—"Sovereign against rage and sombre thoughts," wrote the Doctor.

By the evening of the next day Dr Morgan, accompanied by his pet patient with the chronic tic, whom he had talked into exile, was on the steamboat on his way to Ostend.

Leonard resumed his life at Mr Prickett's; but the change in him did not escape the bookseller. All his ingenuous simplicity had deserted him. He was very distant, and very taciturn; he seemed to have grown much older. I shall not attempt to analyse metaphysically this change. By the help of such words as Leonard may himself occasionally let fall, the reader will dive into the boy's heart, and see how there the change had worked, and is working still. The happy dreamy peasant-genius, gazing on Glory with inebriate, undazzled eyes, is no more. It is a man, suddenly cut off from the old household holy ties—conscious of great powers, and confronted on all sides by barriers of iron—alone with hard Reality, and scornful London; and if he catches a glimpse of the lost Helicon, he sees, where he saw the Muse, a pale melancholy spirit veiling its face in shame—the ghost of the mournful mother, whose child has no name, not even the humblest, among the family of men.

On the second evening after Dr Morgan's departure, as Leonard was just about to leave the shop, a customer stepped in with a book in his hand which he had snatched from the shop-boy, who was removing the volumes for the night from the booth without.

"Mr Prickett, Mr Prickett!" said the customer, "I am ashamed of you. You presume to put upon

this work, in two volumes, the sum of eight shillings."

Mr Prickett stepped forth from the Cimmerian gloom of some recess, and cried, "What! Mr Burley, is that you? But for your voice, I should not have known you."

"Man is like a book, Mr Prickett; the commonalty only look to his binding. I am better bound, it is very true."

Leonard glanced towards the speaker, who now stood under the gas-lamp, and thought he recognised his face. He looked again. Yes; it was the perch-fisher whom he had met on the banks of the Brent, and who had warned him of the lost fish and the broken line.

MR BURLEY, (continuing).—"But the 'Art of Thinking'—you charge eight shillings for the 'Art of Thinking.'"

MR PRICKETT.—"Cheap enough, Mr Burley. A very clean copy."

MR BURLEY.—"Usurer! I sold it to you for three shillings. It is more than 150 per cent you propose to gain from my 'Art of Thinking.'"

MR PRICKETT, (stuttering and taken aback).—"You sold it to me! Ah, now I remember. But it was more than threeshillings I gave. You forget—two glasses of brandy and water."

MR BURLEY.—"Hospitality, sir, is not to be priced. If you sell your hospitality, you are not worthy to possess my 'Art of Thinking.' I resume it. There are three shillings, and a shilling more for interest. No: on second thoughts, instead of that shilling, I will return your hospitality; and the first time you come my way you shall have two glasses of brandy and water."

Mr Prickett did not look pleased, but he made no objection; and Mr Burley put the book into his pocket, and turned to examine the shelves. He bought an old jest-book, a stray volume of the Comedies of Destouches

—paid for them—put them also into his pocket, and was sauntering out, when he perceived Leonard, who was now standing at the doorway.

"Hem! who is that?" he asked, whispering Mr Prickett.

"A young assistant of mine, and very clever."

Mr Burley scanned Leonard from top to toe.

"We have met before, sir. But you look as if you had returned to the Brent, and been fishing for my perch."

"Possibly, sir," answered Leonard. "But my line is tough, and is not yet broken, though the fish drags it amongst the weeds, and buries itself in the mud."

He lifted his hat, bowed slightly, and walked on.

"He is clever," said Mr Burley to the bookseller: "he understands allegory."

MR PRICKETT.—"Poor youth! He came to town with the idea of turning author: you know what *that* is, Mr Burley."

MR BURLEY, (with an air of superb dignity).—"Bibliopole, yes! An author is a being between gods and men, who ought to be lodged in a palace, and entertained at the public charge upon Ortolans and Tokay. He should be kept lapped in down, and curtained with silken awnings from the cares of life—have nothing to do but to write books upon tables of cedar, and fish for perch from a gilded galley. And that's what will come to pass when the ages lose their barbarism, and know their benefactors. Meanwhile, sir, I invite you to my rooms, and will regale you upon brandy and water as long as I can pay for it; and when I cannot, you shall regale me."

Mr Prickett muttered, "A very bad bargain, indeed," as Mr Burley, with his chin in the air, stepped into the street.

CHAPTER XX.

At first, Leonard had always returned home through the crowded thoroughfares—the contact of numbers had animated his spirits. But the last two days, since his discovery of

his birth, he had taken his way down the comparatively unpeopled path of the New Road.

He had just gained that n outskirt in whi

tomb-makers exhibit their gloomy wares—furniture alike for gardens and for graves—and, pausing, contemplated a column, on which was placed an urn half covered with a funeral mantle, when his shoulder was lightly tapped, and, turning quickly, he saw Mr Burley standing behind him.

"Excuse me, sir, but you understand perch-fishing; and since we find ourselves on the same road, I should like to be better acquainted with you. I hear you once wished to be an author. I am one."

Leonard had never before, to his knowledge, seen an author, and a mournful smile passed his lips as he surveyed the perch-fisher.

Mr Burley was indeed very differently attired since the first interview by the brooklet. He looked much less like an author—but more perhaps like a perch-fisher. He had a new white hat, stuck on one side of his head—a new green overcoat—new grey trousers, and new boots. In his hand was a whalebone stick, with a silver handle. Nothing could be more vagrant, devil-me-carish, and, to use a slang word, *tigrish*, than his whole air. Yet, vulgar as was his costume, he did not himself seem vulgar, but rather eccentric—lawless—something out of the pale of convention. His face looked more pale and more puffed than before, the tip of his nose redder; but the spark in his eye was of livelier light, and there was self-enjoyment in the corners of his sensual humorous lip.

"You are an author, sir," repeated Leonard. "Well. And what is your report of the calling? Yonder column props an urn. The column is tall, and the urn is graceful. But it looks out of place by the roadside: what say you?"

Mr BURLEY.—"It would look better in the churchyard."

LEONARD.—"So I was thinking. And you are an author!"

Mr BURLEY.—"Ah, I said you had a quick sense of allegory. And so you think an author looks better in a churchyard, when you see him but as a muffled urn under the moonshine, than standing beneath the gas-lamp in a white hat, and with a red tip to his nose. Abstractedly, you are

right. But, with your leave, the author would rather be where he is. Let us walk on." The two men felt an interest in each other, and they walked some yards in silence.

"To return to the urn," said Mr Burley—"you think of fame and churchyards. Natural enough, before illusion dies; but I think of the moment, of existence—and I laugh at fame. Fame, sir—not worth a glass of cold without! And as for a glass of warm, with sugar—and five shillings in one's pocket to spend as one pleases—what is there in Westminster Abbey to compare with it?"

"Talk on, sir—I should like to hear you talk. Let me listen and hold my tongue." Leonard pulled his hat over his brows, and gave up his moody, questioning, turbulent mind to his new acquaintance.

And John Burley talked on. A dangerous and a fascinating talk it was—the talk of a great intellect fallen. A serpent trailing its length on the ground, and showing bright, shifting, glorious hues, as it grovelled. A serpent, yet without the serpent's guile. If John Burley deceived and tempted, he meant it not—he crawled and glittered alike honestly. No dove could be more simple.

Laughing at fame, he yet dwelt with an eloquent enthusiasm on the joy of composition. "What do I care what men without are to say and think of the words that gush forth on my page?" cried he. "If you think of the public, of urns, and laurels, while you write, you are no genius; you are not fit to be an author. I write because it rejoices me—because it is my nature. Written, I care no more what becomes of it than the lark for the effect that the song has on the peasant it wakes to the plough. The poet, like the lark, sings 'from his watch-tower in the skies.' Is this true?"

"Yes, very true!"

"What can rob us of this joy! The bookseller will not buy, the public will not read. Let them sleep at the foot of the ladder of the angels—we climb it all the same. And then one settles down into such good-tempered Lucianic contempt for men. One wants so little from them, when one knows what one's-self is worth,

and what they are. They are just worth the coin one can extract from them, in order to live. Our life—that is worth so much to us. And then their joys, so vulgar to them, we can make them golden and kingly. Do you suppose Burns drinking at the ale-house, with his boors around him, was drinking, like them, only beer and whisky? No, he was drinking nectar—he was imbibing his own ambrosial thoughts—shaking with the laughter of the gods. The coarse human liquid was just needed to unlock his spirit from the clay—take it from jerkin and corduroys, and wrap it in the ‘singing robes’ that floated wide in the skies: the beer or the whisky needed but for that, and then it changed at once into the drink of Hebé. But come, you have not known this life—you have not seen it. Come,

give me this night. I have moneys about me—I will fling them abroad as liberally as Alexander himself, when he left to his share but hope. Come!”

“Whither?”

“To my throne. On that throne last sate Edmund Kean—mighty mime. I am his successor. We will see whether in truth these wild sons of genius, who are cited but ‘to point a moral and adorn a tale,’ were objects of compassion. Sober-suited cits to lament over a Savage and a Morland—a Porson and a Burns!”

“Or a Chatterton,” said Leonard, gloomily.

“Chatterton was an impostor in all things; he feigned excesses that he never knew. *He* a bacchanalian—a royster! *He*!—No. We will talk of him. Come!”

Leonard went.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ROOM! And the smoke-reek, and the gas glare of it. The whitewash of the walls, and the prints thereon of the actors in their mime-robes, and stage postures; actors as far back as their own lost Augustan era, when the stage was a real living influence on the manners and the age. There was Betterton in wig and gown—as Cato, moralising on the soul’s eternity, and halting between Plato and the dagger. There was Woodward as “The Fine Gentleman,” with the inimitable rake-hell air in which the heroes of Wycherly and Congreve and Farquhar live again. There was jovial Quin as Falstaff, with round backler and “fair round belly.” There was Colly Cibber in brocade—taking snuff as with “his Lord,” the thumb and forefinger raised in air—and looking at you for applause. There was Macklin as Shylock, with knife in hand; and Kemble, in the solemn weeds of the Dane; and Kean in the place of honour over the chimney-piece.

When we are suddenly taken from practical life, with its real workday men, and presented to the portraits of those sole heroes of a World—Phantastic and Phantasmal, in the garments wherein they did “strut and

fret their hour upon the stage,” verily there is something in the sight that moves an inner sense within ourselves—for all of us have an inner sense of some existence, apart from the one that wears away our days: an existence that, afar from St James’s and St Giles’s, the Law Courts and Exchange, goes its way in terror or mirth, in smiles or in tears, through a vague magic land of the poets. There, see those actors! They are the men who lived it—to whom our world was the false one, to whom the Imaginary was the Actual. And did Shakspeare himself, in his life, ever hearken to the applause that thundered round the Personators of his airy images? Vague children of the most transient of the arts, fleet shadows on running waters, though thrown down from the steadfast stars, were ye not happier than we who live in the Real? How strange you must feel in the great circuit that ye now take through eternity! No prompt-books, no lamps, no acting Congreve and Shakspeare there! For what parts in the skies have your studies on the earth fitted you? Your ultimate destinies are very puzzling. Hail to your effigies, and pass we on!

There, too, on the whitewashed

walls, were admitted the portraits of ruder rivals in the arena of fame—yet they, too, had known an applause warmer than his age gave to Shakespeare; the champions of the ring—Cribb, and Molyneux, and Dutch Sam. Interspersed with these was an old print of Newmarket in the early part of the last century, and sundry engravings from Hogarth. But poets, oh! they were there too: poets who might be supposed to have been sufficiently good fellows to be at home with such companions. Shakespeare, of course, with his placid forehead; Ben Jonson, with his heavy scowl; Burns and Byron cheek by jowl. But the strangest of all these heterogeneous specimens of graphic art was a full-length print of William Pitt!—William Pitt, the austere and imperious. What the deuce did he do there amongst prize-fighters, and actors, and poets? It seemed an insult to his grand memory. Nevertheless there he was, very erect, and with a look of ineffable disgust in his upturned nostrils. The portraits on the sordid walls were very like the crambo in the minds of ordinary men—very like the motley pictures of the FAMOR's hung up in your parlour, O my Public! Actors and prize-fighters, poets and statesmen, all without congruity and fitness, all whom you have been to see or to hear for a moment, and whose names have stared out in your newspapers, O my Public!

And the company? Indescribable! Comedians, from small theatres, out of employ; pale haggard-looking boys, probably the sons of worthy traders, trying their best to break their fathers' hearts; here and there the marked features of a Jew. Now and then you might see the curious puzzled face of some greenhorn about town, or perhaps a Cantab; and men of grave age, and greyhaired, were there, and amongst them a wondrous proportion of carbuncled faces and bottle noses. And when John Burley entered, there was a shout that made William Pitt shake in his frame. Such stamping and hallooing, and such hurrahs for "Burly John." And the gentleman who had filled the great high leathern chair in his absence gave it up to John Burley; and

Leonard, with his grave observant eye, and lip half sad and half scornful, placed himself by the side of his introducer. There was a nameless expectant stir through the assembly, as there is in the pit of the opera when some great singer advances to the lamps, and begins "*Di tanti palpiti*." Time flies. Look at the Dutch clock over the door. Half-an-hour! John Burley begins to warm. A yet quicker light begins to break from his eye; his voice has a mellow luscious roll in it.

"He will be grand to-night," whispered a thin man, who looked like a tailor, seated on the other side of Leonard.

Time flies—an hour! Look again at the Dutch clock. John Burley is grand, he is in his zenith, at his culminating point. What magnificent drollery!—what luxuriant humour! How the Rabelais shakes in his easy chair! Under the rush and the roar of this fun, (what word else shall describe it,) the man's intellect is as clear as a gold sand under a river. Such wit and such truth, and, at times, such a flood of quick eloquence. All now are listeners, silent, save in applause. And Leonard listened too. Not, as he would some nights ago, in innocent unquestioning delight. No; his mind has passed through great sorrow, great passion, and it comes out unsettled, inquiring, eager, brooding over joy itself as over a problem. And the drink circulates, and faces change; and there are gabbling and babbling; and Burley's head sinks in his bosom, and he is silent. And up starts a wild, dissolute bacchanalian glee for seven voices. And the smoke-reek grows denser and thicker, and the gas-light looks dizzy through the haze. And John Burley's eyes reel.

Look again at the Dutch clock. Two hours have gone. John Burley has broken out again from his silence, his voice thick and husky, and his laugh cracked; and he talks, O ye gods! such rubbish and ribaldry; and the listeners roar aloud, and think it finer than before. And Leonard, who had hitherto been measuring himself, in his mind, against the giant, and saying inly, "He soars out of my reach," finds the giant shrink smaller

and smaller, and saith to himself, "He is but of man's common standard, after all!"

Look again at the Dutch clock. Three hours have passed. Is John Burley now of man's common standard? Man himself seems to have vanished from the scene: his soul stolen from him, his form gone away with the fumes of the smoke, and the nauseous steam from that fiery bowl. And Leonard looked round, and saw but the swine of Circe—some on the floor, some staggering against the walls, some hugging each other on the tables, some fighting, some bawling, some weeping. The divine spark had fled from the human face; the beast is everywhere growing more and more out of the thing that had been Man. And John Burley, still

unconquered, but clean lost to his senses, fancies himself a preacher, and drawls forth the most lugubrious sermon upon the brevity of life that mortal ever heard, accompanied with unctuous sobs; and now and then, in the midst of balderdash, gleams out a gorgeous sentence, that Jeremy Taylor might have envied; drivelling away again into a cadence below the rhetoric of a Muggletonian. And the waiters choked up the doorway, listening and laughing, and prepared to call cabs and coaches; and suddenly some one turned off the gas-light, and all was dark as pitch—howls and laughter, as of the damned, ringing through the Pandemonium. Out from the black atmosphere stept the boy-poet; and the still stars rushed on his sight, as they looked over the grimy roof-tops.

CHAPTER XXII.

Well, Leonard, this is the first time thou hast shown that thou hast in thee the iron out of which true manhood is forged and shaped. Thou hast the *power to resist*. Forth, unebriate, unpolluted, he came from the orgy, as you star above him came from the cloud.

He had a latch-key to his lodging. He let himself in, and walked noiselessly up the creaking wooden stair. It was dawn. He passed on to his window, and threw it open. The green elm-tree from the carpenter's yard looked as fresh and fair as if rooted in solitudes, leagues away from the smoke of Babylon.

"Nature, Nature!" murmured Leonard, "I hear thy voice now. This stills—this strengthens. But the struggle is very dread. Here, despair of life—there, faith in life. Nature thinks of neither, and lives serenely on."

By-and-by a bird slid softly from the heart of the tree, and dropped on the ground below out of sight. But Leonard heard its carol. It awoke its companions—wings began to glance in the air, and the clouds grew red towards the east.

Leonard sighed and left the window. On the table, near Helen's rose-tree, which he bent over wistfully, lay a letter. He had not observed it before. It was in Helen's hand. He took it to the light, and read it by the pure healthful gleams of morn:—

"Oh my dear brother Leonard, will this find you well, and (more happy I dare not say, but) less sad than when we parted? I write kneeling, so that it seems to me as if I wrote and prayed at the same time. You may come and see me to-morrow evening, Leonard. Do come, do—we shall walk together in this pretty garden; and there is an arbour all covered with jessamine and honeysuckle, from which we can look down on London. I have looked from it so many times—so many—trying if I can guess the roofs in our poor little street, and fancying that I do see the dear elm-tree.

"Miss Starke is very kind to me; and I think, after I have seen you, that I shall be happy here—that is, if you are happy.

"Your own grateful sister,

"HELEN.

"Ivy Lodge."

"P.S.—Any one will direct you to our house; it lies to the left, near the top of the hill, a little way down a lane that is overhung on one side with chestnut trees and lilies. I shall be watching for you at the gate."

Leonard's brow softened, he looked again like his former self. Up from the dark sea at his heart smiled the meek face of a child, and the waves lay still as at the charm of a spirit.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"And what is Mr Burley, and what has he written?" asked Leonard of Mr Prickett when he returned to the shop.

Let us reply to that question in our own words, for we know more about Mr Burley than Mr Prickett does.

John Burley was the only son of a poor clergyman, in a village near Ealing, who had scraped, and saved, and pinched, to send his son to an excellent provincial school in a northern county, and thence to college. At the latter, during his first year, young Burley was remarked by the undergraduates for his thick shoes and coarse linen, and remarkable to the authorities for his assiduity and learning. The highest hopes were entertained of him by the tutors and examiners. At the beginning of the second year his high animal spirits, before kept down by study, broke out. Reading had become easy to him. He knocked off his tasks with a facile stroke, as it were. He gave up his leisure hours to symposia by no means Socratical. He fell into an idle hard-drinking set. He got into all kinds of scrapes. The authorities were at first kind and forbearing in their admonitions, for they respected his abilities, and still hoped he might become an honour to the university. But at last he went drunk into a formal examination, and sent in papers, after the manner of Aristophanes, containing capital jokes upon the Dons and Big-wigs themselves. The offence was the greater, and seemed the more premeditated, for being clothed in Greek. John Burley was expelled. He went home to his father's a miserable man, for, with all his follies, he had a good heart. Removed from ill example, his life for a year was blameless. He got admitted as usher into the school in which he had received instruction as a pupil. This school was in a large town. John Burley became member of a club formed among the tradesmen, and spent three evenings a-week there. His astonishing convivial and conversational powers began to declare themselves. He grew

the oracle of the club; and, from being the most sober peaceful assembly in which grave fathers of a family ever smoked a pipe or sipped a glass, it grew under Mr Burley's auspices the parent of revels as frolicking and frantic as those out of which the old Greek Goat Song ever tipsily rose. This would not do. There was a great riot in the streets one night, and the next morning the usher was dismissed. Fortunately for John Burley's conscience, his father had died before this happened—died believing in the reform of his son. During his usher-ship, Mr Burley had scraped acquaintance with the editor of the county newspaper, and given him some capital political articles; for Burley was, like Parr and Porson, a notable politician. The editor furnished him with letters to the journalists in London, and John came to the metropolis and got employed on a very respectable newspaper. At college he had known Audley Egerton, though but slightly: that gentleman was then just rising into repute in Parliament. Burley sympathised with some question on which Audley had distinguished himself, and wrote a very good article thereon—an article so good that Egerton inquired into the authorship, found out Burley, and resolved in his own mind to provide for him whenever he himself came into office. But Burley was a man whom it was impossible to provide for. He soon lost his connection with the newspaper. First, he was so irregular that he could never be depended upon. Secondly, he had strange honest eccentric twists of thinking, that could coalesce with the thoughts of no party in the long run. An article of his, inadvertently admitted, had horrified all the proprietors, staff, and readers of the paper. It was diametrically opposite to the principles the paper advocated, and compared its pet politician to Catiline. Then John Burley shut himself up and wrote books. He wrote two or three books, very clever, but not at all to the popular taste—abstract and learned, full of whims that were *caviare* to the multitude,

and larded with Greek. Nevertheless they obtained for him a little money, and among literary men some reputation. Now Audley Egerton came into power, and got him, though with great difficulty—for there were many prejudices against this scampish harum-scarum son of the Muses—a place in a public office. He kept it about a month, and then voluntarily resigned it. "My crust of bread and liberty!" quoth John Burley, and he vanished into a garret. From that time to the present he lived—Heaven knows how. Literature is a business, like everything else; John Burley grew more and more incapable of business. "He could not do task-work," he said; he wrote when the whim seized him, or when the last penny was in his pouch, or when he was actually in the spunging-house or the Fleet—migrations which occurred to him, on an average, twice a-year. He could generally sell what he had positively written, but no one would engage him beforehand. Magazines and other periodicals were very glad to have his articles, on the condition that they were anonymous; and his style was not necessarily detected, for he could vary it with the facility of a practised pen. Audley Egerton continued his best supporter, for there were certain questions on which no one wrote with such force as John Burley—questions connected with the metaphysics of politics, such as law reform and economical science. And Audley Egerton was the only man John Burley put himself out of the way to serve, and for whom he would give up a drinking bout and do *task-work*; for John Burley was grateful by nature, and he felt that Egerton had really tried to befriend him. Indeed, it was true, as he had stated to Leonard by the Brent, that, even after he had resigned his desk in the London office, he had had the offer of an appointment in Jamaica, and a place in India from the Minister. But probably there were other charms then than those exercised by the one-eyed perch that kept him to the neighbourhood of London. With all his grave faults of character and conduct, John Burley was not without the fine qualities of a large nature.

He was most resolutely his own enemy, it is true, but he could hardly be said to be any one else's. Even when he criticised some more fortunate writer, he was good-humoured in his very satire: he had no bile, no envy. And as for freedom from malignant personalities, he might have been a model to all critics. I must except politics, however, for in these he could be rabid and savage. He had a passion for independence, which, though pushed to excess, was not without grandeur. No lick-platter, no parasite, no toadeater, no literary beggar, no hunter after patronage and subscriptions; even in his dealings with Audley Egerton, he insisted on naming the price for his labours. He took a price, because, as the papers required by Audley demanded much reading and detail, which was not at all to his taste, he considered himself entitled fairly to something more than the editor of the journal, wherein the papers appeared, was in the habit of giving. But he assessed this extra price himself, and as he would have done to a bookseller. And when in debt and in prison, though he knew a line to Egerton would have extricated him, he never wrote that line. He would depend alone on his pen—dipped it hastily in the ink, and scrawled himself free. The most debased point about him was certainly the incorrigible vice of drinking, and with it the usual concomitant of that vice—the love of low company. To be King of the Bohemians—to dazzle by his wild humour, and sometimes to exalt by his fanciful eloquence, the rude gross natures that gathered round him—this was a royalty that repaid him for all sacrifice of solid dignity; a foolscap crown that he would not have changed for an emperor's diadem. Indeed, to appreciate rightly the talents of John Burley, it was necessary to hear him talk on such occasions. As a writer after all, he was only a writer of unequal diction; a talker, in his own way, he was original and And of talk is one of the gifts a man can possess for his sake—the applause is so and gained with so little. Lower, and lower, and lower has

John Burley, not only in the opinion of all who knew his name, but in the habitual exercise of his talents. And this seemed wilfully—from choice. He would write for some unstamped journal of the populace, out of the pale of the law, for pence, when he could have got pounds from journals of high repute. He was very fond of scribbling off penny ballads, and then standing in the street to hear them sung. He actually once made himself the poet of an advertising tailor, and enjoyed it excessively. But that did not last long, for John Burley was a Pittite—not a Tory, he used to say, but a Pittite. And if you had heard him talk of Pitt, you would never have known what to make of that great statesman. He treated him as the German commentators do Shakspeare, and invested him with all imaginary meanings and objects, that would have turned the grand practical man into a sybil. Well, he was a Pittite; the tailor a fanatic for Thelwall and Cobbett. Mr Burley wrote a poem, wherein Britannia appeared to the tailor, complimented him highly on the art he exhibited in adorning the persons of her sons; and, bestowing upon him a gigantic mantle, said that he, and he alone, might be enabled to fit it to the shoulders of living men. The rest of the poem was occupied in Mr Snip's unavailing attempts to adjust this mantle to the eminent politicians of the day, when, just as he had sunk down in despair, Britannia reappeared to him, and consoled him with the information that he had done all mortal man could do, and that she had only desired to convince pigmies that no human art could adjust to *their* proportions the mantle of William Pitt. *Sic itur ad astra*. She went back to the stars, mantle and all. Mr Snip was exceedingly indignant at this allegorical effusion, and with wrathful shears cut the tie between himself and his poet.

Thus, then, the reader has, we trust, a pretty good idea of John Burley—a specimen of his genus, not very common in any age, and now happily almost extinct, since authors of all degrees share in the general improvement in order, economy, and sober decorum, which has obtained in the national manners. Mr Prickett, though entering into less historical detail than we have done, conveyed to Leonard a tolerably accurate notion of the man, representing him as a person of great powers and learning, who had thoroughly thrown himself away.

Leonard did not, however, see how much Mr Burley himself was to be blamed for his waste of life; he could not conceive a man of genius voluntarily seating himself at the lowest step in the social ladder. He rather supposed he had been thrust down there by Necessity.

And when Mr Prickett, concluding, said, "Well, I should think Burley would cure you of the desire to be an author even more than Chatterton," the young man answered gloomily, "Perhaps," and turned to the bookshelves.

With Mr Prickett's consent, Leonard was released earlier than usual from his task, and a little before sunset he took his way to Highgate. He was fortunately directed to take the new road by the Regent's Park, and so on through a very green and smiling country. The walk, the freshness of the air, the songs of the birds, and, above all, when he had got half-way, the solitude of the road, served to rouse him from his stern and sombre meditations. And when he came into the lane overhung with chestnut trees, and suddenly caught sight of Helen's watchful and then brightening face, as she stood by the wicket, and under the shadow of cool murmurous boughs, the blood rushed gaily through his veins, and his heart beat loud and gratefully.

CHAPTER XXIV.

She drew him into the garden with such true childlike joy!

Now behold them seated in the arbour—a perfect bower of sweets and

blossoms; the wilderness of roof-tops and spires stretching below, broad and far; London seen dim and silent, as in a dream.

She took his hat from his brows gently, and looked him in the face with tearful penetrating eyes.

She did not say, "You are changed." She said, "Why, why did I leave you?" and then turned away.

"Never mind me, Helen. I am man, and rudely born—speak of yourself. This lady is kind to you, then?"

"Does she not let me see you? Oh! very kind—and look here."

Helen pointed to fruits and cakes set out on the table. "A feast, brother."

And she began to press her hospitality with pretty winning ways, more playful than was usual to her, and talking very fast, and with forced but silvery laughter.

By degrees she stole him from his gloom and reserve; and, though he could not reveal to her the cause of his bitterest sorrow, he owned that he had suffered much. He would not have owned *that* to another living being. And then, quickly turning from this brief confession, with assurances that the worst was over, he sought to amuse her by speaking of his new acquaintance with the perch-fisher. But when he spoke of this man with a kind of reluctant admiration, mixed with compassionate yet gloomy interest, and drew a grotesque though subdued sketch of the wild scene in which he had been spectator, Helen grew alarmed and grave.

"Oh, brother, do not go there again—do not see more of this bad man."

"Bad!—no! Hopeless and unhappy, he has stooped to stimulants and oblivion;—but you cannot understand these things, my pretty preacher."

"Yes I do, Leonard. What is the difference between being good and bad? The good do not yield to temptations, and the bad do."

The definition was so simple and so wise that Leonard was more struck with it than he might have been by the most elaborate sermon by Parson Dale.

"I have often murmured to myself since I lost you, 'Helen was my good angel;'—say on. For my heart is dark to myself, and while you speak light seems to dawn on it."

This praise so confused Helen that

she was long before she could obey the command annexed to it. But, by little and little, words came to both more frankly. And then he told her the sad tale of Chatterton, and waited, anxious to hear her comments.

"Well," he said, seeing that she remained silent, "how can I hope, when this mighty genius laboured and despaired? What did he want, save birth and fortune, and friends, and human justice?"

"Did he pray to God?" said Helen, drying her tears.

Again Leonard was startled. In reading the life of Chatterton, he had not much noted the scepticism, assumed or real, of the ill-fated aspirer to earthly immortality. At Helen's question, that scepticism struck him forcibly.

"Why do you ask that, Helen?"

"Because, when we pray often, we grow so very, very patient," answered the child. "Perhaps, had he been patient a few months more, all would have been won by him, as it will be by you, brother; for you pray, and you will be patient."

Leonard bowed his head in deep thought, and this time the thought was not gloomy. Then out from that awful life there glowed another passage, which before he had not heeded duly, but regarded rather as one of the darkest mysteries in the fate of Chatterton.

At the very time the despairing poet had locked himself up in his garret, to dismiss his soul from its earthly ordeal, his genius had just found its way into the light of renown. Good and learned and powerful men were preparing to serve and save him. Another year—nay, perchance another month—and he might have stood acknowledged and sublime in the foremost front of his age.

"Oh Helen!" cried Leonard, raising his brows from which the cloud had passed, "why, indeed, did you leave me?"

Helen started in her turn as he repeated this regret, and in her turn grew thoughtful. At length she asked him if he had written for the box which had belonged to her father, and been left at the inn.

And Leonard, though a little chafed at what he thought a childish inter-

ruption to themes of graver interest, owned with self-reproach that he had forgotten to do so. Should he not write now to order the box to be sent to her at Miss Starke's.

"No; let it be sent to you. Take care of it. I should like to know that something of mine is with you; and perhaps I may not stay here long."

"Not stay here? That you must, my dear Helen—at least as long as Miss Starke will keep you, and is kind. By-and-by (added Leonard, with something of his former sanguine tone) I may yet make my way, and we shall have our cottage to our-

selves. But—Oh Helen!—I forgot—you wounded me; you left your money with me. I only found it in my drawers the other day. Fie!—I have brought it back."

"It was not mine—it is yours. We were to share together—you paid all; and how can I want it here, too?"

But Leonard was obstinate; and as Helen mournfully received back all that of fortune her father had bequeathed to her, a tall female figure stood at the entrance of the arbour, and said, in a voice that scattered all sentiment to the winds—"Young man, it is time to go."

CHAPTER XXV.

"Already!" said Helen, with faltering accents, as she crept to Miss Starke's side while Leonard rose and bowed. "I am very grateful to you, madam," said he, with the grace that comes from all refinement of idea, "for allowing me to see Miss Helen. Do not let me abuse your kindness." Miss Starke seemed struck with his look and manner, and made a stiff half curtsy.

A form more rigid than Miss Starke's it was hard to conceive. She was like the grim white woman in the nursery ballads. Yet, apparently, there was a good nature in allowing the stranger to enter her trim garden, and providing for him and her little charge those fruits and cakes, which belied her aspect. "May I go with him to the gate?" whispered Helen, as Leonard had already passed up the path.

"You may, child; but do not loiter. And then come back, and lock up the cakes and cherries, or Patty will get at them."

Helen ran after Leonard.

"Write to me, brother—write to

me; and do not, do not be friends with this man, who took you to that wicked, wicked place."

"Oh, Helen, I go from you strong enough to brave worse dangers than that," said Leonard almost gaily.

They kissed each other at the little wicket gate, and parted.

Leonard walked home under the summer moonlight, and on entering his chamber, looked first at his rose-tree. The leaves of yesterday's flowers lay strewn round it; but the tree had put forth new buds.

"Nature ever restores," said the young man. He paused a moment, and added, "Is it that Nature is very patient?"

His sleep that night was not broken by the fearful dreams he had lately known. He rose refreshed, and went his way to his day's work—not stealing along the less crowded paths, but, with a firm step, through the throng of men. Be bold, adventurer—thou hast more to suffer! Wilt thou sink? I look into thy heart, and I cannot answer.

PARIS IN 1851.

THE celebrated Laurence Sterne was provoked to a journey, which extended from France to Italy, and might have extended to the circumnavigation of the world, by the snappish remark of a travelled coxcomb.

"They order this matter better in France," said Sterne.

"You have been in France," said my gentleman, turning quick upon me, with the most civil triumph in the world.

"Strange," said I, debating the matter with myself, 'that one-and-twenty miles' sailing—for 'tis absolutely no further from Dover to Calais—should give a man those rights. I'll look into them.' So, giving up the argument, I went straight to my lodgings, put up half-a-dozen shirts," &c.

So, Sterne was provoked into crossing the Channel.

The difference between 1762, when Sterne performed this feat, and 1851, is prodigious in point of travelling facilities, but is tolerably near in point of provocation. "You have been in France," is still a quiet insult, not to be endured by any man capable of steaming down the Thames; with the addition that a thousand might use the taunt now, for one that used it then. In the days of our fathers a voyage to France was what a trip up the Mediterranean is now; a thing to be seriously considered, carefully provided for, a matter of cost, and an affair of consultation with the elder branches of the family. The lawyer was sometimes called into the family council; and the making of a will was considered a becoming preliminary. Men of ten thousand a-year were regarded as the only class entitled by their station in society to travel, which adventure was not to be undertaken by any heir to an estate under twenty, without the accompaniment of a tutor, generally a fellow of a college, who knew no more of life than Simeon Stylites; and for the same reason, his having stood apart from all mankind for the last fifty years of his existence, and perhaps also for his looking down from his pillar on all who looked up to him.

The rest of the travelled world was made up of Dutch smugglers, French spies, English milliners, who travelled to purloin the fashions of Paris; and kings' messengers carrying the correspondence between the managers of the opera and the danseuses of Europe.

But all this is now changed. The multitude visit Paris once a-year as regularly as the cholera. Twelve hours from London drop them in Paris, twenty-four carry them to the Alps, and there the course lies before them, whether to Rome or Constantinople, Cairo or the Kremlin, the Euxine or Egypt, the Straits of Babel-mandel or the world's end. Puck's offer to "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes" is thus beaten out of the field, and a whisper may be carried to the antipodes in the time that it takes the postman to knock at the door.

Another facility of English modern travel is the change of the old intolerable system of passports; once an affair of running about to all the ambassadors in the red book, and their secretaries, who handed the applicant over to their clerks, who sent them to the consul, who consigned them to the vice-consul, who, having nobody else to send them to for their consignment, perhaps granted the permission to pass the Channel. And this operation implied a tax at every step. The passport from the foreign office was £2, 7s., and required as much attendance, levying, and "previous inquiry" into characters, as a commission in the Dragoons.

But all those fooleries are at end, so far as France is concerned. The foreign office now charges only seven shillings and sixpence, and the French consul simply five—the most convenient of all. For those five shillings he gives you the right to travel with all the facilities of the continent, trifled with by no other power. You may go to any part of the continent, without a moment's pause at any frontier, at Boulogne. You need not fear the gendarme before you, and in you dispense with all the formalities where you will in the country.

Graces ;" and, best of all, on your return, you are not compelled to go from the British ambassador to the French, to oscillate for half a day between them, then to walk through the miserable dens of the passport-office, as in the old time, undergoing the supervision of a generation of supercilious subalterns, who thought themselves entitled, on an income of eighteenpence a-day, to look down on all that large and unlucky portion of mankind who are born out of Paris. "*Mais, nous avons changé tout cela,*" as Moliere's Doctor says ; and the only task now is to go to the French consul's office in King William Street, sit for your portrait, pay your five shillings, be treated with civility, and take your privilege to peregrinate the globe.

This new arrangement is partly the work of Louis Napoleon. He ought to go farther, if he is to be immortal in England. "*Les passeports sont abolis,*" is a motto which would be worth the best jewel in the *Garde Meuble* to him. It would be fitted for his diadem, if he is to have one, and would make a capital inscription for his tomb.

The Railway! What a scene of bustle, what a confusion of tongues, what a compilation of strange, sawn, cigar-dyed faces, so far as the human features can be discerned in their mask of beard and whisker, which equally covers the visages of the field-marshal and the man-milliner in France. At length the bell rings its last, the whistle screams, and the great train is in motion, the platform-porters moving back from the leviathan, like whalers afraid of a flap of the whale's tail.

The journalists of their own travels sometimes record the "Conversations" which, they tell us, occur on the way. I have no faith in the record. I have never heard a conversation on the road worth the paper on which it was written. The discovery of a new idea in a railroad carriage might rank with the discovery of a new planet. I toss these records to the winds, as so many "*impromptus à l'air,*" written impositions on the public, "weak inventions of the enemy" of common-sense, roadside hallucinations, and locomotive fables.

How is it possible to converse in a machine containing *three thousand parts*, of which a single screw loose, a strap deranged, or the link of a chain broken, may send you where all the "drowsy syrups of the world" would not soften the consequences? Who can reciprocate your sentiments, rushing on at the rate of fifty miles an hour, when your next rush may be into the elements ; when a drunken stoker is the master of your fate ; and when the slipping of a pebble under your wheel may project and pulverise you into a thousand fragments? For my part, the utterance of a word in one of those tremendous machines is equivalent to a moderate strangulation.

Kent, beautiful at all seasons, is still more beautiful in summer. Its perpetual undulations of surface, the exquisite greenness of its pastures, fed by the vapours of the Thames and the clouds of the ocean ; its hop-grounds, ten times worth the French vineyards for the picturesque ; the richness of its plantations fencing the fields, and covering the sides of the hills ; and the general impression of opulent fertility,—make it fit to be the frontier province of England. It is, perhaps, the most English-looking province of its eastern division, and is worthy of the bold bowmen who once formed the strength of the English armies.

Now and then, too, from a grove which looks as old as the days of those gallant bowmen, start up the towers of some noble mansion of some noble family, raised on the confiscation of some fat monastery. Then we see the contrast, in a village church, peeping out from among its poplars,—so old, that our astonishment is, its standing at all, and yet with its patched and restored buttresses covered with ivy, until it seems a pillar of vegetation ; and the whole as pathetic and picturesque as if it had been placed by the hand of a painter.

And thus we fly along. The rapidity of the railroad produces a new effect on the landscape. It is not pictorial ; for there is no time to penetrate the mysteries of the scene, to feel the combined beauties, nor the effect of the shadows, nor the *meanings* which the clumps of the trees, and the thick vegetation of the hedges, give to

the painter's vision. Nor is it theatrical, even with the quick succession of scenery, the sudden change from the sunny to the shadowy, from the highly cultivated to the rough and neglected, and from the level, dotted with sheep and carpeted with wild-flowers, to the abrupt heights and projecting chalk-cliffs, which show only the broad bare surface, coloured with the thousand stains of the shower, or the natural sculpture of the storm. It gives me more the idea of the passing of objects in dreams, the unbroken connection, the grotesque variety, and the general vanishing into "thin air."

At length a fresher air begins to blow, a saline smell mingles with the breath of the vegetation; the peasantry have the strong features that always belong to the neighbourhood of the sea; now and then a tarred hat is seen, or a woollen cap; and the sounds of hammers, and the sight of smoke, tell us that we are approaching a town. The stoker puts on additional steam, that we may make our *entré* with additional honours. We have hitherto lingered on at the rate of five-and-twenty miles an hour—we now move at the rate of forty. Within a couple of miles of Folkstone, we *fly* at the rate of a carrier-pigeon, and are at a speed of fifty. In two minutes we dart into Folkstone.

This town is a populous place: a range of bold heights protect it from the sea—a protection required by every cottage on the coast; for the Atlantic is not more stormy, nor thunders with greater majesty, in winter nights, on the west of Ireland, than the Channel. It is the work of generations of fishermen, who formerly exercised a variety of trades—a race of strong-built, bold, and skilful fellows, who would face the Bay of Biscay in an open boat "for a consideration;" who once had no particular respect for the laws of Customs and Excise; and in the great war were prime conveyancers of intelligence from France.

But other times, and fortunately other habits, have succeeded. The conveyance of bulletins and brandy has subsided—the former from the change of circumstances, the latter from the improvement in the manners

of the people. Those fishermen and boatmen make prime sailors, and are of that class which forms the strength of the navy. In the mean time, they employ their superfluous vigour in running out to the assistance of wrecks, which the neighbouring Goodwin Sands so fearfully supply from winter to winter.

The only disadvantage of the passage by Folkstone is, that the packet must wait for the tides at Boulogne; the headquarters of Napoleon's invasion being a *basin* of mud during three-fourths of the twenty-four hours. Without actually saying that this was an original security, in the providential designs for the defence of England, it unquestionably must always operate as a formidable difficulty in the way of an assault on the eastern coast of England. It must be folly to attempt the invasion of a country so powerful and so populous, with a force of less than 100,000 men—I believe that ten times the number would not accomplish it; but this force cannot be embarked in *fighting ships*: our frigates would not suffer steamers to collect in the French harbours; and the only resource must be boats. Those boats, if gathered outside the harbour, are liable to be attacked, and would undoubtedly be attacked; while, if inside the harbours, they are imbedded in the mud for fifteen hours out of the twenty-four. And all the harbours on the French coast in this quarter are in the same condition. Even Cherbourg is but a *bungle* after all, and the millions of French money, and the ages of French labour, expended on it will never make it worth a tenth of Portsmouth or Plymouth. So, the invasion must be headed by a line of battle ships, and their first work must be to clear the Channel, *if they can*; then, and only then, the small fry of France may follow.

The harbour of Folkstone is admirably adapted for the packet service; it is small, but perfectly sheltered. The packet can get out with any turn of the tide, and I believe with any wind; the mouth of the harbour once passed—and it might be shut by a five-bar gate—the sea opens at once, and nothing lies between it and the coast of France, or the world. It is also one of the points of refuge in

the storms of winter. How many hearts of mariners, in the winter, when the Channel is a sheet of foam, the wind dead on shore, and the night doubly darkened with tempest, must have danced at the glimpse of the little lighthouse quivering on the end of its Mole.

Times are changed since the only conveyance from Folkstone was a fishing-boat. The Princess Helena mail-packet is worthy of her name-sake; a small steamer, the perfection of neatness, noiselessness, and speed. The furniture of the cabins gave indications of the short passage, and also of the customary nature of the Channel. No beds, for the passage of two hours must always be in daylight; but everything compact, no loose furniture—everything fastened to the floor—and here and there those handles affixed to the sides, which are essential to safe walking in a high wind at sea; the windows, little circular holes, with glass so solid as to defy the dash of the heaviest surge; and everything made to resist the roughest weather.

The view on leaving the harbour was striking; the town was soon lost, and nothing but the little lighthouse remained, to tell us that we were not on the shore of an unknown land. High, grey, sullen cliffs ranged on either side; the day was sunless, though fine, the wind fair though rough; and the majority of the passengers staid on deck. My experience told me that the cabin was the true place of refuge; and leaving heroism to find out its mistake, and giving a parting glance at the shore, which looked a gigantic wall of granite, and to the sea, which looked fierce and gloomy, I flung myself on a sofa, and prepared for *extremities*.

I was, however, soon followed—first descended the ladies, then came the gentlemen; the sea was rough without being stormy, and the wind sharp and loud without being a gale. The English bore their calamities in silence; but the foreigners uttered their sensations with a succession of groans—as Hudibras remarks on the vocalisation of foreigners in all distresses—

“Your Frenchman’s like a sucking pig,
Though little, yet his woes are big.”

You cannot pluck a hair of’s tail
But all the parish hears his wail.
Your German’s like an ass i’ the pound,
You know his sorrows by his sound.”

At last the voyage was over, and the passengers, gathering up their trunks and portmanteaus, prepared to face the *Douane*. All the “*fashion*” of Boulogne were assembled to witness our arrival. The experiment is universal on the French shore, and as unfair as it is universal; for what is the contrast between a whole cargo of miseries, flung out with dishevelled locks and sallow faces, and the spruce and ringleted, flounced and furbelowed dwellers on *terra firma*; a race who have nothing to do but to dress; to whom the exhibition of their dress is a matter of daily routine; who without this routine would die the death of *ennui*, perish of the stagnation of life, be the rapid victims of that diseased and decrepid condition, which calls itself existence at a watering-place.

After having passed the inspection of the two lines of those *farnientes*, we entered the *Douane*, and there felt the advantages of the London passport. We were rapidly passed, and our carpet bags passed along with us.

Of old time we might have waited half the day for this operation; we might have had our shirts and night-caps overhauled by a whole tribe of officials; our slippers voted suspicious, and our best coat sent a prisoner of state to Paris. “They now order this matter better in France.”

But the remaining blotches of this system must be removed from the body corporate. European civilisation, as well as European good sense, is disgraced by the continuance of a system which, as was said of the Athenian law, “lets all the big flies escape, while it entangles all the little;” which never catches a smuggler, a thief, or a traitor; but vexes the soul of honest John Bull, with a clear estate, and as clear a conscience, travelling in his own post-chaise at the rate of thirty miles a-day, willing to take the world as it goes, and dreaming no more of plundering the revenue than of subverting the throne.

Boulogne has nothing to detain the traveller, even the novice in travelling who first sets his foot on the French

soil. One glance is enough : it can show only the same succession of old streets.

" Grim, gloomy, grey, each has a brother,
And one dim den is like the other."

But it abounds in hotels ; some mean and minute ; some enormous, and built on a scale for which it is impossible to form an idea of the intention, unless it were for the future conversion of the building into a barrack. The hotel in which I took up my quarters would have housed a regiment of Life Guards, horses and all.

The Table d'hôte. The most comfortable of all contrivances for indulging the most agreeable necessity of our being — a long, scrambling, dreary dinner, yet by no means stinted. The custom rather is superfluity, but a clumsy superfluity ; the company all strangers, ready to flit to the different points of the compass within the next hour.

Boulogne does not seem to thrive. English gold has lost its usual power of working miracles on the faces, clothes, and manners of the population who lie under its droppings. Except a few circulating libraries and painted bathing-houses, which have been planted by English hands, the town seems as haggard, heavy, and heartbroken as when I saw it five-and-twenty years ago. The same hideous costume of the women, the same narrow escape from rags of the men, the same dilapidated look of the houses, the same rough pavement for the pedestrians. Progress is here anything but progressive. France is content with the hour ; it seldom looks forward to the week ; a month is the limit of its view of the future ; a year to come, is beyond the dreams of France.

The railroad. At length, in the fever of hearing the bell ring—for somehow or other every one has something to do at the last moment, which he ought to have done an hour before—seeing cabs flying to the station, porters breathless, and women wringing their hands—I reached the carriage, flung myself into it, and had the comfortable sensation of feeling that my first troubles on a foreign shore were over, and that no hungering and thirsting at ill-kept inns, no slumbering in intoler-

able beds, no dreary *tables d'hôte*, and no custom-house vexations, lay between me and the "*Metropole du monde*," (as the French modestly call their capital :) in short, that I was to complete, in the five hours between breakfast and dinner, the distance which, by the old style of public travel, took thirty-six.

Willing to do justice to every man, I shall not deny to the Frenchman the merit of having meritoriously followed English example in the matter of railroads. His first-class carriages are equal to ours, and his second-class are *superior*. I wish I could excite the passion of *shame* in some of our railway directors, on the subject of their second-class carriages. Instead of the naked seats, naked partitions, narrow space, and *lamps* divisions of the English carriages, the French have *stuffed* seats and *backs*, width, and *lamps* ; the last a matter of decency and necessity for the passage of the tunnels. It is to be hoped that a sense of common propriety will induce a reform in those things, and that a contrast so degrading to the estimation of England in the European eye, will be suffered to exist no longer. There are few things which mark the state of civilisation in any country of Europe more immediately than the condition of its public carriages. Railroads have now a monopoly of the travelling means of England, and it should be the business of those great companies to make the care, comfort, and rates of travelling superior to those of any other part of the world.

The route from Boulogne to Paris shows an unfortunate specimen of France ; three-fourths of it are through a succession of swamps and sands. The eye may rest on rising grounds from time to time, or be refreshed by groups of trees ; but the trees are willows, and the train moves on through a bed of sand, or by the side of a marsh ; and this continues to Amiens.

The station at Amiens is on the plan of the English. The station is large, the refreshment-rooms are spacious and showy, the supply ample, and the attendance well ordered.

Amiens is remarkable in later history only for the abortive treaty, or

rather for the absurd truce, which lasted just long enough for us to dismantle our fleets and disband our armies, and for Napoleon to recruit his Legions and take possession of Switzerland and Piedmont.

But the carriages were in motion once more, and we flew through a country in some degree relieved from the meagre monotony of the landscape through which we had passed from Boulogne. Near Paris we passed by the burnt station, which seems likely to be the only permanent memorial of the Revolution of 1848. There it still stands, with its broken walls and battered roof, being set on fire by a mob, who, having nothing to do, and requiring a stimulant, paid their tribute to the national feeling by a conflagration. The fate of the Orleans dynasty probably never drew tear or sigh from any human being but themselves: their fall was the natural fate of the Over-cunning; but *there* stands the emblem of the Revolution, blazing for nothing, and naked, empty, now tottering to its fall.

The increased speed of the train—the usual symptom of our approach to a town, a sprinkling of villas on the roadside, and long gloomy ranges of hill surrounding a huge valley, told us that we were near the end of our journey. Then appeared the dome of the Invalides, the bold roof of the Pantheon, and the great mass of the Tuilleries, in the valley. We now rushed along, and in another moment we had finished the five hours, and "*Nous voilà à Paris.*"

The Boulevard. One thing for which London might envy Paris is the Boulevard. If I had the power of the old magicians, who whisked cities away in a night, I would transport the Boulevard to London, and plant it on the ruins of the thousand mean and miserable streets, which the avarice of builders and the tastelessness of bricklayers are multiplying on every side of our capital. I should make it a protecting circle against the invasions of this pecuniary vandalism for all time to come, and secure for the citizens at least one street worthy of their city—a broad, healthy, and cheerful belt round the metropolis; in its magnitude and in its magnificence worthy of England.

Not that the Boulevard owes its origin to either the taste of the monarch or the liberality of the people: it was the work of hard times and rude necessities. It was the rampart of Paris, which had screened the little city of a little monarchy from many an assault. But the cessation of European war, for a time, by the peace of Westphalia, suffered the towers and gates of this rampart to fall into decay. Louis XIV., the only redeeming point of whose character was, that he loved stately buildings and public ornament, cleared away the ruins; he planted the high-road—for then it was nothing more—with trees, which now form its principal and most fortunate characteristic; erected the triumphal arch of St Denis, to his own honour and glory—the only thing which this king of Fops had ever at heart; and left it to time to fulfil the rest. As Paris swelled, in the course of years, the Boulevard became lined with the mansions of the nobles; with those gradually mingled the shops of the leading traders; then came the theatres; then came the coffee-houses; and then came the lounge, the looker-on, the mendicant, the mountebank, the printseller, and the mime—the miscellany of life which makes the Boulevard a picture of Paris, an epitome of France, and a haunt of all the rambles of Europe.

It now partakes in all the fashions, follies, oddities, and tumults of the day. The omnibus—an English invention of fifty years ago, which then failed in London, which prospered a quarter of a century ago in Paris, and which has returned to London to encumber the streets, but greatly to compensate for the intolerable length and breadth of the monster metropolis—finds its headquarters in the Boulevard. It is calculated that twenty thousand public vehicles of all shapes and sizes are employed in Paris, and there is not one of those which does not make its *tour* of the Boulevard daily, or perhaps many times a-day. From this we may conceive the constant rush of wheels, the whirl of life, the incessant rattle of hoofs, feet, and tongues, which, from morn till night, pours through this fine line of communication. It has long since eclipsed

every other street in Paris. The Rue Richelieu, where the nobles of the monarchy once fluttered in embroidered doublets and feathered caps; the St Honoré, where the court ladies drove in their handsomest equipages, and spent their husbands' rent-rolls on lace and confectionary; even the Palais Royal, once the heart of Paris, the pride of the French monarchy, and the centre of more polish and profligacy, more beauty and brawls, than any spot of its size on the globe; all bow the head before the Boulevard!

But I once saw it under circumstances of a wholly different nature. It was the year of Napoleon's second expulsion, and of the second triumph of the Allied arms. The Boulevard was then crowded with the soldiery of every nation of Europe, but the French. Even Tartary furnished its quota to this superb *reunion* of the masters of the world. I saw visages that were certainly born in the shadow of the Chinese wall, and costumes which had bleached in the snows of the Great Desert. I saw the Cossack of the Don, with his weather-beaten physiognomy, his little hardy horse, and the spear which had probably done savage execution in the march from Moscow. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, had brought detachments of their Guards along with them—of course, the most soldierlike and showy of their troops; and those formed the loungers of the public works, promenading everywhere, very much at their ease, and with the air of men who had done their business *completely*.

Among those the English soldiery were the most conspicuous, and the quietest, and ever the most at their ease. When the foreign officers happened to see in the windows of the printshops any print reflecting on their country, (and the shops were foolishly full of such, the last revenge of the vanquished,) they entered the shop and tore the prints, or broke the windows of the impertinent dealer. But nothing was so common as to see the English officers grouped round a caricature of their countrymen, and laughing heartily at the burlesque.

In this spirit, too, they saw all the sights of Paris. Their patience induced the French managers to represent frequently "*Les Anglaises poudrées*," a violent, yet very dull, caricature of the habits and manners of Englishwomen; for the French think everything that is not their own, *barbare*. With the greatest propensity to adopt whatever is *graceless*, with the most exaggerated taste in the world—a taste which, in twenty-four hours, makes a milliner's monstrosity the fashion of all the *beau monde* of Paris—they are all astonishment at a cap or a ribbon *not* of the reigning shape or colour. France is *par excellence* the nation in which the milliners are a dynasty and the tailors a despotism; in which the cut of a coat raises or sinks a man through all the grades of society; and the colour of a *culotte* determines his condition for life. This is the inventive and tasteful supremacy, to which Europe owes hoop petticoats, the curled wig, rouge and hair-powder—though the origin of the two latter is claimed by a company of Italian mummers who descended the Alps in the time of Mazarin, to reinforce the failing ingenuity of the nation.

But, with all this apparent ease among the foreign soldiery, there was no laxity of precaution. Cannon were kept in readiness for the first symptom of riot; troops were on the watch; vigilant eyes were exploring the corners of the city; and the first tap of the drum would have answered the first clamour of the Sections, by a brigade of a hundred thousand men!

But the Boulevard, in those days, was a most amusing sight, as well as a most warlike one. It was thoroughly French—ten times more *Gallic* than it ever has been since.

For the preservation of national manners, good or bad, every country should be separated from the rest every half century. France had been separated by the war from England—the only country which it always hates, and which it *always* imitates—for nearly five-and-twenty years. The period before the war was the era of *Anglomanie* in France. From the throne to the theatre, and from the coterie of the Fauxbourg St Germain to the cobbler's stall, the

fashion of the time was *English*—English jockeys and jockey-boots, English horses and hats, English equipages, and even English stable-talk were the etiquette; the Duke of Orleans (father of Louis Philippe) came over with a cloud of courtiers to visit George, Prince of Wales, and returned to France with an English postchaise, English grooms, and an English *redingote*. The English tourists—they were then not of the same class which now deluges the Continent, but the *milors*, who could afford to throw away a thousand pounds at a sitting, and who astonished the quivering and nervous Frenchman at the equanimity with which they paid the loss, however the next morning the pistol or the pond might be their resource—then learned things not much more conducive to their morals or their rent-roll, in Paris; and the two countries were likely soon to have exhibited a *fusion* of all that was absurd, frivolous, and frippery in both. When suddenly the war interposed, and raised the barrier between them; and, like a plant excited into floridness by the greenhouse, and restored to its original vigour by the roughness of the open air, the Englishman recovered his native character, and abandoned the affectations and effeminacy of Continental life.

But, to the Boulevard: it was then a perpetual "Exhibition." All the shows, trickeries, fopperies, and mummeries of foreign life were there in full performance, all day and every day. Monkeys, booths, barrel-organs, itinerant showmen, fortune-tellers, lotteries, mountebanks, popular orators—in short, everything that could attract the idlers of an idle population, bordered both sides of this immense street. And the night was like the day, but more crowded, more noisy, and more laughable, illuminated by ten thousand paper lamps, *bougies*, and torches.

But the return of the Bourbons was a sad interruption. Louis XVIII., though not suspected of any severity in his principles, was determined to draw a line between the past and present in the good city of Paris, and the morals of royalty swept away the mimes. Gendarmes took the

place of the travelling showmen. Processions of police-officers were fatal to the festivities of the pavement; and the accession of Charles X., the king of the *priests*, completed the havoc of merriment and mummery, and the street muses fled for ever.

Louis Philippe, with his usual attention to the principles of popularity in France, endeavoured to make the Boulevard again the grand promenade of Paris. In this he perfectly succeeded. He laid the sides down with asphalté, which, if it sticks to every pedestrian in hot weather, and gives the whole population the appearance of walking with iron soles on a pavement of magnets, is prodigiously better than the sand, which at one time rose in hurricanes upon its surface, and the mire which in winter threatened to swamp the traveller. As it is, the Boulevard is the great ornament, the great characteristic, and the great emporium of Paris.

The Legislative Assembly.—This successor of the National Assembly, of the Convention, of the Council of Five Hundred, of the Chamber of Deputies, and of the Constituent Assembly, is by far the most curious display in Paris. It is not easy of access to strangers, and a ticket is necessary. To those who are not familiar with the French capital, it may be interesting to know that this palace of the French Parliament is entered from the stately square which has been the scene of some of the most startling events of French modern history, and which, like all the memorable places of Paris, has changed its name with every memorable era of the city. Once a mere suburb common, it was enclosed in the reign of Louis XV., and called after that easy personage, to whom France, however, ultimately owed her Revolution. When his throne fell, his statue fell with it, and the ground was dedicated to the new ruler of France, the Guillotine, by which the innocent and unfortunate Louis XVI. lost his head; a few years after, the square was called Place de la Revolution; on the return of the Bourbons it was called Place Louis Quinze once more; on the accession of Charles X. it was determined that the statue of Louis XVI. should be

erected in the place where he was so foully murdered, and that the name should be changed to Place Louis Seize. But kings in France are transitory things; Charles himself was expelled; and Louis Philippe, sagacious of consequences, and probably wishing that it should be no longer a record of the fall of thrones, named it Place de la Concorde, a childish title, and wholly without an intelligible meaning, except it be the one of avoiding all memorial of the past, and all anticipation of the future.

To the French Parliament the Seine is crossed by a bridge, from the Place de la Concorde, which has adopted all its successive names, and has been Pont Louis Seize, &c. It is now Pont de la Concorde, and is a very showy structure, from the middle of which the spectator sees one of the handsomest squares in Europe.

The House of the French Parliament, like everything in Paris, has a history of its own, and has belonged successively to the family of Condé, the Council of Five Hundred, the *Corps Legislatif*, and the new National Assembly. It had previously belonged to the unfortunate Duc de Bourbon, who was found hanging from the bolt of his bedroom window in the chateau of St Leu—an event which has never been cleared up; for, at his age of seventy-four, and in a state of great bodily infirmity, it was conceived that *suicide* was impossible. By his will it descended to the son of the King, the Duc d'Aumale, and by him was sold to the nation.

The entrances are guarded by infantry and dragoons: a company of infantry were lounging over the parapet in front, and groups of police and soldiery were scattered through the courtyard. The soldier is everywhere in Paris.

The present hall of assemblage is merely a temporary appendage to the palace, and more resembles a country theatre, on a large scale, than a place for the representatives of a nation. But even this rude structure has its history, and is memorable as the *scène* of the great Socialist *émeute* of May 1848. The Faction, under the pretence of presenting a petition for Poland, mustered to the amount of many thousand men—some say 80,000.

They marshalled themselves like regular troops, and thus marching through the streets, with banners at the head of each detachment, and with cries of "*Vive la Pologne! vive la République! vive Louis Blanc!*" suddenly took possession of the court of the palace. The Assembly were then sitting; but, as they were totally unprotected, the Socialists rushed into the hall, and began a debate of their own. The Assembly, imitating—rather unwisely imitating—the Roman Senate, on the irruption of the Gauls, prepared for a political martyrdom, and kept their seats, to frown down the barbarians of the Faux-bourgs. Some of their orators addressed the multitude, but they instantly found the established effect of an attempt to reason with the rabble. They were roared down; and the leading demagogues, Blanqui, Barbes, and Raspail, were the only haranguers listened to for a moment. After a terrifying tumult of some hours—employed in equally furious and foolish haranguing—a Socialist mounted the President's table, declared "the legislature was at an end," and demanded the "establishment of a Provisional Government."

The tumult was now at its height; the Roman recollections of the representatives gave way to the formidable necessities of the moment, and they were driven from the hall amid a shower of personal insults. The leaders of the *émeute* had, in the mean time, gone to the Hôtel de Ville, where they formed a revolutionary cabinet, under Barbes, &c.

But here the patriots committed a capital error: they forgot their friends, the dungeon and sabre. Deliberation requiring delay, and delay being fatal to the success of riot, while their new *Cabinet* were deliberating the representatives were recovering from their fright. By giving them time for the restoration of their senses, instead of imprisoning them one and all, (if, in the old Revolutionary style, they did not massacre them,) they found the National and Mobile Guards suddenly in arms, and marching against them. The mob were driven out of the hall; the National Guard soon mustered in great numbers. They are the shopkeepers of Paris,

and a government of plunder by no means suited their notions of property; and though the maxim of the Removators of Nations was propagated pretty largely, "*La propriété—c'est le vol*," the National Guard employed itself promptly in sending the Cabinet to prison, and reconducting the representatives to their Salle!

It was in the Chamber of Deputies that the *Drame* of the extinction of the Monarchy was finally performed on the 24th of February 1848, a period which will henceforth figure in the history of revolutions. Here, while Louis Philippe was flying to St Cloud, the Duchess of Orleans presented herself with her two sons. M. Dupin announced to the Chamber that the King had abdicated, and proposed to proclaim the Count de Paris King, under the Regency of the Duchess. Lamartine moved that the discussion should *not* take place in the presence of any member of the royal family. But there were authorities outside the walls who knew nothing of the formalities of legislation. The mob were roaring for an entrance; the Duchess, with her children, attempted to escape; they were driven back by the rabble. Another debate now commenced on the subject of committing the Regency to the Duc de Nemours; another followed on the proposal of a Provisional Government. The hall was now crowded with armed men. Ledru Rollin then ascended the tribune, and argued that, Louis Philippe having abdicated, the Crown could not be transferred without an appeal to the people. There seemed now every probability of a sanguinary termination to the scene, and efforts were made by the friends of the royal family again to extricate the Duchess; but in vain.

The conduct of the Duchess certainly showed great intrepidity on this occasion. While muskets were pointed at individuals in the Assembly, and in the hands of men absolutely without restraint, her own life, and the lives of her children, might be the sacrifice of the instant. She, poor thing, now attempted to speak. But the French mob were not Hungarian nobles, and the "*Moriamur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa*," was in a different style from the *sentiment*

of the reformers of Paris. She was bellowed down.

The armed mob now proceeded to make a government. One of their orators mounted the tribune, and declared that Louis Philippe, having abdicated, could not leave a legacy of the throne without the choice of the people. This horrible scene of confusion, blundering, threatening, and terror, lasted for three full hours; during which the Duchess and the children fortunately effected their escape, retiring to the Hotel of the Invalides, and quitted Paris like the rest of the royal family next morning.

The whole scene concluded, not unaptly, in the formation of a Provisional Government, itself the commencement of a series of provisional governments, each more temporary and trifling than the one that fell before it, and finishing at last, if in France anything can be said to finish, by a Republic, excluding Monarchy for ever, though that eternity may mean a restoration within six months; but especially providing for public confusion, by abolishing the essential principle of public order—a *hereditary throne*!

The aspect of the present Chamber gives the idea, not merely of a building erected in popular haste, but of a building erected in such antiquity as to have become long dilapidated. I never saw any place of public meeting that looked more squalid. It has completely the aspect of the shabbiest and most melancholy of all possible things, a theatre by *daylight*, to which I have compared it already, for the similitude is constant and irresistible. At one end of the hall is the President's chair, with a table in front, on which rests a bell and a little stick, both which are important instruments of the Presidential authority, though neither much comporting with the presumed dignity of debate. In front of this table is the Tribune, a species of square pulpit, with steps at the sides, where the orators of the Assembly successively lay their papers on a shelf before them, and read, or recite, according to their capacity of using the native language. The shape of the hall is nearly semicircular; the area is surrounded with benches for

the members, before each of whom is a desk with pen and ink, so that a member may be writing his speech while the debate is going on, and the product of the desk may be read at the tribune within the next half-hour. The whole of this preparation for scribbling looked to me like the arrangement of a large banking-house, or a merchant's office; and the seats seem to be appropriated personally to individuals, for there are lists of the members, in a programme sold at the entrance to the galleries, which mark the names of those possessors *en permanence*.

At the corner of those ranges, to the left of the President, sit the "*Extrême Gauche*," or "*Montagnards*," the ultra-liberals. At the opposite corner, and on the right of the chair, sit the *Extrême Droite*, the ultra-royalists; and the circle is filled up by the diversities of party—all shapes and shades of opinion—the refugees from the extreme points on both sides, the quiet waiters upon chance, and the swimmers upon the turn of the tide.

All this is new, and very amusing to the spectator; and not less new is the appearance of the writers for the journals, as an *authenticated body*, in the house. In front of the President sit the writers who detail the debates for the *Moniteur*. In boxes in the gallery, on the left side of the President, are the allotted places of the other writers for the journals; and on the right of the chair, also in the gallery, are boxes for the Foreign Ambassadors and the families of the members. In the remaining gallery are seats for the public.

The debates generally begin at two in the afternoon, and in general, of course, close early. The doors are open for about an hour before. In France there is a foolish affectation of gallantry on all occasions, and the front seats in the public galleries are exclusively devoted to the fair, making a privilege for them in a place where they can have but little amusement, and no business. I, in my inadvertence to the national custom, having taken a vacant seat in the front, was ordered out of it by an officer of the house, with "*Place aux dames*," and surrendered it accordingly. My fair substitute had the

look of a *poissarde*, or an alewife; wore her bonnet—which all the women in France do everywhere, even at the theatre, except when they pin it up to the pillars—and made it somewhat difficult for those behind her to see or hear. I doubt whether she was much edified by the discussion.

The Debate. The subject of the day was the National Guard. It is a delicate question for all parties. The Liberals, of course, are loud in its laudation; but still even *they* may feel a lurking sentiment that the National Guard, being chiefly shopkeepers—at least in Paris, and Paris being *France*—have a sense of the integrity of their plate-glass, and the profits of their trade, and (having had sufficient experience that revolutions are beneficial to neither) may not be of that *reliable* order which is necessary to the advocates of perpetual confusion.

The military have no hesitation in speaking the usual opinions which all the soldiers in the world entertain of citizens, with drums and trumpets, and beards and muskets, parading in holidays—much at the counter, and never in the camp.

The financiers, in the matter of taxation comprehending all the grumblers of the community, which amount to all France, look at the expenditure for the fifers and drummers, the staff, and the shoes of the legions, as so much thrown away; while the Royalists regard them as unfit to meddle with such questions as either republics or restorations.

To those must be added the substantial objections of the shopkeepers themselves, to be taken from their trades to drill, to stand a parade in wet weather or snow (and winter shows no mercy to civic heroism in Paris more than in other capitals of Europe,) and, finally, to shoulder the musket during the six hours of a review in the Champ de Mars. I say nothing of the final chance of being under arms for thirty-six hours together, in the recurrence of another *émeute*, a 24th of February, or even a "three glorious days of July;" for a Frenchman scoffs at the idea of his having any dislike to being shot in the streets, the amputation of a limb,

or a deposit in Père la Chaise. And it must be acknowledged that the shopkeepers turned out stoutly on these memorable occasions.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with that curious anomaly which forms the French mind, to say, whether the mass of the national feeling would not be sufficiently pleased to hear the drum of the Guard for the last time; but the feeling has some plausibility even in this lively nation, where everything is beard and belligerency—besides having Nature on its side in every other country of Europe.

The debate on this subject always *draws*. The people are prepared to attach a prodigious interest to anything that can be said, old or new, clever or commonplace, on the topic; and the popular orators are never in such plumage as when they take a flight in honour of the "Garde National, les grands défenseurs de la patrie."

The commencement of the sitting was rather irregular. There was no prayer, or other form of religion, that I could perceive; but the members sauntered in, wandered about the floor, or lounged in their seats, for the first half-hour. The time was chiefly occupied in presenting petitions, which the presenter merely handed up to the President, with a few words. Those petitions were chiefly for a revision of the constitution, which prohibits the re-election of a President after his four years' apprenticeship. This law was in the genuine style of republicanism, which is always jealous and distrustful—substantially the spirit of despotism, confiding in no man unless he is in chains! Or, as was said by the celebrated Burke, characterising the similar law by which no representative of the Convention could be re-elected—"This reminds me of the chimney-sweepers, forced to abandon their trade by the time that they have learned it." The only difference being, that the abandonment, in the one case, was the work of nature, and in the other the absurdity of legislation.

But even in this stage I had a specimen of French debating. General Baraguay d'Hilliers, on presenting one of

those petitions, having mounted the tribune, and turning, perhaps accidentally, towards the *Extrême Gauche*, one of them cried out, without preface or apology, "Why do you address us? Speak to the Assembly." Another member met a similar rebuff immediately after. On presenting a petition from the municipality of Havre, a member, sitting on his bench, cried out—"Municipal councils have no right of petition; on which the presenter explained "that it came from the individual members of the council."

At length the order of the day was read, for the consideration of the law relative to the National Guard. On this, "Napoleon Buonaparte" was announced as the speaker. I felt a strange sensation at the sound of the name, which had so long produced sensations of all kinds in the world. It is true, it now could affect nothing but memory; but what a memory had that sound left behind! I looked with no ordinary curiosity on the bearer of that renowned and formidable name.

The orator is the son of Jerome, formerly King of Westphalia, and is said to resemble the Emperor more than any of the living family. His stature is short and full, his countenance dark, but expressive of intelligence; and altogether he is a striking personage.

He spoke, of course, in high praise of the National Guard, and spoke with spirit and fluency.

But, to the eye of a stranger, the effect was greatly impaired by the unfortunate habit of the country, which makes all speeches in the Assembly resemble the speech of a lawyer from his brief. His papers were laid on the front of the tribune, and in the lapses of his memory he constantly returned to them, took a glance to reinforce his argument, and, having thus dipt into the subject, was on the wing again. In this style he alternated from his papers to his audience for nearly half-an-hour—continually interrupted, however, and bearing the interruptions with the reverse of philosophy. He began by moving, "That the National Guard is instituted for the defence of the Constitution, the Republic, and the

sovereignty of the people; to maintain obedience to the laws; to preserve or *re-establish* public peace in the country; to assure the independence of France, and the integrity of its territory against foreigners."

He contended that "it was necessary to proclaim the rights and wrongs of the Guard, because there was an evident desire to dispense with their employment, and, of course, with their public existence—a proposition to that effect having been entertained. The result of refusing the right to nominate their officers was a prestige of other consequences, too formidable yet to be ventured on."

But the interruptions were perpetual, and most provoking. "Speak to the question!" broke off the most showy sentiments; and he grew more and more angry. He charged his opponents with wishing to arm none but their partisans—"It was a monstrosity, an enormity!" Still arose the cry, "Speak to the question!" He now said, "It is an attempt to organise civil war for the profit of a party." (Roars of order.) M. Faucher, the Minister of the Interior, exclaimed, "Monsieur, you cannot affirm that we are organising civil war."

To this the reply was, "One may organise it without intention." This rather exculpatory reply was followed by a long paragraph on the crime of conspirators attempting to overthrow all the principles of liberty! Then followed renewed cries of order from the right, and the bell of the President now began to ring loudly.

The three degrees of keeping the peace seemed to be, first, the beating of the little stick or paper-knife (I could not, with all my curiosity, tell which) on the table; then came the ringing of the bell, (about the size of the dustman's;) and then the President, exhausted of all direct means of control, threw himself back in the chair with a pathetic expression, which was responded to by cries of "*La clôture, la clôture!*"

The President (who was not M. Dupin) now made the most perplexing of all demands. "*J'invite l'orateur d'expliquer sa pensée.*" Then ensued a scene which I shall not attempt to describe. The orator

grew mystical, thundered out his denunciation of the "secret transactions of a certain party," and professed his resolution, at all hazards, to resist violence, from whatever quarter it should come. This was followed by laughter from the right; and a voice was heard from the same side, "Then you should not set the example."

Napoleon finished this legislative Waterloo by moving his amendment and making his retreat from the tribune.

A M. Biancey then prepared to mount the tribune. I presume that he was about to advert to Napoleon's speech, for he was met by a cry from the right—"Don't reply; it is not worth the while. Question, question!"—on which M. Biancey calmly returned to his seat.

A M. Duprat then mounted the tribune, and said "he was sorry that the preceding member had not assigned his reasons for the conduct of the commission." This taunt was met by a cry from the right—"What is that to you? You are no judge whether he ought or ought not to reply." M. Duprat on this said "that the question was of great public interest, and he wished to speak on it." "Hold your tongue," says a member on the left. "To whom do you say that?—is it to us?" cries one of the right. "I use the privilege of demanding silence," says the former. "No one disturbed it on this side till you meddled with it," says another. Thus the debate proceeded, with perpetual interruptions, until M. Faucher cleverly reconciled all disputants by an old but popular phrase.

"You are speaking," said he, "of raising volunteer corps. In reply to that suggestion, I say, when the path of duty is clearly laid down, and when the danger is plainly before us, every man in France is a volunteer!" (Huzza! Bravo! an acclamation of applause from all parts of the Assembly; and when M. Faucher went to his seat, the members crowded round him with congratulations on this heroic defence of the courage of their country.)

The debate was prolonged, and the President again used his little stick and his bell; but nothing was worth

listening to after the vindication of France, and, rather tired, I came away.

Of course different nations will have different manners; but I could not comprehend, then or now, how it is possible to *debate* anything in those perpetual interruptions. The interrupting members, too, did not rise to call to order, and thus rise under the penalty of having to prove their point; they kept their seats, with the air of men who sat merely to criticise. It was, on the whole, a conversation very amusing to strangers, but a conversation which, on any given subject, I should conceive renewable for these fifty years.

But while we in England are safe from borrowing this style of debate, let us not quarrel with it. It is a pledge of the peace of Europe. I should be infinitely sorry that the Legislative Assembly, or by whatever name France may, next month, choose to call it, were closed. There the *vivacité Française* finds its fair channel; there is the safety-valve of her politics; there is the quiet drain of that superfluity of tongue, and that restlessness of thought, which the Frenchman *must* employ in the field, if he cannot employ it in the legislature. France was never Republican until she lost her old Parliaments. Then, the talkers of Gascony and Poitou and Picardy had no means of getting rid of their extra animation, and rushed to Paris with revolution as a relief to their tongues; and rushed over Europe, to be able to sit down quiet in their old age.

But I must not intrude on your space any further at present. I shall probably trouble you with another letter, for Paris is fuller of topics than a Hemisphere besides. Of course I do

not allude to the mere *sights*, which are before every eye, and which are undoubtedly well worth seeing. But, the people are, with me, the true sight. Life in London is to life in Paris what a hive with wooden panels is to a hive of glass. Even the whole working of the bees is transparent. The Frenchman *must* live in public—his existence is an open-air existence, his thoughts perish, or choke himself, without ventilation.

For instance, I cannot conceive the completion of a conspiracy in Paris. A Gunpowder Plot would be divulged at once. The silent labour, the stern determination, the patient perseverance, and the solemn courage of that hideous and far-seeing conspiracy would be impossible in France. In twenty-four hours, or in a twenty-fourth part of the time, a French Guy Fawkes would have whispered it at the bar of his coffee-house, or told it to his wife, or announced it to his mistress, or talked the matter over with the gendarme of his neighbourhood; or written a *feuilleton* in the *Journal des Debats*, detailing the resources of the plotters, with hints at their names. He would have found himself bursting with the intelligence, and got rid of it as a relief to nature.

And this is the *true* reason why conspiracy never succeeds in France—why the police instantly know all the projects for overturning thrones, or shooting monarchs, or changing religions, or constructing adventures on the highway. The people *must* talk, and this it is which makes them at once so safe to be handled by a vigorous government, and so infinitely amusing to the stranger, who cares not whom they have for governor.

THE LONDON DIARY OF A GERMAN AUTHORESS.

WITH rare exceptions, those recent foreign writers who have taken upon themselves to criticise the condition and institutions of this country, and its inhabitants, have not been persons on whose opinions we could set a high value, by whose censure we could feel annoyed, or whose praise could add greatly to our self-esteem. The standing and character of a judge are all-important: if his judgment is to be respected, he himself must be both competent and respectable. The verdict of a dull book-maker like Mr Kohl, or of a shallow and mischievous demagogue of M. Ledru Rollin's stamp, are alike indifferent to us. Their writings are unheeded by the British public, scarcely noticed by the British press. Of French books concerning England, Englishmen are particularly careless; for, strange as it may appear, our nearest neighbours are amongst our worst appreciators, and deal, for the most part, in a set of stereotyped prejudices with respect to this country which were amusing until they grew stale. Although Germans understand us better, it was not from the pen of a German Jewess, a Republican and Socialist, a disciple of the new school of female emancipation, a devoted admirer of George Sand, Arnold Ruge, Mazzini, and other subversives, that we expected any very judicious comments upon the people and things of England. Mrs Fanny Lewald, to whom the above description exactly applies, has really surprised us by the moderate tone of the first volume of her letters. Regarding the present generation of German female writers as particularly wearisome and unpleasant, and not being very favourably impressed by some of her previous publications, we took up Mrs Lewald's *English Diary* with most limited anticipations as to the amount of interest and merit it might contain. Its perusal, we must in justice confess, somewhat amended our estimate of the lady's common sense.

Wholesome recreation and relaxation of mind were Mrs Lewald's avowed objects in visiting England. It does not concern us to inquire whether the idea of a book glimmered in the background, and further stimulated her to the journey. The volume before us comprises but a portion of her short stay in this island;—eight weeks, spent in London, during which, although whirled in a busy round of sight-seeing and amusement, she managed to write letters to a friend, sufficient to fill a printed volume of five hundred pages. Such letters are often written by returned travellers, at their own firesides, and addressed to the printer. This is not the case with Mrs Lewald's published correspondence, which we have reason to believe actually went through the post-office in the manner she represents. Indeed, there have been rumoured complaints of her not having sufficiently revised her correspondence; and accusations against her of committing to type certain things which had better have remained in the privacy of an intimate epistle. Initials are an insufficient disguise, when the context enables readers to fill up the blanks; and should she again visit England, she may probably find some of her acquaintances more upon their guard. Others will doubtless approve her indiscretions, and thank her for having contributed to make known the opinions in which they glory. There is a Mr H., for instance, whose entire name she sometimes suffers to escape her, a German Socialist and Democrat of the most offensive and outrageous class, who has been implicated in sundry of the insurrections of which Germany has been the theatre since 1848, who was in this country at the time of her visit, and whose ravings against monarchy and Christianity she now and then quotes, and might as well have omitted. She is not without occasional irreverence and levity of her own to answer for,

which it would have been better taste to avoid, considering that only a minority of her readers are likely to consist of Jews, infidels, and Red Republicans. But the form of "Letters," we suppose, is to be accepted as a plea for indulgent criticism. The lady starts with the declaration that she makes no pretensions to the production of a profound or complete work upon Great Britain, although she believes that, even during her brief residence, she gathered much valuable knowledge and instruction, which she hopes her German admirers will feel obliged to her for imparting.

Until our esteemed *collaborateur*, Pisistratus Caxton, shall have shown the particularly obtuse department of the Woods and Forests how to render the western entrance to London as grand and imposing as that to Paris from the Champs Elysées, we shall persist in considering the Thames as the only worthy avenue to the great city, and as that through which every foreigner should for the first time approach it. By the Thames came Mrs Lewald; but the impression made upon her was not very strong, or rather it was weakened by that which should have heightened it. The multitude of vessels, the forests of masts, the stir and bustle, confused and bewildered her. Some other Germans, passengers by the same boat, were in raptures of wonderment; it was with a sort of apathetic indifference that she observed herself to be in the midst of innumerable ships and a vast city. Moreover, the good lady inclines to the Cobden doctrine; and the pleasurable feelings inspired by the sight of fleets of merchantmen, suggesting imposing ideas of alliance and traffic between all the nations of the world, were neutralised to her by the frowning batteries of men-of-war and the warlike equipage accumulated in Woolwich arsenal. She could feel no joy in wealth and civilisation based upon the downfall of other nations, nor sympathise in a prosperity coupled with the barbarism of war; although, at a few pages' interval, we find her proclaiming her advocacy of systems and institutions whose adoption in Europe—impossible, as we believe—could never be but at the cost of rivers of

blood, and in the projects of whose partisans wholesale slaughter is a primary ingredient. The utmost she could do was to view such a state of things—the great guns and military stores, we mean—with melancholy resignation, as inevitable, and, as she fears, not yet ripe for change. At the Custom-House she was struck by the democratic practice of giving precedence to the examination of single packages, so that the man of much luggage has the longest to wait. She was delighted at the little trouble given in the matter of passports; and in the best of humours, well disposed to be pleased, she reached the modest lodgings that had been engaged for her, on a second floor in a street near Hyde Park. It was on Whitsuntide eve; the weather was fine, and her friends advised her to delay her examination of London, and to take advantage of the sunshine for excursions out of town. For the Sunday she had already an invitation to visit a German family in Surrey. During her drive from the far west of London to the South Eastern Railway, her attention was attracted by the great number of monuments she passed—*attracted*, however, by their number rather than by their good taste. Her comments are by no means uniformly judicious. The National Gallery, the most abortive, ill-planned, and contemptible public building ever destined for so ambitious a purpose as the receptacle of a great nation's artistic wealth, she designates as grandiose (*grossartig*.) The same person who is guilty of this misapplication of praise very sensibly criticises the practice of elevating statues on the summit of lofty columns. "Between two great fountains rises a monument to Nelson. He stands in military uniform upon the top of a pillar, looking just as little and doll-like as Napoleon on the Vendôme column. So the absurdity of placing portrait-statues of great men at such an elevation that, dwindled into dwarfs, they lose all interest for the spectator, is domiciled also in England! The Duke of York's statue is another example of this. He is represented enveloped in a long mantle, above which only the uncovered head appears; and this is surmounted by the

iron rod of a lightning conductor, which seems to go through the head. Even my sharp eyes could discern little more than a sack-like mass, with a knob and a long spike; and yet this may be a good statue, rendered unprofitable only by its senseless position." She hopes rather than believes in the possible goodness of the too-exalted statue, for she elsewhere expresses herself in anything but favourable terms with respect to those monuments of this class in London, whose humbler position permitted her to examine them. She is an advocate for dressing statues in the costume of their time, and ridicules classic drapery upon modern warriors and statesmen. Upon this ground she considers the statue of Huskisson, in the commercial room at Lloyd's, as the most remarkable thing in the whole building. "It is so tasteless," she says, "that it is actually comical. The English minister of commerce, who lost his life in the nineteenth century at the opening of a Manchester railway, is depicted with naked breast, and draped in a toga, like some ancient Greek or Roman. In addition to this, he wears great boots, but of so thin a texture that the whole foot, with its toes and joints, shows through it. To me it is matter of daily recurring astonishment that in England, where the first works of art of antiquity are to be found—where so strong a love for art prevails that the English pass for the best purchasers of modern sculpture—and where in the exhibition one sees so many beautiful busts—most of the statues upon public places are so remarkably bad." She makes but few exemptions from this censure; and one of these is in favour of the Duke of Wellington's statue in front of the Exchange. She was struck and interested by what she terms the "worship" of the Duke in this country. "Praiseworthy as a sign of gratitude, pleasing, as showing respect for the venerable hero, I yet could not help being reminded by it of the adoration paid by the Romans to their emperors, before they raised them to the rank of gods. I have already seen three statues and a monument in his honour." She finds fault with the Achilles, considers

the equestrian statue opposite Apsley House a failure, "the Duke sitting on his horse as stiff as the ghost of the commander in Don Juan," but praises the statue in the city for its truth to nature, the rider sitting easily, on a motionless horse, as if a regiment were defiling before him. "His steed is an English blood-horse, fine-limbed, with small hoof, small head, and veins starting through its skin, and stands on all four feet, firm and immovable, like a well-trained *manège* horse. This plan of representing a slender blood-horse, the individual portrait of a horse, in opposition to the typical war-horse, whose abstract idea has hitherto been conventionally adopted for equestrian statues, struck me as novel, but not ungraceful." Whilst on the subject of art, and as we have no intention of accompanying Mrs Lewald day by day through her rambles in and around London, we will pass on to her visit to the exhibition of the Royal Academy. Except to a few artists and enthusiastic amateurs, a last year's exhibition of pictures, when this year's is open, is almost as stale and uninteresting a thing as one of last week's daily papers. We revert to it, nevertheless; because there is interest in the impression it made on a foreigner of at least average intelligence, who loves art, and has seen and studied many of the artistic treasures contained in the galleries of Italy and Germany. Mrs Lewald's first and strong impression, on her visit to the exhibition of the Academy, was twofold. She found that the English were better sculptors than painters, and that, amongst the painters, the higher the style selected the less was the talent shown. As she visited the exhibition in company with two German artists, who had frequently been there before, we may presume that her impressions were in some measure controlled and corroborated by their maturer examination and more experienced judgment. However this may have been, many of her views on the subject of the present school of British art are exceedingly just. She is struck with admiration by the perfection of the miniature painting, warmly admires the water-colour drawings, whether

landscapes, portraits, interiors, or still life. In oils, she speaks highly of the simplicity and truth to nature of landscapes and marine views, finds the portraits often equally good, and some of the *genre* pictures very graceful and gay; but with a few notable exceptions she utterly condemns the historical pictures. At the same time she remarks that, of late, Germany has produced few good historical pictures, Italy none, and that only the French—to whom their revolutions and their African wars have suggested incomparable subjects—have done much that is great in that high walk of art. Her criticisms, however, it is easy to discern, attach themselves especially to the subject and general conception of a picture—less particularly to its mere technical merits. She allots the palm to Landseer's painting of the Duke of Wellington and his daughter-in-law. "Two simply composed, and very sweetly executed pictures by Eastlake, especially a 'Good Samaritan,' had almost a German stamp, and made me understand the predilection which Peter Von Cornelius cherishes for that painter." After criticising at some length, as powerful, but most displeasing, Armitage's picture of Aholibah, she gives us, in a few lines, her appreciation of the pre-Raphaelite school. "As ludicrously bad as Aholibah was forbidding, was a biblical *genre*-picture by Millais. It is as coarsely comic as a Capuchin friar's sermon. St Joseph and his man are at work in their carpenter's shop. The saint is on the right, his assistant at the other extremity of their joiner's-bench, and in the middle is an old woman who may perhaps be intended for St Anna. In the foreground stands the child Jesus in his little shirt, crying bitterly, because he has torn his hands with a nail, in the very place where, at a future day, he is to bear the stigmata. The future wounds upon the feet are indicated by drops of blood that have fallen upon them. The Virgin kneels beside him, also with a weeping countenance, and offers him her cheek to kiss, whilst she breathes upon the wounds in his hands. St Anna resolutely grasps the pincers, to extract the offending

nail, which sticks out of the carpenter's bench like a clove. Woodshavings of various sizes constitute the simple decorations of the foreground." An unprejudiced piece of criticism, which we recommend to the notice of Mr Ruskin and the other supporters of a small and concealed clique of pretentious innovators in art.

We left Mrs Lewald on her way to visit a family in Surrey. She met a kind reception, and was prepossessed in favour of her hostess by her likeness to George Sand; ate "peppermint sauce" to her lamb; discussed phrenology, a favourite study of the mistress of the house—who also had a pet theory concerning the necessity of changing air, in virtue of which her guest passed the day in a thorough draught; read with great satisfaction a glowing eulogium of the aforesaid Mrs Sand in an English weekly paper, defending her private life, and exalting her literary fame; strolled across meadows and corn-fields in the warm May sunshine; and so home, as Mr Pepys would say, well pleased with her first Sunday in England. Next day, Whit-Monday, she was off to Windsor, escorted by three of her countrymen. She is eloquent on the discomforts of the excursion train by which they incautiously embarked, and on the misery of being hurried through the castle with a mob, far faster than she could have wished, or than permitted her to enjoy her visit. And how terribly "police-less" was the railway train that took her home, with second-class passengers in first-class carriages, drunken men in abundance, and confusion everywhere. Still more *policeless* did she find things next day, upon her visit to Greenwich fair, where she was greatly struck with the profusion of gingerbread, and rather startled by the application to her shoulders of what she terms "*scretches*, the *confetti* of Greenwich;" where she imbibed, with much satisfaction, a flowing tumbler of "pale-ale draught," and, but for the multitude of drunken people, would have been strongly reminded by the whole scene of an Italian popular festival. Strangely enough, she is frequently reminded of Italy by England. The general notion is, that few countries are more

dissimilar. She is struck, too, by the independent mode of living in the open air, by the numbers of persons frequenting the public parks and gardens, and there pursuing their occupations of reading, sewing, &c. This seems odd to us, accustomed as we are to consider ourselves, in consequence of our climate, one of the nations of Europe who best like to do everything with a roof overhead. To be sure, Mrs Lewald was here in the very finest part of the year; but still she must have noticed the absence of those out-door resources which abound in France, Germany, and the south—of the *al-fresco* coffee-houses, concerts, reading-rooms, and ice-saloons, so abundant on the Continent, but which here we have not, because they would be available but for a very few weeks—often only for a few days—in the whole year.

Greenwich fair concluded Mrs Lewald's Whitsun excursions, and she began to look about her in the streets of London, to visit old acquaintances, and make new ones. Although she here and there got a glimpse of the better classes of English society, and received an invitation to breakfast or to an evening party in houses both Christian and correct, the most of her time appears to have been passed amongst her co-religionists, English and foreign, some of whom usually acted as her *ciceroni* when she went out to see the town; and some of whom, as is often the case, took upon themselves to make her do as *they* liked, rather than as *she* liked. The poor woman—who felt quite bewildered on looking over the London guide-book and discovering how much she had to see in a very short time—and who, moreover, soon found, by unpleasant experience, that the balmy sunshine, which had greeted her arrival in England, was not very constant even in the month of May—would gladly have abandoned her side-street to establish herself on a line of omnibuses. But it was *ungen- teel*, her friends assured her, to live over a shop, even in a broad handsome street—people who saw her go in, might think she went to visit the shopkeeper's wife—she must remember she was in London, not in Berlin! So, to gratify the "gentility" of her

friends, she had many a walk through the rain, caught a cold, and was menaced with mustard plasters, and nearly poisoned with bad beef-tea. But she was active and resolute, and did not let indisposition long detain her from her persevering pursuit of novelty. Sunday, when sight-seeing was impossible, was her day of repose and letter-writing.

"It is Sunday, and on Sunday London ceases to live, like Rome in rainy weather. All the shops are shut, no fresh bread or piece of meat are to be had, no postmen pass along the streets—the stillness is striking, the church bells lift to heaven their voices of mournful entreaty. And, as yonder the monopolised lottery offices and tobacco shops are kept open, so are here the tobacconists and public-houses. Brandy and tobacco seem here to be considered more necessary than bread and meat."

Mrs Lewald, who is a Prussian subject, was asked to breakfast at her ambassador's, to whom she had a letter of recommendation from Baron Humboldt. "Invitations to breakfast," she says, "are a custom peculiar to England. What we in Germany understand thereby, are dinner-breakfasts, beginning at twelve or one o'clock, and whose sole difference from a regular dinner consists in eating your soup out of cups instead of off plates. Here you go to breakfast between nine and ten o'clock, and it is really the first meal of the day. You are not expected to dress, which gives an easy unceremonious aspect to the meeting; an hour is passed in conversation, and the party breaks up early enough not to interfere with the daily occupations of the men." It is due to Mrs Lewald to say that she brought to this country a strong disposition to be pleased with all its customs, and to look on the brightest side of everything. At the Prussian ambassador's she met Mr Monckton Milnes—one of the first living lyric poets of England, she informs us; and at a breakfast to which he invited her, she was greatly gratified by meeting the talented author of *Vanity Fair*, and other literary notabilities. Herself an authoress, she was, not unnaturally, eager to make acquaintances amongst her English cotem-

poraries of the same order; and she was successful in obtaining an introduction to many of them, although in very few instances does her intercourse with them appear to have extended beyond one brief interview. The notice that was taken of her seems to have proceeded rather from hospitality towards a foreigner, and from the recommendations of third persons, than from the sympathy or interest she herself inspired; and one cannot get rid of a notion, derived from her own account of her stay in London, that there was a something in the tone of mind and conversation of the bold-spoken German Jewess that was uncongenial to English feelings and ideas. She had greater success amongst those of her own creed, by whom she was made much of, as a shining light, and amongst the chiefs of the democratic emigration then assembled in England. She gives a graphic and amusing account of an evening visit which she paid, in company with two other ladies, an Englishwoman and a German, to a haunt of French Socialists, in a back street at the west end of London. The object of the visit was to hear M. Louis Blanc's last lecture (of a course which he had been giving) upon the history of Socialism. "The house was of insignificant appearance, and Miss B. only recognised it, although she had been there before, by a group of bearded men in caps and Calabrian hats standing before the door. The lectures took place once every fortnight, from nine till ten o'clock in the evening; and as M. Louis Blanc wished to guard against too great a concourse of people—an apprehension which proved groundless—admission was obtainable only by tickets, distributed gratis.

"Passing through a whole gloomy floor of the house, and a long, narrow, dark corridor, we reached a building in a yard, which was used as a school for the poor. The style of the building differed from anything I had as yet seen on this side the Channel. A lamp hung from the low ceiling of the apartment, at whose further extremity red flags, with the words '*fraternité, égalité, liberté*,' inscribed upon them, were fixed against the wall. Above these, between two red Phrygian caps,

was a smaller banner, with the inscription—*Second anniversaire de la révolution du 24 Février*. But the banner was torn or twisted, so that one had to guess part of the words. Ragged, full of stains, and adorned with withered laurels, the whole trophy had a painfully unpleasant effect in that desolate and (according to English notions) unclean apartment, from whose walls and ceiling the paper hung in tatters. In front of the flags stood a table covered with green cloth, on which were sewing apparatus and children's toys, carefully collected together, and evidently belonging to the school. Beside these things stood a broken earthenware jug and a glass of water. The room had a damp and musty smell when we entered it. Gradually it filled. There were about fifteen ladies, and sixty or seventy men. At an earlier period of the lectures the number of the former had been much greater. None of the men had that varnish of elegance which one rarely fails to find in Frenchmen. They were all wild-looking and negligently dressed. There were some fine heads amongst them, however, and hardly one commonplace or inexpressive countenance. The group would have delighted a painter. They were all frightfully determined physiognomies." A most cut-throat looking assemblage, we have not the slightest doubt, and very well suited to the dirty den so vividly described by Mrs Lewald. We pass over her sketches of one or two of these "fine heads," counterparts to which she and her artist-friends, if curious of such studies, would find in abundance in the *bagnes* of Toulon or Brest, and proceed to her account of the apostle of the gang. "At last came Louis Blanc. I had seen him in his day of power at the Luxemburg, in March 1848. It was the same remarkably small, neat figure, the same minute attention to dress. He wore a blue coat with metal buttons, a high black cravat, such as little men often affect, and dark gloves. His hair is brown, and his profile, as well as his whole physiognomy, especially the movement of the corners of his mouth, has, to my eyes, something Jewish, although he is said to be no Jew, nor even of Jewish family." Mrs Lewald then

gives an outline of M. Blanc's oration, which was in the usual style of people of his description, and further thinks this a favourable opportunity to proclaim her political creed, and to declare her conviction that the welfare of mankind is to be achieved only through the principles of Socialism. However strong her conviction, her enthusiasm is evidently abated since those happy days when she witnessed the glories of the revolution of 1848, and she makes doleful comparisons between the club meetings she had then attended in the Conservatory at Paris, and the hole-and-corner ravings of the fallen demagogue and convicted charlatan in the charity school-room near Oxford Street. Do what she would, the ludicrous side of the picture presented itself, and the passionate pathos and revolutionary fulminations of M. Blanc, expended for the benefit of five or six dozen seedy exiles in bandithats, seemed to her like taking the trumpets of Jericho to blow the kitchen-fire. We are really at times tempted to doubt the sincerity of Mrs Lewald's Socialism; so prone is she, whilst landing its partisans, to turn them quietly into ridicule, or indicate the weak points of their position. In the most friendly manner possible, she repeatedly gibbets her companion and cicerone Mr H. This, to be sure, is almost unavoidable, if she speaks of him at all. She has merely to repeat his words, to show him up in an odious light, as the supporter of all that honest men are wont to consider irrational and abominable. She went to visit Queen's College, the establishment for the higher branches of female education — heard an interesting lecture, and inquired into the system there pursued, which completely chimed in with her views for the instruction and elevation of her sex.

"When, in the evening, I gave H. an account of what I had seen, he declared himself unable to sympathise in my approval of the institution, since, judging from what I had there heard, it appeared probable to him that it was only an instrument in the hands of the hierarchy or monarchy. It was intended to impart just so much knowledge as should suffice to prove that there was no salvation save in

Christianity and constitutional monarchy. In all such endeavours in England, he saw only the consequence of the hierarchy, and he could no more admire this than he could admire the energy of the Jesuits."

Nothing Christian or monarchical had savour in the nostrils of this pleasant fellow and amiable philanthropist. His self-exposure as a sullen infidel and anarchist is the less to be regretted that it elicits from Mrs Lewald one of those sensible passages sprinkled here and there through her book, which help to redeem its objectionable portions. "Of late years," she says, "I have conceived such an aversion to all disorganisation, to the senseless breaking up of power and means of action, that an example of active, solid co-operation invariably inspires me with respect, especially when, as here, it is directed to a good and right end. It often appears to me as if the English exercised their practical self-government so rigidly, that they refuse to allow their theories to outstrip their practice. Their institutions are, almost without exception, more liberal than the theories one hears developed in conversation. They are strict Churchmen, but they would not refuse a Mahomedan or heathen congregation, or the strangest sect of Christian dissenters, a place of worship on English ground, and the free exercise of their religion. They abhor the republican form of government, but the exiled republicans of all countries find secure refuge under the protection of the English sceptre. They have stringent laws against offences of the press; and yet the press is perfectly free, because the public feeling is opposed to press-prosecutions. Thus is it in England with most things, whilst in Germany theories are developed to their very ultimate consequences in the minds of a great number of men; but when it comes to the practical carrying of them out, energy of action lags far behind the mental conviction. Germans have much to learn from this country in every respect, and especially the quality of *active patience*. In Germany, many understand by the words *patience* and *waiting*, when political interests are at stake, laying their hands in their lap and being contented

with everything. Here, being patient means to strive restlessly for a given object, and never to cease one's efforts until, step by step, it is attained. And that is the right sort of patience, hard as it may be to possess it." Allowing for slight inaccuracies, has not Mrs Lewald here put her pen upon the secret of the tranquillity that has reigned in England, and of the anarchy that has rent Germany, since the beginning of 1848, that fatal year of folly and revolution? It is curious to remark in the course of her book how, during her stay in England—whither, as she says in her preface, she came with both mind and eyes open to impressions—convictions steal upon her, diametrically opposed to the nonsensical theories she had previously cherished, and which she still is loath to abandon. She somewhere says, whilst praising this country, and expressing gratitude for the kindness she met with, that she could, with pleasure, take up her abode in England. We suspect that it would need no very long residence to wean her from the most obnoxious of those delusions which at present hold her captive. It is with no good will, however, that we find ourselves compelled to censure the tenets or writings of a lady who says so many civil things about this country, and who so repeatedly and earnestly praises the hospitality, benevolence, good sense, and tolerant spirit of its people. Many of the comparisons she establishes between England and Germany are by no means favourable to the latter. We know not how far the following shrewd remarks will be acceptable to her countrywomen.

"Of that artificial infancy and purposely-prolonged childhood in which we in Germany strive to detain our women and children, there is here no trace. An Englishman would take it for a very bad compliment if you vaunted to him that the girl he proposed to marry was 'quite a child,' a kind of praise at which many Germans would be delighted:—the delight of a petty vanity, which often enough is converted into bitter sorrow, when life presents itself in its more serious aspects, and the husband, instead of finding himself with an earnest courageous helpmate, be-

holds at his side a faint-hearted helpless creature, whom he has to sustain and support though he himself need assistance. A very sensible Englishwoman, whom I often see, and who has long resided upon the Continent, recently expressed herself very severely with respect to the majority of German marriages, the ineptitude of the women and the consequent absence of respect towards them on the part of the men. 'Your countrywomen,' she said, 'are children or housekeepers; they know not how to help themselves, or, when they do, they dare not. One sees evidence of that even in their personal appearance. Hardly any of them can stand or walk tolerably, and yet the men let them ramble about the streets alone and unsupported. We in England can stand and walk, and ride and drive also, and no Englishman would walk beside a woman without offering her his arm and his support.' How much of this is exaggeration, how much the truth, we know only too well. I was obliged to admit a great deal, whilst, on the other hand, the Englishwoman was compelled to acknowledge numerous and honourable exceptions. A recently published romance, *The Initials*, whose scene is laid in Munich, and which is written by a lady who must have derived her knowledge of German life from observation of the middle classes of society, judges and lashes German women with satirical bitterness. Like most satirists, she runs into exaggeration and often overshoots her mark; but yet there is truth in her delineations. It were no had thing to translate the book, and show the women of Germany in what light they appear to the eyes of Englishwomen. . . . As we lately, whilst discussing this subject, got upon the question of education, and I observed that in Germany it was considered good to let boys and girls be children as long as possible, she asked me, 'Is it, then, such happiness to play with a leathern doll or a wooden horse? Keep them young and fresh by bodily exercise in the open air, but give to them, as soon as possible, that which you yourselves esteem your chief treasures—the use of their mental faculties, and a love for

the great and the beautiful. At the same time they may ride, and play at cricket, dance and sing, and enjoy a far higher degree of cheerfulness than they could derive from unnecessarily prolonged trifling with tasteless toys.'

"Besides the above explained view of the dependence of German women, there exists in England a second notion concerning them, to which have given rise the few German imitators of George Sand's youthful exaggerations. Very sensible Englishwomen have gravely asked me whether it were true that in Germany the female partisans of the Socialist theories went about in men's clothes, spoke at public meetings, and shared in the orgies of their husbands and friends? and many more such whimsical questions. In some cases I was able to trace the origin of these fancies back to a source casually known to me, but not to be relied upon, and so could authoritatively exculpate our poor countrywomen from the reproach of such absurdity. It really often seemed as if they thought we had a race of Amazons living amongst us. When I corrected the misapprehension, and affirmed that, to my knowledge, only two women in Germany had worn men's clothes—the one out of mistaken ideas of emancipation, the other, to accompany her husband in a campaign—they believed so much the more readily that the other stories of the kind which had been repeated to them had contained downright lies, or at least great exaggeration. It is never difficult to convince the English of actual truths; for as they themselves are truthful and positive—they call it *matter-of-fact*—so have they also a quick feeling for truth in others. I esteem them more every day, and already I could easily make up my mind to remain permanently in England."

Mrs Lewald's visits to London theatres were not numerous. She attended some morning concerts, and exclaims against their too great duration. One comprised seven-and-twenty pieces of music, another four-and-thirty. She declares herself contented with half the quantity. The performances at the Opera-House

she also finds, not without reason, enormously lengthy. "A German lover of music leaves the opera quite satisfied when he has heard *Lucia di Lammermoor*; the English public expects much more. To-day, at Her Majesty's Theatre, the smallest of the two Italian opera-houses, they gave first *Lucia*, then a *divertissement*, in which Ferraris danced, then several scenes out of the *Elisir d'Amore*, and finally a ballet. I only remained for *Lucia* and the little *divertissement*." She is no admirer of the present style of dancing, and denounces as barbarous and graceless what she calls "the fakeer-like muscle-torture," which draws down thunders of applause from indiscriminating audiences. "Beautiful it neither is, nor ever can be, to see a dancer rise upon the point of her toe, till her foot looks like a crippled horse's foot, her whole body quivering with the strain upon the muscles, the stereotyped smile converted into a painful grin, and then elevate her other foot into a horizontal position, and spin frantically round upon the point of the toe. As often as I have heard *bravo* shouted at such an exhibition, and witnessed the rapture of the men, and the admiring wonder of the women, so often have I trembled for our condition and civilisation." Mrs Lewald treats the matter rather too seriously, and wastes her virtuous indignation, as well as her alarm, at the possible evil effect upon our civilisation of those feats of supple distortion by which a Ferraris or a Taglioni win the hearts of the stalls, and draw bouquets from the boxes. Descending from the opera to the minor theatres, we presently find her hugely diverted at what she calls "a capital buffoonery," an Adelphi burlesque, from whose facetious rhymes she makes extracts in her book; but as she pays the same compliment, at equal length and with seemingly equal gusto, to the effusions of an advertising tailor's tame poet, her approbation can hardly be esteemed very valuable. She is not so well pleased at the Haymarket, where, she says, "the costumes, scenery, and machinery left nothing to desire; but the men played so badly in their fine clothes; that I d

I saw before me the veterans of the Berlin theatre." Amongst other more or less valid reasons for the decline of the British stage, she includes the enormously high prices of the two Italian Operas. "It ensues from the peculiar organisation of English society, that all desire to be thought rich, or at least well off, and therefore love to show themselves at such places as are accessible only to the wealthy. To visit the Italian Opera once in the year is a point of honour with persons of small income, just as it is a satisfaction to the rich to have a box there for the whole season. Instead of going thrice a-year to the English theatre, people go out of vanity once to the Italian Opera; and the visits to the national drama, and therewith all sympathy in its productions, are sacrificed to fashion. Were it possible to compel the opera-house managers to reduce their prices to the level of the other theatres, it is my belief that many persons, who know little about music and not a word of Italian, would abandon foreign performances for those theatres where English plays are performed in the English tongue." It will not escape our readers that Mrs Lewald has a sharp eye for the foibles of the English character, as well as a pen always ready to extol its good qualities. Many of her strictures are just enough in the main; but, shrewd though she unquestionably is, she was hardly long enough in the country to be always correct in details; and it is easy to discern that her imperfect knowledge of the language, or the imperfect German of her English acquaintances, has occasionally led her astray. When citing the evils of what she calls "the monarchical centralisation system," she gives a concise but highly-coloured sketch of a London season. "It is the Alpha and Omega of every one," she says, "to pass the season in London and push themselves up a step higher upon the ladder. It is with reason that the English speak scoffingly of this 'tip-top' system. The angels could not swarm more busily up Jacob's ladder, than does every one here squeeze his way upwards. To be seen in this or that house, to

be able to say that you know this or that person—meaning perhaps that you saw him across a room in a third person's house—to have one's carriage standing at this or that door—for the great routs are so crowded that one half the guests never reach the drawing-rooms, or even get into the house at all—all these are points of the greatest importance. Of course there are some Englishmen above all this, who join me in smiling when we hear tell of such things. The richest bankers covet an invitation from a lord or a presentation at court; every one is eager after the acquaintance of celebrated persons. This eagerness often springs not from a wish for actual intercourse with persons whose acts or writings have made them interesting, but from a desire for that sort of distinction conferred by acquaintance with those with whom it is perhaps not easy to become acquainted. People strive after it as they do after an order, because it is a distinction. Nevertheless I have not feared to confess to many of my acquaintances, how much I should like to know Dickens; neither did I hesitate to-day to accompany Mr G. and Miss S. on a visit to old Lady Morgan, because her romance, *The Beguins*, was long ago a great favourite of mine. It was the first of that class of English novels which I ever read. And Lady Morgan most completely represents her works. She still lives and moves in the little affairs of the great world which she used to portray, and takes the same warm interest in it at her advanced age as in her earlier years. She inhabits a pretty house beyond Hyde Park—of course in a fashionable part of town. We were conducted through three rooms, full of oil-paintings, portraits, statues, and curiosities. Amongst these were busts and pictures of the lady at various periods of her life, and in the most various fancy-dresses, in which it was once the fashion to have one's-self painted, now as a muse, then as Sappho, &c., &c. According to these portraits, Lady Morgan must have been handsome." A gossiping description follows, of her ladyship's balcony and bonnet, flowers and rings. "She sat in a comfortable arm-chair,

with cushions around her, told us about a *soirée* she had been at a few days before, and of other *soirées* and parties, speaking in a lively manner, now in English, now in French, talking of a whole catalogue of lords and ladies, and telling us various little facts and current anecdotes of society. She also spoke of Pasta, now here, and who is to perform once more—for the benefit of the Italian refugees, as I believe; remarked how she herself was sought after in society, notwithstanding the retirement in which she lived; advised me to translate certain English romances; received the visit of an attaché to the Turkish embassy; and when we took our leave of her, I felt as if I had been transported for a while into that world which Lady Morgan once was wont so skilfully to describe." Apropos of translations, and of a visit to Mr and Mrs Pulsky, whom she found busily compiling, and rendering into English, works relating to Hungary, its history, traditions, and revolutions, Mrs Lewald sets down her notions concerning English appreciation of German literature. Considering the short time she had to ascertain the here-prevailing taste in that respect, her views are tolerably correct. She had had, it is true, by this time, the advantage of a conversation with Mrs Austen and other competent authorities, by whom any delusions she may have cherished as to the popularity in this country of what she styles the *Literature of the Revolution*, had doubtless been pretty thoroughly dispelled. She remarks how small a portion of German literature is known in England, except to the exceedingly small number of Englishmen who have made the language and literature of Germany their especial study, and that the portion that is known does not include the works of recent writers.

"Thomas Carlyle, the translator of *Wilhelm Meister*, and of some of Jean Paul's works, has done much towards making German authors known. The *Wahlverwandtschaften* are not translated, and would be disapproved in England, even as Goethe in general, with his pantheistic *this-sidedness*, and his universal toleration, cannot be very

accessible to the English. They wonder when we exalt him above Schiller, or when we say that he has yet to be fully appreciated, whilst Jean Paul and his tendencies already belong, in Germany, to a bygone epoch. They think Schiller and Jean Paul must be better adapted than Goethe to the German character. They have a knowledge of the romantic school; but of young Germany, and its undeniable influence on a certain phase of our development, they know nothing—or at least only a very few know something about it. So far as I could ascertain, none of the writings of that school have been translated. Several persons asked me what there was good to translate amongst the German novels and belles-lettres of the present day, and I was always embarrassed what answer to give, because the opinions and taste of the English are so fixed. I believe that any of the literature of the first ten years of this century—the works of Tieck, Novalis, even of Hoffmann—must here succeed better than the creations of the last five-and-twenty, or especially of the last ten years. Only Stifter's, Auerbach's, and the like novels, have been here translated and approved, because they keep aloof from all polemics and scepticism, and properly belong, or make near approach, to the old romantic school. Even scientific works are only adopted here, in so far as they are not inspired by and saturated with the spirit of our newest philosophy."

Mrs Lewald is in error, if she imagines that the tendencies of the modern school of German novels and light literature have been the only cause that has kept them out of the hands of English readers, and still more of English translators. We have seen the works of a far more vicious and dangerous school of French writers eagerly sought after in this country, both in the original language and in innumerable translations, and read by all classes. The fact that far more English persons have a reading knowledge of French than of German does not suffice to explain the difference. The French books in question, however bad in tendency and tone, did not lack

talent; their authors were men of originality, and some of them even of genius, however misdirected. The German school referred to by Mrs Lewald, is, in our opinion, not only perverse, but particularly dull and talentless; and, accordingly, it has found here—as she quite correctly opines—few readers and no translators.

The most charitable way of estimating a book like Mrs Lewald's—a German author's account of a visit to England—is to put one's-self in the place of the readers for whom it is intended. Were our knowledge of Vienna or Berlin, of the habits and feelings of their inhabitants, as limited as we have some reason to believe is the acquaintance of a very large majority of Germans with London

and its people, we should certainly feel indebted to any intelligent Englishwoman who should put before us, in the form of animated and pleasantly written letters, the results of her investigations and observations during a two months' visit to either of those capitals. And we have little doubt that this, the first half of the "Travelling Diary of Fanny Lewald," will be relished in Germany, although English readers will find in it little to interest them beyond those passages which we have here pointed out. The shortly-expected publication of the second volume will enable us to judge whether or not she found her ramble in the provinces and in Scotland more suggestive than her stay in the metropolis.

THE RAID OF ARNABOLL.

A TALE OF THE BYGONE YEAR.

CHAPTER I.

ONE day about the beginning of August last, I was sauntering along Princes Street in anything but a cheerful mood of mind. The truth is, that I did not very well know what to make of myself for the next two months. I was exceedingly anxious to be off to the moors as usual; but I had no spare cash to rent one, and no grouse-shooter of my acquaintance had been thoughtful enough to make tender of his hospitalities. To expend the whole season in Edinburgh was clearly out of the question. True—I might shut myself up in my rooms, post a notice outside the door that I would be back in time for the box-day, and devote the interval to the completion of an historical romance which I had commenced eighteen months before, and conducted as far as the single combat in the middle of the second volume, where I stuck for want of incidents. But not even Sir Walter could have submitted to such a penance at such a time; and, besides, I was not at all assured that any publisher would adequately recompense me for my trouble. I began to ponder upon the respective merits of different watering-places, princi-

pally on the west coast, "with angling at an easy distance, and every convenience for bathing at hand;" but these cogitations summoned up no more cheerful visions than the reminiscence of a row of unpicturesque two-storied houses, fronting the sea, in which certain Glaswegian nereids, in long night-gowns, were perpetually floundering—of a hard trundle bed with clammy sheets—of iron-pronged forks, and of marvellously ill-flavoured mutton. It will, therefore, be easy to comprehend why I glared malignantly at the travelling-carriages, as each, with its appropriate load of luggage, drove away from the doors of the hotels, conveying some delighted party to their residence in the far Highlands. There are certain moments in every man's life, when he succumbs to the original sin of radicalism.

There were not many men in town. On the previous week the Toxophilites had departed, relieving the streets of Edinburgh from the unwonted ravages of Robin Hood and his merry men, attired with classical propriety in a sort of spurious tartan. To them had succeeded the philosophers, who were now occupied as usual with their

everlasting discussions about the action of icebergs and glaciers, boulder-stones, striated rocks, and the antiquity of the sea-levels. I, being supremely indifferent to such matters, and infinitely preferring a grouse to a pterodactyle, or a cut of fresh salmon to a section of a petrified ichthyosaurus, had hitherto abstained altogether from participating in, or listening to, the controversy; and in all human probability should never have attended a single meeting of the British Association, but for the following incident.

In the course of my walk I happened to encounter Anthony Whaup, who, being of a naval turn of mind, professed to feel a deep interest in the law of storms, and was accordingly in daily attendance at the meteorological section.

"The very man I was looking for!" said Anthony. "I say—don't you remember three or four years ago, at Cork, meeting a very pleasant fellow, a Captain Stanley, who was quartered there?"

"To be sure I do. He was by far the most agreeable member of the mess, and might have sat for his portrait to Lever. But what of him?"

"Why, I am strongly of opinion that he is in Edinburgh at this present moment."

"I am very glad to hear it. Do you know where he puts up? We must try to get one or two good fellows together, and give him a dinner at Granton."

"If he be the man I take him for," said Anthony mysteriously, "that sort of entertainment will hardly suit him."

"What do you mean, Anthony?"

"Simply this—that, unless I am altogether mistaken as to the identity of the individual, your conversation would be somewhat too frivolous for his taste, judging from his present pursuits. Where do you think I saw him?"

"How should I know? Possibly in a billiard-room, or not at all improbably eating ices at Stewart's."

"Nothing of the kind. I left him delivering a lecture on the centrifugal qualities of light at the British Association."

"Why, you must be mad, Anthony! The thing is perfectly impossible.

Stanley knows as much about science as I do of the Chinese alphabet!"

"I certainly should not have conceived that his range was remarkably wide," replied Anthony. "Nevertheless I repeat, that if Stanley is in life, I saw him lecturing not half-an-hour ago. He did it remarkably well, too, judging from the interest which the ladies took in the discourse; and no wonder, for he contrived to mix up science and compliments in a way which was positively astounding. After all, who knows but that we may have seen only the physical side of him at Cork? He may be a second edition of the Admirable Crichton!"

"So may you, for that matter, Anthony; but I take leave to doubt it. Did you hear his name mentioned?"

"No—and that is what puzzles me. There is no such an entry as Captain Stanley in the list."

"Then depend upon it you are entirely wrong. You must have been misled by some strong resemblance."

"I shall believe that," quoth Anthony, "when it is demonstratively proved to me that mankind is like a bushel of peas. I tell you that I knew him at the first glance, though he has shaved off his mustache. But you may easily satisfy yourself, by becoming a member of the Association. You will be sure to see him the day after to-morrow, when we expect to have a most interesting discussion. I shall probably read a paper on the theory of the rudder, illustrated by diagrams."

"Thank you!" said I. And we parted.

On the following morning, I was giving my setter an airing on the Pentlands. The poor beast seemed to think the period for the exercise of his talents was approaching, for he raced away at full speed through the furze, made long semicircles on the face of the hill, and finally returning to my feet, rolled himself over and over again on the dewy grass in an agony of animal delight. I should think meanly of the man who could complain of solitude, if allowed the company of his dog. Yes, Sweep! I know several bipeds in breeches who are idiots compared with thee!

Rounding the shoulder of a hill, I came suddenly upon a group whom I

knew to be savans and geologists. They were almost all foreigners, and one old gentleman, who spoke a language that I presumed to be Dutch, was pointing, with great enthusiasm, to certain marks on the surface of a stone by the road-side, which seemed to have been inflicted by a pickaxe. I was about to pass on, when my eye was rivetted by the sight of a figure a little way apart from the others. Apparently he took no vivid interest in the investigation, whatever it might be, for he was smoking a cigar, with an exceeding *distract* air, and practising the sword exercise with a small chipping hammer. I felt assured that Anthony was in the right.

"Captain Stanley!" said I.

"Ha! Hush, hush! my dear fellow," cried he, starting up. "Don't mention my name here, if you please! These men don't know me—at least they don't know who I am. Not a word about the army, or I am ruined! Well, Dr Zunder, what have you discovered?"

"*Dass ist merkwürdig!*" said one of the geologists who now approached. "*Mann sieht hier gewiss die gletscher-streiche.*"

"*Potz tausend! nein,*" exclaimed another, "*die sint eisbergische kiesel!*" and a perfect Babel of tongues arose in support of either theory. So keen was the encounter that Stanley had time to say—

"Excuse me for the present; there is a mystery in this which I shall clear up shortly. Call for me this evening at nine, at Douglas's Hotel, and you shall know more. Ask for Mr Larkins."

I took the hint, and made off, leaving the scientific Larkins to excite or calm the dispute as appeared best to himself. It is strange what pleasure all of us attach to mystery. Listless as I had felt that morning, I was now as excited as the third conspirator in a melodrama. Here was a real *bonâ fide* romance, or something decidedly like one, enacting before my very eyes, for a sight of which G. P. R. James would have given a trifle. It was evident that no vulgar cause, no occasion, no wretched embarrassment of debt could have trans-
rise its of debt could have trans-
me u the dashing dragoon into a
 or caused him to conceal the

hereditary splendour of his name. I burned with anxiety to become the depository of the promised secret.

At nine o'clock punctually I kept my appointment. The waiter ushered me into a handsome parlour, where I found the philosopher, in a flowered dressing-gown and slippers, stretched upon the sofa, looking the very reverse of a pupil of Buckland or Agassiz.

"Ah, Cameron, my dear friend! delighted to see you!" cried he, elevating himself on his elbow. "Waiter! bring up the tray with the lobster and iced champagne, and then make yourself scarce as soon as possible. And how have you been for this long time? 'Gad, I hardly knew you when you plumped upon us this morning like a hawk on a brood of wild-ducks!"

"You were certainly not more astonished than I was. Our old friend Whaup told me that he had recognised you at the Association, but I thought he must have been dreaming."

"So!—Whaup knew me then?" said Stanley, evidently a little put out. "That may be awkward if it goes further. Do you think he is likely to peach?"

"Why, no—especially if you have no acquaintance here in common. He only mentioned it to me as a singular circumstance."

"Ah, well! You must manage to make him believe he was mistaken. I would not for a thousand pounds that it were generally known who I am."

"In which capacity? Stanley or Larkins?"

"O! as Stanley to be sure. Larkins can answer for himself; and I am glad to observe from the newspapers that he is making such a sensation in the learned circles. I vow to you that I would as soon have thought of appearing in the character of a field-preacher!"

"But, Stanley, what does all this mean? I own to you that I was never so thoroughly puzzled in my life."

"So much the better. The confession does credit to your candour, and infinite honour to my ingenuity. Help yourself to a glass of champagne, and I shall tell you the whole story. You take me for a philosopher, doubtless?"

"Of course I do."

"Then, for your comfort be it known to you, that if the waiter who showed you in is not better acquainted with natural philosophy than I am, he is a disgrace to your enlightened city."

"But you read a paper yesterday at the Association?"

"To be sure I did; and devilish hard work it was too! A duller affair than it was, before I inserted the elegant allusions to the ladies, never emerged from a cloister; and even my impudence, which is supposed to be tolerably developed, hardly sufficed to carry me through the string of polysyllables with which the learned author had chosen to garnish his discourse."

"Is it possible," said I, "that you attempted to palm upon the British Association, adorned as it is with the eminent names of Brewster and others, a paper which was not your own?"

"By no manner of means," replied Stanley, coolly lighting a cigar. "It was mine, in virtue of twenty guineas which I paid for it; and it strikes me that it was a confoundedly dear bargain."

I suppose that my countenance must have betrayed my astonishment at this unblushing avowal of unparalleled imposture, for Stanley threw himself back upon the sofa in a convulsion of laughter.

"Do forgive me, Cameron!" he said at last; "but I really could not help it! You looked as woe-begone as a priest receiving a confession of murder."

"I do not know what you may think of it, Captain Stanley," I replied, "but I own this does appear to me to pass the limits of a jest. What conceivable object you could have in passing yourself off to the most eminent men of Europe as one of their own body—"

"Is precisely the very thing I intend to tell you, if you will only have a little patience," said the fictitious Larkins. "You may be sure I did not run the risk without a strong motive. In brief, then, I am in love."

"And, pray, what has love to do with the meetings of the British Association?"

"O, far more than you think. It is a vulgar error to suppose that Cupid

has any abstract objection to spectacles. But I see I must relate my whole story. Last winter we were quartered at Bolton, as disgusting a manufacturing place as you ever happened to see—full of chimney-stalks, factories, and all manner of abominations, but sanctified henceforward in my imagination as the birthplace of Lucy Hawkins—a very handsome and a very delightful girl, I assure you. Her father is a great millowner; and Lucy, his only child, was educated in London, and returned to the parental home, like a lily transplanted to a—to a—"

"To a barrack-yard?" I suggested, observing that the gallant captain halted somewhat in his simile.

"Not exactly," said Stanley; "however, let that pass. I saw her, and fell in love with her. Upon my honour, Cameron, my affection was as disinterested as that of any poor devil of a younger brother can be. I liked her well enough to have married her, before I knew anything about her prospects; and if I liked her still better afterwards, surely there was no harm in that?"

"None in the world," said I. "In short, you were a disinterested dragon."

"I claim no merit for being so," said Stanley, modestly; "as I am sure you will acknowledge when you see Lucy. Well, I seized every opportunity of meeting her, which occurred the more often as she visited at several houses in the neighbourhood to which I had introductions; made love to her in my own fashion; and at length was fortunate enough to discover that I was not altogether an object of indifference. But still there were objections. Lucy frankly told me that my intellect was hardly enough cultivated to enable me to aspire to more than her esteem. Between ourselves, Cameron, she is a good deal of a blue!"

"The devil she is!"

"I am sorry to acknowledge the fact, but it is undeniable. Probably it was the fault of her education. Those infernal chemists, geologists, and mesmerists are the curse of the present generation; and a plain fellow like myself, who stuck at the second aorist, and never crossed the *pons*

asinorum, has no chance if he cannot patter their jargon. For my part I wish they were all banished to Siberia! That, however, might have been got over; but her father, when he learned what was going on, behaved like a positive brute. Would you believe it, Cameron? he had the insolence to swear that no locust of a tax-eater, as he politely chooses to designate the gentlemen who bear her Majesty's commission, should ever enter his family; and, in short, there was a regular blow-up."

"And what followed?"

"The usual thing. I was determined not to give up Lucy, and Lucy's inclination towards me was naturally increased by her father's opposition. We corresponded. I ventured to describe the charming nature of the scenery in the neighbourhood of Gretna Green, with a view to induce Lucy to visit that enchanting retreat; but she was as obstinate as the Duke of Wellington in reply to an application for further leave of absence. She declared, moreover, that she would never marry me, even with her father's consent, unless I won a name either in literature or science, which, in my case, seemed as hopeless a task as though she had required me to ascend to the top of the Himalaya Mountains. I tried to convince her that such pursuits were utterly incompatible with my profession; whereupon she desired me to achieve fame under any name I chose; but that, unless I achieved it, I must give up hopes of her for ever."

"I begin now to see my way. That accounts for Larkins?"

"Partially. Hearing of this scientific meeting, as they call it, I got an old schoolfellow of mine—an Oxford man—who is rather out at elbows, to write a paper upon some out-of-the-way subject; came down here; enrolled myself as a member; and actually read it! I should tell you, though, that I knew Lucy was to be here. Her father, who is now, by purchase, a Highland proprietor, is to arrive in Edinburgh to-morrow or next day: Lucy took advantage of a friend's invitation to be a witness of my scientific *debut*."

"How did you acquit yourself under these trying circumstances?"

"Decently, I think—the papers say admirably. I went at it as I would go at a five-bar gate, for I knew that it was neck-or-nothing. You can't conceive the agony I have been in for this last week! All sorts of fellows, foreign and domestic, fancy me a prodigy of learning; and I have actually been asked to state my opinion as to the probable origin of the moon!"

"Did you do it?"

"My better angel prevented me from committing myself to the green-cheese hypothesis! But seriously, Cameron, my meeting with you is the most fortunate accident of my life. If you do not help me now, all that I have gone through is worse than labour lost."

"Tell me how I can assist you. But at present it baffles my comprehension to understand how I can be of the slightest use."

"Touch the bell, like a good fellow, will you? We shall talk this matter over a glass of cold brandy-and-water. You see old Hawkins—Macduff Hawkins as he calls himself, in right of his grandmother—is going north presently to take possession of a Highland property which he has just purchased. Free Trade knocked the last proprietor on the head. Well, sir, it is indispensable for my plans that some one should accompany him thither; and you are the identical individual whom I wish to enlist in the service."

"My dear Stanley! what can I do?"

"Everything. In the first place, you will have sublime shooting—for so they tell me—and as much liquor as you can set your face to. In the second place, you will go along with Lucy, which is a privilege that I would not accord to every one. In the third place, I want you to be there, for, unless you are, the whole of my scheme will miscarry."

"But you forget—I never saw this Mr Macduff Hawkins!"

"That is no obstacle, if you will be guided by me. To-morrow you shall enrol yourself as a member of the British Association. On the next day you shall read a statistical paper in one of the sections. Hawkins will be there; and if you act according to my suggestions, you will not only

gain immortal renown, but have a couple of months' stupendous fun, and eternally oblige your humble servant into the bargain."

I need hardly detail the rest of our conversation. My weakness, from boyhood, has always been a yielding to the impulses of eccentricity, and before the gallant captain and I parted that evening, he entirely succeeded in gaining me over. On explanation, it turned out that he and half-a-dozen of his friends had taken an extensive shooting in the vicinity of the estate which Mr Macduff Hawkins had purchased, in the remotest part of Ross-shire, and that they intended perpetrating a jest, for the sake of Stanley, which I could not but acknowledge as singularly facetious, provided it could be put into execution. What remorse of conscience I felt in becoming a party to the conspiracy—for such it undoubtedly was—was partly stifled by the consideration that everything is fair in love; partly by the assurance that old Hawkins was a thorough democrat and Free-Trader, a representation which made me feel the less compunction for aiding and abetting

in any scheme which might defeat his declared intention of marrying his daughter to a notorious bill-broker, who was supposed to have an eye to Parliament; partly by a natural and national disgust that a millowner, who had been party to the intrigues which have resulted in the ruin of many of our old Scottish families, should take advantage of that political error by superseding an ancient and an honoured name; and partly by the mixture of flattery and fluids which the Captain adroitly administered. I can understand a man offering resistance to the single, but not to the combined influence. Besides, I liked Stanley, who was, in reality, as fine a fellow as ever mounted epaulettes; and before I left him, I had entered heart and soul into the business; and was as ready to aid him in carrying off his ladye-love, as though he had been a Christian Spanish knight, old Hawkins an unbelieving Moor, his daughter a Xara or Xariffa, with a secret hankering for baptism, and I myself a Palmer, sworn to do my utmost towards assisting all secessions from Heathenese.

CHAPTER II.

When you step into a shower-bath, it is the wisest course to pull the string immediately. If you hesitate, imagination, which is rather a cowardly faculty, rushes upon you with a whole army of horrors, magnifying the passing shower to the dimensions of a perfect deluge; whereas, by adopting the contrary method, the shock is over in an instant.

Acting upon this principle, I lost no time in preparing my paper for the Association. I flatter myself that it was a remarkably good one. I selected for my subject the intemperate habits of the people; and by referring to the revenue returns, and the tables of excise, I procured a tolerably accurate account of the number of gallons of every kind of liquor annually distilled and consumed. To divide the ascertained quantity among the population as given by the last census, was a simple calculation, and the result was harrowing in the extreme. Next I proceeded to calculate the outlay which

was occasioned thereby, and announced the startling proposition, that if no fluid of any kind except water should be consumed within this or any other country, the savings of the people would be very materially augmented. I blinked, of course, the revenue question altogether, for there really was no call upon me to assist Sir Charles Wood by contributing the materials for a budget; and I said nothing whatever regarding the future prospects of the brewers. Papers of this kind are very valuable. Take for example the article of tobacco—divide the quantity imported among the existing population, and you have no idea what an immense deal of precocious depravity will be evolved. The result will show that even children under five years of age smoke pigtail and snuff macabae, with a perseverance which is truly bewildering. Even the ladies are accused of contributing to the revenue by the consumption of the narcotic weed.

I took care to infuse the proper

proportion of pathos into the peroration, which was composed in a melancholy and martyr-like tone, with long-drawn cadences suggestive of the fruitless struggles of the writer against the surrounding tide of indifference and iniquity. I was very well received by my audience. Several ladies were observed to have recourse to their handkerchiefs; and one stout, pudgy, bald-headed individual, who sat on a bench immediately in front of me, honoured my remarks with a series of approving bows, which might have done honour to a Chinese mandarin. When the *séance* was over, he requested the honour of an introduction to the gifted lecturer, and I presently found myself engaged in conversation with Mr Macduff Hawkins.

Profiting by the opportunity, I offered my services as a cicerone, in case Mr Hawkins should desire to inspect any of the objects of interest in the city, among which I casually mentioned Queen Mary's apartments at Holyrood, Moray House, and the Regalia; but I was instantly apprised of my error.

"No, no! none of that rubbish for me, young gentleman!" said Mr Hawkins. "What good can any one get from looking at a parcel of fusty rooms, or a few trashy pebbles exhibited in a glass-case? Thank heaven! there is no nonsense of romance about me—I like to stick to realities."

"I ask your pardon, Mr Hawkins—"

"Macduff Hawkins, if you please. I am not in the least ashamed of my name. Believe it has been rather creditably known in this part of the world, even before you or I were born—eh?"

"Unquestionably," I replied. "The name you bear is dear to the heart of every Scotsman. We have not forgotten the stroke that freed us from the thralldom of Macbeth, nor the privileges of the clan Macduff."

"Upon my word, sir, I am infinitely delighted to hear you say so. I always liked the Scotch people. They are thrifty, shrewd, and industrious; though, as you very properly remarked, too much addicted to the use of ardent spirits. After all, I think we may as well have a look at the Regalia. Are they very old?"

"The diadem," said I, with a slight, but I hope pardonable deviation from historical fidelity, "is the same which your great ancestor placed upon the brows of Malcolm Canmore at the memorable coronation of Scone."

"Bless my soul, you don't say so! I really must make a point of seeing it. I would rather have asked you to take me through the prisons and the poor-house, as being more in my line; but since you say that these things are worth looking at, we'll go there at once. I trust you will dine with us to-day; and I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to Miss Macduff Hawkins."

It soon became evident to me that Hawkins was in that peculiar position which the Free-Trade papers persist in attributing to agriculture—viz., a state of transition. He was still under the influence of his old habits and notions, which inclined him to attach no importance whatever to birth, rank, or indeed anything beyond the possession of actual wealth, and to treat with ridicule all associations connected with the glory of bygone ages. At the same time, the discovery that he was a Macduff, and the knowledge that he was a Highland proprietor, and perhaps a chief, began insensibly to affect his views, and to give his mind a contrary bias. How was it possible for any man, with the blood of Macduff in his veins, "the real genuine article, and no mistake," as Mr Hawkins confidentially remarked, not to glory in the fame of his ancestor? I verily believe that if any one had asked him at that time for a subscription towards repairing Shakspeare's house at Stratford, he would willingly have loosened his purse-strings, in gratitude to the author of Macbeth. We all know how rapidly individual feelings are generalised, how tolerant we become to others, in respect of weaknesses which beset ourselves. It is therefore no wonder if Mr Macduff Hawkins was already on the high way to becoming an aristocrat.

For my part, I had no intention whatever of standing between him and reformation. I prefer a feudal baron to a modern millocrat, and I don't care who knows it. Not that

Mercurius Trimegistus himself could have made a decent baron out of Hawkins, unless he had boiled him down altogether, like Æson or Lord Soulia, but it is always something to excite a tendency; and surely it is infinitely better for a fifteen-stone manufacturer, with no end of credit at his banker's, to cultivate a decent respect for antiquity, than to countenance doctrines which, if practically applied, would inevitably lead, at some time or other, to his forcible elevation to a lamp-post. I therefore considered it my bounden duty, as a Christian and a philanthropist, to elevate the notions of Mr Hawkins, which I did through the agreeable medium of most unhomeopathic doses of homage to the glories of Macduff. In my hands that venerable stem sent forth buds, and leaves, and flowers, with a rapidity and luxuriance which might have excited the envy of a Hindoo conjuror, when attempting to rear an extempore mango-tree; and I trust that Messrs Meyer and Mortimer have a grateful remembrance of the magnificent order for Macduff tartan which I was the means of procuring. A slight tinge of native modesty made Mr Hawkins hesitate in his choice between the trews and the kilt; but the sight of a magnificent sporran, silver-mounted, with immense cairngorms, decided the question in favour of the primitive garb, which is presumed to have been the favourite of Gaul. I next inquired into the state of his preparation for the moors, which I found unsatisfactory in the extreme; in fact, Hawkins' sporting experiences had been limited to a single day's shooting in a rabbit-warren, and he had no idea whatever of any other kind of field exercise. Of course, I put him into the hands of Dickson, who, with his usual promptitude, supplied him with first-rate artillery; and through the mediation of the same excellent individual, Mr Hawkins became the possessor of three undeniable pointers. An invitation to Ross-shire followed as a matter of course; indeed, by this time, Hawkins evidently regarded me, notwithstanding the disparity of our ages, as a kind of Caledonian Mentor, without whose advice and assistance he would in-

evitably be precipitated into a sea of troubles; and I had not the heart to decline his offer.

The dinner went off very well. The two philosophers, who were my fellow-guests, said little, but eat a great deal; their taciturnity being possibly attributable to the fact that they were not extremely conversant with any other languages than their own, which, being respectively the dialects of Finland and Bessarabia, were not quite so intelligible to us as Mr Dickens' *Household Words*. Lucy Hawkins I liked extremely. Her cerulean tinge was of a kind which would easily wear off after marriage, especially if she had the good fortune to be united to a man like Stanley; and even as it was, I cannot say that I found her conversation at all disagreeable. In botany, indeed, she bothered me a little, by designating certain vegetable productions by those names which one finds elaborately inscribed on slips of zinc in conservatories; but two can play at that game; and I flatter myself that the Homeric heroes figured as much to their advantage in my discourse upon the Linnæan system, as they ever did when rushing about in chariots on the plain of the Troad. I said little or nothing about Larkins, considering it wise in the mean time to preserve the appearance of total ignorance as to that transaction; but I came out strong upon the Highlands, quoted at least one-half of the *Lady of the Lake*, and told as many original anecdotes about Rob Roy as would have made the fortune of a Sennachie. We parted great friends.

I looked in on my way home upon Stanley, and to my surprise, found him in close confabulation with a couple of Celtic chairmen, whom I had known from my youth upwards. They were excellent specimens of that invaluable class of men, whose services may be procured at a reasonable rate in every case of emergency, and who will, at a pinch, permit railway shares to be transferred in their names as readily as they would shoulder a portmanteau. The pair whom I now beheld were leading characters in their line. One of them had been known to enact the Dugald Creature, when the usual representative of that

character was suffering from a nervous affection; and the other had for several years carried off the principal prizes at the Northern Meeting, for his unparalleled displays of agility in dancing over a couple of claymores.

"Now, my lads—I hope you perfectly understand me?" said Stanley, as I entered.

"A' richt, your honour," replied the Dugald Creature with a leer of extreme intelligence. "We'se do your bidding weel. I'll see to the dirks and sporrans, and Sandie will look after the rest."

"Dirks and sporrans!" said I, when the Gaels had departed after the usual propitiatory caulk. "Why, my dear Stanley, are you going to get up Rob Roy on your own account?"

"Something like it, I confess, as you may afterwards have reason to acknowledge. But tell me—how did you get on with Hawkins?"

"Nothing could be better. I have just left him, and on Wednesday we start for the north."

"On Wednesday! Then I have no time to lose. And Lucy—what do you think of her?"

"The most fascinating creature I ever saw!"

"I say, Cameron—I hope you will recollect your are on honour with me. No flirtation, if you please, in that quarter."

"You may consider yourself perfectly safe: I am more than half engaged already. Besides, what chance could I have against a dashing captain of dragoons?"

"That's true," remarked Stanley.

It may appear rather odd, but if anything could have tempted me to enter the lists of love against this son of Mars, it would have been the entirely acquiescent tone in which he confirmed my last suggestion. However, I dismissed the impulse.

"You must prepare yourself to find old Hawkins an altered man," said I. "He is already wild about the clans, and as patriarchal in his notions as the venerable Parr. I shall not be in the least surprised if, before the year is out, he should be put upon his trial for an attempt to subvert the House of Hanover."

"What!—does he take to it so readily?"

"I wish you heard him on the subject of Philiphaugh!" said I. "He woke this morning in blissful unconsciousness of the existence of any such locality, but I left him about an hour ago, raging at the Covenanters like a wild boar. Bless your heart—before he's a week older, he'll believe in the authenticity of Ossian!"

"First-rate! I only hope he may not descend too soon to realities."

"Keep your mind quite easy. He knows no more about the Highlands than did George IV. He has some vague notions touching tartans, and gatherings, and pibrochs; nothing more. At the same time, I don't think he would be at all astonished if, some fine morning, the M'Intosbes and M'Tavishes were to take a fancy for holding a pitched battle on his estate."

"Faith, he might find himself in an awkward fix could such a circumstance really occur!"

"Not a whit of it! He has implicit confidence in the privileges of the clan Macduff."

"The deuce he has! Really, Cameron, you have a great deal to answer for."

"My conscience is quite easy on that score—I am only obeying orders. And that reminds me that if you have anything further to say, or any instructions to give, you had better be quick about it. In three days from the present time, his foot will be on his native heath, and his name will be Macduff!"

"Well, I don't know that I have anything further of importance to communicate. You know the leading features of our plan. We reserve actual operations until we meet upon the Macduff territory. However, if you should chance on your way thither to fall in with any singular specimens of the Gael, whose countenances may seem to resemble those of the two respectable individuals who have just left this apartment, you need not give way to any bursts of ecstatic surprise. I believe there is usually an emigration of the chairmen to the northwards about this season of the year."

"I understand. Then I may expect the apparition of Dugald or his friend Sandie to cross our path."

"I look upon such a phenomenon as far from improbable," replied the

Captain. "And now, if you please, let us drink success to the conspiracy."

Two days afterwards, the Hawkins family and I were in Glasgow. I had anticipated a relapse on the part of the worthy Thane as he approached this busy mart of industry, and was not quite easy in my mind as to the effect which the stupendous spectacle of the St Rollox stalk might have in dispelling his dreams of feudalism. I remembered the history of the French emigrant baron, who, when restored to his paternal estates, could find no peace of mind unless he occupied himself several hours each day in the pungent task of twisting tobacco, the occupation which had cheered his exile; and I half expected that Mr Hawkins would inhale from the thick atmosphere of the western metropolis certain atomic particles of his old inspiration. For once I was entirely wrong. On the shrine of St Rollox he offered no incense, neither did he condescend to honour a single manufactory by a visit. He expressed, however, a wish to inspect the venerable cathedral of St Mungo; and Lucy, who was then romantically disposed, would have had no objection to a stroll through the dreary shrubs of the Necropolis; but as the hour was late, I gave my vote against archæology and sentiment, and my friends acquiesced in the decision.

Of our voyage next day I need say nothing. Every one who has sailed down the Clyde knows the magnificent scenery which renders this, perhaps, the finest estuary of Britain; and old Hawkins began to distend his nostrils, and assume an aspect of savage pride, as, below Dumbarton, he caught the first glimpse of the Highland mountains, which rise up to meet the clouds from the beautiful shores of Loch Lomond. Then came Rothesay with its lovely bay, Loch Riddan, and the Kyles of Bute; and towards mid-day we were gliding along the Crinan Canal, which traverses the isthmus dividing Loch Fine from the western seas. Again we got on board the steamer, and ploughed our way along the verge of Corryreckan, (at that time peculiarly spiritless, as the weather was very calm;) and so on, through the channels and sounds of the Hebrides—a route which

should be followed by every tourist who has really a mind to explore the most sublime and least hackneyed portions of the Highland scenery. The steamer was, of course, tolerably well filled with sportsmen, drovers, and scenery-hunters—the latter of all nations, from the inquisitive Yankee to the phlegmatic German; and, altogether, the voyage was far from disagreeable. We dropped most of our travelling companions at the ports where the vessel touched, and on the second morning (rather a drizzly and uncomfortable one, by the way) the steam was let off opposite Portnacreech, which was the appointed haven of our destiny. A bullheaded boat, pitching awfully in the swell, and manned by two unintelligible natives, came alongside, and into this Mr and Miss Hawkins, along with myself, the pointers, luggage, and Hawkins' valet-de-chambre, an elderly and comatose individual, who answered to the name of Cager, were lowered, fortunately with less than the usual complement of accidents. The steam was shut off, the boatmen resumed their oars, and, after receiving a thorough aspersion from the waves, against which the boat persisted in bumping in the most obstinate manner, we were all transferred to the slippery heap of rocks, overgrown with tangle and studded with limpets, which constitutes the jetty of Portnacreech. I managed to convey Lucy in safety over this treacherous path, which resembled a submarine causeway heaved up by the effect of an earthquake; but Hawkins, who was taking a somewhat premature topographical survey, instead of looking to his feet, chanced to tread upon one of those masses of maritime jelly which the philosophers designate *Medusa*, and in consequence performed the antique custom of saluting the new-found shore. I presume he accepted the omen, though at the expense of his kerseymeres, which were split across at either knee.

Scarcely had he recovered from this accident, when the voice of Cager, who had been left in charge of the luggage, was heard entreating for assistance. I hurried back, and found him in deep debate with the Gael, who peremptorily refused to allow a

single portmanteau to be lifted ashore until their demands, amounting to "a kinua," were satisfied. Although a conscientious appraiser would scarcely have valued the fee-simple of their boat at the money, it did not appear to me, judging from the rarity of the traffic at Portnacreech, that they were

demanding much more than double their proper fare; so, after a protracted wrangle, I compromised matters by the surrender of four half-crowns, and left Cager to follow us to the inn—which, with two fishers' cottages, constitutes the whole of the Clachan—at his leisure.

CHAPTER III.

The landlord of the inn at Portnacreech may be a very agreeable fellow, but I never saw him; and I doubt much whether any person else was ever admitted to an interview. The superintending genius of the place was a small smoke-dried woman, who uttered her few Saxon vocabules with a shrill scream; and under her orders was a biped with bleached hair, from the length of whose petticoat it was to be presumed that she appertained to the gentler sex. Out of doors there wandered an individual who might possibly, upon occasion, be intrusted with the custody of a sheltie, but at present his mind seemed to be occupied with only one idea; for, in answer to the inquiries made by Mr Hawkins and myself as to the possibility of our procuring a vehicle to continue our route, only one response was vouchsafed—"A penny to pay tobacco!"

"Well!" said Mr Hawkins, "I must confess that this is not a very agreeable introduction to the land of the Gael. Sublime scenery, no doubt; only I wish it would not rain so, and that one could get a glimpse of the mountains! I want breakfast too, and I wish to know how we are to get it."

To say the truth, the same idea was painfully preying on my vitals. From the appearance of the place, and the total absence of any vestiges of poultry, I concluded in my own mind that oat cakes and whisky were the only probable refreshments at hand; and a conference with Mrs M'Ivor, the landlady, settled all doubts on the subject.

"Three muckle brutes o' Sassenachs had eaten them out o' house and hame yesterday. Naething less wad serve them than the end of a braw mutton-ham, and that they had pykit to the bane. They gaed aff this morning

afore the steamer cam, and took the hail o' the bannocks wi' them!"

"But, my good woman, we positively must have something to eat."

"Weel! I'm no forbidding ye, but whare am I to find it? There's no a herring in the loch, and a' the lads are casting peats."

"But, my dear lady," interposed Mr Hawkins in a conciliatory tone, rather interrupted by a cough engendered by the eddies of smoke which somehow or other would not ascend the chimney, "don't you think you could get us a nice mutton chop, or something of the sort? I assure you we are not at all particular."

"Muttin?" vociferated Mrs M'Ivor, "and whare am I to get muttin? There's nane nearer than Oban that hasna the wool on't. Gin ye wanted muttin, ye suld hae bided at Glasco."

"Good heavens! Mr Cameron," said Hawkins, "what is to become of us? I thought this was a country chokeful of grouse, venison, and salmon, not to mention snipes and other wildfowls, and it appears absolutely inevitable that we are to perish of hunger!"

I was fortunately relieved from the necessity of entering my protest against the recognition of Portnacreech as the proper sample of Highland hospitality and comfort, by the appearance of Mr Cager, who, in the extremity of his famine, had been prowling through the outhouses, and had discovered a jaunting car, strong enough, as he averred, to carry us to our journey's end, provided a pony was attainable. Moreover, the said Cager had descried, under the body of the vehicle, a brood of well-grown ducklings, two of which he had incontinently seized, notwithstanding the frantic struggles of their foster-mother the hen, and he now exhibited their bodies

as lawful spoil. Mrs M'Ivor was at first inclined to cry the coronach over her perished pouts, but yielding ultimately to the force of circumstances, and Mr Hawkins' liberal offers of reimbursement, she carried them off to the brauder. Cager then assured us that the house was not quite so unfrequented as we supposed, seeing that a Highland gentleman, with a very odd name, which he could not venture to repeat, was at that moment refreshing himself in an upper chamber; at least so he conjectured, from the circumstance that three several pewter measures had been carried up stairs by the Hebe since our arrival.

Mr Hawkins immediately proposed that we should wait upon this mysterious gentleman; and, as the case was one of urgency, I agreed. Ascending the stair, we knocked at an unpainted door, and received a guttural permission to enter. At a deal table, garnished with a glass and sundry noggins, sate a brawny Celt, arrayed from head to foot in a suit of resplendent tartans, the colour of which matched perfectly with the fiery tinge of his hair. Though alone, he had stuck his dirk into the table, seemingly as a precaution against any disagreement with himself; and as we entered, he saluted us very courteously.

"Coot morning to you, sirs! You will have come by the steamer, I suppose? Will you take a little bitters?"

Mr Hawkins declined the proffered hospitality.

"I ask your pardon, sir, for this intrusion; but the fact is, that being a proprietor in this neighbourhood, though till now quite a stranger to it, I am anxious to procure some further information regarding the means of conveyance than the good folks here seem able to give us."

"A proprietor!" said our new acquaintance; "that is fery pleasant. I am a proprietor myself, in a small way, and it gives me the greatest satisfaction to meet with you in this agreeable manner. You will not be Sir Lanchlan M'Tavish, or Dalfosaig, come down for the crouse?"

"By no means, sir. My name is Hawkins—Macduff Hawkins of Arnaboll, at your service."

"Arnaboll!" shouted the Celt,

"are ye Arnaboll? Give me your hand. As I live by pread, sir, I am proud to see your father's son among us; and I can tell you what it is, that I am not distantly related to yourself. My creat-crandmother was a Macduff of the Dallnaglattan, and I am not fery far wrong if I think that you reckon kindred with their honourable house. You must take a little bitters!"

"Indeed, my dear sir, you must excuse me—I have not yet breakfasted! The people here are rather dilatory."

"Not breakfasted!" cried the kinsman of the Macduff; "I will put that to rights, or my name is not Angus M'Craw of Dalnavardoch! Do you hear, you Mistress M'Ivor? You will bring up the salmon and the eggs, and the roe-deer pie, and all you have in the house, in two snaps of your fingers, or I will be down upon you some of these nights in a manner that will not be relished."

A sudden shuffling below, and a jingling of crockery, intimated that the threat of the M'Craw was heard and not unheeded.

"Really, Mr M'Craw," said Hawkins, "I am quite ashamed—"

"You will forgive me, Arnaboll," said the other, "but it is not usual to call gentlemen Mr; I answer to the name of M'Craw, or Dalnavardoch; but I do not like to be spoken to as you would speak to a pagman, or a person who makes cottons."

"I am sure I ask your pardon a thousand times, M'Roe," replied Hawkins, rather abashed. "You must recollect I am a stranger here. Perhaps you would allow me to introduce my daughter."

"I have not been prute enough to be sitting here, and a leddy down below!" cried Dalnavardoch; "I will go to her myself directly, and perform my excuses."

"Oh, pray don't," said Hawkins, perhaps a little apprehensive of the effect which the sudden apparition of the Gael might have upon the nerves of Lucy. "I shall fetch her myself." And so saying, he disappeared.

A hideous grin distorted the countenance of Dalnavardoch, as he winked to me over his pewter. I knew the

fellow at once. It was the Dugald Creature in a new phase of existence.

"Perhaps, Mr Angus M'Craw of Dalnavardoch," said I, "you will be kind enough to enlighten me as to the next stage of your proceedings? At present, I must say, I am rather in the dark."

"I've to tak' the auld man to Arnaboll," replied M'Craw, descending to a more colloquial dialect, "but I maunna make it ower easy. I ken naething mair. The Captain's ower yonder;" and he pointed perspicuously over his shoulder, leaving me to form my own conclusions as to the actual distance.

Further communication was rendered impossible by the entrance of Hawkins and Lucy, towards whom M'Craw of Dalnavardoch demeaned himself with the courtesy of a Paladin. Mrs M'Ivor did her best to redeem her character by the production, from some hidden nooks, of the materials for an excellent breakfast, to which, I need hardly say, we all did ample justice. The conversation then turned upon the route to Arnaboll, from which place, it appeared, we were only twenty miles distant.

"You will have gotten your pass, of course, Arnaboll," said Dalnavardoch. "It may not be needful to make exhibition of it; but I would have it not far from hand as you go up the glen of Kilnathurl."

"My pass? Dear me! I don't understand," said Hawkins. "I was not aware that Government issued anything of the sort in Scotland."

"I was not conferring of Government," said M'Craw, "regarding the measures of which I fenture no opinion, except as relating to small stills, which is a grievous oppression. I meant the pass which you must have gotten with you from Ian Dhu of Achufufurigal."

"Doo of Ackuforgle!" cried Hawkins, in amaze; "pray explain yourself, my dear sir! Who and what is this gentleman?"

"Are ye serious, Arnaboll?" said the other, with a look of inimitable gravity. "Have you really come into this country without the leave of Black John of Achufufurigal? Ye are a bold man, sir, and a fenture-some, and I honour ye for it; but it's

no every one of us that dare do the like, even though he could count on fifty clansmen at the lift of the Fiery Cross."

"But I assure you, on my honour, Mr M'Roe—I beg pardon, Dalnavarack—that I never heard of this person before in my life. Is he a magistrate?"

"Magistrate!" echoed M'Craw, in a tone of deep solemnity. "There's no a justice in the land, nor a shirra' neither, that daur make or mell with Ian Dhu. Have ye never heard tell of the murder of Kilspindie's baillie?"

"Good gracious!" cried Lucy, looking very frightened; "what does all this mean?"

"Compose yourself, my dear Miss Hawkins," said I. "This is a strange country, and you must expect to hear of strange things. I must beg, Dalnavardoch, that you will explain yourself more distinctly."

"Indeed, I wish you would," said Hawkins. "Somehow or other I don't feel quite easy in my mind about this personage. Where does he reside?"

"Ye may as weel ask me to show the caferns of the east wind," answered M'Craw, with a touch of national poetry. "Nane kens where Ian Dhu bides. On the bent, or on the heather—in the wood, or by the linn—men find him when they seek him not, and maist would as soon forgather with the Lamh-dearg of Rothiemurchus!"

"In short," said I, "I suppose you mean to insinuate that this person is an outlaw?"

"Ye have said it, young man!" replied M'Craw.

"Bless me! this is very perplexing—very annoying, indeed," said Mr Hawkins. "Surely the magistrates are greatly to blame in allowing such persons to remain at large. In England we should have them up under the Vagrant Act immediately. But, after all, what ground of apprehension can there be from a single disorderly character?"

"Count the cattle on yonder hill," said M'Craw, pointing through the window to a mass of vapour opposite: "and when you have done that, add twenty to the number, and ye may

form some judgment of the following of Ian Dhu. Last year, when he harried the lands of Craigandrouthie, they tried to count the footmarks behind him, and it was as if a herd of deer had been driven by the tim-chioll!"

"And will this person—this Mr Doo, as you call him—venture to interfere with us on the Queen's highway?"

"Not if ye pay him black-mail," replied Dalnavardoch. "Come, come, Arnaboll, and you, my bonny leddy, you must not be frightened. A reasonable man is Ian Dhu, if you treat him reasonably; and indeed it is not to be expected that you should ken all that is done in this wild country of ours. But as ye have no pass, I must efen go with you as far as Arnaboll. Ian Dhu would like ill to make a feud with me; for cateran as he is, he has a kind heart, and he kens brawly that he was never steered in the woods of Dalnavardoch."

"But don't you think," said Lucy to her father, "that, if any real danger is to be apprehended, we ought to apply for a military escort? Such things are constantly done in the Appenines."

"There's none of the redcoats nearer than the garrison at Fort Albert," remarked M'Craw, "and that's ten miles on the other side of Arnaboll. I heard yestreen that there is a new officer come there, with orders to take Ian Dhu; but he'll be a cleferer man than I reckon him, if he manages to lay salt on his tail."

"It is a great comfort, however, to know that we can have assistance in case of need," said Mr Hawkins. "Pray, do you happen to remember the name of the commanding officer? So soon as we reach Arnaboll, I shall write to him with my compliments."

"I ken him not," replied M'Craw of Dalnavardoch. "Southland names tarry on my memory like whey on an empty stomach. But he's a tall man, with a hawk's eye, and his name begins with an S."

"Ah, well! I daresay there will be no difficulty in finding him," said Hawkins. "I must own that Cobden has written a great deal of nonsense

about the army, which seems to me a most valuable institution, especially in these remote districts. Don't you agree with me, Lucy?"

"Entirely, papa."

"Well, then," continued Mr Hawkins, "I shall feel most deeply obliged by your giving us your valuable escort to Arnaboll, M'Roe. I cannot express to you the pleasure which I feel at having made your acquaintance, and I trust that your arrangements at home will admit of your remaining with us for several days."

M'Craw heaved a sigh.

"Mine's but a cauld hearthstane at Dalnavardoch," he said. "Fire and feud have done their wark. But it's ill speaking of thae things; so I'll even step down, and see about the car, and a cart for the pock-mantles, and we'll take *doch-and-dorruis*, and pe coing, for I'd like to clear the glen of Kilnathurl before nightfall."

"Remarkably intelligent person that," said Mr Hawkins, as M'Craw retreated. "Quite a mine of information, I declare. Really I do not know how we should have managed without him."

"And so interesting, papa," remarked Lucy. "Do you know, I thought I saw a tear in his eye as he mentioned his desolate hearthstone."

I could stand this no longer; so I withdrew, under the pretext of looking after the pointers.

"May I be allowed to inquire, Mr M'Craw," said I, "if you are really going to Arnaboll?"

"Of course I am, Mr Cameron. Hasn't the laird asked me, and wud it be for me to disappoint him?"

"Very well," said I. "Of course it is no business of mine. I presume also you intend to turn out on the twelfth?"

"Even sae, weather permitting," replied the Celt.

"You rascal! if you dare to fire a shot, I'll have you up for poaching."

"I'm leicensed," said M'Craw coolly, "as gamekeeper, in terms of the act. But ye need not be feared for me, Mr Cameron. I ken my part; and if Sandie kens his as weel, there will be a braw wedding afore long; and you'll find me in October at the auld stane."

"Well, I suppose you must have your own way. But tell me, what is the establishment at Arnaboll?"

"Twa English servant lasses, that are just clean daft about the kilt; Jamie Welsh, the gamekeeper, frae Ettrick, that Captain Stanley kens o'; and a lad that's no' over wise."

"And where may your friend Sandie be at this moment?"

"Waiting in Kilnathurl, with a bottle of whisky by him, till he hears the gig wheels."

"Now, Dugald," said I, "I don't know what your orders may be, but I warn you of this, that if you or Mr Sandie do anything that may seriously alarm Miss Hawkins, I shall feel no scruple in dealing with you as if you were a couple of footpads."

"Nae fears, nae fears!" said Dugald. "There will be naething done worth speaking o' till the Captain comes himsel'."

Comforted with this assurance, I exerted myself to expedite the preparations, and in a short time we were ready to set forth. Lucy, Mr Hawkins, and Cager, were disposed of in the car, and I had the honour of performing the journey on foot by the side of Mr Angus M'Craw of Dalnavardoch. That truly gifted individual beguiled the tedium of our way, by pouring forth a stock of information of the most original and miscellaneous kind. At first he principally dwelt upon the daring deeds and lawless achievements of Ian Dhu, whom he represented as a sort of Highland Esau, ready at all times to do battle against odds however overwhelming. I cannot take upon me to state exactly the number of excisemen, soldiers, and messengers' concurrents who had perished by the hands of him of Achufurighal, but it was something quite enough to make a considerable difference on the census. Also he had captured or surprised castles, carried off brides from weddings, harried straths, and committed divers other delinquencies too numerous to mention; so that the fear of him, according to M'Craw, was as generally disseminated over the country as was the potato disease. Passing from this topic, he then regaled us with a lecture upon agriculture, to which Mr Hawkins, who had various

schemes for improvement in his head, did seriously incline. Turnips, in M'Craw's opinion, could never be made a profitable crop, owing to the innumerable herds of deer which came down on the moonlight nights to devour them; but he asserted that tobacco of the very finest quality and flavour might be grown at a vast profit, without the Government hearing anything about it. He was likewise in favour of the erection of sundry distilleries, which, by creating a demand for barley, might give a vast impulse to the cultivation of the soil; but he deprecated the notion of the establishment of cotton manufactories, principally on the ground of the exceedingly limited nature of the local demand for shirtings.

Conversing on these and similar topics, we reached the bottom of the pass of Kilnathurl, a spot peculiarly well suited by nature for the purposes of surprise or ambuscade. The valley here narrowed itself into a glen, down which ran a brawling brook, sweeping around the base of enormous mountain masses, which appeared by some convulsion of nature to have been hurled down from the steep precipices, but were now feathered with a copse of oak, hazel, and birch to their very summits. As I anticipated, a shrill whistle rang above from one of these natural fortalices, and a Highlander, bearded like a goat, appeared upon a ledge of rock. M'Craw had not performed the Dugald Creature in vain: he remembered the effect produced by the apparition of Helen M'Gregor.

"Who and what are ye that travel through my country?" asked the cateran in a husky tone.

"Has the mist settled on the eyes of Ian Dhu, that he knows not Angus M'Craw of Dalnavardoch?"

"Welcome as the rain of summer to the parched earth is the voice of Angus of Dalnavardoch to the ears of Ian Dhu! But who are those with him? Are they children of the Gael?"

"The blood of the Macduff flows in the veins of the chief of Arnaboll," replied M'Craw, indicating Hawkins, whose blood was at that moment certainly not visible on the surface of his cheeks.

"Arnaboll!" repeated the outlaw

gloomily. "Was it not by the hands of one of that race that my foster-father died? Who was it that at Stirling Bridge gave the body of Red Evan to the crows, when the black eddies of the Forth boiled below, and the lightning leaped on Benlomond? Was it not a Macduff that made wastery of—" Here the feelings of the outlaw appeared to overcome his speech, or at all events his memory; for, after an abortive effort to continue the wrongs of his deceased relative in the same figurative strain, he scratched the back of his head, and wound up his oration as follows: "And I'll tell you what it is, Angus M'Craw; I would not feel at all easy in my own mind, if I was to allow the individual you mention to pass by without making some further inquisition!"

"The dark shadow is upon him!" said Angus M'Craw hastily—"that is, he is evidently out of spirits. It will be best if I go and talk with him myself;" and so saying, he plunged into the copsewood.

"Don't you think, my dear sir," said Mr Hawkins, drawing forth his pocket-book with a shaking hand, "that we could compromise this matter? I do not understand what the gentleman meant by referring to that shocking occurrence at Stirling, with which I had no connection whatever; but if it really is the custom to pay him for permission to pass along the road, pray let it be explained to him that it is my wish to settle everything in the most handsome and amicable manner."

"Hush! my dear Mr Hawkins," said I; "pray put up your pocket-book. We do not know how many eyes may be watching us from these heights, and it is never wise to throw temptation unnecessarily in the way of people. Mr M'Craw will, no doubt, effect the best negotiation in his power."

"You do not think," said Mr Hawkins, "that they will attempt to carry us up into the mountains, or anything of that sort? Surely they will not venture upon any such atrocity!"

"I am certain they will not, Mr Hawkins. They dare not commit such a violation of the privileges of the clan Macduff. The worst they

can do is to detain one of us—probably Mr Cager—as an hostage."

"If they do, I'm a dead man!" cried Cager, his teeth chattering with terror. "I'd sooner be twelve months in Bolton jail than a week with those Highland savages who wear no breeches, and carry knives in their belts. Pray don't let them make a ostridge of me, sir, else I shall inevitably give up the ghost!"

"Hush, Mr Cager," said I, "you must learn, if necessary, to suffer for your master. But here comes Dalnavardoch. Well, what news?"

"Off, as hard as ye can!" cried the M'Craw. "Ian Dhu is in a fit—that is, he is fery far from well with the second sight, and in a state of visions, which may leave us time to get to Arnaboll before he awakens. He is fery much incensed at yon, Arnaboll, and it is better to get out of the way while the dwam is upon him!"

As a matter of course, no further exhortation was required. Cager, who acted as charioteer, plied his whip with a diligence which gave unwonted stimulus to the activity of the pony, and in a very short time we cleared the pass of Kilnathurl, and looked down from a rising ground upon the present possessions of the Macduff.

The house of Arnaboll, an old fortalice in only tolerable repair, was pleasantly situated upon a peninsula which ran into a large freshwater lake, and the garden below it was carried down quite to the edge of the water. The loch itself was beautifully fringed with copsewood, above which rose a range of purple hills, broken here and there by green corries—as likely ground for game as ever blest the eye of a sportsman. There was not much demonstration of joy at our arrival. We drove rapidly and recklessly down a steep incline, made a short turn into the pleasure-ground, the entrance to which was marked by two shattered posts unconscious of a gate; and, after whisking through a wilderness of bushes, which almost concealed the path, we pulled up at an oaken door studded with enormous nails. Bell, of course, there was none; but the furious assaults of Cager on the door were in time answered by a loud

barking within, and, in a little while, a gentleman in velveteen, who announced himself as James Welsh, the gamekeeper, appeared to receive us. Disappointed as Mr Hawkins must have been at the paucity of homage vouchsafed him on his first entry into his domain, he was yet too delighted at

reaching any haven of safety to indulge in premature strictures. His first impulse, after getting the baggage fairly into the house, was to examine the state of the bolts, and his second to desire a messenger to be ready to start, by the gray of the morning, for Fort-Albert.

CHAPTER IV.

"It is my opinion, Arnaboll," said the M'Craw, as we sate next morning at breakfast, "that it will not be convenient for your credit to have in the red-coats. It is a kind of affront upon the country side; and Ian Dhu will not take it well at your hands."

"You surprise me, M'Roe," said Mr Macduff Hawkins, who by this time had greatly recovered from his terror. "Do you think that after what took place yesterday, it would be proper for me to have any consideration for the feelings of a person such as that, who, by your own account, is no better than a thief and a highwayman? Sir, I have the honour to be a magistrate, and I am determined to do my duty."

"Fery goot," said M'Craw, "you know pest. But, if you have any regard for your cattle, among which I have observed from the window some superior stots, you will not be in a hurry to provoke a *creachadh*."

"Sir," replied Mr Hawkins, "whatever may be the case elsewhere, I am resolved that here at least, upon my own ground, sir, the law shall be respected. If other gentlemen have chosen to wink at similar outrages, I at least shall perform my part fearlessly, and as beseems a British subject. If the military should refuse their assistance, which I do not anticipate, I shall certainly exercise those feudal powers which are vested in me, and proceed to summon my clan to hunt down this atrocious robber. I half suspect he is lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood. I heard the sound of a bagpipe most distinctly during the night."

M'Craw took a pinch of snuff.

"Excuse me, Arnaboll," said he, "but have ye counted the clan, as ye call them? Four years back, when

that weaving body, Peel, began his tricks, there were eight-and-twenty men, or thereabouts, on the estate; but ye may look long now ere ye can find a chieftain fit to drive a beast to market. They're a' gone to America, sir; and the Lord be wi' them, for little temptation they had to bide in a country like this, where weavers and suchlike manufacturing persons have gotten the upper hand. If Montrose himself were to speed the fiery cross up the braes of Arnaboll, he wadna bring six men together; and the odds are, that three of the six wad be spies of Ian Dhu."

"You don't say so!" cried Mr Hawkins. "Why, the agent from whom I purchased the estate—a most respectable writer to the signet—assured me that I should find a steady population upon it."

"And I said nothing to the contrary, Arnaboll," replied M'Craw. "Ye'll find the population steady as a rock when ye come to pay the poor-rates. This is a grand age of reform. They drive away the strong men who were the tillers of the soil, and the farmers who paid the rents, and leave the lamiters, and the bauldies, and the bedrid, to the lairds, who must find them in meat and drink, whether they get a plack from their properties or no. It's a beautiful system, and will have a braw end! Mark my words, Laird of Arnaboll! In twenty years there will either be not a single man of auld and honourable lineage in Scotland, or the Sassenach will hear tell of another Repeal more dangerous than that of the Eireannach."

"It appears to me, however, M'Roe, that if what you say be correct, there is the more reason for having the assistance of the military."

"It's a weak hand that canna stand up for its ain!" replied he of Dalnavardoch. We are five able-bodied men in the house, besides the piper; and, with the help of the stone walls, which are of the thickest, we are enough to keep Arnaboll against any comers."

"Good gracious, Mr M'Crow!" said Lucy, "you don't anticipate a siege?"

"I have seen ower mony strange things in my day, my leddy, to be surprised at anything," said M'Craw. "But Ian Dhu, bating his faults, is a gentleman; and if he intends an iom-druidh—that is, what you call an investment—we shall doubtless receive due intimation thereof."

"I shall certainly have no communication with this person Doo, on the subject of any kind of investment," said Mr Hawkins; "and as far as regards the military, I think it right to mention, that I have sent off this morning a letter to the officer in command at Fort Albert, informing him of our danger. Lucy, my dear, what was the name of that military gentleman whose acquaintance we had the pleasure of making at Bolton?"

Lucy coloured like a rose. "Do you mean Captain Stanley, Papa?"

"Precisely. A very intelligent, agreeable young man. Singularly enough, I find that the officer at Fort Albert is of the same name: possibly he may be a relation. At all events, I have requested the pleasure of his company here to-morrow."

"Then you will be excusing me, Arnaboll, if I take my departure this night," said M'Craw. "There's a little matter between me and the Feachdan-ruaidhe, which is not just settled—about some stills, or nonsense of the kind—and it would be fery inconvenient to be put to any trouble on that score. So I will just take my plaid about me, and step over the hills."

"My dear sir!" said Mr Hawkins, "surely you are not in earnest! I had calculated on the pleasure of your company for at least a week. Recollect, to-morrow is the twelfth, and I hope to have the advantage of your opinion of the merits of the grouse-shooting here, which is said to be first-rate."

"Muckle obliged to ye, all the same, Arnaboll," said the Celt. "Later in the year we may forgather. In the mean time, I have my own private reasons, which are fery forcible."

To this determination Dalnavardoch adhered inflexibly. Nothing would tempt him to hazard an interview with the Saxon captain; and at length Hawkins was compelled to give up the contest, which he did the more readily, on being assured that no attempt would be made upon the house by Ian Dhu, without proper intimation,—that being a point of Highland etiquette most rigorously observed even by the most abandoned of marauders. At the same time, he warned Mr Hawkins not to expose himself unnecessarily out of doors at any distance from Arnaboll, as the same exemption which was applied to his residence was by no means understood to extend to his person. With this caution, Dalnavardoch took his departure, and I accompanied him a short way on his road.

"Well, Dugald," said I, as soon as we were out of hearing, "I must confess you have managed matters rather cleverly. I suppose we may expect to see Captain Stanley to-morrow morning."

"He'll be here the night," replied the spurious M'Craw; "Sandy took the letter to him by skriech of day."

"So that Ian Dhu had the honour of performing the part of messenger to his intended captor! Where did you find him?"

"He sleepit in the house. Did ye no ken that he was Arnaboll's piper? A merry nicht we had of it after ye gaed to bed."

"That accounts for the pibroch which disturbed Mr Hawkins' slumber. And pray what may be your next proceeding?"

"Ian Dhu is :

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replied Dugald sedately. Ye mind the ballad of Christie's Will—

"O mony a time, my lord! he said,
I've stown the horse frae the sleeping
loun;
But for you I'll steal a beast as braid,
For I'll steal Lord Durie frae Edin-
burgh town."

"Dugald! is it possible that you would venture to violate the privileges of the clan Macduff?"

"The privileges of a snuff of tobacco!" cried Dugald contemptuously. "Set him up for a laird! If the auld body hadna been daft, I'd hae tellt him a bit o' my mind. But bide ye easy, Mr Cameron, and ye'll see some sport. And now I think ye had better gang back and keep the leddy frae wearying. If ye want sport, there's a good breeze on the loch, and the trout will be rising at the red heckle, or ye can take a pluff at the flappers among the reeds."

Finding Lucy seated on the lawn busily engaged in sketching the leading features of Arnaboll, I followed Dugald's advice; and having taken my rod with me, rowed up the lake, declining the proffered services of Jamie Welsh. I had fished for several hours with considerable success, and was just meditating on the propriety of returning, when I was hailed from the shore; and, on looking round, perceived to my delight that the new comer was Stanley. He had observed me from the road, and, sending on his servant with the buggy to Arnaboll, had taken this short cut to learn the precise state of affairs.

I told him everything that had occurred, whereat he manifested exceeding delight.

"That fellow M'Craw, as you call him, is really a treasure. And so old Hawkins has no suspicion of any trick?"

"None in the world," said I. "He is as fully convinced of the reality of Ian Dhu of Achufufurigal as you can be of your own existence. But why in a shooting-jacket, Stanley? I expected to see you as radiant as the God of War. And how many men do you propose bringing over from Fort-Albert?"

"The whole garrison," replied Stanley. "You are aware that Fort-Albert owes its existence to the bril-

liant imagination of your friend M'Craw. The fact is, I have a shooting-box in the neighbourhood, not six miles off; but, without some such ruse as this, I could never have got admittance to Arnaboll. But Lucy—how does she take all this mummery?"

"To tell you the truth, Stanley, I don't think that she half believes it. Ian Dhu very nearly broke down at the pass yesterday, having pitched his style of language somewhat too high; and since then I can see she has misgivings."

"Then my first business must be to disclose the whole plot to her. She cannot possibly be angry if I appear in my own character, after having submitted to disguise myself as a philosopher at her request; as, as to stratagems, they are universally considered to be as fair in love as in war."

"Especially," added I, "when fathers have flinty hearts, and preposterous prejudices against the army. I must, however, do Hawkins the justice to admit that he is considerably improved in that respect."

"One other act, then," said Stanley, "and the drama is over. But where shall I find Lucy? I must see her before I encounter the terrible Macduff."

"You observe that clump of lilacs near the water's edge? I caught a glimpse of a parasol on the other side, and I think you are certain to find her there. I shall pull ashore in this bay, and leave you for half-an-hour to make the necessary explanations."

"No fear of interruption, eh?"

"None in the world. Hawkins is looking over plans for a piggery on a gigantic scale."

Half-an-hour is but a short period for an interview between lovers, so I kept out of the way until dinner-time. I could see by the faces of every one, as I entered the drawing-room, that the most perfect satisfaction prevailed. Mr Hawkins was not only civil, but particularly courteous to Stanley, who, on the other hand, comported himself with an appearance of marked respect for his host. Lucy looked positively bewitching. She had been let into the secret, and was not going to betray it.

"I take it very kind of you, Captain Stanley," said Mr Hawkins, after we were seated at table, "to have come over here so early. I must own, however, that I should have been well pleased had you brought with you some of your men, as an accession to our garrison."

"Why, you see, my dear sir," said Stanley, "we have a very limited number of men at the fort. There has been such an outcry lately for reduction, that the Government have been compelled to clip and pare as much as they can; and, of course, the smaller stations are the first to be reduced. I understand that, next year, it is proposed to withdraw the whole force from Fort-Albert."

"You don't mean to say so, Captain Stanley!" cried Hawkins, impetuously. "Why, Lord John Russell must have lost his senses. Do they intend to leave property absolutely without any protection?"

"I do not profess to understand the theory, sir," said Stanley, modestly; "but I believe Mr Cobden, and other eminent politicians, are of opinion that universal peace can be best secured by the total suppression of the army."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Hawkins, "that man Cobden has become a thorough humbug. What with his Peace-Congresses, and the like, he is making himself the laughing-stock of Europe. I am sorry to say that our member, Walmsley, is almost as bad. No, no! let them meddle with what else they please, the army must be let alone!"

"I am sure, sir, the British army feel deeply obliged to you for the sentiment," said Stanley.

"They deserve it, sir—they deserve it," said Hawkins. "And so they have reduced the number of men here, have they? That must be looked to in the next session of Parliament. All the kinder in you coming to us, Captain Stanley."

"Why, to say the truth, sir, the moment I heard you were expected in the neighbourhood, I was most anxious to pay my respects; and it is very gratifying to me to think that I can render you the slightest service. I should certainly have brought over some of my men, but the fact is, that

most of them are employed just now in a service of a peculiar nature."

"What—are there more Mr Doos than one in the neighbourhood?"

"Not exactly that. We have discovered that smuggling and illicit distillation have been going on on a large scale lately; and I am sorry to say that a landed proprietor in this neighbourhood is implicated. Most of our men are out in search, and I hope he will be soon apprehended."

"What a rascal he must be!" said Mr Hawkins. "Pray, what may be his name?"

"Mr M'Craw of Dalnavardoch."

"The Lord preserve us!" cried Cager, dropping a pile of crockery on the floor with a smash.

"Cager—are you mad, sir?" cried his master quickly. "Take away those broken dishes, and hand round the champagne. And do you think, Captain, you will be able to apprehend this person?"

"I hope so; though he is a very cunning fellow, and has some curious hiding-places. We tracked him last to Portnacrecsh, but have since lost the trace. I hardly think he can be lurking with any of his friends in this part of the country, for nobody would be mad enough to incur the risk of the penalty, if detected in giving him shelter."

"What penalty?" said Hawkins, tremulously.

"I believe it is very severe," said Stanley—"more severe, probably, than it ought to be, seeing that it attaches even to those who may give him a night's lodging without being acquainted with his guilt. A fine of three thousand pounds, and imprisonment for twelve months in the jail of Inverness. Miss Hawkins, may I have the honour of taking wine with you?"

"And pray, Captain Stanley, are you empowered to apprehend any gentleman who may have had the misfortune to meet this person in the way you describe?"

"Such are my orders, sir," said Stanley. "But it is no use talking further of this fellow. We shall have him in custody soon enough, I warrant, as well as his accomplices; and I own it will be a great relief to me, for these expeditions through the mountains are remarkably fatiguing."

By the way, Mr Hawkins, you intend, of course, to take the moors to-morrow?"

"Certainly; and I hope you will join us."

"Why, to say the truth, I brought over my gun for that purpose. Arnaboll is too famous for its grouse to be neglected."

Whether it was that a cloud rested upon the mind of Mr Hawkins, owing to the startling disclosure of the pursuits of his recent guest, or whether the thoughts of the morrow occupied us all, I cannot exactly say; but the evening did not pass away with as much hilarity as I expected. After we left the dining-room, I was doomed, for an hour at least, to be the recipient of the terrors of Arnaboll, a penance which I endured with fortitude, simply because I presumed that Stanley was advancing his cause elsewhere. That night the pibroch was not heard.

Next morning we started for the moors. As the range was extensive, it was agreed that we should divide our party, Mr Hawkins being accompanied by Welsh the gamekeeper, and Cager, who implored most earnestly to be allowed to look upon a live grouse. Stanley and I had the benefit of the services of the "lad," who justified Dugald's character of him, by proving to be an absolute idiot. We arranged to meet about two o'clock, at a spot denominated the Fairy's Well.

Stanley was a first-rate shot, and I was in tolerable practice; the dogs were steady, and the birds strong and plentiful. I presume I need say nothing more upon the subject of our exploits, which are, indeed, beyond the scope of this history; and therefore I shall simply state, that, by the time we reached the Fairy's Well, the "lad" was staggering under his burden. Stanley had not thought proper to communicate to me the nature of his further programme; nor did I care much to inquire about it, being satisfied that the *dénouement* would do credit to the skill of the accomplished artist. The Fairy's Well was situated in a beautiful little hollow among the hills, not discernible until you were close upon it; and it was

by shouting *Tobar-nan-sithean*,

and making vigorous gestures expressive of eating, that I could make our guide comprehend whither he was desired to lead us. As we were the first-comers, we stretched ourselves on the heather by the side of the well, which rose in pellucid clearness beneath a rock, and then filtered itself away through a bed of emerald verdure.

"I trust nothing has befallen Mr Hawkins," said I. "Pray heaven he has not fallen in with the myrmidons of Ian Dhu."

"Keep your mind quite easy," said Stanley. "I heard a double shot go off about ten minutes ago, and, I think, in this direction. He will be here presently, unless he has bagged a brace of Caterans."

Still we waited, and no Hawkins. At last we heard a prolonged shout on the gale, which we answered with a similar salvo, and in two or three minutes the chief of Arnaboll appeared on the summit of the brae, alone, without hat or gun, and panting as fiercely as a steam-engine. Almost before we could rise, he had rushed down to the well, and flung himself prostrate on the heather.

"Bless me, Mr Hawkins," said I, "what is the matter? Where are the gamekeeper and Cager?"

"A drop of brandy, if you love me," gasped Hawkins. "O what an infernal country!"

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" said Stanley; "nothing serious?"

"Cager—poor Cager—is gone!"

"Gone! where to?" "Not dead, I trust?" asked Stanley and I in the same breath.

"Worse! he has been carried off by that murdering miscreant, Doo of Acknafurgle!"

"This is most extraordinary!" said Stanley. "If the scoundrels had carried *you* off, sir, I could have understood their object from the value of the prize; but why they should have seized upon your servant baffles my comprehension."

"And the gamekeeper?" said I, "have they also spirited him away?"

"Give me another drop of brandy, with a little water in it, for I feel quite faint," said Mr Hawkins, "and I will tell you the whole story. You see we had gone on shooting for some

time, not very successfully, I allow; for the whirring of the birds made me somewhat nervous, and I did not kill as usual. However, I wounded a considerable number, as Welsh can testify."

"Yes—he is an excellent keeper, and understands his business," muttered Stanley.

"Well, sirs, the day was confoundedly hot, and Cager began to lag behind. I almost suspect he was drinking, for I rather imprudently gave him the flask to carry;—but that does not matter now. However, in order to bring him on, I was obliged sometimes to call out his name, which Welsh objected to, though he could not assign any intelligible reason. We were then at a wild part of the moor,—broken into pieces, like nothing else I ever saw in my life. Welsh told me that he saw a cock-grouse sitting on the ground; but he could not make me see it; however, he desired me to aim at a tuft of heather, fire both barrels, and I would be sure to kill it. I did so, and killed the bird."

"Did you pick it up?"

"No, sir. I thought it might be wounded, and in order to make sure of it, I rushed forward without loading my gun. All at once I heard a terrible halloo, and two prodigious Highlanders—one of whom I am certain I have seen before, if not both—rose up from a hollow in the moss, and rushed upon us. What they said, I cannot distinctly specify; but they vociferated something. One of them seized upon Cager, while the other overpowered the gamekeeper, and tied him hand and foot with his own shot-belts. What followed afterwards, I really do not know. I fled as fast as my legs could carry me; and very glad I was when I heard you answering my call."

"How long ago was it since this happened, Mr Hawkins?" asked Stanley.

"Not much above a quarter of an hour, I should think; though I certainly must have run a couple of miles."

"Then we surely are in time to intercept the villains. We are four in all, and two of us with loaded weapons. Do you think, Mr Hawkins, you could lead us to the spot?"

"If you wish to go, gentlemen, don't waste time in waiting for me. I am as useless as a ripped-up pair of bellows. I will follow you as fast as I can."

"Nay, but, Mr Hawkins," said Stanley, "your presence as a magistrate is indispensable; besides, we never should be able to find the place without you. Lean on me, my dear sir, and pray endeavour to make the exertion."

With the groan of a stranded grampus, Hawkins gathered himself upon his legs; and, availing himself of our assistance, went on. We were so much excited by the adventure, that we did not perceive that the "lad" tarried behind—an instance of sloth and indifference which, for the credit of human nature, I attribute rather to the attraction of sundry ribs of cold roast lamb, which were contained in his wallets, than to any abstract deficiency in animal courage.

In a short time we reached the place where the assault had been committed. It was a wild tract of broken peat-hags, capable of giving covert to a whole army—or, in wet weather, of engulfing it—as was said to be the case with the Serbonian bog, of which honourable mention is made in Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Here, indeed, we found Welsh—not bound hand and foot, as Mr Hawkins had asserted—though his shot-belts were ingeniously twisted and buckled across his ankles—but seated upon his rump, and fostering with affectionate care the infant existence of his pipe. He did not appear to have suffered greatly either in mind or body.

His account of the transaction tallied precisely with that of Mr Hawkins. One of the ruffians, whom he described as endowed with preternatural strength, tripped up his heels, and laid him prostrate on the heather; whilst the other detained Cager, whom terror had paralysed, by the throat. Welsh being bound, they lifted the unhappy Cager on a horse; and, after making sundry demonstrations with their dirks, expressive of instant death to the gamekeeper should he attempt to follow them, or free himself from his bonds, they set off at a round gallop across the moor, and disappeared

over an adjoining hill. Such was the sum-total of Welsh's evidence.

"Can you form no idea of their object in carrying off the man?" asked Stanley.

"Weel I wat, I can do that!" replied Welsh: "it's no ill to ken what put up the dander o' thae Hieland deevils."

"Explain yourself."

"Arnaboll, there, aye keepit crying out for his man—who, puir body, was seeking at the flask; and, for a' I could say, he wadna leave aff. It was aye 'Cager!' here, and 'Cager!' there; and ye ken weel enuch what cager means to the north o' the Hieland line."

"Why, what does it mean?" cried Hawkins in amazement.

"Just gauger—that is, exciseman. Ye cried loud enuch to be heard three mile aff, and ye wadna stop, though I telled ye to be quiet, for I kenned there were a hantle of sma' stills up hereawa'; and I thought, mair nor ance, that I got a glisk of the tartan. Weel, it's my persuasion that the worm was at wark no far from this; and when the folks heard ye crying oot on the gauger, what else could they think but that ye had come up wi' a search warrant? Nae wonder they gruppit him. I wad ha'e done the same mysel'; and it will be a mercy and a special providence if he is not by this time at the bottom of a loch!"

"Dear, dear! what shall we do?" cried Hawkins in utter perplexity. "What can they possibly have done with the poor fellow? It is very remarkable, though, that I can see no marks of a horse's hoofs."

"Fient a trace will ye find," replied Welsh. "They aye put brogues on their beasts, as they did on the Border langsyne."

"Do you think you could recognise either of the fellows?" asked Stanley.

"I ken ane of them weel, and sae does your honour. It was Angus M'Craw of Dalnavardoch."

"M'Roe! Impossible!" said Hawkins.

"Deed was it. I kenned him brawly afore, and I seed him at Arnaboll yestreen."

"At Arnaboll?" cried Stanley.

"Ay. He came there wi' the laird," said Welsh.

"Mr Hawkins, can it be possible that this is true?" said Stanley gravely. "Have you actually been guilty of contravention of an express Act of Sedition, by giving shelter to a person so notorious as this M'Craw, who has defrauded the Government to an enormous extent, and is well known as the head and director of all the illicit distillers in the county?"

"Captain Stanley," said Hawkins, looking as though he would willingly have exchanged places with Cager, "it is no use denying that this person slept for one night in my house: but I knew no more of his character than the child unborn. We met him by the merest accident at Portnacreech, as Mr Cameron can testify; and as he saved us from an attack on the part of the robber Doo, who met us on the road, and further claimed relationship with me, I could not, as you must see, do less than invite him to Arnaboll."

"This makes the case even more perplexing," said Stanley gravely. "Are you not aware, Mr Hawkins, that, by an act of the Scottish Parliament, as yet unrepealed, the clan of M'Craw, as well as that of M'Gregor, is proscribed, and that the penalties extend to those who are connected with them, however distantly, by intermarriage?"

"You don't say so?"

"It is not more than two months since, in pursuance of that act, the house of Dalnavardoch was burned to the ground. Observe, Mr Hawkins, how the case stands. You admit having trafficked with the notorious outlaw Ian Dhu of Achufufurigal for your personal protection—a serious offence in a country where the payment of black-mail is punished as severely as its exaction. Then you are found at Portnacreech, the well-known rendezvous of the illicit distillers, in communication with the marked head of that formidable gang, who is, moreover, a hereditary outlaw. You admit relationship with him, which brings you at once within the scope of the same penalties; and you give him shelter, which of itself is an indictable crime. These things, or some of them, might perhaps be explained or extenuated; but it is a remarkable circumstance, that, on the very day

after this occurs, Angus M'Craw should be found evidently engaged in illicit distillation upon your property—a coincidence upon which it does not become me, as an officer, to comment. Mr Hawkins, it gives me the deepest pain to find you in this predicament."

Had the earth yawned beneath the feet of the unfortunate Hawkins, I do not think he could have been more horrified than at finding himself transformed at once into an outlaw, a rebel, and a malefactor. He looked from one to other of us in sore dismay.

"It's a' true what the Captain says about the wild M'Craws," asseverated Jamie Welsh; "and oh, it is beautiful to hear the law sae preceesely expounded!"

"And what am I to do?" said the luckless chief of Arnaboll. "What is to become of me?"

"I am neither your judge, your accuser, nor your legal adviser, Mr Hawkins," said Stanley mildly. "You cannot but be aware of the interest which I feel for you and your family; indeed, I may safely say, that I would rather my commission was forfeited than be personally instrumental in surrendering you to the severities of the law. But you must be aware I have no option."

"Will you really inform against me, Captain Stanley, and I as innocent of evil as a factory child?"

"My heart bleeds for you, Mr Hawkins, and for your lovely daughter; but the demands of duty are paramount. Welsh! you must prepare to go home with me immediately, in order that your precognition may be reduced to writing."

"Stay a moment, Captain Stanley," said I; "an idea has occurred to me. Mr Hawkins," said I, drawing him aside, "this is, no doubt, a very ugly scrape; and although everything must be satisfactorily explained at last, I presume you would not wish to run the risk of incarceration?"

"Not if ten thousand pounds would suffice to hush the matter up."

"Well, I am sure that Stanley would rather undergo any reasonable sacrifice than appear in this business. You see he has a chivalrous sense of duty, and it would be hopeless to persuade him to conceal what has taken

place so long as he continues in the service; but if you could advance such reasons as might induce him to resign his commission at once,—"

"Say no more, my dear friend!" cried Hawkins. "Daniel could not have counselled more wisely. Captain Stanley—" and the two drew apart in deep conference.

"Welsh," said I, "it strikes me that you and I are rather in the way just now; so, if you have no objection, and are not afraid of encountering any more Highlanders, we shall take a beat round the hill, and see if we cannot fall in with another covey."

Jamie agreed without scruple; and after we had gone a little way, he drew my attention to a thin spiral column of smoke arising from the bank of a burn.

"The fule body they ca' Cager is there down by," said he, in a mysterious whisper; "and I wad like no that ill to be there mysel'. The speerits they make hereabout is just prime."

"And I suppose he is in very good company?" said I.

"It will be his ain fault if he's no happy. There's Dugald and Sandie, and twa mair, and they've gotten the pipes, and walth o' salted mutton; and if that disna gar him drink, I dinna ken what will. 'Od, there's waur places for fun than a sma' still!"

"Then I suppose he will be forthcoming when he is wanted?"

"In twal hours after notice, at any rate," replied Welsh. "It's just astonishing how the bees get into ane's head amang the heather."

"Very good. But there is Sweep drawing on game; let us see what it is."

When I rejoined the party, I found that Hawkins and Stanley had come to a distinct and amicable understanding, upon terms proposed by the latter. I did not inquire into the secret ramifications of the treaty, though I could form a shrewd guess as to their nature, from the evident satisfaction which beamed on the countenance of my friend the Captain. It was now only necessary to bind over Welsh to secrecy: and as he expressed his entire assent to take an oath, upon power never to reveal any can

which might identify his master with the doings of the clan M'Craw, and, moreover, accepted a douceur of ten pounds by way of rivetting the bargain, we considered that matter satisfactorily arranged. As for the "lad," it was not thought requisite to take any steps to insure his silence, as we found him, on our return, fast asleep by the Fairy's Well, surrounded by a pile of bones from which every morsel of animal fibre had disappeared.

For the few remaining days that I tarried at Arnaboll, I had the shooting entirely to myself. Mr Hawkins would not venture out again; and Stanley was too much engaged in rowing Lucy about the lake, sketching cataracts, and making verses, to take any interest in field sports. I should not omit to mention, that, two days after our adventure on the moor, Cager was discovered, by an exploring party headed by Welsh, fast asleep upon the heather. As there were no traces of any human habitation in the neighbourhood, and no marks of any other footsteps except his own, the Highlanders arrived at the conclusion that he had been carried off by the Queen of Faerie, and detained for a space of time within her subterranean bowers. Much support was given in this theory by the account of Cager himself, who remembered nothing distinctly beyond being hurried into what seemed to him to be a hillock, where he was supplied with a strange but delicious liquor, by a crew of beings whom he described as peculiarly hairy. Here he saw neither the rays of the sun nor the glimmering of the moon; his food was a curious viand, such as he never tasted before; and at times a wild and ravishing music rang in his ears. At length he became unconscious, and only awoke to his senses when roused by Jamie Welsh. Possibly he might have received a concussion on his way from the lower to the upper world, for he complained

several days afterwards of a racking pain in his head. It was also remarkable that, about this time, Ian Dhu of Achufufurigal and Angus M'Craw of Dalnavardoch vanished from this district of country, and the people thereof saw them no more.

In the month of October following, I was summoned to Bolton to attend the celebration of the nuptials of my friend Stauley and Miss Lucy Hawkins. After the happy pair had driven off, and the rest of the company retired, Mr Hawkins took me into his study.

"I wish to mention to you, Mr Cameron, a circumstance which strikes me as truly remarkable. You remember, of course, Doo of Ackuforgle, and that very mysterious personage, M'Roe?"

"I am not likely to forget them," said I.

"Well, sir, about six weeks ago, as I was coming south, I entered the station of the Caledonian Railway at Edinburgh, and who do you think I saw there acting in the capacity of porters?"

"I have not the slightest conception."

"May I never make another bargain, sir, if there were not Doo and M'Roe with my luggage upon their shoulders! I was paralysed, sir—perfectly paralysed; but before I could recover myself they had put everything into the van, the bell rang for starting, and M'Roe, putting his head into the window of the carriage where I was sitting, said in the gravest manner possible—'You'll find all right, Arnaboll, when you get to Carlisle!' Sir, I have often heard strange things of your countrymen, but this seems to me the most extraordinary adventure that was ever recounted in history."

As such, I dedicate it to the excellent class of men who are entitled to the whole merit of the Raid.

THE SCARBOROUGH ELECTION.

THE result of the last two elections which have occurred towards the close of the Parliamentary Session is too significant to be passed over without notice. By the death of Mr Lascelles, the late Comptroller of her Majesty's Household, a vacancy occurred in the representation of Knaresborough. The Comptrollership was tendered to and accepted by the Earl of Mulgrave, eldest son of the Marquis of Normanby; and, in consequence, his lordship had again to offer himself for the acceptance of the electors of Scarborough. At Knaresborough the Protectionist candidate may be said almost to have walked the course. At Scarborough the Whig and Free-trading Earl has been defeated by a large majority, and Mr George Frederick Young, the able, zealous, and indefatigable chairman of the National Association, is now the sitting member.

No one who is conversant with the state of the public mind, not as represented in certain public journals, but as actually exhibited throughout the country, can feel any surprise at the result. The disastrous consequences of Free Trade have been felt and acknowledged, not only in agricultural districts, but in the towns. The total failure of every prophecy which was hazarded by its advocates, and, still more, the impudent but most senseless manner in which they have persisted, in defiance of experience and of facts, in vindicating their absurd policy, and to represent it as conducive to the national welfare, have, as was most natural, materially increased the strength and power of the reaction. Gullible as John Bull may be on matters of abstract sentiment, he is yet feelingly alive to any process which curtails the amount of his custom, or diminishes the weight of his purse. It may not be impossible to persuade him that Free Trade is an excellent thing in theory; but once reduce that theory to practice, and you will never get him to return a verdict contrary to his own experience. Hostile verdicts have of late become so frequent, that the Free-Traders are in the utmost consternation. We hear nothing now, as we did some time ago, of the total decease of Protection—of

its obsequies, its mourners, and such-like *facetie*, which the dismal jesters of the League—the clumsiest mountebanks that ever assumed the motley garb—were wont to repeat for the delectation of their gaping audiences. That Free Trade is now in great and imminent danger is allowed by all of them; and they are also well aware that the danger does not arise from any factious machinations of their adversaries, but from the general conviction of the people.

Let us take the case of Scarborough. Here is a town with a constituency of from seven to eight hundred—rather more, by the way, than are enrolled for the important county of Haddington, and about four times as many as stand on the register for Sutherlandshire. The Normanby estates are situated in the immediate vicinity, and, for upwards of a hundred years, the family influence has predominated in the borough. No personal objection could be taken to the Earl of Mulgrave, who is, by all accounts, a most amiable and estimable young man, not requiring to borrow any adventitious recommendation from his father's popularity. He was no stranger to the electors. He was not addressing them for the first time. On the contrary, he was simply asking a renewal of their confidence; and, as a high officer in the Royal Household, he was backed by the whole of the Ministerial influence. Mr Young was an entire stranger in the borough. He had nothing to recommend him but his principles and his well-earned reputation—a reputation not unassailed, indeed, but infinitely beyond the reach of such miserable missiles as were directed against him by those whose mean tergiversation made them the natural foes of honesty. His address was not issued until the canvass of his opponent was nearly completed. With every apparent disadvantage he took the field, and won the victory—first carrying the show of hands at the nomination, and then establishing his majority on the poll.

To deny reaction in the face of these facts is obviously impossible. The only open question is, whether the reaction is general or merely par-

tial—whether Scarborough is to be considered as an exponent of the sentiments of the country on the subject of Protection, or whether it is to be regarded as an exception, and the issue of the late contest to be attributed to some purely local motive.

The *Times*, which has dedicated a leader to the subject, does not very well know how to handle it. However, as it is necessary to assign a reason for everything, whether that reason be satisfactory or not, we are favoured with the following explanation, to which we beg to draw the attention of our readers:—

“Scarborough belongs to a large class of small ports, that are likely enough to be out of humour just now. All the looser class of sailors, all crimps, all the less respectable publicans and keepers of houses of accommodation for sailors, are naturally disgusted with the Mercantile Marine Act, which was expressly framed to get the poor sailor out of the clutch of these harpies; and we have no doubt that they did their duty in Mr G. F. Young’s grand nautical procession. There is, however, a more respectable class in all our smaller ports, which is suffering, not by Free Trade, nor by any political act, but by the vast changes taking place in our system of internal communications. A few years ago, in every port on the east and south coast, and at every beach where a small ship could be grounded with safety at high water, there were always several colliers from Newcastle and other ports of the northern coal-trade. That is almost gone by. Our eastern and southern counties are now supplied with coal by the railway; and when we are assured, on respectable authority, that a ton of coal can be carried a hundred miles for a shilling, with profit, it is evident the inland traffic must gain the day over the maritime. Again, the grain which used to be shipped at Scarborough, Bridlington, and Hull, for perhaps a ten, or even a twenty days’ voyage to London, with risk of shipwreck, heating, wetting, and other damages, can now be put on the train and delivered in London within twelve hours. All this tells on our small ports; and we are sorry they should be so affected by the change. It has nothing to do with Free Trade. But people in a difficulty are proverbially blind to the true causes and authors of their distress. At Scarborough, the victims of a merely social change wanted somebody to wreak their vengeance upon, and Lord Mulgrave has kindly found *them a victim.*”

Great are the mysteries of journalism! A stranger unacquainted with the real locality would naturally, on perusing the foregoing paragraph, conclude that Scarborough is a mere paltry sea-port, depending for its existence on stranded coal-vessels, and on a coasting trade in grain;—also that it is a perfect nest of iniquity, a nucleus of crimps, semi-smugglers, debauched ruffians, harlots, and publicans, who by some means or other hold the representation of the town in their own hands, to the exclusion of such few respectable beings as may, for the sins of their ancestors, be doomed to a residence there. Whereas Scarborough happens to be in reality the most important, popular, and agreeable watering-place in the north of England, attracting annually crowds of visitors, who repair thither on account of the beauty of its scenery, the excellence of its mineral springs, and its total freedom from those annoyances which are to be found in most busy sea-ports. Such at least was Scarborough when we visited it last; nor have we any reason to suppose that, since then, its leading features have been changed. But even supposing that the case were otherwise, it still remains inexplicable to us why, on these grounds, the electors should have rejected Lord Mulgrave. The noble lord was clearly not answerable for the establishment of trunk lines throughout the kingdom; nor have we ever heard it alleged that, through his senatorial efforts, the number of cargoes of Wallsend coal has been materially diminished. It does therefore appear to us a most unaccountable circumstance, that the electors of Scarborough should have avenged themselves, for “a merely social change,” which “has nothing to do with Free Trade,” upon their innocent representative, and selected in his place a gentleman who certainly never professed to raise the wind in such a manner as to drive distressed vessels to their shores.

We presume, also, there exist special reasons, if they could only be discovered, why the electors of Knaresborough have preferred a Protectionist candidate. As Knaresborough is situated in the interior of Yorkshire, it can hardly be maintained that this victory was won by

the aid of the crimps, slopsellers, and loose seamen, who behaved so ill to Lord Mulgrave; and perhaps it may turn out, upon investigation, that some "merely social change," unconnected, of course, with Free Trade, has been going on there also, and that the worthy electors have acted upon the same extraordinary principle which has been adopted by their brethren on the sea-coast! Some time ago we were told by the same authority that we were "in a state of transition," which, however, was not deemed to be the effect of Free Trade. Now it seems that matters have altered somewhat, and that the smaller towns are merely the victims of "social change," without any reference to Free Trade at all! This is pleasant. However, if the *Times* is right in its estimate of the general prosperity of the country, the result of these two elections need not disturb the equanimity of Ministers. Let us see what the *Times* says further with regard to Scarborough. "All the reaction, then, in this fraction of a borough, the thirtieth part of Marylebone, is probably confined to a few crimps, whose unholy gains are threatened by the Mercantile Marine Act, and to a few owners of coal-ships, whose business is superseded by railways." If so, what line of conduct suggests itself? Silent contempt and sorrow for the delusion under which the men of Scarborough are labouring? Not at all. The *Times* propounds as a remedy *a large and immediate measure of Parliamentary reform, which shall swamp the whole of the smaller constituencies throughout the kingdom!*

Great events certainly may spring from little causes. Social changes in Scarborough, which have nothing to do with Free Trade—the rancour of a few crimps, and the disappointment of a few owners of coal-vessels in this northern Yorkshire borough, are to be made the foundations for a change which, if any equity is to be observed, must disfranchise at least nine counties in Scotland! The number of the electors in Scarborough is greater than the number on the roll, respectively, for the shires of Bute, Caithness, Elgin, Haddington, Linlithgow, Orkney and Shetland, Peebles, Selkirk, and Sutherland; and if, as the

Times proposes, no constituency is to be allowed to return a member unless it reaches a certain considerable numerical point, we must prepare for even more important changes. Scarborough has seven hundred and thirty-nine electors; and as it is selected as the type of "stupid and corrupt little constituencies," and described as "a wretched little borough," and a "morbid, or moribund little constituency," we must needs conclude that the standard approved of by the *Times* must be rather high. Let us, however, be reasonable, and assume that no county or borough should be allowed to return a member unless there are a thousand electors on the roll. In that case, the shires of Banff, Inverness, Kincardine, Ross, and Cromarty would also be put into schedule A; whilst *no less than eight* Scottish burghs and sets of burghs would lose the right of returning a representative to Parliament! We can hardly afford this: out of fifty-three representatives, we cannot consent to lose twenty-one.

But is the constituency of Scarborough so very paltry, after all? We should like, on that subject, to hear the opinion of Lord Palmerston, who sits for Tiverton, with an electoral roll of 443;—of Mr Hayter, who does the like good office for the 381 of Wells;—of Mr James Wilson, who represents the combined wisdom of 310 men of Westbury! Then there is Tavistock, not unknown to the house of Russell, with its two members for 336 electors; and Tamworth, similarly furnished for the Peel interest, in virtue of 396. If Scarborough, with 739, is so utterly mean and contemptible, what terms shall we apply to Calne, the Lansdowne borough, for which Lord Shelburne is returned by 159 electors? The town of Berwick-upon-Tweed is not much better garnished with electors than Scarborough,—is it also to be swept into the general pit of disfranchisement? This, at all events, is clear, that there can be no mercy for Windsor. If there be any truth in arithmetic, it is more contemptible than Scarborough.

But why this sudden outburst of indignant feeling against moderately-sized boroughs? Not long ago they used to be considered as the strongholds of Liberal opinions,—as

places which stood boldly forth in opposition to the tardy Conservatism of the counties. Has all this altered? If not, it is a very extraordinary circumstance, that the Liberal press should be demanding the dismantlement of its own fortresses, simply because a few crimps in Scarborough have taken offence at the measures of Mr Labouchere. But if, on the contrary, the mind of the boroughs *has* altered, are we to seek for an explanation of this change in purely local causes and social alterations, without reference to the great questions which affect the industry of the country? Have those spectral ogres of the *Times*, "the crimps," secured a mastery in *all* the boroughs? It would seem so. These "social changes," which have nothing to do with Free Trade, appear to be tolerably widespread. Here is the prophesied result:

"It is, however, a most important consideration, that with first one wretched little borough changing sides, and then another, for reasons too ridiculous to be appreciated, and too small to be weighed, there may at last be a Protectionist majority large enough, in the present state of parties, to render government impossible. There is the Irish brigade; and there is the not less formidable body of private malcontents, always increasing in the fourth or fifth session. Next year Lord John Russell may find himself half-a-dozen times in the same scrape as that which sent him to the Queen last April, and it is worth considering whether he will get out of it as easily as he did then."

And in order to prevent this awful catastrophe—the bare thought of which is enough to make the flesh creep, and the hair stand on end—the remedy is at once propounded.

"With such a prospect before us, with unknown struggles and unprecedented collisions within the bounds of possibility, *there is only one resource*—and we must say that her Majesty's present advisers will be answerable for the consequences if they do not adopt it—they must lay the foundations of an appeal to the people with a large and liberal measure of Parliamentary reform. It is high time that this great country should cease to quake and to quail at the decisions of stupid and corrupt little constituencies, of whom, as in the case before us, it would take thirty to make one metropolitan borough."

Put this into plain language, and it amounts simply to an admission that *the sentiments of the electoral body,*

as at present constituted, are opposed to the longer continuance of the Free Trade experiment, and that, in the event of a general election, the Whigs would be found in a minority. If this be so, can the country really have benefited by a measure which it seems so desirous to repudiate? We are told so, in as many words; and we are next informed that, because the electors are so very stupid as not to appreciate the vast blessings which they at present enjoy, and never enjoyed before, it is absolutely necessary to reconstruct the whole framework of the representative system!

How this scheme is to be carried into effect, we shall not pause to inquire. We presume that a main element of it is centralisation, whereby the rights and privileges of the boroughs may be transferred to the larger towns, and the voice of half England stifled by the roar of London. The tyranny of democracy is boundless. Constituencies of some seven, eight, or nine hundred electors will no longer suit its turn. They are "wretched," "stupid," "contemptible," because they exercise their own judgment upon matters politic, and refuse to vote that black is white at the bidding of the Ministry, and of the *soi-disant* Liberal press. Therefore their offence is rank, and their power must be taken from them. Scarborough and Knaresborough must be suppressed, because they have chosen to return Protectionists: had they returned Radicals to Parliament, there would have been no necessity for a change.

Let the men of the boroughs look to it! They are openly threatened with the extinction of their legislative existence—insulted, defied, and maligned—because they will not submit any longer to be yoked to the Jugger-naut chariot of Free Trade. So long as they were useful to the Whigs, they were cajoled, flattered, and caressed; now, they must either make up their minds to vote against their conscience and their convictions, or run the risk of virtual extinction. Let them look to it! Next year there is to be a new Reform Bill, and we shall then know what is proposed to be done with the mass of the refractory boroughs. It is time to take the alarm, when the leading organ of the Ministry has threatened such a place as Scarborough with the penalties of political deprivation.

THE LATE D. M. MOIR.

It is our melancholy duty to pay a last tribute of respect and affection to the memory of one of our earlier and most esteemed contributors, who, since the publication of the last Number of the Magazine, has been called away from amongst us. Those who were the personal friends of the late David Macbeth Moir, as well as the still more numerous body of the public who were the admirers of his literary genius, are, by this time, aware that the kind, gentle, and tender-hearted Delta is no more. He died at Dumfries, at the age of fifty-three years, after a short but severe illness, upon Sunday the 6th of July; and, on Thursday following, his mortal remains were laid in the churchyard of Inveresk, beside those of three of his children, with such honour as can be given to the dead, by the tribute of a public funeral.

To comment upon his genius, or to characterise the nature of the works upon which his fame must ultimately rest, is a task which we never could undertake, even if the lapse of time would allow us to approach it with sufficient impartiality. In this Magazine—almost in the earliest Number of it—Delta won his first poetical laurels; and ever since then, down to the very last, he continued to enrich its pages with the varied products of his cultivated and accomplished mind. To us, therefore, the exercise of the critical function is forbidden; no less by feelings of reverence than by those of duty. Inseparable as the characters may be, we must yet regard our late lamented friend rather as the man than as the poet.

Rarely, indeed, does it happen that the life of a man of genius closes without exciting, with regard to some part of his career, a hostile or an envious commentary. It may be that the errors from which none of the human race are free, the passions which sway the conduct, and the peculiarities which colour the disposition, are more readily remarked and more keenly observed in men of high attainments and intellectual superiority than in others. Where many are led to admire, there are usually some to blame; and seldom does the grave close over a departed brother, before the voice of censure is heard commenting upon his faults or his frailties. Such has not been the case with David Moir. As a citizen, a friend, a husband, a father, and a Christian, his life and conversation were blameless; or, if that expression be too strong to apply to the conduct of any mortal man, this, at least, we can say with sincerity, that he has left none better behind. He was a man who, we verily believe, never had an enemy, and never harboured an angry or vindictive thought against a human being. Nor was this owing in any degree to a want of that determination of character which leads men to form strong opinions, and to vindicate them when assailed. Mr Moir was, as those who knew him best can testify, resolute in his principles, and strong in their assertion; but never for a moment did he forget to temper his zeal with that true Christian charity which is, of all virtues, that most apt to be overlooked by the controversialist, but nevertheless is the most unerring sign of a sweet and saintly spirit. An attached adherent of the Established Church of Scotland, in which he was an honoured member, and ever ready to resist encroachment upon its rights and privileges, he was tolerant of the opinions of those who adhered to other forms, even of their prejudices, and always the foremost to do justice to them.

of their motives. A strong Conservative and supporter of the constitution of this country, he carried with him to party debate a courtesy and forbearance which very few can imitate, but which is not the less admirable because it is so rarely observed. His humour, of which he had a rich fund, was always genial; his satire never personal; nor do we believe there is a single instance on record of his having given offence, even unintentionally, either by his writings or his conversation.

In his profession he ranked deservedly high. He might, at any time, have commanded an extensive and lucrative practice in Edinburgh; but his attachment to Musselburgh, the place of his birth, was so strong, that he never could be induced to make a change of residence. This, at least, was his own assigned reason; but we have strong grounds for believing that a higher and better motive induced him to refrain from abandoning the scene of his early labours, and permanently joining, in the metropolis of Scotland, that social circle which contained many of his dearest friends. He could not bring himself to forsake his practice in a locality where the poor had a claim upon him. During the terrible visitations of the cholera, which were unusually, and, indeed, unprecedentedly severe in the parish to which he belonged, Moir was night and day in attendance upon the sufferers. He undertook, with more than the enthusiasm of youth, a toil and risk which he might well have been excused delegating to other hands; and often has the morning found him watching by the bed of some poor inmate of a cottage whom the arrow of the pestilence had stricken. That any man with the brilliant prospects which were undoubtedly presented to Moir, and certainly within his reach, should nevertheless have preferred the hard and laborious life of a country practitioner, must appear inexplicable to those who did not know the tenderness of his heart and the exquisite sympathy of his nature. Of his profession he took a high estimate. He regarded it less as the means for securing a competency for himself, than as an art which he was privileged to practise for the good of his fellow-men, and for the alleviation of their sufferings; and numerous are the instances which might be cited, though untold by himself, of sacrifices which he made, and dangers which he incurred, in carrying aid and consolation to those who had no other claim upon him except their common humanity. His, indeed, was a life far more devoted to the service of others than to his own personal aggrandisement—a life whose value can only be appreciated now, when he has been called to receive his reward in that better world, the passport to which he sought so diligently—in youth as in manhood, in happiness as in sorrow—to obtain.

Bright as the flowers may be which are twined for the coronal of the poet, they have no glory when placed beside the wreath which belongs to the departed Christian. We have represented Delta as he was—as he must remain ever in the affectionate memory of his friends; and, with this brief and unequal tribute to his surpassing worth, we take farewell of the gentlest and kindest being, of the most true and single-hearted man, whom we may ever hope to meet with in the course of this earthly pilgrimage.

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whose portrait—that of a very determined-looking man, bearded, and in Oriental costume—is appended to the present volume, appears to have been adventurous and a rambler from his youth upwards. In 1822 he had served in Greece, and had now been for many years in Eastern lands. Joseph Werne, his youngest and favourite brother, had come to Egypt at his instigation, after taking at Berlin his degree as Doctor of Medicine, to study, before commencing practice, some of the extraordinary diseases indigenous in that noxious climate. Unfortunately, as recorded in Mr Werne's former work, this promising young man, who seems to have possessed in no small degree the enterprise, perseverance, and fortitude so remarkable in his brother, ultimately fell a victim to one of those fatal maladies whose investigation was the principal motive of his visit to Africa. The first meeting in Egypt of the two brothers was at Cairo; and of it a characteristic account is given by the elder, an impetuous, we might almost say a pugnacious man, tolerably prompt to take offence, and upon whom, as he himself says at page 67, the Egyptian climate had a violently irritating effect.

"Our meeting, at Guerra's tavern in Cairo, was so far remarkable, that my brother knew me immediately, whilst I took him for some impertinent Frenchman, disposed to make game of me, inasmuch as he, in the petulance of his joy, fixed his eyes upon me, measuring me from top to toe, and then laughed at the fury with which I rushed upon him, to call him to an account, and, if necessary, to have him out. We had not seen each other for eight years, during which he had grown into a man, and, moreover, his countenance had undergone a change, for, by a terrible cut, received in a duel, the muscle of risibility had been divided on one side, and the poor fellow could laugh only with half his face. In the first overpowering joy of our meeting in this distant quarter of the globe, we could not get the wine over our tongues, often as my Swiss friend De Salis (over whose cheeks the tears were chasing each other) and other acquaintances struck their glasses

against ours, encouraging us to drink. . . . I now abandoned the hamlet of Tura—situated in the desert, but near the Nile, about three leagues above Cairo, and whither I had retreated to do penance and to work at my travels—as well as my good friend Dr Schleddehaus of Osnabruck, (then holding an appointment at the military school, now director of the marine hospital of Alexandria,) with whom my brother had studied at Bonn, and I hired a little house in the Esbekië Square in Cairo. After half an hour's examination, Joseph was appointed surgeon-major, with the rank of a Sakulagassi or captain, in the central hospital of Kasr-el-Ain, with a thousand piastres a month, and rations for a horse and four servants. Our views constantly directed to the interior of Africa, we suffered a few months to glide by in the old city of the Khalifs, dwelling together in delightful brotherly harmony. But our thirst for travelling was unalaked; to it I had sacrificed my appointment as chancellor of the Prussian Consulate at Alexandria; Joseph received his nomination as regimental surgeon to the 1st regiment in Sennaar, including that of physician to the central hospital at Chartum. Our friends were concerned for us on account of the dangerous climate, but, nevertheless, we sailed with good courage up the Nile, happy to escape from the noise of the city, and to be on our way to new scenes."

A stroke of the sun, received near the cataract of Ariman in Upper Nubia, and followed by ten days' delirium, soon convinced the younger Werne that his friends' anxiety on his behalf was not groundless. During the whole of their twelvemonth's stay at Chartum, they were mercilessly persecuted by intermittent fever, there most malignant, and under whose torturing and lowering attacks their sole consolation was that, as they never chanced both to be ill together, they were able alternately to nurse each other. At last, fearing that body or mind would succumb to these reiterated fever-fits, and the first expedition up the White Nile having, to their great disgust and disappointment, sailed

without them, they made up their minds to quit for ever the pestiferous Chartum and the burning steppes of Bellad-Sudan. Whilst preparing for departure, they received a visit from the chief Cadi, who told them, over a glass of cardinal—administered by Dr Werne as medicine, to evade his Mahomedan scruples—that Effendina (Excellency) Achmet Bascha was well pleased with the brotherly love they manifested, taking care of each other in sickness, and that they would do well to pay their respects occasionally at the Divan. This communication was almost immediately followed by the arrival at Chartum of Dr Gand, physician to Abbas Bascha. This gentleman had been a comrade of Ferdinand Werne's in Greece, and he recommended the two brothers to Achmet, with whom he was intimate, in true Oriental style, as men of universal genius and perfect integrity, to whom he might intrust both his body and his soul. The consequence of this liberal encomium was, that Achmet fixed his eyes upon them to accompany him, in the capacity of confidential advisers, upon a projected campaign. Informed of this plan and of the advantages it included, the Wernes joyfully abandoned their proposed departure. Joseph was to be made house-physician to Achmet and his harem, as well as medical inspector of the whole province, in place of Soliman Effendi, (the renegade Baron di Pasquali of Palermo,) a notorious poisoner, in whose hands the Bascha did not consider himself safe. Ferdinand Werne, who had held the rank of captain in Greece, was made *bim-baschi* or major, and was attached, as engineer, to Achmet's person, with good pay and many privileges. "At a later period he would have made me bey, if I—not on his account, for he was an enlightened Circassian, but on that of the Turkish jackasses—would have turned Mussulman. I laughed at this, and he said no more about it." Delighted to have secured the services of the two Germans, Achmet ordered it to be reported to his father-in-law, Mehemet Ali, for his approval, and took counsel with his new officers concerning the approaching campaign. Turk-like, he proposed commencing it in the

rainy season. Mr Werne opposed this as likely to cost him half his army, the soldiers being exceedingly susceptible to rain, and advised the erection of blockhouses at certain points along the line of march where springs were to be found, to secure water for the troops. The Bascha thought this rather a roundabout mode of proceeding, held his men's lives very cheap, and boasted of his seven hundred dromedaries, every one of which, in case of need, could carry three soldiers. His counsellors were dismissed, with injunctions to secrecy, and on their return home they found at their door, as a present from the Bascha, two beautiful dromedaries, tall, powerful, ready saddled for a march, and particularly adapted for a campaign, inasmuch as they started not when muskets were fired between their ears. A few days later, Mr Werne was sent for by Achmet, who, when the customary coffee had been taken, dismissed his attendants by a sign, and informed him, with a gloomy countenance, that the people of Taka refused to pay their *tulba*, or tribute. His predecessor, Churdschid Bascha, having marched into that country, had been totally defeated in a *chaaba*, or tract of forest. Since that time, Achmet mournfully declared, the tribes had not paid a single piastre, and he found himself grievously in want of money. So, instead of marching south-westward to Darfour, as he had intended, he would move north-eastward to Taka, chastise the stubborn insolvents, and replenish the coffers of the state. "Come with me," said he, to Mr Werne; "upon the march we shall all recover our health," (he also suffered from frequent and violent attacks of fever;) "yonder are water and forests, as in Germany and Circassia, and very high mountains." It mattered little to so restless and rambling a spirit as Mr Ferdinand Werne whether his route lay inland towards the Mountains of the Moon, or coastwards to the Red Sea. His brother was again sick, and spoke of leaving the country; but Mr Werne cheered him up, pointed out to him upon the map an imaginary duchy which he was to conquer in the approaching war, and revived an old plan of going to settle

at Bagdad, there to practise as physician and apothecary. "We resolved, therefore, to take our passports with us, so that, if we chose, we might embark on the Red Sea. By this time I had seen through the Bascha, and I resolved to communicate to him an idea which I often, in the interest of these oppressed tribes, had revolved in my mind, namely, that he should place himself at their head, and renounce obedience to the Egyptian vampire. I did subsequently speak to him of the plan, and it might have been well and permanently carried out, had he not, instead of striving to win the confidence of the chiefs, tyrannised over them in every possible manner. Gold and regiments! was his motto."

Meanwhile the influential Dr Gand had fallen seriously ill, and was so afflicted with the irritability already referred to as a consequence of the climate, that no one could go near him but the two Wernes. He neglected Joseph's good advice to quit Chartum at once, put it off till it was too late, and died on his journey northwards. His body lay buried for a whole year in the sand of the desert; then his family, who were going to France, dug it up to take with them. Always a very thin man, little more than skin and bone, the burning sand had preserved him like a mummy. There was no change in his appearance; not a hair gone from his mustaches. Strange is the confusion and alternation of life and death in that ardent and unwholesome land of Nubia. To-day in full health, to-morrow prostrate with fever, from which you recover only to be again attacked. Dead, in twenty-four hours or less corruption is busy on the corpse; bury it promptly in the sand, and in twelve months you may disinter it, perfect as if embalmed. At Chartum, the very focus of disease, death, it might be thought, is sufficiently supplied by fever to need no other purveyors. Nevertheless poisoning seems a pretty common practice there. Life in Chartum is altogether, by Mr Werne's account, a most curious thing. During the preparations for the campaign, a Wurtemberg prince, Duke Paul William of Mergentheim, arrived in the

place, and was received with much pomp. "For the first time I saw the Bascha sit upon a chair; he was in full uniform, a red jacket adorned with gold, a great diamond crescent, and three brilliant stars upon his left breast, his sabre by his side." The prince, a fat good-humoured German, was considerably impressed by the state displayed, and left the presence with many obeisances. The next day he dined with the Bascha, whom he and the Wernes hoped to see squatted on the ground, and feeding with his fingers. They were disappointed; the table was arranged in European fashion; wine of various kinds was there, especially champagne, (which the servants, notwithstanding Werne's remonstrances, insisted on shaking before opening, and which consequently flew about the room in foaming fountains;) bumper-toasts were drunk; and the whole party, Franks and Turks, seem to have gradually risen into a glorious state of intoxication, during which they vowed eternal friendship to each other in all imaginable tongues; and the German prince declared he would make the campaign to Taka with the Bascha, draw out the plan, and overwhelm the enemy. This jovial meeting was followed by a quieter entertainment given by the Wernes to the prince, who declared he was travelling as a private gentleman, and wished to be treated accordingly; and then Soliman Effendi, the Sicilian renegade, made a respectful application for permission to invite the "*Altezza Tedesca*," for whom he had conceived a great liking. A passage from Mr Werne is here worth quoting, as showing the state of society at Chartum. "I communicated the invitation, with the remark that the Sicilian was notorious for his poisonings, but that I had less fear on his highness' account than on that of my brother, who was already designated to replace him in his post. The prince did not heed the danger; moreover, I had put myself on a peculiar footing with Soliman Effendi, and now told him plainly that he had better keep his vindictive manœuvres for others than us, for that my brother and I should go to dinner with loaded pistols in our pockets, and would

shoot him through the head (*bruciare il cervello*) if one of us three felt as much as a belly-ache at his table. The dinner was served in the German fashion; all the guests came, except Vaissière (formerly a French captain, now a slave-dealer, with the cross of the legion of honour.) He would not trust Soliman, who was believed to have poisoned a favourite female-slave of his after a dispute they had about money matters. The dinner went off merrily and well. The duke changed his mind about going to Taka, but promised to join in the campaign on his return from Faszogi, and bade me promise the Bascha in his name a crocodile-rifle and a hundred bottles of champagne."

Long and costly were the preparations for the march; the more so that Mr Werne and his brother, who saw gleaming in the distance the golden cupolas of Bagdad, desired to take all their baggage with them, and also sufficient stores for the campaign—not implicitly trusting to the Bascha's promise that his kitchen and table should be always at their service. Ten camels were needed to carry the brothers' baggage. One of their greatest troubles was to know how to dispose of their collection of beasts and birds. "The young maneless lion, our greatest joy, was dead—Soliman Effendi, who was afraid of him, having dared to poison him, as I learned, after the renegade's death, from one of our own people." But of birds there were a host; eagles, vultures, king-cranes, (*grus pavonina*, Linn. :) a snake-killing secretary, with his beautiful eagle head, long tail, and heron legs; strange varieties of water-fowl, many of which had been shot, but had had the pellets extracted and the wounds healed by the skill of Dr Werne; and last, but most beloved, "a pet black horn-bird, (*buceros abyss. L.*) who hopped up to us when we called out 'Jack!'—who picked up with his long curved beak the pieces of meat that were thrown to him, tossed

them into the air and caught them again, (whereat the Prince of Wurtemberg laughed till he held his sides,) because nature has provided him with too short a tongue; but who did not despise frogs and lizards, and who called us at daybreak with his persevering 'Hum, hum,' until we roused ourselves and answered 'Jack.'" Their anxiety on account of their aviary was relieved by the Bascha's wife, who condescendingly offered to take charge of it during their absence. Mehemet Ali's daughter suffered dreadfully from ennui in dull, unwholesome Chartum, and reckoned on the birds and beasts as pastime and diversion. Thus, little by little, difficulties were overcome, and all was made ready for the march. A Bolognese doctor of medicine, named Bellotti, and Dumont, a French apothecary, arrived at Chartum. They belonged to an Egyptian regiment, and must accompany it on the *chasua*.* Troops assembled in and around Chartum, the greater part of whose garrison, destined also to share in the campaign, were boated over to the right bank of the Blue Nile. Thence they were to march northwards to Damer—once a town, now a village amidst ruins—situated about three leagues above the place where the Atbara, a river that rises in Abyssinia, and flows north-westward through Sennaar, falls into the Nile. There the line of march changed its direction to the right, and took a tolerably straight route, but inclining a little to the south, in the direction of the Red Sea. The Bascha went by water down the Nile the greater part of the way to Damer, and was of course attended by his physician. Mr Werne, finding himself unwell, followed his example, sending their twelve camels by land, and accompanied by Bellotti, Dumont, and a Savoyard merchant from Chartum, Bruno Rollet by name. There was great difficulty in getting a vessel, all having been taken for the transport of provisions and military

* "The word *chasua* signifies an expedition along the frontier, or rather across the frontier, for the capture of men and beasts. These slave-hunts are said to have been first introduced here by the Turks, and the word *chasua* is not believed to be indigenous, since for war and battle are otherwise used *harba* (properly a lance) and *schammata*. *Chasua* and *razzia* appear to be synonymous, corrupted from the Italian *cazzia*, in French *chasse*."—*Feldzug von Sennaar*, &c., p. 17.

stores; but at last one was discovered, sunk by its owner to save it from the commissariat, and after eleven days of sickness, suffering, and peril—during which Mr Werne, when burning with fever, had been compelled to jump overboard to push the heavy laden boat off the reef on which the stupid Reïs had run it—the party rejoined headquarters. There Mr Werne was kindly received by Achmet, and most joyfully by his brother. Long and dolorous was the tale Dr Joseph had to tell of his sufferings with the wild-riding Bascha. Three days before reaching Damer, that impatient chieftain left his ship and ordered out the dromedaries. The Berlin doctor of medicine felt his heart sink within him; he had never yet ascended a dromedary's saddle, and the desperate riding of the Bascha made his own Turkish retinue fear to follow him. His forebodings were well-founded. Two hours' rough trot shook up his interior to such an extent, and so stripped his exterior of skin, that he was compelled to dismount and lie down upon some brushwood near the Nile, exposed to the burning sun, and with a compassionate Bedouin for sole attendant, until the servants and baggage came up. Headache, vomiting, terrible heat and parching thirst—for he had no drinking vessel, and the Bedouin would not leave him—were his portion the whole day, followed by fever and delirium during the night. At two o'clock the next day (the hottest time) the Bascha was again in the saddle, as if desirous to try to the utmost his own endurance and that of his suite. By this time the doctor had come up with him, (having felt himself better in the morning,) after a six hours' ride, and terrible loss of leather, the blood running down into his stockings. Partly on his dromedary, partly on foot, he managed to follow his leader through this second day's march, at the cost of another night's fever, but in the morning he was so weak that he was obliged to take boat and complete his journey to Damer by water. Of more slender frame and delicate complexion than his brother, the poor doctor was evidently ill-adapted for roughing it in African deserts, although his pluck and fortitude went far towards sup-

plying his physical deficiencies. Most painful are the accounts of his constantly recurring sufferings during that arduous expedition; and one cannot but admire and wonder at the zeal for science, or ardent thirst for novelty, that supported him, and induced him to persevere in the teeth of such hardship and ill-health. At Damer he purchased a small dromedary of easy paces, and left the Bascha's rough-trotting gift for his brother's riding.

At three in the afternoon of the 20th March, a cannon-shot gave the signal for departure. The Wernes' water-skins were already filled and their baggage packed; in an instant their tents were struck and camels loaded; with baggage and servants they took their place at the head of the column and rode up to the Bascha, who was halted to the east of Damer, with his beautiful horses and dromedaries standing saddled behind him. He complained of the great disorder in the camp, but consoled himself with the reflection that things would go better by-and-by. "It was truly a motley scene," says Mr Werne. "The Turkish cavalry in their national costume of many colours, with yellow and green banners and small kettle-drums; the Schaigië and Mograbin horsemen; Bedouins on horseback, on camels, and on foot; the Schechs and Moluks (little king) with their armour-bearers behind them on the dromedaries, carrying pikes and lances, straight swords and leather shields; the countless donkeys and camels—the former led by a great portion of the infantry, to ride in turn—drums and an ear-splitting band of music. The Chabir (caravan-leader) was seen in the distance mounted on his dromedary, and armed with a lance and round shield; the Bascha bestrode his horse, and we accompanied him in that direction, whilst gradually, and in picturesque disorder, the detachments emerged from the monstrous confusion and followed us. The artillery consisted of two field-pieces, drawn by camels, which the Bascha had had broken to the work, that in the desert they might relieve the customary team of mules.

"Abd-el-Kader, the jovial Topschi

Baschi, (chief of the artillery,) commanded them, and rode a mule. The Turks, (that is to say, chiefly Circasians, Kurds, and Arnauts or Albanians,) who shortly before could hardly put one leg before the other, seemed transformed into new men, as they once more found themselves at home in their saddles. They galloped round the Bascha like madmen, riding their horses as mercilessly as if they had been drunk with opium. This was a sort of honorary demonstration, intended to indicate to their chief their untameable valour. The road led through the desert, and was tolerably well beaten. Towards evening the Bascha rode forwards with the Chabir. We did not follow, for I felt myself unwell. It was dark night when we reached the left bank of the Atbara, where we threw ourselves down amongst the bushes, and went to sleep, without taking supper."

The campaign might now be said to be beginning; at least the army was close upon tribes whose disposition, if not avowedly hostile, was very equivocal, and the Bascha placed a picket of forty men at the only ford over the Atbara, a clear stream of tolerable depth, and with lofty banks, covered with rich grass, with mimosas and lofty fruit-laden palm-trees. The next day's march was a severe one—ten hours without a halt—and was attended, after nightfall, with some danger, arising partly from the route lying through trees with barbed thorns, strong enough to tear the clothes off men's bodies and the eyes out of their heads, and partly from the crowding and pressure in the disorderly column during its progress amongst holes and chasms occasioned by the overflowing of the river. Upon halting, at midnight, a fire was lighted for the Bascha, and one of his attendants brought coffee to Mr Werne; but he, sick and weary, rejected it, and would have preferred, he says, so thoroughly exhausted did he feel, a nap under a bush to a supper upon a roasted angel. They were still ascending the bank of the Atbara, a winding stream, with wildly beautiful tree-fringed banks, containing few fish, but giving shelter, in its deep places, to the crocodile and hip-

popotamus. From the clefts of its sandstone bed, then partially exposed by the decline of the waters, sprang a lovely species of willow, with beautiful green foliage and white umbelliferous flowers, having a perfume surpassing that of jasmine. The Wernes would gladly have explored the neighbourhood; but the tremendous heat, and a warm wind which played round their temples with a sickening effect, drove them into camp. Gunfire was at noon upon that day; but it was Mr Werne's turn to be on the sick-list. Suddenly he felt himself so ill, that it was with a sort of despairing horror he saw the tent struck from over him, loaded upon a camel, and driven off. In vain he endeavoured to rise; the sun seemed to dart coals of fire upon his head. His brother and servant carried him into the shadow of a neighbouring palm-tree, and he sank half-dead upon the glowing sand. It would suffice to abide there during the heat of the day, as they thought, but instead of that, they were compelled to remain till next morning, Werne suffering terribly from dysentery. "Never in my life," he says, "did I more ardently long for the setting of the sun than on that day; even its last rays exercised the same painful power on my hair, which seemed to be in a sort of electric connection with just as many sunbeams, and to bristle up upon my head. And no sooner had the luminary which inspired me with such horror sunk below the horizon, than I felt myself better, and was able to get on my legs and crawl slowly about. Some good-natured Arab shepherd-lads approached our fire, pitied me, and brought me milk and durra-bread. It was a lovely evening; the full moon was reflected in the Atbara, as were also the dark crowns of the palm-trees; wild geese shrieked around us; otherwise the stillness was unbroken, save at intervals by the cooling of doves. There is something beautiful in sleeping in the open air, when weather and climate are suitable. We awoke before sunrise, comforted, and got upon our dromedaries; but after a couple of hours' ride we mistrusted the sun, and halted with some wandering Arabs belonging to the Kabyle of the Kammarabs. We

were hospitably received, and regaled with milk and bread."*

When our two Germans rejoined headquarters, after four days' absence, they found Achmet Bascha seated in the shade upon the ground in front of his tent, much burned by the sun, and looking fagged and suffering—as well he might be after the heat and exposure he had voluntarily undergone. Nothing could cure him, however, at least as yet, of his fancy for marching in the heat of the day. Although obstinate and despotic, the Bascha was evidently a dashing sort of fellow, well calculated to win the respect and admiration of his wild and heterogeneous army. Weary as were the two Wernes, (they reached the camp at noon,) at two o'clock they had to be again in the saddle. "A number of gazelles were started; the Bascha seized a gun and dashed after them upon his Arabian stallion, almost the whole of the cavalry scouring after him like a wild mob, and we ourselves riding a sharp trot to witness the chase. We thought he had fallen from his horse, so suddenly did he swing himself from saddle to ground, killing three gazelles with three shots, of which animals we consumed a considerable portion roasted for that night's supper." The river here widened, and crocodiles showed themselves upon the opposite shore. The day was terribly warm; the poor medico was ill again, suffering grievously from his head, and complaining of his hair being so hot; and as the Salamander Bascha persisted in marching under a sun which, through the canvass of the tents, heated sabres and musket-barrels till it was scarcely possible to grasp them, the brothers again lingered behind and followed in the cool of the evening, Joseph being mounted upon an easy-going mule lent him by Topschi Baschi, the good-humoured but dissolute captain of the guns. They were now divided

but by the river's breadth from the hostile tribe of the Haddenda, and might at any moment be assailed; so two hours after sunset a halt was called and numerous camp-fires were lighted, producing a most picturesque effect amongst the trees, and by their illumination of the diversified costumes of the soldiery, and attracting a whole regiment of scorpions, "some of them remarkably fine specimens," says Mr Werne, who looks upon these unpleasant fireside companions with a scientific eye, "a finger and a half long, of a light colour, half of the tail of a brown black and covered with hair." It is a thousand pities that the adventurous Mrs Ida Pfeiffer did not accompany Mr Werne upon this expedition. She would have had the finest possible opportunities of curing herself of the prejudice which it will be remembered she was so weak as to entertain against the scorpion tribe. These pleasant reptiles were as plentiful all along Mr Werne's line of march as are cockchafers on a summer evening in an English oak-copse. Their visitations were pleasantly varied by those of snakes of all sizes, and of various degrees of venom. "At last," says Mr Werne, "one gets somewhat indifferent about scorpions and other wild animals." He had greater difficulty in accustoming himself to the sociable habits of the snakes, who used to glide about amongst tents and baggage, and by whom, in the course of the expedition, a great number of persons were bitten. On the 12th April "Mohammed Latham sent us a remarkable scorpion—pity that it is so much injured—almost two fingers long, black-brown, tail and feet covered with prickly hair, claws as large as those of a small crab. . . . We had laid us down under a green tree beside a cotton plantation, whilst our servants unloaded the camels and pitched the tents, when a snake, six

* These Kammarabs possess a tract on the left or south bank of the Atbara. The distribution of the different tribes, as well as the line of march and other particulars, are very clearly displayed in the appropriate little map accompanying Mr Werne's volume. Opposite to the Kammarabs, "on the right bank of the Atbara, are the Anafidabs, of the race or family of the Bischari. They form a Kabyle (band or community) under a Schech of their own. How it is that the French in Algiers persist in using *Kabyle* as the proper name of a nation and a country, I cannot understand."—*Feldzug von Sennaar*, p. 32.

feet long, darted from under our carpet, passed over my leg, and close before my brother's face. But we were so exhausted that we lay still, and some time afterwards the snake was brought to us, one of Schech Defalla's people having killed it." About noon next day a similar snake sprang out of the said Defalla's own tent; it was killed also, and found to measure six feet two inches. The soldiers perceiving that the German physician and his brother were curious in the matter of reptiles, brought them masses of serpents; but they had got a notion that the flesh was the part coveted (not the skin) to make medicine, and most of the specimens were so defaced as to be valueless. Early in May "some soldiers assured us they had seen in the thicket a serpent twenty feet long, and as thick as a man's leg; probably a species of boa—a pity that they could not kill it. The great number of serpents with dangerous bites makes our bivouac very unsafe, and we cannot encamp with any feeling of security near bushes or amongst brushwood; the prick of a blade of straw, the sting of the smallest insect, causes a hasty movement, for one immediately fancies it is a snake or scorpion; and when out shooting, one's *second* glance is for the game, one's *first* on the ground at his feet, for fear of trampling and irritating some venomous reptile." As we proceed through the volume we shall come to other accounts of beasts and reptiles, so remarkable as really almost to reconcile us to the possibility of some of the zoological marvels narrated by the Yankee Doctor Mayo in his rhapsody of Kaloolah.* For the present we must revert to the business of this curiously-conducted campaign. As the army advanced, various chiefs presented themselves, with retinues more or less numerous. The first of these was the Grand-Shech Mohammed Defalla, already named, who came up, with a great following, on the 28th March. He was a man of herculean frame; and assuredly such was very necessary to enable him to endure in that climate the weight of

his defensive arms. He wore a double shirt of mail over a quilted doublet, arm-plates and beautifully wrought steel gauntlets; his casque fitted like a shell to the upper part of his head, and had in front, in lieu of a visor, an iron bar coming down over the nose—behind, for the protection of the nape, a fringe composed of small rings. His straight-bladed sword had a golden hilt. The whole equipment, which seems to correspond very closely with that of some of the Sikhs or other warlike Indian tribes, proceeded from India, and Defalla had forty or fifty such suits of arms. About the same time with him, arrived two Schechs from the refractory land of Taka, tall handsome men; whilst, from the environs of the neighbouring town of Gos-Rajeb, a number of people rode out on dromedaries to meet the Bascha, their hair quite white with camel-fat, which melted in the sun and streamed over their backs. Gos-Rajeb, situated at about a quarter of a mile from the left bank of the Atbara, consists of some two hundred *tokul* (huts) and clay-built houses, and in those parts is considered an important commercial depot, Indian goods being transported thither on camels from the port of Souakim, on the Red Sea. The inhabitants are of various tribes, more of them red than black or brown; but few were visible, many having fled at the approach of Achmet's army, which passed the town in imposing array—the infantry in double column in the centre, the Turkish cavalry on the right, the Schaigies and Mograbins on the left, the artillery, with kettledrums, cymbals, and other music, in the van—marched through the Atbara, there very shallow, and encamped on the right bank, in a stony and almost treeless plain, at the foot of two rocky hills. The Bascha ordered the Shech of Gos-Rajeb to act as guide to the Wernes in their examination of the vicinity, and to afford them all the information in his power. The most remarkable spot to which he conducted them was to the site of an ancient city, which once, according to tradition, had been as large as Cairo, and

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. CCCCIV., for June 1849.

inhabited by Christians. The date of its existence must be very remote, for the ground was smooth, and the sole trace of buildings consisted in a few heaps of broken bricks. There were indications of a terrible conflagration, the bricks in one place being melted together into a black glazed mass. Mr Werne could trace nothing satisfactory with respect to former Christian occupants, and seems disposed to think that Burckhardt, who speaks of Christian monuments at that spot, (in the neighbourhood of the hill of Herrérem.) may have been misled by certain peculiarly formed rocks.

The most renowned chief of the mutinous tribes of Taka, the conqueror of the Turks under Churdschid Bascha, was Mohammed Din, Grand-Schech of the Haddenda. This personage, awed by the approach of Achmet's formidable force, sent his son to the advancing Bascha, as a hostage for his loyalty and submission. Achmet sent the young man back to his father as bearer of his commands. The next day the army crossed the frontier of Taka, which is not very exactly defined, left the Atbara in their rear, and, moving still eastwards, beheld before them, in the far distance, the blue mountains of Abyssinia. The Bascha's suite was now swelled by the arrival of numerous Schechs, great and small, with their esquires and attendants. The route lay through a thick forest, interwoven with creeping plants and underwood, and with thorny mimosas, which grew to a great height. The path was narrow, the confusion of the march inconceivably great and perilous, and if the enemy had made a vigorous attack with their javelins, which they are skilled in throwing, the army must have endured great loss, with scarcely a possibility of inflicting any. At last the scattered column reached an open space, covered with grass, and intersected with deep narrow rills of water. The Bascha, who had outstripped his troops, was comfortably encamped, heedless of their fate, whilst they continued for a long time to emerge in broken parties from the wood. Mr Werne's good opinion of his generalship had been already much

impaired, and this example of true Turkish indolence, and of the absence of any sort of military dispositions under such critical circumstances, completely destroyed it. The next day there was some appearance of establishing camp-guards, and of taking due precautions against the fierce and numerous foe, who on former occasions had thrice defeated Turkish armies, and from whom an attack might at any moment be expected. In the afternoon an alarm was given; the Bascha, a good soldier, although a bad general, was in the saddle in an instant, and galloping to the spot, followed by all his cavalry, whilst the infantry rushed confusedly in the same direction. The uproar had arisen, however, not from Arab assailants, but from some soldiers who had discovered extensive corn magazines—*silos*, as they are called in Algeria—holes in the ground, filled with grain, and carefully covered over. By the Bascha's permission, the soldiers helped themselves from these abundant granaries, and thus the army found itself provided with corn for the next two months. In the course of the disorderly distribution, or rather scramble, occurred a little fight between the Schaigié, a quarrelsome set of irregulars, and some of the Turks. Nothing could be worse than the discipline of Achmet's host. The Schaigiés were active and daring horsemen, and were the first to draw blood in the campaign, in a skirmish upon the following day with some ambushed Arabs. The neighbouring woods swarmed with these javelin-bearing gentry, although they lay close, and rarely showed themselves, save when they could inflict injury at small risk. Mr Werne began to doubt the possibility of any extensive or effectual operations against these wild and wandering tribes, who, on the approach of the army, loaded their goods on camels, and fled into the *Chaaba*, or forest district, whither it was impossible to follow them. Where was the Bascha to find money and food for the support of his numerous army?—where was he to quarter it during the dangerous *Chariff*, or rainy season? He was very reserved as to his plans; probably, according to Mr Werne,

because he had none. The Schechs who had joined and marched with him could hardly be depended upon, when it was borne in mind that they, formerly the independent rulers of a free people, had been despoiled of their power and privileges, and were now the ill-used vassals of the haughty and stupid Turks, who overwhelmed them with imposts, treated them contemptuously, and even subjected them to the bastinado. "Mohammed Din, seeing the hard lot of these gentlemen, seems disposed to preserve his freedom as long as possible, or to sell it as dearly as may be. Should it come to a war, there is, upon our side, a total want of efficient leaders, at any rate if we except the Bascha. Abdin Aga, chief of the Turkish cavalry, a bloated Arnaut; Sorop Effendi, a model of stupidity and covetousness; Hassan Effendi Bimbaschi, a quiet sot; Soliman Aga, greedy, and without the slightest education of any kind; Hassan Effendi of Sennaar, a Turk in the true sense of the word (these four are infantry commanders); Mohammed Ladjam, a good-natured but inexperienced fellow, chief of the Mograbin cavalry: amongst all these officers, the only difference is, that each is more ignorant than his neighbour. With such leaders, what can be expected from an army that, for the most part, knows no discipline—the Schaigies, for instance, doing just what they please, and being in a fair way to corrupt all the rest—and that is encumbered with an endless train of dangerous rabble, idlers, slaves, and women of pleasure, serving as a burthen and hindrance? Let us console ourselves with the *Allah kerim!* (God is merciful.)" Mr Werne had not long to wait for a specimen of Turkish military skill. On the night of the 7th April he was watching in his tent beside his grievously sick brother, when there suddenly arose an uproar in the camp, followed by firing. "I remained by our tent, for my brother was scarcely able to stir, and the infantry also remained quiet, trusting to their mounted comrades. But when I saw Bimbaschi Hassan Effendi lead a company past us, and madly begin to fire over the powder-waggons, as if these were meant to serve as bar-

ricades against the hostile lances, I ran up to him with my sabre drawn, and threatened him with the Bascha, as well as with the weapon, whereupon he came to his senses, and begged me not to betray him. The whole proved to be mere noise, but the harassed Bascha was again up and active. He seemed to make no use of his aides-de-camp, and only his own presence could inspire his troops with courage. Some of the enemy were killed, and there were many tracks of blood leading into the wood, although the firing had been at random in the darkness. As a specimen of the tactics of our Napoleon-worshipping Bascha, he allowed the wells, which were at two hundred yards from camp, to remain unguarded at night, so that they might easily have been filled up by the enemy. Truly fortunate was it that there were no great stones in the neighbourhood to choke them up, for we were totally without implements wherewith to have cleared them out again." Luckily for this most careless general and helpless army, the Arabs neglected to profit by their shortcomings, and on the 14th April, after many negotiations, the renowned Mohammed Din himself, awed, we must suppose, by the numerical strength of Achmet's troops, and over-estimating their real value, committed the fatal blunder of presenting himself in the Turkish camp. Great was the curiosity to see this redoubted chief, who alighted at Schech Defalla's tent, into which the soldiers impudently crowded, to get a view of the man before whom many of them had formerly trembled and fled. "Mohammed Din is of middle stature, and of a black-brown colour, like all his people; his countenance at first says little, but, on longer inspection, its expression is one of great cunning; his bald head is bare; his dress Arabian, with drawers of a fiery red colour. His retinue consists, without exception, of most ill-looking fellows, on whose countenances Nature seems to have done her best to express the faithless character attributed to the Haddenda. They are all above the middle height, and armed with shields and lances, or swords." Next morning Mr Werne

saw the Bascha seated on his *angarèb*, (a sort of bedstead, composed of plaited strips of camel-hide, which, upon the march, served as a throne,) with a number of Shechs squatted upon the ground on either side of him, amongst them Mohammed Din, looking humbled, and as if half-repentant of his rash step. The Bascha appeared disposed to let him feel that he was now no better than a caged lion, whose claws the captor can cut at will. He showed him, however, marks of favour, gave him a red shawl for a turban, and a purple mantle with gold tassels, but no sabre, which Mr Werne thought a bad omen. The Schech was suffered to go to and fro between the camp and his own people, but under certain control—now with an escort of Schaigies, then leaving his son as hostage. He sent in some cattle and sheep as a present, and promised to bring the tribute due; this he failed to do, and a time was fixed to him and the other Shechs within which to pay up arrears. Notwithstanding the subjection of their chiefs, the Arabs continued their predatory practices, stealing camels from the camp, or taking them by force from the grooms who drove them out to pasture.

Mr Werne's book is a journal, written daily during the campaign; but, owing to the long interval between its writing and publication, he has found it necessary to make frequent parenthetical additions, corrective or explanatory. Towards the end of April, during great sickness in camp, he writes as follows:—"My brother's medical observations and experiments begin to excite in me a strong interest. He has promised me that he will keep a medical journal; but he must first get into better health, for now it is always with sickening disgust that he returns from visiting his patients; he complains of the insupportable effluvia from these people, sinks upon his *angarèb* with depression depicted in his features, and falls asleep with open eyes, so that I often feel quite uneasy." Then comes the parenthesis of ten years' later date. "Subsequently, when I had joined the expedition for the navigation of the White Nile, he wrote to me from the camp of Kassela-el-Lus to Chartum,

that, with great diligence and industry, he had written some valuable papers on African diseases, and was inconsolable at having lost them. He had been for ten days dangerously ill, had missed me sadly, and, in a fit of delirium, when his servant asked him for paper to light the fire, had handed him his manuscript, which the stupid fellow had forthwith burned. At the same time, he lamented that, during his illness, our little menagerie had been starved to death. The Bascha had been to see him, and by his order Topschi Baschi had taken charge of his money, that he might not be robbed, giving the servants what was needful for their keep, and for the purchase of flesh for the animals. The servants had drunk the money intended for the beasts' food. When my brother recovered his health, he had the *fagged*, (a sort of lynx,) which had held out longest, and was only just dead, cut open, and so convinced himself that it had died of hunger. The annoyance one has to endure from these people is beyond conception, and the very mildest-tempered man—as, for instance, my late brother—is compelled at times to make use of the whip."

Whilst Mohammed Din and the other Shechs, accompanied by detachments of Turkish troops, intended partly to support them in their demands, and partly to reconnoitre the country, endeavoured to get together the stipulated tribute, the army remained stationary. But repose did not entail monotony; strange incidents were of daily occurrence in this singular camp. The Wernes, always anxious for the increase of their cabinet of stuffed birds and beasts, sent their huntsman Abdallah with one of the detachments, remaining themselves, for the present at least, at headquarters, to collect whatever might come in their way. The commander of the Mograbins sent them an antelope as big as a donkey, having legs like a cow, and black twisted horns. From the natives little was to be obtained. They were very shy and ill-disposed, and could not be prevailed upon, even by tenfold payment, to supply the things most abundant with them, as for instance milk and honey. In hopes of alluring and

conciliating them, the Bascha ordered those traders who had accompanied the army to establish a bazaar outside the fence enclosing the camp. The little mirrors that were there sold proved a great attraction. The Arabs would sit for whole days looking in them, and pulling faces. But no amount of reflection could render them amicable or honest: they continued to steal camels and asses whenever they could, and one of them caught a Schaigie's horse, led him up to the camp, and stabbed him to death. So great was the hatred of these tribes to their oppressors—a hatred which would have shown itself by graver aggressions, but for Achmet's large force, and above all, for their dread of firearms. Within the camp there was wild work enough at times. The good-hearted, hot-headed Werne was horribly scandalised by the ill-treatment of the slaves. Dumont, the French apothecary, had a poor lad named Amber, a mere boy, willing and industrious, whom he continually beat and kicked, until at last Mr Werne challenged him to a duel with sabres, and threatened to take away the slave, which he, as a Frenchman, had no legal right to possess. But this was nothing compared to the cruelties practised by other Europeans, and especially at Chartum by one Vigoureux, (a French corporal who had served under Napoleon, and was now adjutant of an Egyptian battalion,) and his wife, upon a poor black girl, only ten years of age, whom they first barbarously flogged, and then tied to a post, with her bleeding back exposed to the broiling sun. Informed of this atrocity by his brother, who had witnessed it, Mr Werne sprang from his sickbed, and flew to the rescue, armed with his sabre, and with a well-known iron stick, ten pounds in weight, which had earned him the nickname of Abu-Nabut, or Father of the Stick. A distant view of his incensed countenance sufficed, and the Frenchman, cowardly as cruel, hastened to release his victim, and to humble himself before her humane champion. Concerning this corporal and his dame, whom he had been to France to fetch, and who was brought to bed on camel-back, under a burning sun, in the

midst of the desert, some curious reminiscences are set down in the *Feldzug*, as are also some diverting details of the improprieties of the dissipated gunner Topschi Baschi, who, on the 1st May, brought dancing-girls into the hut occupied by the two Germans, and assembled a mob round it by the indecorous nature of his proceedings. Regulations for the internal order and security of the camp were unheard of. After a time, tents were pitched over the ammunition; a ditch was dug around it, and strict orders were given to light no fire in its vicinity. All fires, too, by command of the Bascha, were to be extinguished when the evening gun was fired. For a short time the orders were obeyed; then they were forgotten; fires were seen blazing late at night, and within fifteen paces of the powder. Nothing but the bastinado could give memory to these reckless fatalists. "I have often met ships upon the Nile, so laden with straw that there was scarcely room for the sailors to work the vessel. No matter for that; in the midst of the straw a mighty kitchen-fire was merrily blazing."

On the 6th of May, the two Wernes mounted their dromedaries and set off, attended by one servant, and with a guide provided by Mohammed Defalla, for the village of El Soffra, at a distance of two and a half leagues, where they expected to find Mohammed Din and a large assemblage of his tribe. It was rather a daring thing to advance thus unescorted into the land of the treacherous Haddendas, and the Bascha gave his consent unwillingly; but Mussa, (Moses,) the Din's only son, was hostage in the camp, and they deemed themselves safer alone than with the half company of soldiers Achmet wanted to send with them. Their routelay due east, at first through fields of *durra*, (a sort of grain,) afterwards through forests of saplings. The natives they met greeted them courteously, and they reached El Soffra without molestation, but there learned, to their considerable annoyance, that Mohammed Din had gone two leagues and a half farther, to the camp of his nephew Shech Mussa, at Mitkenab. So, after a short pause, they again mounted their camels, and rode off, loaded with

maledictions by the Arabs, because they would not remain and supply them with medicine, although the same Arabs refused to requite the drugs with so much as a cup of milk. They rode for more than half an hour before emerging from the straggling village, which was composed of wretched huts made of palm-mats, having an earthen cooking-vessel, a leathern water-bottle, and two stones for bruising corn, for sole furniture. The scanty dress of the people—some of the men had nothing but a leathern apron round their hips, and a sheep-skin, with the wool inwards, over their shoulders—their long hair and wild countenances, gave them the appearance of thorough savages. In the middle of every village was an open place, where the children played stark naked in the burning sun, their colour and their extraordinarily nimble movements combining, says Mr Werne, to give them the appearance of a troop of young imps. Infants, which in Europe would lie helpless in the cradle, are there seen rolling in the sand, with none to mind them, and playing with the young goats and other domestic animals. In that torrid climate, the development of the human frame is wonderfully rapid. Those women of whom the travellers caught a sight in this large village, which consisted of upwards of two thousand huts and tents, were nearly all old and ugly. The young ones, when they by chance encountered the strangers, covered their faces, and ran away. On the road to Mitkenab, however, some young and rather handsome girls showed themselves. "They all looked at us with great wonder," says Mr Werne, "and took us for Turks, for we are the first Franks who have come into this country."

Mitkenab, pleasantly situated amongst lofty trees, seemed to invite the wanderers to cool shelter from the mid-day sun. They were parched with thirst when they entered it, but not one of the inquisitive Arabs who crowded around them would attend to their request for a draught of milk or water. Here, however, was Mohammed Din, and with him a party of Schaigies under Melek Mahmud, whom they found encamped under a great old tree, with his fifty horse-

men around him. After they had taken some refreshment, the Din came to pay them a visit. He refused to take the place offered him on an *angarèb*, but sat down upon the ground, giving them to understand, with a sneering smile, that *that* was now the proper place for him. "We had excellent opportunity to examine the physiognomy of this Schech, who is venerated like a demigod by all the Arabs between the Atbara and the Red Sea. 'He is a brave man,' they say, 'full of courage; there is no other like him!' His face is fat and round, with small grey-brown, piercing, treacherous-looking eyes, expressing both the cunning and the obstinacy of his character; his nose is well-proportioned and slightly flattened; his small mouth constantly wears a satirical scornful smile. But for this expression and his thievish glance, his bald crown and well-fed middle-sized person would become a monk's hood. He goes with his head bare, wears a white cotton shirt and *ferda*, and sandals on his feet. . . . We told him that he was well known to the Franks as a great hero; he shook his head and said that on the salt lake, at Souakim, he had seen great ships with cannon, but that he did not wish the help of the Ingèb (English;) then he said something else, which was not translated to us. I incautiously asked him, how numerous his nation was. 'Count the trees,' he replied, glancing ironically around him; (a poll-tax constituted a portion of the tribute.) Conversation through an interpreter was so wearisome that we soon took our leave." At Mitkenab they were upon the borders of the great forest (Chaaba) that extends from the banks of the Atbara to the shores of the Red Sea. It contains comparatively few lofty trees—most of these getting uprooted by hurricanes, when the rainy season has softened the ground round their roots—but a vast deal of thicket and dense brushwood, affording shelter to legions of wild beasts; innumerable herds of elephants, rhinoceroses, lions, tigers, giraffes, various inferior beasts, and multitudes of serpents of the most venomous description. For fear of these unpleasant neighbours, no Arab

at Mitkenab quits his dwelling after nightfall. "When we returned to the wells, a little before sundown, we found all the Schaigies on the move, to take up their quarters in an enclosure outside the village, partly on account of the beasts of prey, especially the lions, which come down to drink of a night, partly for safety from the unfriendly Arabs. We went with them and encamped with Mam-mud in the middle of the enclosure. We slept soundly the night through, only once aroused by the hoarse cries of the hyenas, which were sneaking about the village, setting all the dogs barking. To insure our safety, Mohammed Din himself slept at our door—so well-disposed were his people towards us." A rumour had gained credit amongst the Arabs, that the two mysterious strangers were sent by Achmet to reconnoitre the country for the Bascha's own advance; and so incensed were they at this, that, although their beloved chief's son was a hostage in the Turkish camp, it was only by taking by-paths, under guidance of a young relative of Schech Mussa's, that the Wernes were able to regain their camp in safety. A few days after their return they were both attacked by bad fever, which for some time prevented them from writing. They lost their reckoning, and thenceforward the journal is continued without dates.

The Bascha grew weary of life in camp, and pined after action. In vain did the Schaigies toss the djereed, and go through irregular tournaments and sham fights for his diversion; in vain did he rattle the dice with Topschi Baschi; vain were the blandishments of an Abyssinian beauty whom he had quartered in a hut surrounded with a high fence, and for whose amusement he not unfrequently had nocturnal serenades performed by the band of the 8th regiment; to which brassy and inharmonious challenge the six thousand donkeys assembled in camp never failed to respond by an ear-splitting bray, whilst the numerous camels bellowed a bass: despite all these amusements, the Bascha suffered from ennui. He was furious when he saw how slowly and scantily came in the tribute for which he had made

this long halt. Some three hundred cows were all that had yet been delivered; a ridiculously small number contrasted with the vast herds possessed by those tribes. Achmet foamed with rage at this ungrateful return for his patience and consideration. He reproached the Schechs who were with him, and sent for Mohammed Din, Schech Mussa, and the two Schechs of Mitkenab. Although their people, foreboding evil, endeavoured to dissuade them from obedience, they all four came and were forthwith put in irons and chained together. With all his cunning Mohammed Din had fallen into the snare. His plan had been, so Mr Werne believes, to cajole and detain the Turks by fair words and promises until the rainy season, when hunger and sickness would have proved his best allies. The Bascha had been beforehand with him, and the old marander might now repent at leisure that he had not trusted to his impenetrable forests and to the javelins of his people, rather than to the word of a Turk. On the day of his arrest the usual evening gun was loaded with canister, and fired into the woods in the direction of the Haddendas, the sound of cannon inspiring the Arab and negro tribes with a panic fear. Firearms—to them incomprehensible weapons—have served more than anything else to daunt their courage. "When the Turks attacked a large and populous mountain near Faszogl, the blacks sent out spies to see how strong was the foe, and how armed. The spies came back laughing, and reported that there was no great number of men; that their sole arms were shining sticks upon their shoulders, and that they had neither swords, lances, nor shields. The poor fellows soon found how terrible an effect had the sticks they deemed so harmless. As they could not understand how it was that small pieces of lead should wound and kill, a belief got abroad amongst them, that the Afrite, Scheitan, (the devil or evil spirit,) dwelt in the musket-barrels. With this conviction, a negro, grasping a soldier's musket, put his hand over the mouth of the barrel, that the afrite might not get out. The soldier pulled the trigger, and the leaden devil pierced the poor

black's hand and breast. After an action, a negro collected the muskets of six or seven slain soldiers, and joyfully carried them home, there to forge them into lances in the presence of a party of his friends. But it happened that some of them were loaded, and soon getting heated in the fire, they went off, scattering death and destruction around them." Most of the people in Taka run from the mere report of a musket, but the Arabs of Hedjäs, a mountainous district near the Red Sea, possess firearms, and are slow but very good shots.

In the way of tribute, nothing was gained by the imprisonment of Mohammed Din and his companions. No more contributions came in, and not an Arab showed himself upon the market-place outside the camp. Mohammed Din asked why his captors did not kill rather than confine him; he preferred death to captivity, and keeping him prisoner would lead, he said, to no result. The Arab chiefs in camp did not conceal their disgust at the Bascha's treatment of their Grand-Shech, and taxed Achmet with having broken his word, since he had given him the *Amahn*—promise of pardon. Any possibility of conciliating the Arabs was destroyed by the step that had been taken. At night they swarmed round the camp, shrieking their war-cry. The utmost vigilance was necessary; a third of the infantry was under arms all night, the consequent fatigue increasing the amount of sickness. The general aspect of things was anything but cheering. The Wernes had their private causes of annoyance. Six of their camels, including the two excellent dromedaries given to them by the Bascha before quitting Chartum, were stolen whilst their camel-driver slept, and could not be recovered. They were compelled to buy others, and Mr Werne complains bitterly of the heavy expenses of the campaign—expenses greatly augmented by the sloth and dishonesty of their servants. The camel-driver, fearing to face his justly-incensed employers, disappeared and was no more heard of. Upon this and other occasions, Mr Werne was struck by the extraordinary skill of the Turks in tracing animals and

men by their footsteps. In this manner his servants tracked his camels to an Arab village, although the road had been trampled by hundreds of beasts of the same sort. "If these people have once seen the footprint of a man, camel, horse, or ass, they are sure to recognise it amongst thousands of such impressions, and will follow the trail any distance, so long as the ground is tolerably favourable, and wind or rain has not obliterated the marks. In cases of loss, people send for a man who makes this kind of search his profession; they show him a footprint of the lost animal, and immediately, without asking any other indication, he follows the track through the streets of a town, daily trodden by thousands, and seldom fails to hunt out the game. He does not proceed slowly, or stoop to examine the ground, but his sharp eye follows the trail at a run. We ourselves saw the footstep of a runaway slave shown to one of these men, who caught the fugitive at the distance of three days' journey from that spot. My brother once went out of the Bascha's house at Chartum, to visit a patient who lived far off in the town. He had been gone an hour when the Bascha desired to see him, and the *tschausch* (orderly) traced him at once by his footmarks on the unpaved streets in which crowds had left similar signs. When, in consequence of my sickness, we lingered for some days on the Atbara, and then marched to overtake the army, the *Schaigies* who escorted us detected, amidst the hoof-marks of the seven or eight thousand donkeys accompanying the troops, those of a particular jackass belonging to one of their friends, and the event proved that they were right." Mr Werne fills his journal, during his long sojourn in camp, with a great deal of curious information concerning the habits and peculiarities of both Turks and Arabs, as well as with the interesting results of his observations on the brute creation. The soldiers continued to bring to him and his brother all manner of animals and reptiles—frogs, whole coils of snakes, and chameleons, which there abound, but whose changes of colour Mr Werne found to be much less numerous than is commonly believed.

For two months he watched the variations of hue of these curious lizards, and found them limited to different shades of grey and green, with yellow stripes and spots. He made a great pet of a young wild cat, which was perfectly tame, and extraordinarily handsome. Its colour was grey, beautifully spotted with black, like a panther; its head was smaller and more pointed than that of European cats; its ears, of unusual size, were black, with white stripes. Many of the people in camp took it to be a young tiger, but the natives called it a *fagged*, and said it was a sort of cat, in which Mr Werne agreed with them. "Its companion and playfellow is a rat, about the size of a squirrel, with a long silvery tail, which, when angry, it swells out, and sets up over its back. This poor little beast was brought to us with two broken legs, and we gave it to the cat, thinking it was near death. But the cat, not recognising her natural prey — and moreover feeling the want of a companion — and the rat, tamed by pain and cured by splints, became inseparable friends, ate together, and slept arm in arm. The rat, which was not ugly like our house rats, but was rather to be considered handsome, by reason of its long frizzled tail, never made use of its liberty to escape." Notwithstanding the numerous devices put in practice by the Wernes to pass their time, it at last began to hang heavy, and their pipes were almost their sole resource and consolation. Smoking is little customary in Egypt, except amongst the Turks and Arabs. The Mograbsins prefer chewing. The blacks of the Gesira make a concentrated infusion of this weed, which they call *bucca*; take a mouthful of it, and roll the savoury liquor round their teeth for a quarter of an hour before ejecting it. They are so addicted to this practice, that they invite their friends to "*bucca*" as Europeans do to dinner. The vessel containing the tobacco juice makes the round of the party, and a profound silence ensues, broken only by the harmonious gurgle of the delectable fluid. Conversation is carried on by signs.

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wiseacres, to be found in every army, who always know what the general means to do better than the general himself. At last the much-desired order was issued — of course when everybody least expected it — and, after a night of bustle and confusion, the army got into motion, in its usual disorderly array. Its destination was a mountain called Kassela-el-Lus, in the heart of the Taka country, whither the Bascha had sent stores of grain, and where he proposed passing the rainy season and founding a new town. The distance was about fourteen hours' march. The route led south-eastwards, at first through a level country, covered with boundless fields of tall *durra*. At the horizon, like a great blue cloud, rose the mountain of Kassela, a blessed sight to eyes that had long been weary of the monotonous level country. After a while the army got out of the *durra*-fields, and proceeded over a large plain scantily overgrown with grass, observing a certain degree of military order and discipline, in anticipation of an attempt, on the part of the angry Arabs, to rescue Mohammed-Din and his companions in captivity. Numerous hares and jackals were started and ridden down. Even gazelles, swift as they are, were sometimes overtaken by the excellent Turkish horses. Presently the grass grew thicker and tall enough to conceal a small donkey, and they came to wooded tracts and jungles, and upon marks of elephants and other wild beasts. The foot-prints of the elephants, in places where the ground had been slightly softened by the rain, were often a foot deep, and from a foot and a half to two feet in length and breadth. Mr Werne regrets not obtaining a view of one of these giant brutes. The two-horned rhinoceros is also common in that region, and is said to be of extraordinary ferocity in its attacks upon men and beasts, and not unfrequently to come off conqueror in single combat with the elephant. "Truly the little Schaigi's cavalry did a great shouting, and he led his arms, anticipating the cry of 'Asset! Asset!'"

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were sold or allotted, they were taken near the tent of Topschi Baschi, where a fire was kept burning, and were all, even to the smallest children, branded on the shoulder with a red-hot iron in the form of a star. When their moans and lamentations reached our hut, we took our guns and hastened away out shooting with three servants. These, notwithstanding our exhortations, would ramble from us, and we had got exceedingly angry with them for so doing, when suddenly we heard three shots, and proceeded in that direction, thinking it was they who had fired. Instead of them, we found three soldiers, lying upon the ground, bathed in their blood and terribly torn. Two were already dead, and the third, whose whole belly was ripped up, told us they had been attacked by a lion. The three shots brought up our servants, whom we made carry the survivor into camp, although my brother entertained slight hopes of saving him. The Bascha no sooner heard of the incident than he got on horseback with Soliman Kaschef and his people, to hunt the lion, and I accompanied him with my huntsman Sale, a bold fellow, who afterwards went with me up the White Nile. On reaching the spot where the lion had been, the Turks galloped off to seek him, and I and Sale alone remained behind. Suddenly I heard a heavy trampling, and a crashing amongst the bushes, and I saw close beside me an elephant with its calf. Sale, who was at some distance, and had just shot a parrot, called out to know if he should fire at the elephant, which I loudly forbade him to do. The beast broke its way through the brushwood just at hand. I saw its high back, and took up a safe position amongst several palm-trees, which all grew from one root, and were so close together that the elephant could not get at me. Sale was already up a tree, and told me the elephant had turned round, and was going back into the chaaba. The brute seemed angry or anxious about its young one, for we found the ground dug up for a long distance by its tusk as by a plough. Some shots were fired, and we thought the Bascha and his horsemen were on the track

of the lion, but they had seen the elephant, and formed a circle round it.

A messenger galloped into camp, and in a twinkling the Arnaut Abdin Bey came up with part of his people. The elephant, assailed on all sides by a rain of bullets, charged first one horseman, then another; they delivered their fire and galloped off. The eyes were the point chiefly aimed at, and it soon was evident that he was blinded by the bullets, for when pursuing his foes he ran against the trees, the shock of his unwieldy mass shaking the fruit from the palms. The horsemen dismounted and formed a smaller circle around him. He must already have received some hundred bullets, and the ground over which he staggered was dyed red, when the Bascha crept quite near him, knelt down and sent a shot into his left eye, whereupon the colossus sank down upon his hinder end and died. Nothing was to be seen of the calf or of the lion, but a few days later a large male lion was killed by Soliman Kaschef's men, close to camp, where we often in the night-time heard the roaring of those brutes."

Just about this time bad news reached the Wernes. Their huntsman Abdallah, to whom they were much attached by reason of his gallantry and fidelity, had gone a long time before to the country of the Beni-Amers, eastward from Taka, in company of a Schaigié chief, mounted on one of their best camels, armed with a double-barrelled gun, and provided with a considerable sum of money for the purchase of giraffes. On his way back to his employers, with a valuable collection of stuffed birds and other curiosities, he was barbarously murdered, when travelling, unescorted, through the Hallenga country, and plundered of all his baggage. Sale, who went to identify his friend's mutilated corpse, attributed the crime to the Hallengas. Mr Werne was disposed to suspect Mohammed Ehle, a great villain, whom the Bascha at times employed as a secret stabber and assassin. This Ehle had been appointed Schech of the Hallengas by the Divan, in lieu of the rightful Schech, who had refused submission to the Turks. Three nephews of Mohammed Din (one of

appearance. The Bascha had already warned his chase-loving cavalry, under penalty of a thousand blows, not to quit their ranks on the appearance of wild beasts, for in that broken ground he feared disorder in the army and an attack from the enemy. I and my brother were at that moment with Melck Mahmud at the outward extremity of the left wing; suddenly a tolerably large lioness trotted out of a thicket beside us, not a hundred paces off. She seemed quite fearless, for she did not quicken her pace at sight of the army. The next minute a monstrous lion showed himself at the same spot, roaring frightfully, and apparently in great fury; his motions were still slower than those of his female; now and then he stood still to look at us, and after coming to within sixty or seventy paces—we all standing with our guns cocked, ready to receive him—he gave us a parting scowl, and darted away, with great bounds, in the track of his wife. In a moment both had disappeared." Soon after this encounter, which startled and delighted Dr Werne, and made his brother's little dromedary dance with alarm, they reached the banks of the great *guhr*. (the bed of a river, filled only in the rainy season,) known as El Gasch, which intersects the countries of Taka and Basa. With very little daring and still less risk, the Haddendas, who are said to muster eighty thousand fighting men, might have annihilated the Bascha's army, as it wound its toilsome way for nearly a league along the dry water-course, (whose high banks were crowned with trees and thick bushes,) the camels stumbling and occasionally breaking their legs in the deep holes left by the feet of the elephants, where the cavalry could not have acted, and where every javelin must have told upon the disorderly groups of weary infantry. The Arabs either feared the firearms, or dreaded lest their attack should be the signal for the instant slaughter of their Grand-Sheeh, who rode, in the midst of the infantry, upon a donkey, which had been given him out of consideration for his age, whilst the three other prisoners were cruelly forced to perform the whole march on foot, with

heavy chains on their necks and feet, and exposed to the jibes of the pitiless soldiery. On quitting the Gohr, the march was through trees and brushwood, and then through a sort of labyrinthine swamp, where horses and camels stumbled at every step, and where the Arabs again had a glorious opportunity, which they again neglected, of giving Achmet such a lesson as they had given to his predecessor in the Baschallk. The army now entered the country of the Hallengas, and a six days' halt succeeded to their long and painful march.

It would be of very little interest to trace the military operations of Achmet Bascha, which were altogether of the most contemptible description—consisting in the *chasuas*, or *razzias* already noticed, sudden and secret expeditions of bodies of armed men against defenceless tribes, whom they despoiled of their cattle and women. From his camp at the foot of Kassela-el-Lus, the Bascha directed many of these marauding parties, remaining himself safely in a large hut, which Mr Werne had had constructed for him, and usually cheating the men and officers, who had borne the fatigue and run the risk, out of their promised share of the booty. Sometimes the unfortunate natives, driven to the wall and rendered desperate by the cruelties of their oppressors, found courage for a stout resistance.

"An expedition took place to the mountains of Basa, and the troops brought back a large number of prisoners of both sexes. The men were almost all wounded, and showed great fortitude under the painful operation of extracting the balls. Even the Turks confessed that these mountaineers had made a gallant defence with lances and stones. Of our soldiers several had musket-shot wounds, inflicted by their comrades' disorderly fire. The Turks asserted that the Mograbins and Schalgiés sometimes fired intentionally at the soldiers, to drive them from their booty. It was a piteous sight to see the prisoners—especially the women and children—brought into camp bound upon camels, and with despair in their countenances. Before they

were sold or allotted, they were taken near the tent of Topschi Baschi, where a fire was kept burning, and were all, even to the smallest children, branded on the shoulder with a red-hot iron in the form of a star. When their moans and lamentations reached our hut, we took our guns and hastened away out shooting with three servants. These, notwithstanding our exhortations, would ramble from us, and we had got exceedingly angry with them for so doing, when suddenly we heard three shots, and proceeded in that direction, thinking it was they who had fired. Instead of them, we found three soldiers, lying upon the ground, bathed in their blood and terribly torn. Two were already dead, and the third, whose whole belly was ripped up, told us they had been attacked by a lion. The three shots brought up our servants, whom we made carry the survivor into camp, although my brother entertained slight hopes of saving him. The Bascha no sooner heard of the incident than he got on horseback with Soliman Kaschef and his people, to hunt the lion, and I accompanied him with my huntsman Sale, a bold fellow, who afterwards went with me up the White Nile. On reaching the spot where the lion had been, the Turks galloped off to seek him, and I and Sale alone remained behind. Suddenly I heard a heavy trampling, and a crashing amongst the bushes, and I saw close beside me an elephant with its calf. Sale, who was at some distance, and had just shot a parrot, called out to know if he should fire at the elephant, which I loudly forbade him to do. The beast broke its way through the brushwood just at hand. I saw its high back, and took up a safe position amongst several palm-trees, which all grew from one root, and were so close together that the elephant could not get at me. Sale was already up a tree, and told me the elephant had turned round, and was going back into the chaaba. The brute seemed angry or anxious about its young one, for we found the ground dug up for a long distance by its tusk as by a plough. Some shots were fired, and we thought the Bascha and his horsemen were on the track

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them the same youth who had escorted the Wernes safely back to camp when they were in peril of their lives in the Haddenda country) came to visit their unfortunate relative, who was still a prisoner, cruelly treated, lying upon the damp earth, chained to two posts, and awaiting with fortitude the cruel death by impalement with which the Bascha threatened him. Achmet received the young men very coldly, and towards evening they set out, greatly depressed by their uncle's sad condition, upon their return homewards. Early next morning the Wernes, when out shooting, found the dead bodies of their three friends. They had been set upon and slain after a gallant defence, as was testified by their bloody lances, and by other signs of a severe struggle. The birds of prey had already picked out their eyes, and their corpses presented a frightful spectacle. The Wernes, convinced that this assassination had taken place by the Bascha's order, loaded the bodies on a camel, took them to Achmet, and preferred an accusation against the Hallengas for this shameful breach of hospitality. The Bascha's indifference confirmed their suspicions. He testified no indignation, but there was great excitement amongst his officers; and when they left the Divan, Mr Werne violently reproached Mohammed Ehle, whom he was well assured was the murderer, and who endured his anger in silence. "The Albanian Abdin Bey was so enraged that he was only withheld by the united persuasions of the other officers from mounting his horse and charging Mohammed Ehle with his wild Albanians, the consequence of which would inevitably have been a general mutiny against the Bascha, for the soldiers had long been murmuring at their bad food and ill treatment." The last hundred pages of Mr Werne's very closely printed and compendious volume abound in instances of the Bascha's treachery and cruelty, and of the retaliation exercised by the Arabs. On one occasion a party of fifty Turkish cavalry were murdered by the Haddendas, who had invited them to a feast. The town of Gos-Rajeb was burned, twenty of the merchants there resident were killed, and the corn,

stored there for the use of the army on its homeward march, was plundered. The Bascha had a long-cherished plan of cutting off the supply of water from the country of the Haddendas. This was to be done by damming up the Gohr-el-Gasch, and diverting the abundant stream which, in the rainy season, rushed along its deep gully, overflowing the tall banks and fertilising fields and forests. As the Bascha's engineer and confidential adviser, Mr Werne was compelled to direct this work. By the labour of thousands of men, extensive embankments were made, and the Haddendas began to feel the want of water, which had come down from the Abyssinian mountains, and already stood eight feet deep in the Gohr. Mr Werne repented his share in the cruel work, and purposely abstained from pressing the formation of a canal which was to carry off the superfluous water to the Atbara, there about three leagues distant from the Gohr. And one morning he was awakened by a great uproar in the camp, and by the shouts of the Bascha, who was on horseback before his hut, and he found that a party of Haddendas had thrashed a picket and made an opening in the dykes, which was the deathblow to Achmet's magnificent project of extracting an exorbitant tribute from Mohammed Din's tribe as the price of the supply of water essential to their very existence. The sole results of the cruel attempt were a fever to the Bascha, who had got wet, and the sickness of half the army, who had been compelled to work like galley-slaves under a burning sun and upon bad rations.

The vicinity of Kassela is rich in curious birds and beasts. The mountain itself swarms with apes, and Mr Werne frequently saw groups of two or three hundred of them seated upon the cliffs. They are about the size of a large dog, with dark brown hair and hideous countenances. Awful was the screaming and howling they set up of a night, when they received the unwelcome visit of some hungry leopard or prowling panther. Once the Wernes went out with their guns for a day's sport amongst the monkeys, but were soon glad to beat a retreat under a tremendous shower of stones.

Hassan, a Turk, who purveyed the brothers with hares, gazelles, and other savoury morsels, and who was a very good shot, promised to bring in—of course for good payment—not only a male and female monkey, but a whole camel-load if desired. He started off with this object, but did not again show himself for some days, and tried to sneak out of the Wernes' way when they at last met him in the bazaar. He had a hole in his head, and his shoulder badly hurt, and declared he would have nothing more to say to those *transformed men* upon the mountain. Mr Werne was very desirous to catch a monkey alive, but was unsuccessful, and Mohammed Ehle refused to sell a tame one which he owned, and which usually sat upon his hut. Mr Werne thinks them a variety of the Chimpanzee. They fight amongst themselves with sticks, and defend themselves fiercely with stones against the attacks of men. Upon the whole the Wernes were highly fortunate in collecting zoological and ornithological specimens, of which they subsequently sent a large number, stuffed, to the Berlin museum. They also secured several birds and animals alive; amongst these a young lion and a civetcat. Regarding reptiles they were very curious, and nothing of that kind was too long or too large for them. As Ferdinand Werne was sitting one day upon his dromedary, in company with the Bascha, on the left bank of the Gasch, the animals shied at a large serpent which suddenly darted by. The Bascha ordered the men who were working at the dykes to capture it, which they at once proceeded to do, as unconcerned as an English haymaker would assail a hedge snake. "Pursued by several men, the serpent plunged into the water, out of which it then boldly reared its head, and confronted an Arab who had jumped in after it, armed with a *lassaie*. With extraordinary skill and daring the Arab approached it, his club uplifted, and struck it over the head, so that the serpent fell down stunned and writhing mightily; whereupon another Arab came up with a cord; the club-bearer, without further ceremony, gripped the reptile by the throat, just below the head; the noose was made

fast, and the pair of them dragged their prize on shore. There it lay for a moment motionless, and we contemplated the terribly beautiful creature, which was more than eleven feet long and half-a-foot in diameter. But when they began to drag it away, by which the skin would of course be completely spoiled, orders were given to *carry* it to camp. A jacket was tied over its head, and three men set to work to get it upon their shoulders; but the serpent made such violent convulsive movements that all three fell to the ground with it, and the same thing occurred again when several others had gone to their assistance. I accompanied them into camp, drove a big nail into the foremost great beam of our *recuba*, (hut,) and had the monster suspended from it. He hung down quite limp, as did also several other snakes, which were still alive, and which our servants had suspended inside our hut, intending to skin them the next morning, as it was now nearly dark. In the night I felt a most uncomfortable sensation. One of the snakes, which was hung up at the head of my bed, had smeared his cold tail over my face. But I sprang to my feet in real alarm, and thought I had been struck over the shin with a club, when the big serpent, now in the death agony, gave me a wipe with its tail through the open door, in front of which our servants were squatted, telling each other ghost stories of snake-kings and the like. . . . They called this serpent *assala*, which, however, is a name they give to all large serpents. Soon afterwards we caught another, as thick, but only nine feet long, and with a short tail, like the *Vipera cerastes*; and this was said to be of that breed of short, thick snakes which can devour a man." In the mountains of Basa, two days' journey from the Gohr-el-Gasch, and on the road thither, snakes are said to exist, of no great length, but as thick as a crocodile, and which can conveniently swallow a man; and instances were related to Mr Werne of these monsters having swallowed persons when they lay sleeping on their angarèbs. Sometimes the victims had been rescued *when only half gorged*! Of course travellers hear

strange stories, and some of those related by Mr Werne are tolerably astounding; but these are derived from his Turkish, Egyptian, or Arabian acquaintances, and there is no appearance of exaggeration or romancing in anything which he narrates as having occurred to or been witnessed by himself. A wild tradition was told him of a country called Bellad-el-Kelb, which signifies the Country of Dogs, where the women were in all respects human, but where the men had faces like dogs, claws on their feet, and tails like monkeys. They could not speak, but carried on conversation by wagging their tails. This ludicrous account appeared explicable by the fact, that the men of Bellad-el-Kelb are great robbers, living by plunder, and, like fierce and hungry dogs, never relinquishing their prey.

The Hallengas, amongst whom the expedition now found itself, were far more frank and friendly, and much less wild, than the Haddendas and some other tribes, and they might probably have been converted into useful allies by a less cruel and capricious invader than the Bascha. But conciliation was no part of his scheme; if he one day caressed a tribe or a chief, it was only to betray them the next. Mr Werne was on good terms with some of the Hallenga sheiks, and went to visit the village of Hauathi, about three miles from camp, to see the birds of paradise which abounded there. On his road he saw from afar a great tree covered with those beautiful birds, and which glistened in the sunshine with all the colours of the rainbow. Some days later he and his brother went to drink *merissa*, a slightly intoxicating liquor, with one of the Fakis or priests of the country. The two Germans got very jovial, drinking to each other, student-fashion; and the faki, attempting to keep pace with them, got crying-drunk, and disclosed a well-matured plan for blowing up their powder-magazine. The ammunition had been stored in the village of Kadmin, which was a holy village, entirely inhabited by fakis. The Bascha had made sure that none of the natives would risk blowing up these holy men, even for the sake of destroying his ammunition, and he was unwilling to keep so

large a quantity of powder amidst his numerous camp-fires and reckless soldiery. But the fakis had made their arrangements. On a certain night they were to depart, carrying away all their property into the great caverns of Mount Kassela, and fire was to be applied to the house that held the powder. Had the plot succeeded, the whole army was lost, isolated as it was in the midst of unfriendly tribes, embittered by its excesses, and by the aggressions and treachery of its chief, and who, stimulated by their priests, would in all probability have exterminated it to the last man, when it no longer had cartridges for its defence. The drunken faki's indiscretion saved Achmet and his troops; the village was forthwith surrounded, and the next day the ammunition was transferred to camp. Not to rouse the whole population against him, the Bascha abstained for the moment from punishing the conspirators, but he was not the man to let them escape altogether; and some time afterwards, Mr Werne, who had returned to Chartum, received a letter from his brother, informing him that nine fakis had been hung on palm-trees just outside the camp, and that the magnanimous Achmet proposed treating forty more in the same way.

A mighty liar was Effendina Achmet Bascha, as ever ensnared a foe or broke faith with a friend. Greedy and cruel was he also, as only a Turkish despot can be. One of his most active and unscrupulous agents was a bloodsucker named Hassan Effendi, whom he sent to the country of the Beni-Amers to collect three thousand five hundred cows and thirteen hundred camels, the complement of their tribute. Although this tribe had upon the whole behaved very peaceably, Hassan's first act was to shoot down a couple of hundred of them like wild beasts. Then he seized a large number of camels belonging to the Haddendas, although the tribe was at that very time in friendly negotiation with the Bascha. The Haddendas revenged themselves by burning Gos-Rajeb. In proof of their valour, Hassan's men cut off the ears of the murdered Beni-Amers, and took them to Achmet, who gave them

money for the trophies. "They had forced a slave to cut off the ears; yonder now lies the man—raving mad, and bound with cords. Camel-thieves, too—no matter to what tribe they belong—if caught *in flagranti*, lose their ears, for which the Bascha gives a reward. That many a man who never dreamed of committing a theft loses his ears in this way, is easy to understand, for the operation is performed on the spot." Dawson Borrer, in his *Campaign in the Kabylie*, mentions a very similar practice as prevailing in Marshal Bugeaud's camp, where ten francs was the fixed price for the head of a horse-stealer, it being left to the soldiers who severed the heads and received the money to discriminate between horse-stealers and honest men. Whether Bugeaud took a hint from the Bascha, or the Bascha was an admiring imitator of Bugeaud, remains a matter of doubt. "Besides many handsome women and children, Hassan Effendi brought in two thousand nine hundred cows, and seven thousand sheep." He might have been a French prince returning from a *razzia*. "For himself he kept eighty camels, *which he said he had bought*." A droll dog, this Hassan Effendi, but withal rather covetous—given to sell his soldier's rations, and to starve his servants, a single piastre—about twopence halfpenny—being his whole daily outlay for meat for his entire household, who lived for the most part upon durra and water. If his servants asked for wages, they received the bastinado. "The Bascha had given the poor camel-drivers sixteen cows. The vampire (Hassan) took upon himself to appropriate thirteen of them." Mr Werne reported this robbery to the Bascha, but Achmet merely replied "*mallück*"—signifying, "it matters not." When inferior officers received horses as their share of booty, Hassan bought them of them, but always forgot to pay, and the poor subalterns feared to complain to the Bascha, who favoured the rogue, and recommended him to the authorities at Cairo for promotion to the rank of Bey, because, as he told Mr Werne with an ironical smile, Hassan was getting very old and infirm, and when he died the Divan would bring charges

against him, and inherit his wealth. Thus are things managed in Egypt. No wonder that, where such injustice and rascality prevail, many are found to rejoice at the prospect of a change of rulers. "News from Souakim (on the Red Sea) of the probable landing of the English, excite great interest in camp; from all sides they come to ask questions of us, thinking that we, as Franks, must know the intentions of the invaders. Upon the whole, they would not be displeased at such a change of government, particularly when we tell them of the good pay and treatment customary amongst the English; and that with them no officer has to endure indignities from his superiors in rank."

"I have now," says Mr Werne, (page 256,) "been more than half a year away from Chartum, continually in the field, and not once have I enjoyed the great comfort of reposing, undressed, between clean white sheets, but have invariably slept in my clothes, on the ground, or on the short but practical angareb. All clean linen disappears, for the constant perspiration and chalky dust burns everything; and the servants do not understand washing, inasmuch as, contrasted with their black hides, everything appears white to them, and for the last three months no soap has been obtainable. And in the midst of this dirty existence, which drags itself along like a slow fever, suddenly '*Julia!*' is the word, and one hangs for four or five days, eighty or a hundred leagues, upon the camel's back, every bone bruised by the rough motion,—the broiling sun, thirst, hunger, and cold, for constant companions. Man can endure much: I have gone through far more than I ever thought I could,—vomiting and in a raging fever on the back of a dromedary, under a midday sun, more dead than alive, held upon my saddle by others, and yet I recovered. To have remained behind would have been to encounter certain death from the enemy, or from wild beasts. We have seen what a man can bear, under the pressure of necessity; in my present uniform and monotonous life I compare myself to the camels tied before my tent, which sometimes stand up, sometimes slowly stretch themselves

on the ground, careless whether crows or ravens walk over their backs, constantly moving their jaws, looking up at the sun, and then, by way of a change, taking a mouthful of grass, but giving no signs of joy or curiosity."

From this state of languid indifference Mr Werne was suddenly and pleasurably roused by intelligence that a second expedition was fitting out for the White Nile. He and his brother immediately petitioned the Bascha for leave to accompany it. The desired permission was granted to him, but refused to his brother. There was too much sickness in the camp, the Bascha said; he could not spare his doctor, and lacked confidence in the Italian, Bellotti. The fondly-attached brothers were thus placed in a painful dilemma: they had hoped to pursue their wanderings hand in hand, and to pass their lives together, and loth indeed were they to sunder in those sickly and perilous regions. At last they made up their minds to the parting. It has been already recorded in Mr Werne's former work, how, within ten days of their next meeting, his beloved brother's eyes were closed in death.

In various respects, Mr Werne's *Feldzug* is one of the most curious books of travel and adventure that, for a very long time, has appeared. It has three points of particular attraction and originality. In the first place, the author wanders in a region previously unexplored by Christian and educated travellers, and amongst tribes whose bare names have reached the ears of but few Europeans. Secondly, he campaigns as officer in such an army as we can hardly realise

in these days of high civilisation and strict military discipline,—so wild, motley, and grotesque are its customs, composition, and equipment,—an army whose savage warriors, strange practices, and barbarous cruelties, make us fancy ourselves in presence of some fierce Moslem horde of the middle ages, marching to the assault of Italy or Hungary. Thirdly, during his long sojourn in camp he had opportunities such as few ordinary travellers enjoy, and of which he diligently profited, to study and note down the characteristics and social habits of many of the races of men that make up the heterogeneous population of the Ottoman empire. Some of the physiological and medical details with which he favours us, would certainly have been more in their place in his brother's professional journal, than in a book intended for the public at large; and passages are not wanting at which the squeamish will be apt to lay down the volume in disgust. For such persons Mr Werne does not write; and his occasional indelicacy and too crude details are compensated, to our thinking, by his manly honest tone, and by the extraordinary amount of useful and curious information he has managed to pack into two hundred and seventy pages. As a whole, the *Expedition to the White Nile*, which contains a vast deal of dry meteorological and geographical detail, is decidedly far less attractive than the present book, which is as amusing as any romance. We have read it with absorbing interest, well pleased with the hint its author throws out at its close, that the records of his African wanderings are not yet all exhausted.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK VII.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

"WHAT is courage?" said my uncle Roland, rousing himself from a reverie into which he had fallen after the Sixth Book in this history had been read to our family circle.

"What is courage?" he repeated more earnestly. "Is it insensibility to fear? *That* may be the mere accident of constitution; and, if so, there is no more merit in being courageous than in being this table."

"I am very glad to hear you speak thus," observed Mr Caxton, "for I should not like to consider myself a coward; yet I am very sensible to fear in all dangers, bodily and moral."

"La, Austin, how can you say so?" cried my mother, firing up; "was it not only last week that you faced the great bull that was rushing after Blanche and the children?"

Blanche at that recollection stole to my father's chair, and, hanging over his shoulder, kissed his forehead.

MR CAXTON, (sublimely unmoved by these flatteries.)—"I don't deny that I faced the bull, but I assert that I was horribly frightened."

ROLAND.—"The sense of honour which conquers fear is the true courage of chivalry: you could not run away when others were looking on—no gentleman could."

MR CAXTON.—"Fiddledee! It was not on my gentility that I stood, Captain. I should have run fast enough, if it had done any good. I stood upon my understanding. As the bull could run faster than I could, the only chance of escape was to make the brute as frightened as myself."

BLANCHE.—"Ah, you did not think of that; your only thought was to save me and the children."

MR CAXTON.—"Possibly, my dear—very possibly I might have been afraid for you too;—but I was very much afraid for myself. However, luckily I had the umbrella, and I sprang it up and spread it forth in the animal's stupid eyes, hurling at him simultaneously the biggest lines

I could think of in the First Chorus of the 'Seven against Thebes.' I began with ELEDEMNAS PEDIOFLOKTUPOS; and when I came to the grand howl of 'Iō, iō, iō, iō—the beast stood appalled as at the roar of a lion. I shall never forget his amazed snort at the Greek. Then he kicked up his hind legs, and went bolt through the gap in the hedge. Thus, armed with Æschylus and the umbrella, I remained master of the field; but (continued Mr Caxton, ingenuously,) I should not like to go through that half minute again."

"No man would," said the Captain kindly. "I should be very sorry to face a bull myself, even with a bigger umbrella than yours, and even though I had Æschylus, and Homer to boot, at my fingers' ends."

MR CAXTON.—"You would not have minded if it had been a Frenchman with a sword in his hand?"

CAPTAIN.—"Of course not. Rather liked it than otherwise," he added grimly.

MR CAXTON.—"Yet many a Spanish matador, who doesn't care a button for a bull, would take to his heels at the first lunge *en carte* from a Frenchman. Therefore, in fact, if courage be a matter of constitution, it is also a matter of custom. We face calmly the dangers we are habituated to, and recoil from those of which we have no familiar experience. I doubt if Marshal Turenne himself would have been quite at his ease on the tight-rope; and a rope-dancer, who seems disposed to scale the heavens with Titanic temerity, might possibly object to charge on a cannon."

CAPTAIN ROLAND.—"Still, either this is not the courage I mean, or there is another kind of it. I mean by courage that which is the especial force and dignity of the human character, without which there is no reliance on principle, no constancy in virtue—a something," continued my uncle gallantly, and with a half bow towards my mother, "which your

sex shares with our own. When the lover, for instance, clasps the hand of his betrothed, and says, 'Wilt thou be true to me, in spite of absence and time, in spite of hazard and fortune, though my foes malign me, though thy friends may dissuade thee, and our lot in life may be rough and rude?' and when the betrothed answers, 'I will be true,' does not the lover trust to her courage as well as her love?"

"Admirably put, Roland," said my father. "But *apropos* of what do you puzzle us with these queries on courage?"

CAPTAIN ROLAND, (with a slight blush.)—"I was led to the inquiry (though, perhaps, it may be frivolous to take so much thought of what, no doubt, costs Pisistratus so little) by the last chapters in my nephew's story. I see this poor boy, Leonard, alone with his fallen hopes, (though very irrational they were,) and his sense of shame. And I read his heart, I dare say, better than Pisistratus does, for I could feel like that boy if I had been in the same position; and, conjecturing what he and thousands like him must go through, I asked myself, 'What can save him and them?' I answered, as a soldier would answer, 'Courage!' Very well. But pray, Austin, what is courage?"

MR CAXTON, (prudently backing out of a reply.)—"Papa! Brother, since you have just complimented the ladies on that quality, you had better address your question to them."

Blanche here leant both hands on my father's chair, and said, looking down at first bashfully, but afterwards warming with the subject, "Do you not think, sir, that little Helen has already suggested, if not what is courage, what at least is the real essence of all courage that endures and conquers, that ennobles, and hallows, and redeems? Is it not PATIENCE, father?—and that is why we women have a courage of our own. Patience does not affect to be supe-

rior to fear, but at least it never admits despair."

PISISTRATUS. — "Kiss me, my Blanche, for you have come near to the truth which perplexed the soldier and puzzled the sage."

MR CAXTON, (tartly.)—"If you mean me by the sage, I was not puzzled at all. Heaven knows you do right to inculcate patience—it is a virtue very much required in your readers. Nevertheless," added my father, softening with the enjoyment of his joke—"nevertheless Blanche and Helen are quite right. Patience is the courage of the conqueror; it is the virtue, *par excellence*, of Man against Destiny—of the One against the World, and of the Soul against Matter. Therefore this is the courage of the Gospel; and its importance, in a social view—its importance to races and institutions—cannot be too earnestly inculcated. What is it that distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon from all other branches of the human family, peoples deserts with his children, and consigns to them the heritage of rising worlds? What but his faculty to brave, to suffer, to endure—the patience that resists firmly, and innovates slowly. Compare him with the Frenchman. The Frenchman has plenty of valour—that there is no denying; but as for fortitude, he has not enough to cover the point of a pin. He is ready to rush out of the world if he is bit by a flea."

CAPTAIN ROLAND. — "There was a case in the papers the other day, Austin, of a Frenchman who actually did destroy himself because he was so teased by the little creatures you speak of. He left a paper on his table, saying that 'life was not worth having at the price of such torments.'"

MR CAXTON, (solemnly.)—"Sir, their whole political history, since the great meeting of the Tiers Etat, has been the history of men who would rather go to the devil than be bit by a

* Fact. In a work by M. GINERT, a celebrated French physician, on diseases of the skin, he states that that minute troublesome kind of rash, known by the name of *prurigo*, though not dangerous in itself, has often driven the individual afflicted by it to—suicide. I believe that our more varying climate, and our more heating drinks and aliments, render this skin complaint more common in England than in France, yet I doubt if any English physician could state that it had ever driven one of his *English* patients to suicide.

flea. It is the record of human impatience, that seeks to force time, and expects to grow forests from the spawn of a mushroom. Wherefore, running through all extremes of constitutional experiment, when they are nearest to democracy they are next door to a despot; and all they have really done is to destroy whatever constitutes the foundation of every tolerable government. A constitutional monarchy cannot exist without aristocracy, nor a healthful republic endure with corruption of manners. The cry of Equality is incompatible with Civilisation, which, of necessity, contrasts poverty with wealth—and, in short, whether it be an emperor or

a mob that is to rule, Force is the sole hope of order, and the government is but an army.

"Impress, O Pisistratus! impress the value of patience as regards man and men. You touch there on the kernel of the social system—the secret that fortifies the individual and disciplines the million. I care not, for my part, if you are tedious so long as you are earnest. Be minute and detailed. Let the real human life, in its war with Circumstance, stand out. Never mind if one can read you but slowly—better chance of being less quickly forgotten. Patience, patience! By the soul of Epictetus, your readers shall set you an example!"

CHAPTER II.

Leonard had written twice to Mrs Fairfield, twice to Riccabocca, and once to Mr Dale; and the poor proud boy could not bear to betray his humiliation. He wrote as with cheerful spirits—as if perfectly satisfied with his prospects. He said that he was well employed, in the midst of books, and that he had found kind friends. Then he turned from himself to write about those whom he addressed, and the affairs and interests of the quiet world wherein they lived. He did not give his own address, nor that of Mr Prickett. He dated his letters from a small coffeehouse near the bookseller, to which he occasionally went for his simple meals. He had a motive in this. He did not desire to be found out. Mr Dale replied for himself and for Mrs Fairfield, to the epistles addressed to these two. Riccabocca wrote also. Nothing could be more kind than the replies of both. They came to Leonard in a very dark period in his life, and they strengthened him in the noiseless battle with despair.

If there be a good in the world that we do without knowing it, without conjecturing the effect it may have upon a human soul, it is when we show kindness to the young in the first barren footpath up the mountain of life.

Leonard's face resumed its serenity in his intercourse with his employer; but he did not recover his boyish ingenuous frankness. The under-currents flowed again pure from the turbid soil and the splintered fragments upturned from the deep; but they were still too strong and too rapid to allow transparency to the surface. And now he stood in the sublime world of books, still and earnest as a seer who invokes the dead. And thus, face to face with knowledge, hourly he discovered how little he knew. Mr Prickett lent him such works as he selected and asked to take home with him. He spent whole nights in reading; and no longer desultorily. He read no more poetry, no more Lives of Poets. He read what poets must read if they desire to be great—*Sapere principium et fons*—strict reasonings on the human mind; the relations between motive and conduct, thought and action; the grave and solemn truths of the past world; antiquities, history, philosophy. He was taken out of himself. He was carried along the ocean of the universe. In that ocean, O seeker, study the law of the tides; and seeing Chance nowhere—Thought presiding over all—Fate, that dread phantom, shall vanish from creation, and Providence alone be visible in heaven and on earth!

CHAPTER III.

There was to be a considerable book-sale at a country house one day's

journey from London. Mr Prickett meant to have attended it on his own

behalf, and that of several gentlemen who had given him commissions for purchase; but, on the morning fixed for his departure, he was seized with a severe return of his old foe the rheumatism. He requested Leonard to attend instead of himself. Leonard went, and was absent for the three days during which the sale lasted. He returned late in the evening, and went at once to Mr Prickett's house. The shop was closed; he knocked at the private entrance; a strange person opened the door to him, and, in reply to his question if Mr Prickett was at home, said with a long and funereal face—"Young man, Mr Prickett senior is gone to his long home, but Mr Richard Prickett will see you."

At this moment a very grave-looking man, with lank hair, looked forth from the side-door communicating between the shop and the passage, and then stepped forward—"Come in, sir; you are my late uncle's assistant, Mr Fairfield, I suppose?"

"Your late uncle! Heavens, sir, do I understand aright—can Mr Prickett be dead since I left London?"

"Died, sir, suddenly last night. It was an affection of the heart; the Doctor thinks the rheumatism attacked that organ. He had small time to provide for his departure, and his account-books seem in sad disorder: I am his nephew and executor."

Leonard had now followed the nephew into the shop. There, still burned the gas-lamp. The place seemed more dingy and cavernous than before. Death always makes its presence felt in the house it visits.

Leonard was greatly affected—and yet more, perhaps, by the utter want of feeling which the nephew exhibited. In fact, the deceased had not been on friendly terms with this person, his nearest relative and heir-at-law, who was also a bookseller.

"You were engaged but by the week I find, young man, on reference to my late uncle's papers. He gave you £1 a week—a monstrous sum! I shall not require your services any further. I shall move these books to my own house. You will be good enough to send me a list of those you bought at the sale, and your account of travelling-expenses, &c. What may be due to you shall be sent to your address. Good evening."

Leonard went home, shocked and saddened at the sudden death of his kind employer. He did not think much of himself that night; but, when he rose the next day, he suddenly felt that the world of London lay before him, without a friend, without a calling, without an occupation for bread.

This time it was no fancied sorrow, no poetic dream disappointed. Before him, gaunt and palpable, stood Famine.

Escape!—yes. Back to the village; his mother's cottage; the exile's garden; the radishes and the fount. Why could he not escape? Ask why civilisation cannot escape its ills, and fly back to the wild and the wigwam?

Leonard could not have returned to the cottage, even if the Famine that faced had already seized him with her skeleton hand. London releases not so readily her fated stepsons.

CHAPTER IV.

One day three persons were standing before an old book-stall in a passage leading from Oxford Street into Tottenham Court Road. Two were gentlemen; the third, of the class and appearance of those who more habitually halt at old book-stalls.

"Look," said one of the gentlemen to the other, "I have discovered here what I have searched for in vain the last ten years—the Horace of 1580, the Horace of the Forty Commentators—a perfect treasury of learning, and marked only fourteen shillings!"

"Hush, Norreys," said the other, "and observe what is yet more worth your study;" and he pointed to the third bystander, whose face, sharp and attenuated, was bent with an absorbed, and, as it were, with a hungering attention over an old worm-eaten volume.

"What is the book, my lord?" whispered Mr Norreys.

His companion smiled, and replied by another question, "What is the man who reads the book?"

Mr Norreys moved a few paces,

and looked over the student's shoulder. "Preston's translation of BOETHIUS, *The Consolations of Philosophy*," he said, coming back to his friend.

"He looks as if he wanted all the consolations Philosophy can give him, poor boy."

At this moment a fourth passenger paused at the book-stall, and, recognising the pale student, placed his hand on his shoulder and said, "Aha, young sir, we meet again. So poor Prickett is dead. But you are still haunted by associations. Books—books—magnets to which all iron minds move insensibly. What is this? BOETHIUS! Ah, a book written in prison, but a little time before the advent of the only philosopher who solves to the simplest understanding every mystery of life—"

"And that philosopher?"

"Is Death!" said Mr Burley. "How can you be dull enough to ask? Poor Boethius, rich, nobly born, a consul, his sons consuls—the world one smile to the Last Philosopher of Rome. Then suddenly, against this type of the old world's departing wisdom, stands frowning the new world's grim genius, FORCE—Theodoric the Ostrogoth condemning Boethius the Schoolman; and Boethius, in his Pavian dungeon, holding a dialogue with the shade of Athenian Philosophy. It is the finest picture upon which lingers the glimmering of the Western golden day, before night rushes over time."

"And," said Mr Norreys abruptly, "Boethius comes back to us with the faint gleam of returning light, translated by Alfred the Great. And, again, as the sun of knowledge bursts forth in all its splendour, by Queen Elizabeth. Boethius influences us as we stand in this passage; and that is the best of all the *Consolations of Philosophy*—eh, Mr Burley?"

Mr Burley turned and bowed.

The two men looked at each other; you could not see a greater contrast. Mr Burley, his gay green dress already shabby and soiled, with a rent in the skirts, and his face speaking of habitual night-cups. Mr Norreys, neat and somewhat precise in dress, with firm lean figure, and quiet, collected, vigorous energy in his eye and aspect.

"If," replied Mr Burley, "a poor devil like me may argue with a gentleman who may command his own price with the booksellers, I should say it is no consolation at all, Mr Norreys. And I should like to see any man of sense accept the condition of Boethius in his prison, with some strangler or headsman waiting behind the door, upon the promised proviso that he should be translated, centuries afterwards, by Kings and Queens, and help indirectly to influence the minds of Northern barbarians, babbling about him in an alley, jostled by passers-by who never heard the name of Boethius, and who don't care a fig for philosophy. Your servant, sir—young man, come and talk."

Burley hooked his arm within Leonard's, and led the boy passively away.

"That is a clever man," said Harley L'Estrange. "But I am sorry to see you young student, with his bright earnest eyes, and his lip that has the quiver of passion and enthusiasm, leaning on the arm of a guide who seems disenchanted of all that gives purpose to learning and links philosophy with use to the world. Who, and what is this clever man whom you call Burley?"

"A man who might have been famous, if he had condescended to be respectable! The boy listening to us both so attentively interested me too—I should like to have the making of him. But I must buy this Horace."

The shopman, lurking within his hole like a spider for flies, was now called out. And when Mr Norreys had bought the Horace, and given an address where to send it, Harley asked the shopman if he knew the young man who had been reading Boethius.

"Only by sight. He has come here every day the last week, and spends hours at the stall. When once he fastens on a book, he reads it through."

"And never buys?" said Mr Norreys.

"Sir," said the shopman with a good-natured smile, "they who buy seldom read. The poor boy pays me twopence a-day to read as long as he pleases. I would not take it, but he is proud."

"I have known men :

learning in that way," said Mr Norreys. "Yes, I should like to have that boy in my hands. And now, my lord, I am at your service, and we will go to the studio of your artist."

The two gentlemen walked on towards one of the streets out of Fitzroy Square.

In a few minutes more Harley L'Estrange was in his element, seated carelessly on a deal table, smoking his cigar, and discussing art

with the gusto of a man who honestly loved, and the taste of a man who thoroughly understood it. The young artist, in his dressing robe, adding slow touch upon touch, paused often to listen the better. And Henry Norreys, enjoying the brief respite from a life of great labour, was gladly reminded of idle hours under rosy skies; for these three men had formed their friendship in Italy, where the bands of friendship are woven by the hands of the Graces.

CHAPTER V.

Leonard and Mr Burley walked on into the suburbs round the north road from London, and Mr Burley offered to find literary employment for Leonard—an offer eagerly accepted.

Then they went into a public house by the wayside. Burley demanded a private room, called for pen, ink, and paper; and, placing these implements before Leonard, said, "Write what you please in prose, five sheets of letter paper, twenty-two lines to a page—neither more nor less."

"I cannot write so."

"Tut, 'tis for bread."

The boy's face crimsoned.

"I must forget that," said he.

"There is an arbour in the garden under a weeping ash," returned Burley. "Go there, and fancy yourself in Arcadia."

Leonard was too pleased to obey. He found out the little arbour at one end of a deserted bowling-green. All was still—the hedgerow shut out the sight of the inn. The sun lay warm on the grass, and glinted pleasantly through the leaves of the ash. And Leonard there wrote the first essay from his hand as Author by profession. What was it that he wrote? His dreamy impressions of London? an anathema on its streets, and its hearts of stone? murmurs against poverty? dark elegies on fate?

Oh, no! little knowest thou true genius, if thou askest such questions, or thinkest that there, under the weeping ash, the taskwork for bread was remembered; or that the sunbeam glinted but over the practical world, which, vulgar and sordid,

lay around. Leonard wrote a fairy tale—one of the loveliest you can conceive, with a delicate touch of playful humour—in a style all flowered over with happy fancies. He smiled as he wrote the last word—he was happy. In rather more than an hour Mr Burley came to him, and found him with that smile on his lips.

Mr Burley had a glass of brandy and water in his hand; it was his third. He too smiled—he too looked happy. He read the paper aloud, and well. He was very complimentary. "You will do!" said he, clapping Leonard on the back. "Perhaps some day you will catch my one-eyed perch." Then he folded up the MS., scribbled off a note, put the whole in one envelope—and they returned to London.

Mr Burley disappeared within a dingy office near Fleet Street, on which was inscribed—"Office of the *Beehive*," and soon came forth with a golden sovereign in his hand—Leonard's first-fruits. Leonard thought Peru lay before him. He accompanied Mr Burley to that gentleman's lodging in Maida Hill. The walk had been very long; Leonard was not fatigued. He listened with a livelier attention than before to Burley's talk. And when they reached the apartments of the latter, and Mr Burley sent to the cookshop, and their joint supper was taken out of the golden sovereign, Leonard felt proud, and for the first time for weeks he laughed the heart's laugh. The two writers grew more and more intimate and cordial. And there was a vast deal in Burley by which any

young man might be made the wiser. There was no apparent evidence of poverty in the apartments—clean, new, well furnished; but all things in the most horrible litter—all speaking of the huge literary sloven.

For several days Leonard almost lived in those rooms. He wrote continuously—save when Burley's conversation fascinated him into idleness. Nay, it was not idleness—his knowledge grew larger as he listened; but the cynicism of the talker began slowly to work its way. That cynicism in which there was no faith, no hope, no vivifying breath from Glory—from Religion. The cynicism of the Epicu-

rean, more degraded in his styte than ever was Diogenes in his tub; and yet presented with such ease and such eloquence—with such art and such mirth—so adorned with illustration and anecdote, so unconscious of debasement.

Strange and dread philosophy—that made it a maxim to squander the gifts of mind on the mere care for matter, and fit the soul to live but as from day to day, with its scornful cry, "A fig for immortality and laurels!" An author for bread! Oh, miserable calling! was there something grand and holy, after all, even in Chatterton's despair!

CHAPTER VI.

The villanous *Beehive*! Bread was worked out of it, certainly; but fame, but hope for the future—certainly not. Milton's *Paradise Lost* would have perished without a sound, had it appeared in the *Beehive*.

Fine things were there in a fragmentary crude state, composed by Burley himself. At the end of a week they were dead and forgotten—never read by one man of education and taste; taken simultaneously and indifferently with shallow politics and wretched essays, yet selling, perhaps, twenty or thirty thousand copies—an immense sale;—and nothing got out of them but bread and brandy!

"What more would you have?" cried John Burley. "Did not stern old Sam Johnson say he could never write but from want?"

"He might say it," answered Leonard; "but he never meant posterity to believe him. And he would have died of want, I suspect, rather than have written *Rasselas* for the *Beehive*! Want is a grand thing," continued the boy, thoughtfully. "A

parent of grand things. Necessity is strong, and should give us its own strength; but Want should shatter asunder, with its very writhings, the walls of our prison-house, and not sit contented with the allowance the jail gives us in exchange for our work."

"There is no prison-house to a man who calls upon Bacchus—stay—I will translate to you Schiller's Dithyramb. 'Then see I Bacchus—then up come Cupid and Phœbus, and all the Celestials are filling my dwelling.'"

Breaking into impromptu careless rhymes, Burley threw off a rude but spirited translation of that divine lyric.

"O materialist!" cried the boy, with his bright eyes suffused. "Schiller calls on the gods to take him to their heaven with him; and you would debase the gods to a gin palace."

"Ho, ho!" cried Burley, with his giant laugh. "Drink, and you will understand the Dithyramb."

CHAPTER VII.

Suddenly one morning, as Leonard sat with Burley, a fashionable cabriolet, with a very handsome horse, stopped at the door—a loud knock—a quick step on the stairs, and Randal Leslie entered. Leonard recognised him, and started. Randal glanced at

him in surprise, and then he saw that showed he had as much to profit by Leonard's ing hands with the approach and said with a tempting smile, "Will you be mistaken, sir, we have

If you remember me, I hope all boyish quarrels are forgotten?"

Leonard bowed, and his heart was still good enough to be softened.

"Where could you two ever have met?" asked Burley.

"In a village green, and in single combat," answered Randal, smiling; and he told the story of the Battle of the Stocks, with a well-bred jest on himself. Burley laughed at the story. "But," said he, when this laugh was over, "my young friend had better have remained guardian of the village stocks, than come to London in search of such fortune as lies at the bottom of an inkhorn."

"Ah," said Randal, with the secret contempt which men elaborately cultivated are apt to feel for those who seek to educate themselves—"ah, you make literature your calling, sir? At what school did you conceive a taste for letters?—not very common at our great public schools."

"I am at school now for the first time," answered Leonard, drily.

"Experience is the best school-mistress," said Burley; "and that was the maxim of Goethe, who had book-learning enough, in all conscience."

Randal slightly shrugged his shoulders, and, without wasting another thought on Leonard, peasant-born and self-taught, took his seat, and began to talk to Burley upon a political question, which made then the war-cry between the two great Parliamentary parties. It was a subject in which Burley showed much general knowledge; and Randal, seeming to differ from him, drew forth alike his information and his argumentative powers. The conversation lasted more than an hour.

"I can't quite agree with you," said Randal, taking his leave; "but you must allow me to call again—will the same hour to-morrow suit you?"

"Yes," said Burley.

Away went the young man in his cabriolet. Leonard watched him from the window.

For five days, consecutively, did Randal call and discuss the question in all its bearings; and Burley, after the second day, got interested in the matter, looked up his authorities—

refreshed his memory—and even spent an hour or two in the Library of the British Museum.

By the fifth day, Burley had really exhausted all that could well be said on his side of the question.

Leonard, during these colloquies, had sat apart, seemingly absorbed in reading, and secretly stung by Randal's disregard of his presence. For indeed that young man, in his superb self-esteem, and in the absorption of his ambitious projects, scarce felt even curiosity as to Leonard's rise above his earlier station, and looked on him as a mere journeyman of Burley's. But the self-taught are keen and quick observers. And Leonard had remarked, that Randal seemed more as one playing a part for some private purpose, than arguing in earnest; and that, when he rose and said, "Mr Burley, you have convinced me," it was not with the modesty of a sincere reasoner, but the triumph of one who has gained his end. But so struck, meanwhile, was our unheeded and silent listener, with Burley's power of generalisation, and the wide surface over which his information extended, that when Randal left the room the boy looked at the slovenly purposeless man, and said aloud—"True; knowledge is *not* power."

"Certainly not," said Burley, drily—"the weakest thing in the world."

"Knowledge is power," muttered Randal Leslie, as, with a smile on his lip, he drove from the door.

Not many days after this last interview there appeared a short pamphlet; anonymous, but one which made a great impression on the town. It was on the subject discussed between Randal and Burley. It was quoted at great length in the newspapers. And Burley started to his feet one morning, and exclaimed, "My own thoughts! my very words! Who the devil is this pamphleteer?"

Leonard took the newspaper from Burley's hand. The most flattering encomiums preceded the extracts, and the extracts were as stereotypes of Burley's talk.

"Can you doubt the author?" cried Leonard, in deep disgust and ingenuous scorn. "The young man

who came to steal your brains, and turn your knowledge—”

“Into power,” interrupted Burley, with a laugh, but it was a laugh of pain. “Well, this was very mean; I shall tell him so when he comes.”

“He will come no more,” said Leonard. Nor did Randal come again. But he sent Mr Burley a copy of the pamphlet with a polite note, saying, with candid but careless acknowledgment, that “he had profited much by Mr Burley’s hints and remarks.”

And now it was in all the papers, that the pamphlet which had made so great a noise was by a very young man, Mr Audley Egerton’s relation. And high hopes were expressed of the future career of Mr Randal Leslie.

Burley still attempted to laugh, and still his pain was visible. Leonard most cordially despised and hated Randal Leslie, and his heart moved to Burley with noble but perilous compassion. In his desire to soothe and comfort the man whom he deemed cheated out of fame, he forgot the caution he had hitherto imposed on himself, and yielded more and more to the charm of that wasted intellect. He accompanied Burley now where he went to spend his evenings, and more and more—though gradually, and with many a recoil and self-rebuke—there crept over him the cynic’s contempt for glory, and miserable philosophy of debased content.

Randal had risen into grave repute upon the strength of Burley’s knowledge. But, had Burley written the pamphlet, would the same repute have attended *him*? Certainly not. Randal Leslie brought to that knowledge qualities all his own—a style simple, strong, and logical; a certain tone of good society, and allusions to men and to parties that showed his connection with a cabinet minister, and proved that he had profited no less by Egerton’s talk than Burley’s.

Had Burley written the pamphlet, it would have showed more genius, it would have had humour and wit, but have been so full of whims and quips, sins against taste, and defects in earnestness, that it would have failed to create any serious sensation. Here, then, there was something else besides knowledge, by which knowledge became power. Knowledge must not smell of the brandy bottle.

Randal Leslie might be mean in his plagiarism, but he turned the useless into use. And so far he was original.

But one’s admiration, after all, rests where Leonard’s rested—with the poor, shabby, riotous, lawless, big fallen man.

Burley took himself off to the Brent, and fished again for the one-eyed perch. Leonard accompanied him. His feelings were indeed different from what they had been when he had reclined under the old tree, and talked with Helen of the future. But it was almost pathetic to see how Burley’s nature seemed to alter, as he strayed along the banks of the rivulet, and talked of his own boyhood. The man then seemed restored to something of the innocence of the child. He cared, in truth, little for the perch, which continued intractable, but he enjoyed the air and the sky, the rustling grass and the murmuring waters. These excursions to the haunts of youth seemed to rebaptise him, and then his eloquence took a pastoral character, and Isaac Walton himself would have loved to hear him. But as he got back into the smoke of the metropolis, and the gas lamps made him forget the ruddy sunset, and the soft evening star, the gross habits reassumed their sway; and on he went with his swaggering reckless step to the orgies in which his abused intellect flamed forth, and then sank into the socket quenched and rayless.

CHAPTER VIII.

Helen was seized with profound and anxious sadness. Leonard had been three or four times to see her, and each time she saw a change in

him that excited all her fears. He seemed, it is true, more shrewd, more worldly-wise, more fitted, it might be, for coarse daily life; but, on

the other hand, the freshness and glory of his youth were waning slowly. His aspirations drooped earthward. He had not mastered the Practical, and moulded its uses with the strong hand of the Spiritual Architect, of the Ideal Builder: the Practical was overpowering himself. She grew pale when he talked of Burley, and shuddered, poor little Helen! when she found he was daily and almost nightly in a companionship which, with her native honest prudence, she saw so unsuited to strengthen him in his struggles, and aid him against temptation. She almost groaned when, pressing him as to his pecuniary means, she found his old terror of debt seemed fading away, and the solid healthful principles he had taken from his village were loosening fast. Under all, it is true, there was what a wiser and older person than Helen would have hailed as the redeeming promise. But that something was *grief*—a sublime grief in his own sense of falling—in his own impotence against the Fate he had provoked and coveted. The sublimity of that grief Helen could not detect: she saw only that it *was* grief, and she grieved with it, letting it excuse every fault—making her more anxious to comfort, in order that she might save. Even from the first, when Leonard had exclaimed, “Ah, Helen, why did you ever leave me?” she had revolved the idea of return to him; and when in the boy’s last visit he told her that Burley, persecuted by duns, was about to fly from his present lodgings, and take his abode with Leonard in the room she had left vacant, all doubt was over. She resolved to sacrifice the safety and shelter of the home assured her. She resolved to come back and share Leonard’s penury and struggles, and save the old room, wherein she had prayed for him, from the tempter’s dangerous presence. Should she burden him? No; she had assisted her father by many little female arts in needle and fancy work. She had improved herself in these during her sojourn with Miss Starke. She could bring her share to the common stock. Possessed with this idea, she determined to realise it before the day on which Leonard had told her Burley was to move his quarters. Accordingly she rose very early one

morning; she wrote a pretty and grateful note to Miss Starke, who was fast asleep, left it on the table, and, before any one was astir, stole from the house, her little bundle on her arm. She lingered an instant at the garden-gate, with a remorseful sentiment—a feeling that she had ill-repaid the cold and prim protection that Miss Starke had shown her. But sisterly love carried all before it. She closed the gate with a sigh, and went on.

She arrived at the lodging-house before Leonard was up, took possession of her old chamber, and, presenting herself to Leonard as he was about to go forth, said, (story-teller that she was,)—“I am sent away, brother, and I have come to you to take care of me. Do not let us part again. But you must be very cheerful and very happy, or I shall think that I am sadly in your way.”

Leonard at first did look cheerful, and even happy; but then he thought of Burley, and then of his own means of supporting her, and was embarrassed, and began questioning Helen as to the possibility of reconciliation with Miss Starke. And Helen said gravely, “Impossible—do not ask it, and do not go near her.”

Then Leonard thought she had been humbled and insulted, and remembered that she was a gentleman’s child, and felt for her wounded pride—he was so proud himself. Yet still he was embarrassed.

“Shall I keep the purse again, Leonard?” said Helen coaxingly.

“Alas!” replied Leonard, “the purse is empty.”

“That is very naughty in the purse,” said Helen, “since you put so much into it.”

“I?”

“Did not you say that you made, at least, a guinea a-week?”

“Yes; but Burley takes the money; and then, poor fellow! as I owe all to him, I have not the heart to prevent his spending it as he likes.”

“Please, I wish you could settle the month’s rent,” said the landlady, suddenly showing herself. She said it civilly, but with firmness.

Leonard coloured. “It shall be paid to-day.”

Then he pressed his hat on his

head, and, putting Helen gently aside, went forth.

"Speak to *me* in future, kind Mrs Smedley," said Helen with the air of a housewife. "*He* is always in study, and must not be disturbed."

The landlady—a good woman, though she liked her rent—smiled benignly. She was fond of Helen, whom she had known of old.

"I am so glad you are come back; and perhaps now the young man will not keep such late hours. I meant to give him warning, but—"

"But he will be a great man one of these days, and you must bear with him now." And Helen kissed Mrs

Smedley, and sent her away half inclined to cry.

Then Helen busied herself in the rooms. She found her father's box, which had been duly forwarded. She re-examined its contents, and wept as she touched each humble and pious relic. But her father's memory itself thus seemed to give this home a sanction which the former had not; and she rose quietly and began mechanically to put things in order, sighing as she saw all so neglected, till she came to the rose-tree, and that alone showed heed and care. "Dear Leonard!" she murmured, and the smile resettled on her lips.

CHAPTER IX.

Nothing, perhaps, could have severed Leonard from Burley but Helen's return to his care. It was impossible for him, even had there been another room in the house vacant, (which there was not,) to install this noisy riotous son of the Muse by Bacchus, talking at random, and smelling of spirits, in the same dwelling with an innocent, delicate, timid, female child. And Leonard could not leave her alone all the twenty-four hours. She restored a home to him, and imposed its duties. He therefore told Mr Burley that in future he should write and study in his own room, and hinted with many a blush, and as delicately as he could, that it seemed to him that whatever he obtained from his pen ought to be halved with Burley, to whose interest he owed the employment, and from whose books or whose knowledge he took what helped to maintain it; but that the other half, if his, he could no longer afford to spend upon feasts or libations. He had another to provide for.

Burley pooch-pooched the notion of taking half his coadjutor's earning, with much grandeur, but spoke very fretfully of Leonard's sober appropriation of the other half; and, though a good-natured warm-hearted man, felt extremely indignant against the sudden interposition of poor Helen. However, Leonard was firm;

and then Burley grew sullen, and so they parted. But the rent was still to be paid. How? Leonard for the first time thought of the pawn-broker. He had clothes to spare, and Riccabocca's watch. No; that last he shrank from applying to such base uses.

He went home at noon, and met Helen at the street door. She too had been out, and her soft cheek was rosy red with unwonted exercise and the sense of joy. She had still preserved the few gold pieces which Leonard had taken back to her on his first visit to Miss Starke's. She had now gone out and bought wools and implements for work; and meanwhile she had paid the rent.

Leonard did not object to the work, but he blushed deeply when he knew about the rent, and was very angry. He payed back to her that night what she had advanced; and Helen wept silently at his pride, and wept more when she saw the next day a woeful hiatus in his wardrobe.

But Leonard now worked at home, and worked resolutely; and Helen sate by his side, working too; so that next day, and the next, slipped peacefully away, and in the evening of the second he asked her to walk out in the fields. She sprang up joyously at the invitation, when bang went the door, and in reeled John Burley—drunk:—And so drunk!

CHAPTER X.

And with Burley there reeled in another man—a friend of his—a man who had been a wealthy trader and once well to do, but who, unluckily, had literary tastes, and was fond of hearing Burley talk. So, since he had known the wit, his business had fallen from him, and he had passed through the Bankrupt Court. A very shabby-looking dog he was, indeed, and his nose was redder than Burley's.

John made a drunken dash at poor Helen. "So you are the Pentheus in petticoats who defies Bacchus," cried he; and therewith he roared out a verse from Euripides. Helen ran away, and Leonard interposed.

"For shame, Burley!"

"He's drunk," said Mr Douce the bankrupt trader—"very drunk—don't mind—him. I say, sir, I hope we don't intrude. Sit still, Burley, sit still, and talk, do—that's a good man. You should hear him—ta—ta—talk, sir."

Leonard meanwhile had got Helen out of the room, into her own, and begged her not to be alarmed, and keep the door locked. He then returned to Burley, who had seated himself on the bed, trying wondrous hard to keep himself upright; while Mr Douce was striving to light a short pipe that he carried in his button-hole—without having filled it—and, naturally failing in that attempt, was now beginning to weep.

Leonard was deeply shocked and revolted for Helen's sake; but it was hopeless to make Burley listen to reason. And how could the boy turn out of his room the man to whom he was under obligations?

Meanwhile there smote upon Helen's shrinking ears loud jarring talk and mandlin laughter, and cracked attempts at jovial songs. Then she heard Mrs Smedley in Leonard's room, remonstrating, and Burley's laugh was louder than before, and Mrs Smedley, who was a meek woman, evidently got frightened, and was heard in precipitate retreat. Long and loud talk recommenced, Burley's great voice predominant, Mr Douce chiming in with hiccupy broken treble. Hour after hour this lasted, for want

of the drink that would have brought it to a premature close. And Burley gradually began to talk himself somewhat sober. Then Mr Douce was heard descending the stairs, and silence followed. At dawn, Leonard knocked at Helen's door. She opened it at once, for she had not gone to bed.

"Helen," said he very sadly, "you cannot continue here. I must find out some proper home for you. This man has served me when all London was friendless, and he tells me that he has nowhere else to go—that the bailiffs are after him. He has now fallen asleep. I will go and find you some lodging close at hand—for I cannot expel him who has protected me; and yet you cannot be under the same roof with him. My own good angel, I must lose you."

He did not wait for her answer, but hurried down the stairs.

The morning looked through the shutterless panes in Leonard's garret, and the birds began to chirp from the elm-tree, when Burley rose and shook himself, and stared round. He could not quite make out where he was. He got hold of the water-jug which he emptied at three draughts, and felt greatly refreshed. He then began to reconnoitre the chamber—looked at Leonard's MSS.—peeped into the drawers—wondered where the devil Leonard himself had gone to—and finally amused himself by throwing down the fire-irons, ringing the bell, and making all the noise he could, in the hopes of attracting the attention of somebody or other, and procuring himself his morning dram.

In the midst of this *charivari* the door opened softly, but as if with a resolute hand, and the small quiet form of Helen stood before the threshold. Burley turned round, and the two looked at each other for some moments with silent scrutiny.

BURLEY, (composing his features into their most friendly expression.)—"Come hither, my dear. So you are the little girl whom I saw with Leonard on the banks of the Brent, and you have come back to live with him—and I have come to live with him too. You

shall be our little housekeeper, and I will tell you the story of Prince Prettyman, and a great many others not to be found in *Mother Goose*. Meanwhile, my dear little girl, here's sixpence—just run out and change this for its worth in rum."

HELEN, (coming slowly up to Mr Burley, and still gazing earnestly into his face.)—"Ah, sir, Leonard says you have a kind heart, and that you have served him—he cannot ask you to leave the house; and so I, who have never served him, am to go hence and live alone."

BURLEY, (moved.)—"You go, my little lady?—and why? Can we not all live together?"

HELEN.—"No, sir. I left everything to come to Leonard, for we had met first at my father's grave. But you rob me of him, and I have no other friend on earth."

BURLEY, (discomposed.)—"Explain yourself. Why must you leave him because I come?"

Helen looks at Mr Burley again, long and wistfully, but makes no answer.

BURLEY, (with a gulp.)—"Is it because he thinks I am not fit company for you?"

Helen bowed her head.

Burley winced, and after a moment's pause said,—"He is right."

HELEN, (obeying the impulse at her heart, springs forward and takes Burley's hand.)—"Ah, sir," she cried, "before he knew you he was so different—then he was cheerful—then, even when his first disappointment came, I grieved and wept; but I felt he would conquer still—for his heart was so good and pure. Oh, sir, don't think I reproach you; but what is to become of him if—No, it is not for myself I speak. I know that if I was here, that if he had me to care for, he would come home early—and work patiently—and—and—that I might save him. But now when I am gone, and you with him—you to whom he is grateful, you whom he would follow against his own conscience, (you must see that, sir)—what is to become of him?"

Helen's voice died in sobs.

Burley took three or four long strides through the room—he was greatly agitated. "I am a demon," he murmured. "I never saw it before

—but it is true—I should be this boy's ruin." Tears stood in his eyes, he paused abruptly, made a clutch at his hat, and turned to the door.

Helen stopped the way, and, taking him gently by the arm, said,—"Oh, sir, forgive me—I have pained you;" and looked up at him with a compassionate expression, that indeed made the child's sweet face as that of an angel.

Burley bent down as if to kiss her, and then drew back—perhaps with a sentiment that his lips were not worthy to touch that innocent brow.

"If I had had a sister—a child like you, little one," he muttered, "perhaps I too might have been saved in time. Now—"

"Ah, now you may stay, sir; I don't fear you any more."

"No, no; you would fear me again ere night-time, and I might not be always in the right mood to listen to a voice like yours, child. Your Leonard has a noble heart and rare gifts. He should rise yet, and he shall. I will not drag him into the mire. Good-bye—you will see me no more." He broke from Helen, cleared the stairs with a bound, and was out of the house.

When Leonard returned he was surprised to hear his unwelcome guest was gone—but Helen did not venture to tell him of her interposition. She knew instinctively how such officiousness would mortify and offend the pride of man—but she never again spoke harshly of poor Burley. Leonard supposed that he should either see or hear of the humourist in the course of the day. Finding he did not, he went in search of him at his old haunts; but no trace. He inquired at the *Beehive* if they knew there of his new address, but no tidings of Burley could be obtained.

As he came home disappointed and anxious, for he felt uneasy as to the disappearance of his wild friend, Mrs Smedley met him at the door.

"Please, sir, suit yourself with another lodging," said she. "I can have no such singings and shoutings going on at night in my house. And that poor little girl, too!—you should be ashamed of yourself."

Leonard frowned, and passed by.

CHAPTER XI.

Meanwhile, on leaving Helen, Burley strode on; and, as if by some better instinct, for he was unconscious of his own steps, he took the way towards the still green haunts of his youth. When he paused at length, he was already before the door of a rural cottage, standing alone in the midst of fields, with a little farm-yard at the back; and far through the trees in front was caught a glimpse of the winding Brent.

With this cottage Burley was familiar; it was inhabited by a good old couple who had known him from a boy. There he habitually left his rods and fishing-tackle; there, for intervals in his turbid riotous life, he had sojourned for two or three days together—fancying the first day that the country was a heaven, and convinced before the third that it was a purgatory.

An old woman, of neat and tidy exterior, came forth to greet him.

"Ah, Master John," said she clasping his nerveless hand—"well, the fields be pleasant now—I hope you are come to stay a bit? Do; it will freshen you: you lose all the fine colour you had once, in Lunnion town."

"I will stay with you, my kind friend," said Burley with unusual meekness—"I can have the old room, then?"

"Oh yes, come and look at it. I never let it now to any one but you—never have let it since the dear beautiful lady with the angel's face went away. Poor thing, what could have become of her?"

Thus speaking, while Burley listened not, the old woman drew him within the cottage, and led him up the stairs into a room that might have well become a better house, for it was furnished with taste, and even elegance. A small cabinet pianoforte stood opposite the fireplace, and the window looked upon pleasant meads and tangled hedgerows, and the narrow windings of the blue rivulet. Burley sank down exhausted, and gazed wistfully from the casement.

"You have not breakfasted?" said the hostess anxiously.

"No."

"Well, the eggs are fresh laid, and you would like a rasher of bacon, Master John? And if you *will* have brandy in your tea, I have some that you left long ago in your own bottle."

Burley shook his head. "No brandy, Mrs Goodyer; only fresh milk. I will see whether I can yet coax Nature."

Mrs Goodyer did not know what was meant by coaxing Nature, but she said, "Pray do, Master John," and vanished.

That day Burley went out with his rod, and he fished hard for the one-eyed perch: but in vain. Then he roved along the stream with his hands in his pockets, whistling. He returned to the cottage at sunset, partook of the fare provided for him, abstained from the brandy, and felt dreadfully low. He called for pen, ink, and paper, and sought to write, but could not achieve two lines. He summoned Mrs Goodyer, "Tell your husband to come and sit and talk."

Up came old Jacob Goodyer, and the great wit bade him tell him all the news of the village. Jacob obeyed willingly, and Burley at last fell asleep. The next day it was much the same, only at dinner he had up the brandy bottle, and finished it; and he did *not* have up Jacob, but he contrived to write.

The third day it rained incessantly. "Have you no books, Mrs Goodyer?" asked poor John Burley.

"Oh, yes, some that the dear lady left behind her; and perhaps you would like to look at some papers in her own writing?"

"No, not the papers—all women scribble, and all scribble the same things. Get me the books."

The books were brought up—poetry and essays—John knew them by heart. He looked out on the rain, and at evening the rain had ceased. He rushed to his hat and fled.

"Nature, Nature!" he exclaimed when he was out in the air and hurrying by the dripping hedgerows, "you are not to be coaxed by me! I have jilted you shamefully, I own it; you are a female and unfor-

giving. I don't complain. You may be very pretty, but you are the stupidest and most tiresome companion that ever I met with. Thank heaven, I am not married to you!"

Thus John Burley made his way into town, and paused at the first public-house. Out of that house he came with a jovial air, and on he strode towards the heart of London. Now he is in Leicester Square, and he gazes on the foreigners who stalk that region, and hums a tune; and now from yonder alley two forms emerge, and dog his careless footsteps; now through the maze of passages towards St Martin's he threads his path, and, anticipating an orgy as he nears his favourite haunts, jingles the silver in his pockets; and now the two forms are at his heels.

"Hail to thee, O Freedom!" muttered John Burley, "thy dwelling is in cities, and thy palace is the tavern."

"In the king's name," quoth a

gruff voice; and John Burley feels the horrid and familiar tap on the shoulder.

The two bailiffs who dogged have seized their prey.

"At whose suit?" asked John Burley falteringly.

"Mr Cox, the wine-merchant."

"Cox! A man to whom I gave a cheque on my bankers, not three months ago!"

"But it warn't cashed."

"What does that signify?—the intention was the same. A good heart takes the will for the deed. Cox is a monster of ingratitude; and I withdraw my custom."

"Sarve him right. Would your honour like a jarvey?"

"I would rather spend the money on something else," said John Burley. "Give me your arm, I am not proud. After all, thank heaven, I shall not sleep in the country."

And John Burley made a night of it in the Fleet.

CHAPTER XII.

Miss Starke was one of those ladies who pass their lives in the direst of all civil strife—war with their servants. She looked upon the members of that class as the unrelenting and sleepless enemies of the unfortunate householders condemned to employ them. She thought they ate and drank to their villanous utmost, in order to ruin their benefactors—that they lived in one constant conspiracy with one another and the tradesmen, the object of which was to cheat and pilfer. Miss Starke was a miserable woman. As she had no relations or friends who cared enough for her to share her solitary struggle against her domestic foes; and her income, though easy, was an annuity that died with herself, thereby reducing various nephews, nieces, or cousins, to the strict bounds of a natural affection—that did not exist; and as she felt the want of some friendly face amidst this world of distrust and hate, so she had tried the resource of venal companions. But the venal companions had never staid long—either they disliked Miss Starke, or Miss Starke disliked them.

Therefore the poor woman had resolved upon bringing up some little girl whose heart, as she said to herself, would be fresh and uncorrupted, and from whom she might expect gratitude. She had been contented, on the whole, with Helen, and had meant to keep that child in her house as long as she (Miss Starke) remained upon the earth—perhaps some thirty years longer; and then, having carefully secluded her from marriage, and other friendship, to leave her nothing but the regret of having lost so kind a benefactress. Agreeably with this notion, and in order to secure the affections of the child, Miss Starke had relaxed the frigid austerity natural to her manner and mode of thought, and been kind to Helen in an iron way. She had neither slapped nor pinched her, neither had she starved. She had allowed her to see Leonard, according to the agreement made with Dr Morgan, and had laid out tenpence on cakes, besides contributing fruit from her garden for the first interview—a hospitality she did not think it fit to renew on subsequent occasions. In return for this,

she conceived she had purchased the right to Helen bodily and spiritually, and nothing could exceed her indignation when she rose one morning and found the child had gone. As it never had occurred to her to ask Leonard's address, though she suspected Helen had gone to him, she was at a loss what to do, and remained for twenty-four hours in a state of inane depression. But then she began to miss the child so much that her energies woke, and she persuaded herself that she was actuated by the purest benevolence in trying to reclaim this poor creature from the world into which Helen had thus rashly plunged.

Accordingly, she put an advertisement into the *Times*, to the following effect, liberally imitated from one by which, in former years, she had recovered a favourite Blenheim.

TWO GUINEAS REWARD.

STRAYED, from Ivy Cottage, Highgate, a Little Girl, answers to the name of Helen; with blue eyes and brown hair; white muslin frock, and straw hat with blue ribbons. Whoever will bring the same to Ivy Cottage, shall receive the above Reward.

N.B.—Nothing more will be offered.

Now, it so happened that Mrs Smedley had put an advertisement in the *Times* on her own account, relative to a niece of hers who was coming from the country, and for whom she desired to find a situation. So, contrary to her usual habit, she sent for the newspaper, and, close by her own advertisement, she saw Miss Starke's.

It was impossible that she could mistake the description of Helen;

and, as this advertisement caught her eye the very day after the whole house had been disturbed and scandalised by Burley's noisy visit, and on which she had resolved to get rid of a lodger who received such visitors, the goodhearted woman was delighted to think that she could restore Helen to some safe home. While thus thinking, Helen herself entered the kitchen where Mrs Smedley sat, and the landlady had the imprudence to point out the advertisement, and talk, as she called it, "seriously" to the little girl.

Helen in vain and with tears entreated her to take no step in reply to the advertisement. Mrs Smedley felt it was an affair of duty, and was obdurate, and shortly afterwards put on her bonnet and left the house. Helen conjectured that she was on her way to Miss Starke's, and her whole soul was bent on flight. Leonard had gone to the office of the *Beehive* with his MSS.; but she packed up all their joint effects, and, just as she had done so, he returned. She communicated the news of the advertisement, and said she should be so miserable if compelled to go back to Miss Starke's, and implored him so pathetically to save her from such sorrow that he at once assented to her proposal of flight. Luckily, little was owing to the landlady—that little was left with the maid-servant; and, profiting by Mrs Smedley's absence, they escaped without scene or conflict. Their effects were taken by Leonard to a stand of hackney vehicles, and then left at a coach-office, while they went in search of lodgings. It was wise to choose an entirely new and remote district; and before night they were settled in an attic in Lambeth.

CHAPTER XIII.

As the reader will expect, no trace of Burley could Leonard find: the humourist had ceased to communicate with the *Beehive*. But Leonard grieved for Burley's sake; and indeed, he missed the intercourse of the large wrong mind. But he settled down by degrees to the simple loving society of his child companion, and in its presence grew more tranquil.

The hours in the daytime that he did not pass at work he spent as before, picking up knowledge at bookstalls; and at dusk he and Helen would stroll out—sometimes striving to escape from the long suburb into fresh rural air; more often wandering to and fro the bridge that led to glorious Westminster—London's classic land—and watching the vague

lamps reflected on the river. This haunt suited the musing melancholy boy. He would stand long and with wistful silence by the balustrade—seating Helen thereon, that she too might look along the dark mournful waters which, dark though they be,

still have their charm of mysterious repose.

As the river flowed between the world of roofs, and the roar of human passions on either side, so in those two hearts flowed Thought—and all they knew of London was its shadow.

CHAPTER XIV.

There appeared in the *Beehive* certain very truculent political papers—papers very like the tracts in the Tinker's bag. Leonard did not heed them much, but they made far more sensation in the public that read the *Beehive* than Leonard's papers, full of rare promise though the last were. They greatly increased the sale of the periodical in the manufacturing towns, and began to awake the drowsy vigilance of the Home Office. Suddenly a descent was made upon the *Beehive*, and all its papers and plant. The editor saw himself threatened with a criminal prosecution, and the certainty of two years' imprisonment: he did not like the prospect, and disappeared. One evening, when Leonard, unconscious of these mischances, arrived at the door of the office, he found it closed. An agitated mob was before it, and a voice that was not new to his ear was haranguing the bystanders, with many imprecations against "tyrants." He looked, and, to his amaze, recognised in the orator Mr Sprott the Tinker.

The police came in numbers to disperse the crowd, and Mr Sprott prudently vanished. Leonard learned then what had befallen, and again saw himself without employment and the means of bread.

Slowly he walked back. "O, knowledge, knowledge!—powerless indeed!" he murmured.

As he thus spoke, a handbill in large capitals met his eyes on a dead wall—"Wanted, a few smart young men for India."

A crimp accosted him—"You would make a fine soldier, my man. You have stout limbs of your own." Leonard moved on.

"It has come back, then, to this. Brute physical force after all! O Mind, despair! O Peasant, be a machine again."

He entered his attic noiselessly, and gazed upon Helen as she sat at work, straining her eyes by the open window—with tender and deep compassion. She had not heard him enter, nor was she aware of his presence. Patient and still she sat, and the small fingers plied busily. He gazed, and saw that her cheek was pale and hollow, and the hands looked so thin! His heart was deeply touched, and at that moment he had not one memory of the baffled Poet, one thought that proclaimed the Egotist.

He approached her gently, laid his hand on her shoulder—"Helen, put on your shawl and bonnet, and walk out—I have much to say."

In a few moments she was ready, and they took their way to their favourite haunt upon the bridge. Pausing in one of the recesses or nooks, Leonard then began,—“Helen, we must part.”

“Part?—Oh, brother!”

“Listen. All work that depends on mind is over for me; nothing remains but the labour of thews and sinews. I cannot go back to my village and say to all, ‘My hopes were self-conceit, and my intellect a delusion!’ I cannot. Neither in this sordid city can I turn menial or porter. I might be born to that drudgery, but my mind has, it may be unhappily, raised me above my birth. What, then, shall I do? I know not yet—serve as a soldier, or push my way to some wilderness afar, as an emigrant, perhaps. But whatever my choice, I must henceforth be alone; I have a home no more. But there is a home for you, Helen, a very humble one, (for you, too, so well born,) but very safe—the roof of—of—my peasant mother. She will love you for my sake, and—and—”

Helen clung to him trembling, and

sobbed out, "Anything, anything you will. But I can work; I can make money, Leonard. I do, indeed, make money—you do not know how much—but enough for us both till better times come to you. Do not let us part."

"And I—a man, and born to labour, to be maintained by the work of an infant! No, Helen, do not so degrade me."

She drew back as she looked on his flushed brow, bowed her head submissively, and murmured, "Pardon."

"Ah," said Helen, after a pause, "if now we could but find my poor father's friend! I never so much cared for it before."

"Yes, he would surely provide for you."

"For *me*!" repeated Helen, in a tone of soft deep reproach, and she turned away her head to conceal her tears.

"You are sure you would remember him, if we met him by chance?"

"Oh yes. He was so different from all we see in this terrible city, and his eyes were like yonder stars, so clear and so bright; yet the light seemed to come from afar off, as the light does in yours, when your thoughts are away from all things round you. And then, too, his dog whom he called Nero—I could not forget that."

"But his dog may not be always with him."

"But the bright clear eyes are! Ah, now you look up to heaven, and yours seem to dream like his."

Leonard did not answer, for his thoughts were indeed less on earth than struggling to pierce into that remote and mysterious heaven.

Both were silent long; the crowd passed them by unheedingly. Night deepened over the river, but the reflection of the lamplights on its waves was more visible than that of the stars. The beams showed the darkness of the strong current, and the

craft that lay eastward on the tide, with sail-less spectral masts and black diurnal hulks, looked deathlike in their stillness.

Leonard looked down, and the thought of Chatterton's grim suicide came back to his soul, and a pale scornful face with luminous haunting eyes seemed to look up from the stream, and murmur from livid lips,—
"Struggle no more against the tides on the surface—all is calm and rest within the deep."

Starting in terror from the gloom of his reverie, the boy began to talk fast to Helen, and tried to soothe her with descriptions of the lowly home which he had offered.

He spoke of the light cares which she would participate with his mother—for by that name he still called the widow—and dwelt, with an eloquence that the contrast round him made sincere and strong, on the happy rural life, the shadowy woodlands, the rippling cornfields, the solemn lone church-spire soaring from the tranquil landscape. Flatteringly he painted the flowery terraces of the Italian exile, and the playful fountain that, even as he spoke, was flinging up its spray to the stars, through serene air untroubled by the smoke of cities, and untainted by the sinful sighs of men. He promised her the love and protection of natures akin to the happy scene: the simple affectionate mother—the gentle pastor—the exile wise and kind—Violante, with dark eyes full of the mystic thoughts that solitude calls from childhood,—Violante should be her companion.

"And oh!" cried Helen, "if life be thus happy there, return with me, return—return!"

"Alas!" murmured the boy, "if the hammer once strike the spark from the anvil, the spark must fly upward; it cannot fall back to earth until light has left it. Upward still, Helen—let me go upward still!"

CHAPTER XV.

The next morning Helen was very ill—so ill that, shortly after rising, she was forced to creep back to bed. Her frame shivered—her eyes, were

heavy—her hand burned like fire. Fever had set in. Perhaps she might have caught cold on the bridge—perhaps her emotions had proved too

much for her frame. Leonard, in great alarm, called on the nearest apothecary. The apothecary looked grave, and said there was danger. And danger soon declared itself—Helen became delirious. For several days she lay in this state, between life and death. Leonard then felt that all the sorrows of earth are light, compared with the fear of losing what we love. How valueless the envied laurel seemed beside the dying rose.

Thanks, perhaps, more to his heed and tending than to medical skill, she recovered sense at last—immediate peril was over. But she was very weak and reduced—her ultimate recovery doubtful—convalescence, at best, likely to be very slow.

But when she learned how long she had been thus ill, she looked anxiously at Leonard's face as he bent over her, and faltered forth—"Give me my work; I am strong enough for that now—it would amuse me."

Leonard burst into tears.

Alas! he had no work himself; all their joint money had melted away; the apothecary was not like good Dr Morgan: the medicines were to be paid for, and the rent. Two days before, Leonard had pawned Riccabocca's watch; and when the last shilling thus raised was gone, how should he support Helen? Nevertheless he conquered his tears, and assured her that he had employment; and that so earnestly that she believed him, and sank into soft sleep. He listened to her breathing, kissed her forehead, and left the room. He turned into his own neighbouring garret, and, leaning his face on his hands, collected all his thoughts.

He must be a beggar at last. He must write to Mr Dale for money—Mr Dale, too, who knew the secret of his birth. He would rather have begged of a stranger—it seemed to add a new dishonour to his mother's memory for the child to beg of one who was acquainted with her shame. Had he himself been the only one to want and to starve, he would have sunk inch by inch into the grave of famine, before he would have so subdued his pride. But Helen, there on that bed—Helen needing, for weeks perhaps, all sup-

port, and illness making luxuries themselves like necessities! Beg he must. And when he so resolved, had you but seen the proud bitter soul he conquered, you would have said—"This which he thinks is degradation—this is heroism. Oh strange human heart!—no epic ever written achieves the Sublime and the Beautiful which are graven, unread by human eye, in thy secret leaves." Of whom else should he beg? His mother had nothing, Riccabocca was poor, and the stately Violante, who had exclaimed, "Would that I were a man!"—he could not endure the thought that she should pity him, and despise. The Avenels! No—thrice No. He drew towards him hastily ink and paper, and wrote rapid lines, that were wrung from him as from the bleeding strings of life.

But the hour for the post had passed—the letter must wait till the next day; and three days at least would elapse before he could receive an answer. He left the letter on the table, and, stifling as for air, went forth. He crossed the bridge—he passed on mechanically—and was borne along by a crowd pressing towards the doors of Parliament. A debate that excited popular interest was fixed for that evening, and many bystanders collected in the street to see the members pass to and fro, or hear what speakers had yet risen to take part in the debate, or try to get orders for the gallery.

He halted amidst these loiterers, with no interest, indeed, in common with them, but looking over their heads abstractedly towards the tall Funeral Abbey—Imperial Golgotha of Poets, and Chiefs, and Kings.

Suddenly his attention was diverted to those around by the sound of a name—displeasingly known to him. "How are you, Randal Leslie? coming to hear the debate?" said a member who was passing through the street.

"Yes; Mr Egerton promised to get me under the gallery. He is to speak himself to-night, and I have never heard him. As you are going into the House, will you remind him?"

"I can't now, for he is speaking already—and well too. I hurried from the Athenæum, where I was dining, on purpose to be in time, as I heard

that his speech was making a great effect."

"This is very unlucky," said Randal. "I had no idea he would speak so early."

"M—— brought him up by a direct personal attack. But follow me; perhaps I can get you into the House; and a man like you, Leslie, of whom we expect great things some day, I can tell you, should not miss any such opportunity of knowing what this House of ours is on a field night. Come on!"

The member hurried towards the door; and as Randal followed him, a bystander cried—"That is the young man who wrote the famous pamphlet—Egerton's relation."

"Oh, indeed!" said another. "Clever man, Egerton—I am waiting for him."

"So am I."

"Why, you are not a constituent, as I am."

"No; but he has been very kind to my nephew, and I must thank him. You are a constituent—he is an honour to your town."

"So he is: Enlightened man!"

"And so generous!"

"Brings forward really good measures," quoth the politician.

"And clever young men," said the uncle.

Therewith one or two others joined in the praise of Audley Egerton, and many anecdotes of his liberality were told.

Leonard listened at first listlessly, at last with thoughtful attention. He had heard Burley, too, speak highly of this generous statesman, who, without pretending to genius himself, appreciated it in others. He suddenly remembered, too, that Egerton was half-brother to the Squire. Vague notions of some appeal to this eminent person, not for charity, but employ to his mind, gleamed across him—inexperienced boy that he yet was! And, while thus meditating, the door of the House opened, and out came Audley Egerton himself. A partial cheering, followed by a general murmur, surprised Leonard of the presence of the popular statesman. Egerton was caught hold of by some five or six persons in succession; a shake of the hand, a nod, a brief whispered word

or two, sufficed the practised member for graceful escape; and soon, free from the crowd, his tall erect figure passed on, and turned towards the bridge. He paused at the angle and took out his watch, looking at it by the lamp-light.

"Harley will be here soon," he muttered—"he is always punctual; and now that I have spoken, I can give him an hour or so. That is well."

As he replaced his watch in his pocket, and re-buttoned his coat over his firm broad chest, he lifted his eyes, and saw a young man standing before him.

"Do you want me?" asked the statesman, with the direct brevity of his practical character.

"Mr Egerton," said the young man, with a voice that slightly trembled, and yet was manly amidst emotion, "you have a great name, and great power—I stand here in these streets of London without a friend, and without employ. I believe that I have it in me to do some nobler work than that of bodily labour, had I but one friend—one opening for my thoughts. And now I have said this, I scarcely know how, or why, but from despair, and the sudden impulse which that despair took from the praise that follows your success, I have nothing more to add."

Audley Egerton was silent for a moment, struck by the tone and address of the stranger; but the consummate and wary man of the world, accustomed to all manner of strange applications, and all varieties of imposture, quickly recovered from a passing and slight effect.

"Are you a native of ——?" (naming the town he represented as member.)

"No, sir."

"Well, young man, I am very sorry for you; but the good sense you must possess (for I judge of that by the education you have evidently received) must tell you that a public man, whatever be his patronage, has it too fully absorbed by claimants who have a right to demand it, to be able to listen to strangers."

He paused a moment, and, as Leonard stood silent, added, with more kindness than most public men so accosted would have showed—

"You say you are friendless—poor fellow. In early life that happens to many of us, who find friends enough before the close. Be honest, and well-conducted; lean on yourself, not on strangers; work with the body if you can't with the mind; and, believe me, that advice is all I can give you, unless this trifle,"—and the minister held out a crown piece.

Leonard bowed, shook his head sadly, and walked away. Egerton looked after him with a slight pang.

"Pooh!" said he to himself, "there must be thousands in the same state in these streets of London. I cannot redress the necessities of civilisation. Well educated! It is not from ignorance henceforth that society will suffer—it is from over-educating the hungry thousands who, thus unfitted for manual toil, and with no career for mental, will some day or other stand like that boy in our streets, and puzzle wiser ministers than I am."

As Egerton thus mused, and passed on to the bridge, a bugle-horn rang merrily from the box of a gay four-in-hand. A drag-coach with superb blood-horses rattled over the causeway, and in the driver Egerton recognised his nephew—Frank Hazel-dean.

The young Guardsman was returning, with a lively party of men, from dining at Greenwich; and the careless laughter of these children of pleasure floated far over the still river.

It vexed the ear of the careworn

statesman—sad, perhaps, with all his greatness, lonely amidst all his crowd of friends. It reminded him, perhaps, of his own youth, when such parties and companionships were familiar to him, though through them all he bore an ambitious aspiring soul—" *Le jeu, vaut-il la chandelle?*" said he, shrugging his shoulders.

The coach rolled rapidly past Leonard, as he stood leaning against the corner of the bridge, and the mire of the kennel splashed over him from the hoofs of the fiery horses. The laughter smote on his ear more discordantly than on the minister's, but it begot no envy.

"Life is a dark riddle," said he, smiting his breast.

And he walked slowly on, gained the recess where he had stood several nights before with Helen; and dizzy with want of food, and worn out for want of sleep, he sank down into the dark corner; while the river that rolled under the arch of stone muttered dirge-like in his ear;—as under the social key-stone walls and rolls on for ever the mystery of Human Discontent. Take comfort, O Thinker by the stream! 'Tis the river that founded and gave pomp to the city; and without the discontent, where were progress—what were Man? Take comfort, O THINKER! wherever the stream over which thou bendest, or beside which thou sinkest, weary and desolate, frets the arch that supports thee;—never dream that, by destroying the bridge, thou canst silence the moan of the wave!

DISFRANCHISEMENT OF THE BOROUGHES.

TO WALTER BINKIE, ESQ., PROVOST OF DREEDAILY.

MY DEAR PROVOST,—In the course of your communings with nature on the uplands of Dreeddaily, you must doubtless have observed that the advent of a storm is usually preceded by the appearance of a flight of sea-maws, who, by their discordant screams, give notice of the approaching change of weather. For some time past it has been the opinion of those who are in the habit of watching the political horizon, that we should do well to prepare ourselves for a squall, and already the premonitory symptoms are distinctly audible. The Liberal press, headed by the *Times*, is clamorous for some sweeping change in the method of Parliamentary representation; and Lord John Russell, as you are well aware, proposes in the course of next Session to take up the subject. This is no mere *brutum fulmen*, or dodge to secure a little temporary popularity—it is a distinct party move for a very intelligible purpose; and is fraught, I think, with much danger and injustice to many of the constituencies which are now intrusted with the right of franchise. As you, my dear Provost, are a Liberal both by principle and profession, and moreover chief magistrate of a very old Scottish burgh, your opinion upon this matter must have great weight in determining the judgment of others; and, therefore, you will not, I trust, consider it too great a liberty, if, at this dull season of the year, I call your attention to one or two points which appear well worthy of consideration.

In the first place, I think you will admit that extensive organic changes in the Constitution ought never to be attempted except in cases of strong necessity. The real interests of the country are never promoted by internal political agitation, which unsettles men's minds, is injurious to regular industry, and too often leaves behind it the seeds of jealousy and discord between different classes of the community, ready on some future occa-

sion to burst into noxious existences. You would not, I think, wish to see annually renewed that sort of strife which characterised the era of the Reform Bill. I venture to pass no opinion whatever on the abstract merits of that measure. I accept it as a fact, just as I accept other changes in the Constitution of this country which took place before I was born; and I hope I shall ever comport myself as a loyal and independent elector. But I am sure you have far too lively a recollection of the ferment which that event created, to wish to see it renewed, without at least some urgent cause. You were consistently anxious for the suppression of rotten boroughs, and for the enlargement of the constituency upon a broad and popular basis; and you considered that the advantages to be gained by the adoption of the new system, justified the social risks which were incurred in the endeavour to supersede the old one. I do not say that you were wrong in this. The agitation for Parliamentary Reform had been going on for a great number of years; the voice of the majority of the country was undeniably in your favour, and you finally carried your point. Still, in consequence of that struggle, years elapsed before the heart-burnings and jealousies which were occasioned by it were allayed. Even now it is not uncommon to hear the reminiscences of the Reform Bill appealed to on the hustings by candidates who have little else to say for themselves by way of personal recommendation. A most ludicrous instance of this occurred very lately in the case of a young gentleman, who, being desirous of Parliamentary honours, actually requested the support of the electors on the ground that his father or grandfather—I forget which—had voted for the Reform Bill; a ceremony which he could not very well have performed in his own person, as at that time he had not been released from the bondage of swaddling-clothes! I need hardly add that he was rejected;

but the anecdote is curious and instructive.

In a country such as this, changes must be looked for in the course of years. One system dies out, or becomes unpopular, and is replaced by a new one. But I cannot charge my memory with any historical instance where a great change was attempted without some powerful or cogent reason. Still less can I recollect any great change being proposed, unless a large and powerful section of the community had unequivocally declared in its favour. The reason of this is quite obvious. The middle classes of Great Britain, however liberal they may be in their sentiments, have a just horror of revolutions. They know very well that organic changes are never effected without enormous loss and individual deprivation, and they will not move unless they are assured that the value of the object to be gained is commensurate with the extent of the sacrifice. In defence of their liberties, when these are attacked, the British people are ever ready to stand forward; but I mistake them much, if they will at any time allow themselves to be made the tools of a faction. The attempt to get up organic changes for the sole purpose of perpetuating the existence of a particular Ministry, or of maintaining the supremacy of a particular party, is a new feature in our history. It is an experiment which the nation ought not to tolerate for a single moment; and which I am satisfied it will not tolerate, when the schemes of its authors are laid bare.

I believe, Provost, I am right in assuming that there has been no decided movement in favour of a New Parliamentary Reform Bill, either in Dleepdaily or in any of the other burghs with which you are connected. The electors are well satisfied with the operation of the ten-pound clause, which excludes from the franchise no man of decent ability and industry, whilst it secures property from those direct inroads which would be the inevitable result of a system of universal suffrage. Also, I suppose, you are reasonably indifferent on the subjects of Vote by Ballot and Triennial Parliaments, and that you view the idea of annual ones with undisguised

reprobation. Difference of opinion undoubtedly may exist on some of these points: an eight-pound qualification may have its advocates, and the right of secret voting may be convenient for members of the clique; but, on the whole, you are satisfied with matters as they are; and, certainly, I do not see that you have any grievance to complain of. If I were a member of the Liberal party, I should be very sorry to see any change of the representation made in Scotland. Just observe how the matter stands. At the commencement of the present year the whole representation of the Scottish burghs was in the hands of the Liberal party. Since then, it is true, Falkirk has changed sides; but you are still remarkably well off; and I think that out of thirty county members, eighteen may be set down as supporters of the Free-trade policy. Remember, I do not guarantee the continuance of these proportions: I wish you simply to observe how you stand at present, under the working of your own Reform Bill; and really it appears to me that nothing could be more satisfactory. The Liberal who wishes to have more men of his own kidney from Scotland must indeed be an unconscionable glutton; and if, in the face of these facts, he asks for a reform in the representation, I cannot set him down as other than a consummate ass. He must needs admit that the system has worked well. Scotland sends to the support of the Whig Ministry, and the maintenance of progressive opinions, a brilliant phalanx of senators; amongst whom we point, with justifiable pride, to the distinguished names of Anderson, Bouverie, Ewart, Hume, Smith, M'Taggart, and M'Gregor. Are these gentlemen not liberal enough for the wants of the present age? Why, unless I am most egregiously mistaken—and not I only, but the whole of the Liberal press in Scotland—they are generally regarded as decidedly ahead even of my Lord John Russell. Why, then, should your representation be reformed, while it bears such admirable fruit? With such a growth of golden pippins on its boughs, would it not be madness to cut down the tree, on the mere

chance of another arising from the stump, more especially when you cannot hope to gather from it a more abundant harvest? I am quite sure, Provost, that you agree with me in this. You have nothing to gain, but possibly a good deal to lose, by any alteration which may be made; and therefore it is, I presume, that in this part of the world not the slightest wish has been manifested for a radical change of the system. That very conceited and shallow individual, Sir Joshua Walmsley, made not long ago a kind of agitating tour through Scotland, for the purpose of getting up the steam; but except from a few unhappy Chartists, whose sentiments on the subject of property are identically the same with those professed by the gentlemen who plundered the Glasgow tradesmen's shops in 1848, he met with no manner of encouragement. The electors laughed in the face of this ridiculous caricature of Peter the Hermit, and advised him, instead of exposing his ignorance in the north, to go back to Bolton and occupy himself with his own affairs.

This much I have said touching the necessity or call for a new Reform Bill, which is likely enough to involve us, for a considerable period at least, in unfortunate political strife. I have put it to you as a Liberal, but at the same time as a man of common sense and honesty, whether there are any circumstances, under your knowledge, which can justify such an attempt; and in the absence of these, you cannot but admit that such an experiment is eminently dangerous at the present time, and ought to be strongly discountenanced by all men, whatever may be their kind of political opinions. I speak now without any reference whatever to the details. It may certainly be possible to discover a better system of representation than that which at present exists. I never regarded Lord John Russell as the living incarnation of Minerva, nor can I consider any measure originated by him as conveying an assurance that the highest amount of human wisdom has been exhausted in its preparation. But what I do say is this, that in the absence of anything like general demand, and failing the

allegation of any marked grievance to be redressed, no Ministry is entitled to propose an extensive or organic change in the representation of the country; and the men who shall venture upon such a step must render themselves liable to the imputation of being actuated by other motives than regard to the public welfare.

You will, however, be slow to believe that Lord John Russell is moving in this matter without some special reason. In this you are perfectly right. He has a reason, and a very cogent one, but not such a reason as you, if you are truly a Liberal, and not a mere partisan, can accept. I presume it is the wish of the Liberal party—at least it used to be their watchword—that public opinion in this country is not to be slighted or suppressed. With the view of giving full effect to that public opinion, not of securing the supremacy of this or that political alliance, the Reform Act was framed; it being the declared object and intention of its founders that a full, fair, and free representation should be secured to the people of this country. The property qualification was fixed at a low rate; the balance of power as between counties and boroughs was carefully adjusted; and every precaution was taken—at least so we were told at the time—that no one great interest of the State should be allowed unduly to predominate over another. Many, however, were of opinion at the time, and have since seen no reason to alter it, that the adjustment then made, as between counties and boroughs, was by no means equitable, and that an undue share in the representation was given to the latter, more especially in England. That, you will observe, was a Conservative, not a Liberal objection; and it was over-ruled. Well, then, did the Representation, as fixed by the Reform Bill, fulfil its primary condition? You thought so; and so did my Lord John Russell, until some twelve months ago, when a new light dawned upon him. That light has since increased in intensity, and he now sees his way, clearly enough, to a new organic measure. Why is this? Simply, my dear Provost, because the English boroughs will no

longer support him in his bungling legislation, or countenance his un-national policy!

Public opinion, as represented through the operation of the Reform Act, is no longer favourable to Lord John Russell. The result of recent elections, in places which were formerly considered as the strongholds of Whiggery, have demonstrated to him that the Free-trade policy, to which he is irretrievably pledged, has become obnoxious to the bulk of the electors, and that they will no longer accord their support to any Ministry which is bent upon depressing British labour and sapping the foundations of national prosperity. So Lord John Russell, finding himself in this position, that he must either get rid of public opinion or resign his place, sets about the concoction of a new Reform Bill, by means of which he hopes to swamp the present electoral body! This is Whig liberty in its pure and original form. It implies, of course, that the Reform Bill did not give a full, fair, and free representation to the country, else there can be no excuse for altering its provisions. If we really have a fair representation; and if, notwithstanding, the majority of the electors are convinced that Free Trade is not for their benefit, it does appear to me a most monstrous thing that they are to be coerced into receiving it by the infusion of a new element into the Constitution, or a forcible change in the distribution of the electoral power, to suit the commercial views which are in favour with the Whig party. It is, in short, a most circuitous method of exercising despotic power; and I, for one, having the interests of the country at heart, would much prefer the institution at once of a pure despotism, and submit to be ruled and taxed henceforward at the sweet will of the scion of the house of Russell.

I do not know what your individual sentiments may be on the subject of Free Trade; but whether you are for it or against it, my argument remains the same. It is essentially a question for the solution of the electoral body; and if the Whigs are right in their averment that its operation hitherto has been attended with marked success, and has even transcended the expectation of its promoters, you

may rely upon it that there is no power in the British Empire which can overthrow it. No Protectionist ravings can damage a system which has been productive of real advantage to the great bulk of the people. But if, on the contrary, it is a bad system, is it to be endured that any man or body of men shall attempt to perpetuate it against the will of the majority of the electors, by a change in the representation of the country? I ask you this as a Liberal. Without having any undue diffidence in the soundness of your own judgment, I presume you do not, like his Holiness the Pope, consider yourself infallible, or entitled to coerce others who may differ from you in opinion. Yet this is precisely what Lord John Russell is now attempting to do; and I warn you and others who are similarly situated, to be wise in time, and to take care lest, under the operation of this new Reform Bill, you are not stripped of that political power and those political privileges which at present you enjoy.

Don't suppose that I am speaking rashly or without consideration. All I know touching this new Reform Bill, is derived from the arguments and proposals which have been advanced and made by the Liberal press in consequence of the late indications of public feeling, as manifested by the result of recent elections. It is rather remarkable that we heard few or no proposals for an alteration in the electoral system, until it became apparent that the voice of the boroughs could no longer be depended on for the maintenance of the present commercial policy. You may recollect that the earliest of the victories which were achieved by the Protectionists, with respect to vacant seats in the House of Commons, were treated lightly by their opponents as mere casualties; but when borough after borough deliberately renounced its adherence to the cause of the League, and, not unfrequently under circumstances of very marked significance, declared openly in favour of Protection, the matter became serious. It was *then*, and then only, that we heard the necessity for some new and sweeping change in the representation of this country broadly asserted; and,

singularly enough, the advocates of that change do not attempt to disguise their motives. They do not venture to say that the intelligence of the country is not adequately represented at present—what they complain of is, that the intelligence of the country is becoming every day more hostile to their commercial theories. In short, they want to get rid of that intelligence, and must get rid of it speedily, unless their system is to crumble to pieces. Such is their aim and declared object; and if you entertain any doubts on the matter, I beg leave to refer you to the recorded sentiments of the leading Ministerial and Free-trade organ—the *Times*. It is always instructive to notice the hints of the Thunderer. The writers in that journal are fully alive to the nature of the coming crisis. They have been long aware of the reaction which has taken place throughout the country on the subject of Free Trade, and they recognise distinctly the peril in which their favourite principle is placed, if some violent means are not used to counteract the conviction of the electoral body. They see that, in the event of a general election, the constituencies of the Empire are not likely to return a verdict hostile to the domestic interests of the country. They have watched with careful and anxious eyes the turning tide of opinion; and they can devise no means of arresting it, without having recourse to that peculiar mode of manipulation, which is dignified by the name of Burking. Let us hear what they say so late as the 21st of July last.

“ With such a prospect before us, with unknown struggles and unprecedented collisions within the bounds of possibility, there is only one resource, and we must say that Her Majesty’s present advisers will be answerable for the consequences if they do not adopt it. They must lay the foundation of an appeal to the people with a large and liberal measure of Parliamentary reform. It is high time that this great country should cease to quake and to quail at the decisions of stupid and corrupt little constituencies, of whom, as in the case before us, it would take thirty to make one metropolitan borough. The great question always before the nation in one shape or another is—whether the people are as happy as laws

can make them ! To what sort of constituencies shall we appeal for the answer to this question ! To Harwich with its population of 3370; to St Albans with its population of 6246; to Scarborough with its population of 9953; to Knaresborough with its population of 5382; and to a score other places still more insignificant ! Or shall we insist on the appeal being made to much larger bodies ! The average population of boroughs and counties is more than 60,000. Is it not high time to require that no single borough shall fall below half or a third of that number ! ”

The meaning of this is clear enough. It points, if not to the absolute annihilation, most certainly to the concretion of the smaller boroughs throughout England—to an entire remarrying of the electoral ranks—and, above all, to an enormous increase in the representation of the larger cities. In this way, you see, local interests will be made almost entirely to disappear; and London alone will secure almost as many representatives in Parliament as are at the present time returned for the whole kingdom of Scotland. Now, I confess to you, Provost, that I do not feel greatly exhilarated at the prospect of any such change. I believe that the prosperity of Great Britain depends upon the maintenance of many interests, and I cannot see how that can be secured if we are to deliver over the whole political power to the masses congregated within the towns. Moreover, I would very humbly remark, that past experience is little calculated to increase the measure of our faith in the wisdom or judgment of large constituencies. I may be wrong in my estimate of the talent and abilities of the several honourable members who at present sit for London and the adjacent districts; but, if so, I am only one out of many who labour under a similar delusion. We are told by the *Times* to look to Marylebone as an example of a large and enlightened constituency. I obey the mandate; and on referring to the Parliamentary Companion, I find that Marylebone is represented by Lord Dudley Stuart and Sir Benjamin Hall. That fact does not, in my humble opinion, furnish a conclusive argument in favour of large constituencies. As I

wish to avoid the Jew question, I shall say nothing about Baron Rothschild; but passing over to the Tower Hamlets, I find them in possession of Thomson and Clay; Lambeth rejoicing in d'Eyncourt and Williams; and Southwark in Humphrey and Molesworth. Capable senators though these may be, I should not like to see a Parliament composed entirely of men of their kidney; nor do I think that they afford undoubted materials for the construction of a new Cabinet.

But perhaps I am undervaluing the abilities of these gentlemen; perhaps I am doing injustice to the discretion and wisdom of the metropolitan constituencies. Anxious to avoid any such imputation, I shall again invoke the assistance of the *Times*, whom I now cite as a witness, and a very powerful one, upon my side of the question. Let us hear the Thunderer on the subject of these same metropolitan constituencies, just twelve months ago, before Scarborough and Knaresborough had disgraced themselves by returning Protectionists to Parliament. I quote from a leader in the *Times* of 8th August 1850, referring to the Lambeth election, when Mr Williams was returned.

"When it was proposed some twenty years ago to extend the franchise to the metropolitan boroughs, the presumption was, that the quality of the representatives would bear something like a proportion to the importance of the constituencies called into play. In other words, if the political axioms from which the principle of an extended representation is deduced have any foundation in reality, it should follow that the most numerous and most intelligent bodies of electors would return to Parliament members of the highest mark for character and capacity. Now, looking at the condition of the metropolitan representation as it stands at present, or as it has stood any time since the passing of the Reform Bill, has this expectation been fulfilled? Lord John Russell, the First Minister of the Crown, sits, indeed, as member for the city of London, and so far it is well. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the noble lord's capacity for government, or whatever may be the views of this or that political party, it is beyond all dispute that, in such a case as this, there is dignity and fitness in the relation between the member and the constituency. But, setting aside this one solitary in-

stance, with what metropolitan borough is the name of any very eminent Englishman associated at the present time? It is of course as contrary to our inclination as it would be unnecessary for the purposes of the argument, to quote this or that man's name as an actual illustration of the failure of a system, or of the decadence of a constituency. We would, however, without any invidious or offensive personality, invite attention to the present list of metropolitan members, and ask what name is to be found among them, with the single exception we have named, which is borne by a man with a shadow of a pretension to be reckoned as among the leading Englishmen of the age?"

You see, Provost, I am by no means singular in my estimate of the quality of the metropolitan representatives. The *Times* is with me, or was with me twelve months ago; and I suppose it will hardly be averred that, since that time, any enormous increase of wisdom or of ability has been manifested by the gentlemen referred to. But there is rather more than this. In the article from which I am quoting, the writer does not confine his strictures simply to the metropolitan boroughs. He goes a great deal further, for he attacks large constituencies in the mass, and points out very well and forcibly the evils which must inevitably follow should these obtain an accession to their power. Read, mark, and perpend the following paragraphs, and then reconcile their tenor—if you can—with the later proposals from the same quarter for the general suppression of small constituencies, and the establishment of larger tribunals of public opinion.

"Lambeth, then, on the occasion of the present election, is likely to become another illustration of the downward tendencies of the metropolitan constituencies. We use the word 'tendency' advisedly, for matters are worse than they have been, and we can perceive no symptom of a turning tide. Let us leave the names of individuals aside, and simply consider the metropolitan members as a body, and what is their main employment in the House of Commons? Is it not mainly to represent the selfish interests and blind prejudices of the less patriotic or less enlightened portion of their constituents whenever any change is proposed manifestly for the public benefit? Looking at their votes, one would suppose a metropolitan mem-

ber to be rather a Parliamentary agent of the drovers, and sextons, and undertakers, than a representative of one of the most important constituencies in the kingdom. Is this downward progress of the metropolitan representation to remain unchanged? Will it be extended to other constituencies as soon as they shall be brought under conditions analogous to those under which the metropolitan electors exercise the franchise? The question is of no small interest. Whether the fault be with the electors, or with those who should have the nerve to come forward and demand their suffrages, matters not for the purposes of the argument. The fact remains unaltered. Supposing England throughout its area were represented as the various boroughs of the metropolis are represented at the present time, what would be the effect? That is the point for consideration. It may well be that men of higher character, and of more distinguished intellectual qualifications, would readily attract the sympathies and secure the votes of these constituencies; but what does their absence prove? *Simply that the same feeling of unwillingness to face large electoral bodies, which is said to prevail in the United States, is gradually rising up in this country.* On the other side of the Atlantic, we are told by all who know the country best, that the most distinguished citizens shrink from stepping forward on the arena of public life, lest they be made the mark for calumny and abuse. It would require more space than we can devote to the subject to point out the correlative shortcomings of the constituencies and the candidates; but, leaving these aside, *we cannot but arrive at the conclusion that there is something in the constitution of these great electoral masses which renders a peaceful majority little better than a passive instrument in the hands of a turbulent minority, and affords an explanation of the fact that such a person as Mr Williams should aspire to represent the borough of Lambeth."*

What do you think of that, Provost, by way of an argument in favour of large constituencies? I agree with every word of it. I believe, in common with the eloquent writer, that matters are growing worse instead of better, and that there is something radically wrong in the constitution of these great electoral masses. I believe that they do not represent the real intelligence of the electors, and that they are liable to all those objections which are here so well and forcibly urged. It is

not necessary to travel quite so far as London for an illustration. Look at Glasgow. Have the twelve thousand and odd electors of that great commercial and manufacturing city covered themselves with undying glory by their choice of their present representatives? Is the intelligence of the first commercial city in Scotland really embodied in the person of Mr M'Gregor? I should be very loth to think so. Far be it from me to impugn the propriety of any particular choice, or to speculate upon coming events; but I cannot help wondering whether, in the event of the suppression of some of the smaller burghs, and the transference of their power to the larger cities, it may come to pass that the city of St Mungo shall be represented by the wisdom of six M'Gregors? I repeat, that I wish to say nothing in disparagement of large urban constituencies, or of their choice in any one particular case—I simply desire to draw your attention to the fact, that we are not indebted to such constituencies for returning the men who, by common consent, are admitted to be the most valuable members, in point of talent, ability, and business habits, in the House of Commons. How far we should improve the character of our legislative assembly, by disfranchising smaller constituencies, and transferring their privileges to the larger ones,—open to such serious objections as have been urged against them by the *Times*, a journal not likely to err on the side of undervaluing popular opinion—appears to me a question decidedly open to discussion; and I hope that it will be discussed, pretty broadly and extensively, before any active steps are taken for suppressing boroughs which are not open to the charge of rank venality and corruption.

The *Times*, you observe, talks in its more recent article, in which totally opposite views are advocated, of "stupid and corrupt little constituencies." This is a clever way of mixing up two distinct and separate matters. We all know what is meant by corruption, and I hope none of us are in favour of it. It means the purchase, either by money or promises, of the suffrages of those who

are intrusted with the electoral franchise; and I am quite ready to join with the *Times* in the most hearty denunciation of such villanous practices, whether used by Jew or Gentile. It may be, and probably is, impossible to prevent bribery altogether, for there are scoundrels in all constituencies; and if a candidate with a long purse is so lax in his morals as to hint at the purchase of votes, he is tolerably certain to find a market in which these commodities are sold. But if, in any case, general corruption can be proved against a borough, it ought to be forthwith disfranchised, and declared unworthy of exercising so important a public privilege. But of the "stupidity" of constituencies, who are to be the judges? Not, I hope, the Arcopagites of the *Times*, else we may expect to see every constituency which does not pronounce in favour of Free Trade, placed under the general extinguisher! Scarborough, with some seven or eight hundred electors—a good many more, by the way, than are on the roll for the Dreepdaily burghs—has, in the opinion of the *Times*, stultified itself for ever by returning Mr George F. Young to Parliament, instead of a Whig lordling, who possessed great local influence. Therefore Scarborough is put down in the black list, not because it is "corrupt," but because it is "stupid," in having elected a gentleman of the highest political celebrity, who is at the same time one of the most extensive shipowners of Great Britain! I put it to you, Provost, whether this is not as cool an instance of audacity as you ever heard of. What would you think if it were openly proposed, upon our side, to disfranchise Greenwich, because the tea-and-shrimp population of that virtuous town has committed the stupid act of returning a Jew to Parliament? If stupidity is to go for anything in the way of cancelling privileges, I think I could name to you some half-dozen places on this side of the border which are in evident danger, at least if we are to accept the attainments of the representatives as any test of the mental acquirements of the electors; but perhaps it is better to avoid

particulars in a matter so personal and delicate.

I am not in the least degree surprised to find the Free-Traders turning round against the boroughs. Four years ago, you would certainly have laughed in the face of any one who might have prophesied such a result; but since then, times have altered. The grand experiment upon native industry has been made, and allowed to go on without check or impediment. The Free-Traders have had it all their own way; and if there had been one iota of truth in their statements, or if their calculations had been based upon secure and rational data, they must long ago have achieved a complete moral triumph. Pray, remember what they told us. They said that Free Trade in corn and in cattle would not permanently *lower* the value of agricultural produce in Britain—it would only steady prices, and prevent extreme fluctuations. Then, again, we were assured that large imports from any part of the world could not by possibility be obtained; and those consummate blockheads, the statisticians, offered to prove by figures, that a deluge of foreign grain was as impossible as an overflow of the Mediterranean. I need not tell you that the results have entirely falsified such predictions, and that the agricultural interest has ever since been suffering under the effects of unexampled depression. No man denies that. The stiffest stickler for the cheap loaf does not venture now to assert that agriculture is a profitable profession in Britain; all he can do is to recommend economy, and to utter a hypocritical prayer, that the prosperity which he assumes to exist in other quarters may, at no distant date, and through some mysterious process which he cannot specify, extend itself to the suffering millions who depend for their subsistence on the produce of the soil of Britain, and who pay by far the largest share of the taxes and burdens of the kingdom.

Now, it is perfectly obvious that agricultural distress, by which I mean the continuance of a range of unremunerative prices, cannot long prevail in any district, without affecting the traffic of the towns. You, who are

an extensive retail-merchant in Dreep-daily, know well that the business of your own trade depends in a great degree upon the state of the produce markets. So long as the farmer is thriving, he buys from you and your neighbours liberally, and you find him, I have no doubt, your best and steadiest customer. But if you reverse his circumstances, you must look for a corresponding change in his dealings. He cannot afford to purchase silks for his wife and daughters, as formerly; he grows penurious in his own personal expenditure, and denies himself every unnecessary luxury; he does nothing for the good of trade, and is impassable to all the temptations which you endeavour to throw in his way. To post your ledger is now no very difficult task. You find last year's stock remaining steadily on your hands; and when the season for the annual visit of the bagmen comes round, you dismiss them from your premises without gratifying their avidity by an order. This is a faithful picture of what has been going on for two years, at least, in the smaller inland boroughs. No doubt you are getting your bread cheap; but those whose importations have brought about that cheapness, never were, and never can be, customers of yours. Even supposing that they were to take goods in exchange for their imported grain, no profit or custom could accrue to the retail shopkeeper, who must necessarily look to the people around him for the consumption of his wares. In this way trade has been made to stagnate, and profits have of course declined, until the tradesmen, weary of awaiting the advent of a prosperity which never arrives, have come to the conclusion, that they will best consult their interest by giving their support to a policy the reverse of that which has crippled the great body of their customers.

Watering-places, and towns of fashionable resort, have suffered in a like degree. The gentry, whose rents have been most seriously affected by the unnatural diminution of prices, compelled to curtail their expenditure, and to deny themselves many which formerly would have seemed legitimate indulgences.

Economy is the order of the day: equipages are given up, servants dismissed, and old furniture made to last beyond its appointed time. These things, I most freely admit, are no great hardships to the gentry; nor do I intend to awaken your compassion in behalf of the squire, who, by reason of his contracted rent-roll, has been compelled to part with his carriage and a couple of footmen, and to refuse his wife and daughters the pleasure of a trip to Cheltenham. The hardship lies elsewhere. I pity the footmen, the coach-builder, the upholsterer, the house proprietor in Cheltenham, and all the other people to whom the surplus of the squire's revenue found its way, much more than the old gentleman himself. I daresay he is quite as happy at home—perhaps far happier—than if he were compelled to racket elsewhere; and sure I am that he will not consume his dinner with less appetite because he lacks the attendance of a couple of knaves, with heads like full-blown cauliflowers. But is it consistent with the workings of human nature to expect that the people to whom he formerly gave employment and custom, let us say to the extent of a couple of thousand pounds, can be gratified by the cessation of that expenditure?—or is it possible to suppose that they will remain enamoured of a system which has caused them so heavy a loss? View the subject in this light, and you can have no difficulty in understanding why this formidable reaction has taken place in the English boroughs. It is simply a question of the pocket; and the electors now see, that unless the boroughs are to be left to rapid decay, something must be done to protect and foster that industry upon which they all depend. Such facts, which are open and patent to every man's experience, and tell upon his income and expenditure, are worth whole cargoes of theory. What reason has the trader, whose stock is remaining unsold upon his hands, to plume himself, because he is assured by Mr Porter, or some other similar authority, that some hundred thousand additional yards of flimsy calico have been shipped from the British shores in the course of the last twelve months? So far as the shopkeeper is concerned,

the author of the *Progress of the Nation* might as well have been reporting upon the traffic-tables of Tyre and Sidon. He is not even assured that all this export has been accompanied with a profit to the manufacturer. If he reads the *Economist*, he will find that exhilarating print filled with complaints of general distress and want of demand; he will be startled from time to time by the announcement that in some places, such as Dundee, trade has experienced a most decided check; or that in others, such as Nottingham and Leicester, the operatives are applying by hundreds for admission to the workhouse! Comfortable intelligence this, alongside of increasing exports! But he has been taught, to borrow a phrase from the writings of the late John Galt, to look upon your political arithmetician as "a mystery shrouded by a halo;" and he supposes that, somehow or other, somebody must be the gainer by all these exports, though it seems clearly impossible to specify the fortunate individual. However, this he knows, to his cost any time these three years back, that *he* has not been the gainer; and, as he opines very justly that charity begins at home, and that the man who neglects the interest of his own family is rather worse than a heathen, he has made up his mind to support such candidates only as will stand by British industry, and protect him by means of protecting others. As for the men of the maritime boroughs—a large and influential class—I need not touch upon their feelings or sentiments with regard to Free Trade. I observe that the Liberal press, with peculiar taste and felicity of expression, designates them by the generic term of "crimps," just as it used to compliment the whole agriculturists of Britain by the comprehensive appellation of "chawbacons." I trust they feel the compliment so delicately conveyed; but, after all, it matters little. Hard words break no bones; and, in the mean time at least, the vote of a "crimp" is quite as good as that of the concocter of a paragraph.

Perhaps now you understand why the Free-Traders are so wroth against the boroughs. They expected to play off the latter against the county

constituencies; and, being disappointed in that, they want to swamp them altogether. This, I must own, strikes me as particularly unfair. Let it be granted that a large number of the smaller boroughs did, at the last general election, manifest a decided wish that the Free Trade experiment, then begun, should be allowed a fair trial; are they to be held so pledged to that commercial system, that, however disastrous may have been its results, they are not entitled to alter their minds? Are all the representations, promises, and prophecies of the leading advocates of Free Trade, to be set aside as if these were never uttered or written? Who were the cozeners in this case? Clearly the men who boasted of the enormous advantages which were immediately to arise from their policy—advantages whereof, up to the present moment, not a single glimpse has been vouchsafed. Free Trade, we were distinctly told, was to benefit the boroughs. Free Trade has done nothing of the kind; on the contrary, it has reduced their business and lowered their importance. And now, when this effect has become so plain and undeniable that the very men who subscribed to the funds of the League, and who were foremost in defending the conduct of the late Sir Robert Peel, are sending Protectionists to Parliament, it is calmly proposed to neutralise their conversion by depriving them of political power!

Under the circumstances, I do not know that the Free-Traders could have hit upon a happier scheme. The grand tendency of their system is centralisation. They want to drive everything—paupers alone excepted, if they could by possibility compass that fortunate immunity—into the larger towns, which are the seats of export manufacture, and to leave the rest of the population to take care of themselves. You see how they have succeeded in Ireland, by the reports of the last census. They are doing the same thing in Scotland, as we shall ere long discover to our cost; and, indeed, the process is going on slowly, but surely, throughout the whole of the British islands. I chanced the other day to light upon a passage in a very

dreary article in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, which seems to me to embody the chief economical doctrines of the gentlemen to whom we are indebted for the present posture of affairs. It is as follows:—

"The common watchword, or cuckoo-note of the advocates of restriction in affairs of trade is, 'Protection to Native Industry.' In the principle fairly involved in this motto we cordially agree. We are as anxious as the most vehement advocate for high import duties on foreign products can be, that the industry of our fellow-countrymen should be protected (!) We only differ as to the means. Their theory of protection is to guard against competition those branches of industry which, without such extraneous help, could never be successfully pursued: ours, is that of enlarging, to the uttermost, those other branches for the prosecution of which our countrymen possess the greatest aptitude, and of thereby securing for their skill and capital the greatest return. This protection is best afforded by governments when they leave, without interference, the productive industry of the country to find its true level; for we may be certain that the interest of individuals will always lead them to prefer those pursuits which they find most gainful. There is, in fact, no mode of interference with entire freedom of action which must not be, in some degree, hurtful; but the mischief which follows upon legislation in affairs of trade, in any given country, is then most noxious when it tends to foster branches of industry for which other countries have a greater aptitude."

You will, I think, find some difficulty in discovering the protective principle enunciated by this sagacious scribe, who, like many others of his limited calibre, is fain to take refuge in nonsense when he cannot extricate his meaning. You may also, very reasonably, entertain doubts whether the protective theory, which our friend of the Blue and Yellow puts into the mouth of his opponents, was ever entertained or promulgated by any rational being, at least in the broad sense which he wishes to imply. The true protective theory has reference to the State burdens, which, in so far as they are exacted from the produce of native industry, or, in other words, from labour, we wish to see counterbalanced by a fair import-duty, which shall reduce the foreign and the native producer to an equality in the homo-

market. When the reviewer talks of the non-interference of Government with regard to the productive industry of the country, he altogether omits mention of that most stringent interference which is the direct result of taxation. If the farmer were allowed to till the ground, to sow the seed, and to reap the harvest, without any interference from Government, then I admit at once that a demand for protection would be preposterous. But when Government requires him to pay income-tax, assessed taxes, church and poor-rates, besides other direct burdens, out of the fruit of his industry—when it prevents him from growing on his own land several kinds of crop, in order that the customs revenue may be maintained—when it taxes indirectly his tea, coffee, wines, spirits, tobacco, soap, and spices—then I say that Government *does* interfere, and that most unmercifully, with the productive industry of the country. Just suppose that, by recurring to a primitive method of taxation, the Government should lay claim to one-third of the proceeds of every crop, and instruct its emissaries to remove it from the ground before another acre should be reaped—would *that* not constitute interference in the eyes of the sapient reviewer? Well, then, since all taxes must ultimately be paid out of produce, what difference does the mere method of levying the burden make with regard to the burden itself? I call your attention to this point, because the Free-Traders invariably, but I fear wilfully, omit all mention of artificial taxation when they talk of artificial restrictions. They want you to believe that we, who maintain the opposite view, seek to establish an entire monopoly in Great Britain of all kinds of possible produce; and they are in the habit of putting asinine queries as to the propriety of raising the duties on foreign wine, so as to encourage the establishment of vineyards in Kent and Sussex, and also as to the proper protective duty which should be levied on pine-apples, in order that a due stimulus may be given to the cultivation of that luscious fruit. But these funny fellows take especial care never to hint to you that protection is and was demanded simply on account of the enormous

nature of our imposts, which have the effect of raising the rates of labour. It is in this way, and no other, that agriculture, deprived of protection, but still subjected to taxation, has become an unremunerative branch of industry; and you observe how calmly the disciple of Ricardo condemns it to destruction. "The mischief," quoth he, "which follows upon legislation in affairs of trade, in any given country, is then most noxious when it tends to foster branches of industry for which other countries have a greater aptitude." So, then, having taxed agriculture to that point when it can no longer bear the burden, we are, for the future, to draw our supplies from "other countries which have a greater aptitude" for growing corn; that aptitude consisting in their comparative immunity from taxation, and in the degraded moral and social condition of the serfs who constitute the tillers of the soil! We are to give up cultivation, and apply ourselves to the task "of enlarging to the uttermost those other branches, for the prosecution of which our countrymen possess the greatest aptitude"—by which, I presume, is meant the manufacture of cotton-twist!

Now, then, consider for a moment what is the natural, nay, the inevitable effect of this narrowing of the range of employment. I shall not start the important point whether the concentration of labour does not tend to lower wages—I shall merely assume, what is indeed already abundantly established by facts, that the depression of agriculture in any district leads almost immediately to a large increase in the population of the greater towns. Places like Dreepdaily may remain stationary, but they do not receive any material increment to their population. You have, I believe, no export trade, at least very little, beyond the manufacture of an ingenious description of snuff-box, justly prized by those who are in the habit of stimulating their nostrils. The displaced stream of labour passes through you, but does not tarry with you—it rolls on towards Paisley and Glasgow, where it is absorbed in the living ocean. Year after year the same process is carried on. The older people, probably because it is not worth while at their

years to attempt a change, tarry in their little villages and cots, and gradually acquire that appearance of utter apathy, which is perhaps the saddest aspect of humanity. The younger people, finding no employment at home, repair to the towns, marry or do worse, and propagate children for the service of the factories which are dedicated to the export trade. Of education they receive little or nothing; for they must be in attendance on their gaunt iron master during the whole of their waking hours; and religion seeks after them in vain. What wonder, then, if the condition of our operatives should be such as to suggest to thinking minds very serious doubts whether our boasted civilisation can be regarded in the light of a blessing? Certain it is that the bulk of these classes are neither better nor happier than their forefathers. Nay, if there be any truth in evidence—any reality in the appalling accounts which reach us from the heart of the towns, there exists an amount of crime, misery, drunkenness, and profligacy, which is unknown even among savages and heathen nations. Were we to recalc from the four ends of the earth all the missionaries who have been despatched from the various churches, they would find more than sufficient work ready for them at home. Well-meaning men project sanitary improvements, as if these could avail to counteract the moral poison. New churches are built; new schools are founded; public baths are subscribed for, and public washing-houses are opened; the old rookeries are pulled down, and light and air admitted to the heart of the cities—but the heart of the people is not changed; and neither air nor water, nor religious warning, has the effect of checking crime, eradicating intemperance, or teaching man the duty which he owes to himself, his brethren, and his God. This is an awful picture, but it is a true one; and it well becomes us to consider why these things should be. There is no lukewarmness on the subject exhibited in any quarter. The evil is universally acknowledged, and every one would be ready to contribute to alleviate it, could a proper remedy be suggested. It is not my

province to suggest remedies ; but it does appear to me that the original fault is to be found in the system which has caused this unnatural pressure of our population into the towns. I am aware that in saying this, I am impugning the leading doctrines of modern political economy. I am aware that I am uttering what will be considered by many as a rank political heresy ; still, not having the fear of fire and fagot before my eyes, I shall use the liberty of speech. It appears to me that the system which has been more or less adopted since the days of Mr Huskisson, of suppressing small trades for the encouragement of foreign importation, and of stimulating export manufactures to the uttermost, has proved very pernicious to the morals and the social condition of the people. The termination of the war found us with a large population, and with an enormous debt. If, on the one hand, it was for the advantage of the country that commerce should progress with rapid strides, and that our foreign trade should be augmented, it was, on the other, no less necessary that due regard should be had for the former occupations of the people, and that no great and violent displacements of labour should be occasioned, by fiscal relaxations which might have the effect of supplanting home industry by foreign produce in the British market. The mistake of the political economists lies in their obstinate determination to enforce a principle, which in the abstract is not only unobjectionable but unchallenged, without any regard whatever to the peculiar and pecuniary circumstances of the country. They will not look at what has gone before, in order to determine their line of conduct in any particular case. They admit of no exceptions. They start with their axiom that trade ought to be free, and they will not listen to any argument founded upon special circumstances in opposition to that doctrine. Now, this is not the way in which men have been, or ever can be, governed. They must be dealt with as rational beings, not regarded as mere senseless machinery, which may be treated as lumber, and cast aside to make way for some new

improvement. Look at the case of our own Highlanders. We know very well that, from the commencement of the American war, it was considered by the British Government an important object to maintain the population of the Highlands, as the source from which they drew their hardest and most serviceable recruits. So long as the manufacture of kelp existed, and the breeding of cattle was profitable, there was little difficulty in doing this ; now, under this new commercial system, we are told that the population is infinitely too large for the natural resources of the country ; we are shocked by accounts of periodical famine, and of deaths occurring from starvation ; and our economists declare that there is no remedy except a general emigration of the inhabitants. This is the extreme case in Great Britain ; but extreme cases often furnish us with the best tests of the operation of a particular system. Here you have a population fostered for an especial purpose, and abandoned so soon as that special purpose has been served. Without maintaining that the Gael is the most industrious of mankind, it strikes me forcibly that it would be a better national policy to give every reasonable encouragement to the development of the natural resources of that portion of the British islands, than to pursue the opposite system, and to reduce the Highlands to a wilderness. Not so think the political economists. They can derive their supplies cheaper from elsewhere, at the hands of strangers who contribute no share whatever to the national revenue ; and for the sake of that cheapness they are content to reduce thousands of their countrymen to beggary. But emigration cannot, and will not, be carried out to an extent at all equal to the necessity which is engendered by the cessation of employment. The towns become the great centre-points and recipients of the displaced population ; and so centralisation goes on, and, as a matter of course, pauperism and crime increase. To render this system perpetual, without any regard to ultimate consequences, is the leading object of the Free-Traders. Not converted, but

on the contrary rendered more inveterate by the failure of their schemes, they are determined to allow no consideration whatever to stand in the way of their purpose; and of this you have a splendid instance in their late denunciation of the boroughs. They think—whether rightfully or wrongfully, it is not now necessary to inquire—that, by altering the proportions of Parliamentary power as established by the Reform Act—by taking away from the smaller boroughs, and by adding to the urban constituencies, they will still be able to command a majority in the House of Commons. In the present temper of the nation, and so long as its voice is expressed as heretofore, they know, feel, and admit that their policy is not secure. And why is it not secure? Simply because it has undergone the test of experience—because it has had a fair trial in the sight of the nation—and because it has not succeeded in realising the expectations of its founders.

I have ventured to throw together these few crude remarks for your consideration during the recess, being quite satisfied that you will not feel indifferent upon any subject which touches the dignity, status, or privileges of the boroughs. Whether Lord John Russell agrees with the *Times* as to the mode of effecting the threatened

Parliamentary change, or whether he has some separate scheme of his own, is a question which I cannot solve. Possibly he has not yet made up his mind as to the course which it may be most advisable to pursue; for, in the absence of anything like general excitement or agitation, it is not easy to predict in what manner the proposal for any sweeping or organic change may be received by the constituencies of the Empire. There is far too much truth in the observations which I have already quoted from the great leading journal, relative to the dangers which must attend an increase of constituencies already too large, or a further extension of their power, to permit of our considering this as a light and unimportant matter. I view it as a very serious one indeed; and I cannot help thinking that Lord John Russell has committed an act of gross and unjustifiable rashness, in pledging himself, at the present time, to undertake a remodelment of the constitution. But whatever he does, I hope, for his own sake, and for the credit of the Liberal party, that he will be able to assign some better and more constitutional reason for the change, than the refusal of the English boroughs to bear arms in the crusade which is directed against the interests of Native Industry.

PARIS IN 1851.—(Continued.)

THE OPERA.—In the evening I went to the French Opera, which is still one of the lions of Paris. It was once in the Rue Richelieu; but the atrocious assassination of the Duc de Berri, who was stabbed in its porch, threw a kind of horror over the spot: the theatre was closed, and the performance moved to its present site in the Rue Lepelletier, a street diverging from the Boulevard.

Fond as the French are of decoration, the architecture of this building possesses no peculiar beauty, and would answer equally well for a substantial public hospital, a workhouse, or a barrack, if the latter were not the more readily suggested by the *gendarmes* loitering about the doors, and the mounted dragoons at either end of the street.

The passages of the interior are of the same character—spacious and substantial; but the door of the *salle* opens, and the stranger, at a single step, enters from those murky passages into all the magic of a crowded theatre. The French have, within these few years, borrowed from us the art of lighting theatres. I recollect the French theatre lighted only by a few lamps scattered round the house, or a chandelier in the middle, which might have figured in the crypt of a cathedral. This they excused, as giving greater effect to the stage; but it threw the audience into utter gloom. They have now made the audience a part of the picture, and an indispensable part. The opera-house now shows the audience; and if not very dressy, or rather as dowdy, odd, and dishevelled a crowd as I ever recollect to have seen within theatrical walls, yet they are evidently human beings, which is much more picturesque than masses of spectres, seen only by an occasional flash from the stage.

The French architects certainly have not made this national edifice grand; but they have made it a much better thing,—lively, showy, and rich. Neither majestic and monotonous, nor grand and Gothic, they have made it *riant* and racy, like a place

where men and women come to be happy, where beautiful dancers are to be seen, and where sweet songs are to be heard, and where the mind is for three or four hours to forget all its cares, and to carry away pleasant recollections for the time being. From pit to ceiling it is covered with paintings—all sorts of cupids, nymphs, and flower-garlands, and Greek urns—none of them wonders of the pencil, but all exhibiting that showy mediocrity of which every Frenchman is capable, and with which every Frenchman is in raptures. All looks rich, warm, and *operatic*.

One characteristic change has struck me everywhere in Paris—the men dress better, and the women worse. When I was last here, the men dressed half bandit and half Hot-tentot. The revolutionary mystery was at work, and the hatred of the Bourbons was emblematised in a conical hat, a loose neckcloth, tremendous trousers, and the scowl of a stage conspirator. The Parisian men have since learned the decencies of *dress*.

As I entered the house before the rising of the curtain, I had leisure to look about me, and I found even in the audience a strong contrast to those of London. By that kind of contradiction to everything rational and English which governs the Parisian, the women seem to choose *dis-habile* for the Opera.

As the house was crowded, and the boxes are let high, and the performance of the night was popular, I might presume that some of the *élite* were present, yet I never saw so many *ill-dressed* women under one roof. Bonnets, shawls, muffles of all kinds, were the *costume*. How different from the finish, the splendour, and the *fashion* of the English opera-box. I saw hundreds of women who appeared, by their dress, scarcely above the rank of shopkeepers, yet who probably were among the Parisian leaders of fashion, if in republican Paris there are *any* leaders of fashion.

But I came to be interested, to enjoy, to indulge in a feast of music and

acting; with no fastidiousness of criticism, and with every inclination to be gratified. In the opera itself I was utterly disappointed. The Opera was *Zerline*, or, *The Basket of Oranges*. The composer was the first living musician of France, Auber; the writer was the most popular dramatist of his day, Scribe; the Prima Donna was Alboni, to whom the manager of the Opera in London had not thought it too much to give £4000 for a single season. I never paid my francs with more willing expectation: and I never saw a performance of which I so soon got weary.

The plot is singularly trifling. *Zerline*, an orange-girl of Palermo, has had a daughter by *Boccanera*, a man of rank, who afterwards becomes Viceroy of Sicily. *Zerline* is captured by pirates, and carried to Algiers. The opera opens with her return to Palermo, after so many years that her daughter is grown up to womanhood; and *Boccanera* is emerged into public life, and has gradually become an officer of state.

The commencing scene has all the animation of the French picturesque. The Port of Palermo is before the spectator; the location is the Fruit Market. Masses of fruits, with smart peasantry to take care of them, cover the front of the stage. The background is filled up with *Lazzaroni* lying on the ground, sleeping, or eating macaroni. The Prince *Boccanera* comes from the palace; the crowd observe 'Son air sombre;' the Prince sings—

"On a most unlucky day,
Satan threw her in my way;
I the princess took to wife,
Now the torture of my life," &c.

After this matrimonial confession, which extends to details, the prime minister tells us of his love still existing for *Zerline*, whose daughter he has educated under the name of niece, and who is now the Princess *Gemma*, and about to be married to a court noble.

A ship approaches the harbour; *Boccanera* disappears; the *Lazzaroni* hasten to discharge the cargo. *Zerline* lands from the vessel, and sings a cavatina in praise of Palermo:—

"O Palermo! O Sicile!
Beau ciel, plaine fertile!"

Zerline is a dealer in oranges, and she lands her cargo, placing it in the market. The original tenants of the place dispute her right to come among them, and are about to expel her by force, when a marine officer, *Rodolf*, takes her part, and, drawing his sword, puts the whole crowd to flight. *Zerline*, moved by this instance of heroism, tells him her story, that she was coming "un beau matin" to the city to sell oranges, when a pitiless corsair captured her, and carried her to Africa, separating her from her child, whom she had not seen for fifteen years; that she escaped to Malta, laid in a stock of oranges there;—and thus the events of the day occurred. *Rodolf*, this young hero, is costumed in a tie-wig with powder, stiff skirts, and the dress of a century ago. What tempted the author to put not merely his hero, but all his court characters, into the costume of Queen Anne, is not easily conceivable, as there is nothing in the story which limits it in point of time.

Zerline looks after him with sudden sympathy, says that she heard him sigh, that he must be unhappy, and that, if her daughter lives, he is just the husband for her,—*Zerline* not having been particular as to marriage herself. She then rambles about the streets, singing,

"Achetez mes belles oranges,
Des fruits divins, des fruits exquis;
Des oranges comme les anges
N'en goutent pas en Paradis."

After this "homage aux oranges!" to the discredit of Paradise, on which turns the plot of the play, a succession of maids of honour appear, clad in the same unfortunate livery of fardingales, enormous flat hats, powdered wigs, and stomachers. The Princess follows them, apparently armed by her costume against all the assaults of Cupid. But she, too, has an "affaire du cœur" upon her hands. In fact, from the Orangewoman up to the Throne, Cupid is the Lord of Palermo, with its "beau ciel, plaine fertile." The object of the Princess's love is the Marquis de Buttura, the suitor of her husband's supposed niece. Here is a complication! The enamoured wife receives a billet-doux from the suitor, proposing a meeting on his return from hunting. She tears

the billet for the purpose of concealment, and in her emotion drops the fragments on the floor. That billet performs an important part in the end. The enamoured lady buys an orange, and gives a gold piece for it. Zerline, not accustomed to be so well paid for her fruit, begins to suspect this outrageous liberality; and having had experience in these matters, picks up the fragments of the letter, and gets into the whole secret.

The plot proceeds: the daughter of the orangewoman now appears. She is clad in the same preposterous habiliments. As the niece of the minister, she is created a princess, (those things are cheap in Italy,) and she, too, is in love with the officer in the tie-wig. She recognises the song of Zerline, "*Achetez mes belles oranges*," and sings the half of it. On this, the mother and daughter now recognise each other. It is impossible to go further in such a *denouement*. If Italian operas are proverbially silly, we are to recollect that this is not an Italian, but a French one; and that it is by the most popular comic writer of France.

The marriage of Gemma and Rodolf is forbidden by the pride of the King's sister, the wife of Boccanera, but Zerline interposes, reminds her of the orange *affair*, threatens her with the discovery of the billet-doux, and finally makes her give her consent; and thus the curtain drops. I grew tired of all this insipidity, and left the theatre before the catastrophe. The music seemed to me fitting for the plot—neither better nor worse; and I made my escape with right good-will from the clamour and crash of the orchestra, and from the loves and *faux pas* of the belles of Palermo.

The Obelisk.—I strayed into the Place de la Concorde, beyond comparison the finest *space* in Paris. I cannot call it a square, nor does it equal in animation the Boulevard; but in the *profusion* of noble architecture it has no rival in Paris, nor in Europe. *Vive la Despotisme!* every inch of it is owing to Monarchy. Republics build nothing, if we except prisons and workhouses. They are proverbially squalid, bitter, and beggarly. What has America, with all her boast-

ing, ever built, but a warehouse or a conventicle? The Roman Republic, after seven hundred years' existence, remained a collection of hovels till an Emperor faced them with marble. If Athens exhibited her universal talents in the splendour of her architecture, we must recollect that Pericles was her *master* through life—as substantially *despotic*, by the aid of the populace, as an Asiatic king by his guards; and recollect, also, that an action of damages was brought against him for "wasting the public money on the Parthenon," the glory of Athens in every succeeding age. Louis Quatorze, Napoleon, and Louis Philippe—two openly, and the third secretly, as despotic as the Sultan—were the true builders of Paris.

As I stood in the centre of this vast enclosure, I was fully struck with the effect of *scene*. The sun was sinking into a bed of gold and crimson clouds, that threw their hue over the long line of the Champs Elysées. Before me were the two great fountains, and the Obelisk of Luxor. The fountains had ceased to play, from the lateness of the hour, but still looked massive and gigantic; the obelisk looked shapely and superb. The gardens of the Tuilleries were on my left—deep dense masses of foliage, surmounted in the distance by the tall roofs of the old Palace; on my right, the verdure of the Champs Elysées, with the Arc de l'Etoile rising above it, at the end of its long and noble avenue; in my front the Palace of the Legislature, a chaste and elegant structure; and behind me, glowing in the sunbeams, the Madeleine, the noblest church—I think the noblest edifice, in Paris, and perhaps not surpassed in beauty and grandeur, for its size, by any place of worship in Europe. The air cool and sweet from the foliage, the vast *place* almost solitary, and undisturbed by the cries which are incessant in this babel during the day, yet with that gentle confusion of sounds which makes the murmur and the music of a great city. All was calm, noble, and soothing.

The obelisk of Luxor which stands in the centre of the "*Place*," is one of two Monoliths, or pillars of a single stone, which, with Cleopatra's

Needle, were given by Mehemet Ali to the French, at the time when, by their alliance, he expected to have made himself independent. All the dates of Egyptian antiquities are uncertain—notwithstanding Young and his imitator Champollion—but the date assigned to this pillar is 1550 years before the Christian era. The two obelisks stood in front of the great temple of Thebes, now named Luxor, and the hieroglyphics which cover this one, from top to bottom, are supposed to relate the exploits and incidents of the reign of Sesostris.

It is of red Syenite; but, from time and weather, it is almost the colour of limestone. It has an original flaw up a third of its height, for which the Egyptian masons provided a remedy by wedges, and the summit is slightly broken. The height of the monolith is seventy-two feet three inches, which would look insignificant, fixed as it is in the centre of lofty buildings, but for its being raised on a plinth of granite, and that again raised on a pedestal of immense blocks of granite—the height of the plinth and the pedestal together being twenty-seven feet, making the entire height nearly one hundred. The weight of the monolith is five hundred thousand pounds; the weight of the pedestal half that amount, and the weight of the blocks probably makes the whole amount to nine hundred thousand, which is the weight of the obelisk at Rome. It was erected in 1836, by drawing it up an inclined plane of masonry, and then raising it by cables and capstans to the perpendicular. The operation was tedious, difficult, and expensive; but it was worth the labour; and the monolith now forms a remarkable monument of the zeal of the king, and of the liberality of his government.

There is, I understand, an obelisk remaining in Egypt, which was given by the Turkish government to the British army, on the expulsion of the French from Egypt, but which has been unclaimed, from the difficulty of carrying it to England.

That difficulty, it must be acknowledged, is considerable. In transporting and erecting the obelisk of Luxor six years were employed. I have not heard the expense, but it must have

been large. A vessel was especially constructed at Toulon, for its conveyance down the Nile. A long road was to be made from the Nile to the Temple. Then the obelisk required to be protected from the accidents of carriage, which was done by enclosing it in a wooden case. It was then drawn by manual force to the river—and this employed three months. Then came the trouble of embarking it, for which the vessel had to be nearly sawn through; then came the crossing of the bar at Rosetta—a most difficult operation at the season of the year; then the voyage down the Mediterranean, the vessel being towed by a steamer; then the landing at Cherbourg, in 1833; and, lastly, the passage up the Seine, which occupied nearly four months, reaching Paris in December; thenceforth its finishing and erection, which was completed only in three years after.

This detail may have some interest, as we have a similar project before us. But the whole question is, whether the transport of the obelisk which remains in Egypt for us is worth the expense. We, without hesitation, say that it is. The French have shown that it is *practicable*, and it is a matter of *rational* desire to show that we are not behind the French either in power, in ability, or in zeal, to adorn our cities. The obelisk transported to England would be a proud monument, without being an offensive one, of a great achievement of our armies; it would present to our eyes, and those of our children, a relic of the most civilised kingdom of the early ages; it would sustain the recollections of the scholar by its record, and might kindle the energy of the people by the sight of what had been accomplished by the prowess of Englishmen.

If it be replied that such views are Utopian, may we not ask, what is the use of all antiquity, since we can eat and drink as well without it? But we cannot *feel* as loftily without it: many a lesson of vigour, liberality, and virtue would be lost to us without it; we should lose the noblest examples of the arts, some of the finest displays of human genius in architecture, a large portion of the teaching of

the public mind in all things great, and an equally large portion of the incentives to public virtue in all things self-denying. The labour, it is true, of conveying the obelisk would be serious, the expense considerable, and we might not see it erected before the gate of Buckingham Palace these ten years. But it would be erected at last. It would be a trophy—it would be an abiding memorial of the extraordinary country from which civilisation spread to the whole world.

But the two grand fountains ought especially to stimulate our emulation. Those we can have without a voyage from Alexandria to Portsmouth, or a six years' delay.

The fountains of the Place de la Concorde would deserve praise if it were only for their beauty. At a distance sufficient for the picturesque, and with the sun shining on them, they actually look like domes and cataracts of molten silver; and a nearer view does not diminish their right to admiration. They are both lofty, perhaps fifty feet high, both consisting of three basins, lessening in size in proportion to their height, and all pouring out sheets of water from the trumpets of Tritons, from the mouths of dolphins, and from allegorical figures. One of those fountains is in honour of Maritime Navigation, and the other of the Navigation of Rivers. In the former the figures represent the Ocean and the Mediterranean, with the Genii of the fisheries; and in the upper basin are Commerce, Astronomy, Navigation, &c., all capital bronzes, and all spouting out floods of water. The fountain of River Navigation is not behind its rival in bronze or water. It exhibits the Rhine and the Rhone, with the Genii of fruits and flowers, of the vintage and the harvest, with the usual attendance of Tritons. Why the artist had no room for the Seine and the Garonne, while he introduced the Rhine, which is not a French river in any part of its course, must be left for his explanation; but the whole constitutes a beautiful and magnificent object, and, with the sister fountain, perhaps forms the finest display of the kind in Europe. I did not venture, while lo

of French art, to turn my thoughts to our own unhappy performances in Trafalgar Square—the rival of a soda-water bottle, yet the work of a people of boundless wealth, and the first machinists in the world.

The Jardin des Plantes.—I found this fine establishment crowded with the lower orders—fathers and mothers, nurses, old women, and soldiers. As it includes the popular attractions of a zoological garden, as well as a botanical, every day sees its visitants, and every holiday its crowds. The plants are for science, and for that I had no time, even had I possessed other qualifications; but the zoological collection were for curiosity, and of that the spectators had abundance. Yet the animals of pasture appeared to be languid, possibly tired of the perpetual bustle round them—for all animals love quiet at certain times, and escape from the eye of man, when escape is in their power. Possibly the heat of the weather, for the day was remarkably sultry, might have contributed to their exhaustion. But if they have memory—and why should they not?—they must have strangely felt the contrast of their free pastures, shady woods, and fresh streams, with the little patch of ground, the parched soil, and the clamour of ten thousand tongues round them. I could imagine the antelope's intelligent eye, as he lay panting before us on his brown patch of soil, comparing it with the ravines of the Cape, or the eternal forests clothing the hills of his native Abyssinia.

But the object of all popular interest was the pit of the bears; there the crowd was incessant and delighted. But the bears, three or four huge brown beasts, by no means *reciprocated* the popular feeling. They sat quietly on their hind-quarters, gazing grimly at the groups which lined their rails, and tossed cakes and apples to them from above. They had probably been saturated with sweets, for they scarcely noticed anything but by a growl. They were insensible to apples—even oranges could not make them move, and cakes they seemed to treat with scorn. It was difficult to conceive that those heavy and unwieldy-looking animals could be ferocious; but the Alpine

hunter knows that they are as fierce as the tiger, and nearly as quick and dangerous in their spring.

The carnivorous beasts were few, and, except in the instance of one lion, of no remarkable size or beauty. As they naturally doze during the day, their languor was no proof of their weariness; but I have never seen an exhibition of this kind without some degree of regret. The plea of the promotion of science is nothing. Even if it were important to science to be acquainted with the habits of the lion and tiger, which it is not, their native habits are not to be learned from the animal shut up in a cage. The chief exertion of their sagacity and their strength in the native state is in the pursuit of prey; yet what of these can be learned from the condition in which the animal dines as regularly as his keeper, and divides his time between feeding and sleep? Half-a-dozen lions let loose in the Bois de Boulogne would let the naturalist into more knowledge of their nature than a menagerie for fifty years.

The present system is merely cruel; and the animals, without exercise, without air, without the common excitement of free motion, which all animals enjoy so highly—perhaps much more highly than the human race—fall into disease and die, no doubt miserably, though they cannot draw up a *rationale* of their sufferings. I have been told that the lions in confinement die chiefly of consumption—a singularly sentimental disease for this proud ravager of the desert. But the whole purpose of display would be answered as effectually by exhibiting half-a-dozen lions' *skins* stuffed, in the different attitudes of seizing their prey, or ranging the forest, or feeding. At present nothing is seen but a great beast asleep, or restlessly moving in a space of half-a-dozen square feet, and pining away in his confinement. An eagle on his perch and with a chain on his leg, in a menagerie, always appears to me like a dethroned monarch; and I have never seen him thus cast down from his "high estate" without longing to break his chain, and let him spread his wing, and delight his splendid eye with the full view of his kingdom of the Air.

The Jardin dates its origin as far back as Louis XIII., when the king's physician recommended its foundation for science. The French are fond of gardening, and are good gardeners; and the climate is peculiarly favourable to flowers, as is evident from the market held every morning in summer by the side of the Madeleine, where the greatest abundance of the richest flowers I ever saw is laid out for the luxury of the Parisians.

The Jardin, patronised by kings and nobles, flourished through successive reigns; but the appointment of Buffon, about the middle of the eighteenth century, suddenly raised it to the pinnacle of European celebrity. The most eloquent writer of his time, (in the style which the French call eloquence,) a man of family, and a man of opulence, he made Natural History the *fashion*, and in France that word is magic. It accomplishes everything—it includes everything. All France was frantic with the study of plants, animals, poultry-yards, and projects for driving tigers in cabriolets, and harnessing lions *à la Cybele*.

But Buffon mixed good sense with his inevitable *charlatanerie*—he selected the ablest men whom he could find for his professors; and in France there is an extraordinary quantity of "ordinary" cleverness—they gave amusing lectures, and they won the hearts of the nation.

But the Revolution came, and crushed all institutions alike. Buffon, fortunate in every way, had died in the year before, in 1788, and was thus spared the sight of the general ruin. The Jardin escaped, through some plea of its being national property; but the professors had fled, and were starving, or starved.

The Consulate, and still more the Empire, restored the establishment. Napoleon was ambitious of the character of a man of science, he was a member of the Institute, he knew the French character, and he flattered the national vanity, by indulging it with the prospect of being at the head of human knowledge.

The institution had by this time been so long regarded as a public show that it was beginning to be regarded as nothing else. *Gratuitous*

lectures, which are always good for nothing, and to which all kinds of people crowd with corresponding profit, were gradually reducing the character of the Jardin; when Cuvier, a man of talent, was appointed to one of the departments of the institution, and he instantly revived its popularity; and, what was of more importance, its public use.

Cuvier devoted himself to comparative anatomy and geology. The former was a study within human means, of which he had the materials round him, and which, being intended for the instruction of man, is evidently intended for his investigation. The latter, in attempting to fix the age of the world, to decide on the process of creation, and to contradict Scripture by the ignorance of man, is merely an instance of the presumption of *Sciolism*. Cuvier exhibited remarkable dexterity in discovering the species of the fossil fishes, reptiles, and animals. The science was not new, but he threw it into a new form—he made it interesting, and he made it probable. If a large proportion of his supposed discoveries were merely ingenious guesses, they were at least guesses which there was nobody to refute, and they *were* ingenious—that was enough. Fame followed him, and the lectures of the ingenious theorist were a popular novelty. The “Cabinet of Comparative Anatomy” in the Jardin is the monument of his diligence, and it does honour to the sagacity of his investigation.

One remark, however, must be made. On a former visit to the Cabinet of Comparative Anatomy, among the collection of skeletons, I was surprised and disgusted with the sight of the skeleton of the Arab who killed General Kleber in Egypt. The Arab was impaled, and the iron spike was shown *still sticking in the spine*! I do not know whether this hideous object is still to be seen, for I have not lately visited the apartment; but, if existing still, it ought to remain no longer in a museum of science. Of course, the assassin deserved death; but, in all probability, the murder which made him guilty, was of the same order as that which made Charlotte Corday famous. How many of his

countrymen had died by the soldiery of France! In the eye of Christianity, this is no palliation; though in the eye of Mahometanism it might constitute a patriot and a hero. At all events, so frightful a spectacle ought *not* to meet the public eye.

Hôtel des Invalides.—The depository of all that remains of Napoleon, the monument of almost two hundred years of war, and the burial-place of a whole host of celebrated names, is well worth the visit of strangers; and I entered the esplanade of the famous *hôtel* with due veneration, and some slight curiosity to see the changes of time. I had visited this noble pile immediately after the fall of Napoleon, and while it still retained the honours of an imperial edifice. Its courts now appeared to me comparatively desolate; this, however, may be accounted for by the cessation of those wars which peopled them with military mutilation. The establishment was calculated to provide for five thousand men; and, at that period, probably, it was always full. At present, scarcely more than half the number are under its roof; and, as even the Algerine war is reduced to skirmishes with the mountaineers of the Atlas, that number must be further diminishing from year to year.

The Cupola then shone with gilding. This was the work of Napoleon, who had a stately eye for the ornament of his imperial city. The cupola of the Invalides thus glittered above all the roofs of Paris, and was seen glittering to an immense distance. It might be taken for the dedication of the French capital to the genius of War. This gilding is now worn off practically, as well as metaphorically, and the *prestige* is lost.

The celebrated Edmund Burke, all whose ideas were grand, is said to have proposed gilding the cupola of St Paul's, which certainly would have been a splendid sight, and would have thrown a look of stateliness over that city to which the ends of the earth turn their eyes. But the civic spirit was not equal to the idea, and it has since gone on lavishing ten times the money on the embellishment of *lanes*.

The Chapel of the Invalides looked gloomy, and even neglected; the great

Magician was gone. Some service was performing, as it is in the Romish chapels at most hours of the day: some poor people were kneeling in different parts of the area; and some strangers were, like myself, wandering along the nave, looking at the monuments to the fallen military names of France. On the pillars in the nave are inscriptions to the memory of Jourdan, Lobau, and Oudinot. There is a bronze tablet to the memory of Marshal Mortier, who was killed by Fieschi's infernal machine, beside Louis Philippe; and to Damremont, who fell in Algiers.

But the chapel is destined to exhibit a more superb instance of national recollection—the tomb of Napoleon, which is to be finished in 1852. A large circular crypt, dug in the centre of the second chapel (which is to be united with the first,) is the site of the sarcophagus in which the remains of Napoleon lie. Coryatides, columns, and bas-reliefs, commemorative of his battles, are to surround the sarcophagus. The coryatides are to represent War, Legislation, Art, and Science; and in front is to be raised an altar of black marble. The architect is Visconti, and the best statuaries in Paris are to contribute the decorations. The expense will be enormous. In the time of Louis Philippe it had already amounted to nearly four millions of francs. About three millions more are now demanded for the completion, including an equestrian statue. On the whole, the expense will be not much less than seven millions of francs!

The original folly of the nation, and of Napoleon, in plundering the Continent of statues and pictures, inevitably led to retribution, on the first reverse of fortune. The plunder of money, or of arms, or of anything consumable, would have been exempt from this mortification; but pictures and statues are permanent things, and always capable of being redemanded. Their plunder was an extension of the law of spoil unknown in European hostilities, or in history, except perhaps in the old Roman ravage of Greece. Napoleon, in adopting the practice of heathenism for his model, and the French nation—in their assumed love of the arts

violating the sanctities of art, by removing the noblest works from the edifices for which they were created, and from the lights and positions for which the great artists of Italy designed them—fully deserved the vexation of seeing them thus carried back to their original cities. The moral will, it is to be presumed, be learned from this signal example, that the works of genius are *naturally* exempt from the sweep of plunder; that even the violences of war must not be extended beyond the necessities of conquest; and that an act of injustice is *sure* to bring down its punishment in the most painful form of retribution.

The Artesian Well.—Near the Hôtel des Invalides is the celebrated well which has given the name to all the modern experiments of boring to great depths for water. The name of Artesian is said to be taken from the province of Artois, in which the practice has been long known. The want of water in Paris induced a M. Mulot to commence the work in 1834.

The history of the process is instructive. For six years there was no prospect of success; yet M. Mulot gallantly persevered. All was inexorable chalk; the boring instrument had broken several times, and the difficulty thus occasioned may be imagined from its requiring a length of thirteen hundred feet! even in an early period of the operation. However, early in 1841 the chalk gave signs of change, and a greenish sand was drawn up. On the 26th of February this was followed by a slight effusion of water, and before night the stream burst up to the mouth of the excavation, which was now eighteen hundred feet in depth. Yet the water rapidly rose to a height of one hundred and twelve feet above the mouth of the well by a pipe, which is now supported by scaffolding, giving about six hundred gallons of water a minute.

Even the memorable experiment confutes, so far as it goes, the geological notion of strata laid under each other in their proportions of gravity. The section of the boring shows chalk, sand, gravel, shells, &c., and this order sometimes reversed, in the most casual manner, down to a depth five times the height of the cupola of the Invalides.

The heat of the water was 83° of Fahrenheit. In the theories with which the philosophers of the Continent have to feed their imaginations is that of a *central fire*, which is felt through all the strata, and which warms everything in proportion to its nearness to the centre. Thus, it was proposed to dig an Artesian well of three thousand feet, for the supply of hot water to the Jardin des Plantes and the neighbouring hospitals. It was supposed that, at this depth, the heat would range to upwards of 100° of Fahrenheit. But nothing has been done. Even the Well of Grenelle has rather disappointed the public expectation; of late the supply has been less constant, and the boring is to be renewed to a depth of two thousand feet.

The Napoleon Column.—This is the grand feature of the Place de Vendôme, once the site of the Hôtel Vendôme, built by the son of Henry IV. and Gabrielle d'Estrées; afterwards pulled down by Louis XIV., afterwards abandoned to the citizens, and afterwards surrounded, as it is at this day, with the formal and heavy architecture of Mansard. The "Place" has, like everything in Paris, changed its name from time to time. It was once the "Place des Conquêtes;" then it changed to "Louis le Grand;" and then it returned to the name of its original proprietor. An old figure of the "Great King," in all the glories of wig and feathers, stood in the centre, till justice and the rabble of the Revolution broke it down, in the first "energies" of Republicanism. But the German campaign of 1805 put all the nation in good humour, and the Napoleon Column was raised on the site of the dilapidated *monarch*.

The design of the column is not original, for it is taken from the Trajan Column at Rome; but it is enlarged, and makes a very handsome object. When I first saw it, its decorations were in peril; for the Austrian soldiery were loud for its demolition, or at least for stripping off its bronze bas-reliefs, they representing their successive defeats in that ignominious campaign which, in three months from Boulogne, finished by the capture of Vienna. The Austrian

troops, however, stoutly retrieved their disasters, and, as the proof, were then masters of Paris. It was possibly this effective feeling that prevailed at last to spare the column, which the practice of the French armies would have entitled them to strip without mercy.

In the first instance, a statue of Napoleon, as emperor, stood on the summit of the pillar. This statue had its revolutions too, for it was melted down at the restoration of the Bourbons, to make a part of the equestrian statue of Henry IV. erected on the Pont Neuf. A *fleur-de-lis* and flagstaff then took its place. The Revolution of 1830, which elevated Louis Philippe to a temporary throne, raised the statue of Napoleon to an elevation perhaps as temporary.

It was the shortsighted policy of the new monarch to mingle royal power with "republican institutions." He thus introduced the tricolor once more, sent for Napoleon's remains to St Helena by permission of England, and erected his statue in the old "chapeau et redingote gris," the characteristics of his soldiery. The statue was inaugurated on one of the "three glorious days," in July 1833, in all the pomp of royalty,—princes, ministers, and troops. So much for the consistency of a brother of the Bourbon. The pageant passed away, and the sacrifice to popularity was made without obtaining the fruits. Louis Philippe disappeared from the scene before the fall of the curtain; and, as if to render his catastrophe more complete, he not merely left a republic behind him, but he lived to see the "prisoner of Ham" the president of that republic.

How does it happen that an Englishman in France cannot stir a single step, hear a single word, or see a single face, without the conviction that he has landed among a people as far from him in all their feelings, habits, and nature, as if they were engendered in the moon? The feelings with which the Briton looks on the statue of Buonaparte may be mixed enough: he may acknowledge him for a great soldier, as well as a great knave—a great monarch, as well as a little intriguer—a mighty ruler of men, who would have made an adroit

waiter at a *table d'hôte* in the Palais Royal. But he never would have imagined him into a sentimentalist, a shepherd, a Corydon, to be hung round with pastoral garlands; an opera hero, to delight in the sixpenny tribute of bouquets from the galleries.

Yet I found the image of this man of terror and mystery—this ravager of Europe—this stern, fierce, and subtle master of havoc, decorated like a milliner's shop, or the tombs of the citizen shopkeepers in the cemeteries, with garlands of all sizes!—the large to express copious sorrow, the smaller to express diminished anguish, and the smallest, like a visiting card, for simply leaving their compliments; and all this in the face of the people who once feared to look in his face, and followed his car as if it bore the Thunder!

To this spot came the people to offer up their sixpenny homage—to this spot came processions of all kinds, to declare their republican love for the darkest despot of European memory, to sing a stave, to walk heroically round the railing, hang up their garlands, and then, having done their duty in the presence of their own grisettes, in the face of Paris, and to the admiration of Europe, march home, and ponder upon the glories of the day!

As a work of imperial magnificence, the column is worthy of its founder, and of the only redeeming point of his character—his zeal for the ornament of Paris. It is a monument to the military successes of the Empire; a trophy one hundred and thirty-five feet high, covered with the representations of French victory over the Austrians and Russians in the campaign of 1805. The bas-reliefs are in bronze, rising in a continued spiral round the column. Yet this is an unfortunate sacrifice to the imitation of the Roman column. The spiral, a few feet above the head of the spectator, offers nothing to the eye but a roll of rough bronze; the figures are wholly and necessarily undistinguishable. The only portion of those castings which directly meets the eye is unfortunately given up to the mere uniforms, caps, and arms of the combatants. This is the pedestal,

and it would make a showy decoration for a tailor's window. It is a clever work of the furnace, but a miserable one of invention.

The bronze is said to have been the captured cannon of the enemy. On the massive bronze door is the inscription in Latin:—"Napoleon, Emperor, Augustus, dedicated to the glory of the Grand Army this memorial of the German War, finished in three months, in the year 1805, under his command."

On the summit stands the statue of Napoleon, to which, and its changes, I have adverted already. But the question has arisen, whether there is not an error in taste in placing the statue of an individual at a height which precludes the view of his features. This has been made an objection to the handsome Nelson Pillar in Trafalgar Square. But the obvious answer in both instances is, that the object is not merely the sight of the features, but the perfection of the memorial; that the pillar is the true monument, and the statue only an accessory, though the most suitable accessory. But even then the statue is not altogether inexpressive. We can see the figure and the costume of Napoleon nearly as well as they could be seen from the balcony of the Tuilleries, where all Paris assembled in the Carrousel to worship him on Sundays, at the parade of "La Garde." In the spirited statue of Nelson we can recognise the figure as well as if we were gazing at him within a hundred yards in any other direction. It is true that pillars are not painters' easels, nor is Trafalgar Square a sculptor's yard; but the real question turns on the effect of the whole. If the pillar makes the monument, we will not quarrel with the sculptor for its not making a *miniature*. It answers its purpose—it is a noble one; it gives a national record of great events, and it realises, invigorates, and consecrates them by the images of the men by whom they were achieved.

Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile.—It is no small adventure, in a burning day of a French summer, to walk the length of the Champs Elysées, even to see the arch of the Star, (Napoleon's Star,) and climb to its summit. Yet

this labour I accomplished with the fervour and the fatigue of a pilgrimage.

Why should the name of Republic be ever heard in the mouth of a Frenchman? All the objects of his glory in the Capital of which he *glories*, everything that he can show to the stranger—everything that he recounts, standing on tip-toe, and looking down on the whole world besides—is the work of monarchy! The grand Republic left nothing behind but the guillotine. The Bourbons and Buonapartes were the creators of all to which he points, with an exaltation that throws earth into the shade from the Alps to the Andes. The Louvre, the Madeleine, the Tuilleries, the Hôtel de Ville, (now magnified and renovated into the most stately of town-houses,) the Hôtel des Invalides, Notre Dame, &c. &c. are all the work of Kings. If Napoleon had lived half a century longer, he would have made Paris a second Babylon. If the very clever President, who has hitherto managed France so dexterously, and whose name so curiously combines the monarchy and the despotism,—if Louis *Napoleon* (a name which an old Roman would have pronounced an omen) should manage it into a Monarchy, we shall probably see Paris crowded with superb public edifices.

The kings of France were peculiarly magnificent in the decoration of the entrances to their city. As no power on earth can prevent the French from crowding into hovels, from living ten families in one house, and from appending to their cities the most miserable, ragged, and forlorn-looking suburbs on the globe, the monarchs wisely let the national habits alone; and resolved, if the suburbs must be abandoned to the popular fondness for the wigwam, to impress strangers with the stateliness of their gates. The *Arc de St Denis*, once conducting from the most dismal of suburbs, is one of the finest portals in Paris, or in any European city; it is worthy of the Boulevard, and that is panegyric at once. Every one knows that it was erected in honour of the short-lived inroad of Louis XIV. into Holland in 1672, and the taking of whole muster-rolls

of forts and villages, left at his mercy, ungarrisoned and unprovisioned, by the Republican parsimony of the Dutch, till a princely defender arose, and the young Stadtholder sent back the coxcomb monarch faster than he came. But the Arc is a noble work, and its architecture might well set a redeeming example to the London *improvers*. Why not erect an arch in Southwark? Why not at all the great avenues to the capital? Why not, instead of leaving this task to the caprices, or even to the bad taste of the railway companies, make it a branch of the operations of the Woods and Forests, and ennoble all the entrances of the mightiest capital of earthly empire?

The Arch of St Denis is now shining in all the novelty of reparation, for it was restored so lately as last year. In this quarter, which has been always of a stormy temperature, the insurrection of 1848 raged with especial fury; and if the spirits of the great ever hover about their monuments, Louis XIV. may have seen from its summit a more desperate conflict than ever figured on its bas-reliefs.

On the Arch of the Porte St Martin is a minor monument to minor triumphs, but a handsome one. Louis XIV. is still the hero. The "Grand Monarque" is exhibited as Hercules with his club; but as even a monarch in those days was nothing without his wig, Hercules exhibits a huge mass of curls of the most courtly dimensions—he might pass for the presiding deity of *perruquiers*.

The *Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel*, erected in honour of the German campaign in 1805, is a costly performance, yet poor-looking, from its position in the centre of lofty buildings. What effect can an isolated arch, of but five-and-forty feet high, have in the immediate vicinity of masses of building, perhaps a hundred feet high? Its aspect is consequently meagre; and its being placed in the centre of a court makes it look useless, and, of course, ridiculous. On the summit is a figure of War, or Victory, in a chariot, with four bronze horses—the horses modelled from the four Constantinopolitan horses brought by the French from Venice, as part

of the plunder of that luckless city, but sent back to Venice by the Allies in 1815. The design of the arch was from that of Severus, in Rome: this secured, at least, elegance in its construction; but the position is fatal to dignity.

The *Arc de l'Etoile* is the finest work of the kind in Paris. It has the advantage of being built on an elevation, from which it overlooks the whole city, with no building of any magnitude in its vicinity; and is seen from a considerable distance on all the roads leading to the capital. Its cost was excessive for a work of mere ornament, and is said to have amounted to nearly half a million sterling!

As I stood glancing over the groups on the friezes and faces of this great monument, which exhibit war in every form of conflict, havoc, and victory, the homely thought of "*cui bono?*" struck me irresistibly. Who was the better for all this havoc?—Napoleon, whom it sent to a dungeon! or the miserable thousands and tens of thousands whom it crushed in the field?—or the perhaps more unfortunate hundreds of thousands whom it sent to the hospital, to die the slow death of exhaustion and pain, or to live the protracted life of mutilation? I have no affectation of sentiment at the sight of the soldier's grave; he has but taken his share of the common lot, with perhaps the advantage, which so few men possess, of having "done the state some service." But, to see this vast monument covered with the emblems of hostilities, continued through almost a quarter of a century, (for the groups commence with 1792;) to think of the devastation of the fairest countries of Europe, of which these hostilities were the cause; and to know the utter fruitlessness and failure of the result, the short-lived nature of the triumph, and the frightful depth of the defeat—Napoleon in ignominious bondage and hopeless banishment—Napoleon, after having lorded it over Europe, sent to linger out life on a rock in the centre of the ocean—the leader of military millions kept under the eye of a British sentinel, and no more suffered to stray beyond his bounds than a caged tiger—I felt as if the object before me was less a trophy than a tomb, less a monument of glory than of retribution,

less the record of national triumph than of national frenzy.

I had full liberty for reflection, for there was scarcely a human being to interrupt me. The bustle of the capital did not reach so far, the promenaders in the Champs Elysées did not venture here; the showy equipages of the Parisian "*nouveaux riches*" remained where the crowd was to be seen; and except a few peasants going on their avocations, and a bench full of soldiers, sleeping or smoking away the weariness of the hour, the *Arc de Triomphe*, which had cost so much treasure, and was the record of so much blood, seemed to be totally forgotten. I question, if there had been a decree of the Legislature to sell the stones, whether it would have occasioned more than a paragraph in the *Journal des Debats*.

The ascent to the summit is by a long succession of dark and winding steps, for which a lamp is lighted by the porter; but the view from the parapet repays the trouble of the ascent. The whole basin in which Paris lies is spread out before the eye. The city is seen in the centre of a valley, surrounded on every side by a circle of low hills, sheeted with dark masses of wood. It was probably once the bed of a lake, in which the site of the city was an island. All the suburb villages came within the view, with the fortifications, which to a more scientific eye might appear formidable, but which to mine appeared mere dots in the vast landscape.

This parapet is unhappily sometimes used for other purposes than the indulgence of the spectacle. A short time since, a determined suicide sprang from it, after making a speech to the soldiery below, assigning his reason for this tremendous act—if reason has anything to do in such a desperate determination to defy common sense. He acted with the quietest appearance of deliberation: let himself down on the coping of the battlement, from this made his speech, as if he had been in the tribune; and, having finished it, flung himself down a height of ninety feet, and was in an instant a crushed and lifeless heap on the pavement below.

It is remarkable that, even in these crimes, there exists the distinction which seems to divide France from

England in every better thing. In England, a wretch undone by poverty, broken down by incurable pain, afflicted by the stings of a conscience which she neither knows how to heal nor cares how to cure, woman, helpless, wretched, and desolate, takes her walk under cover of night by the nearest river, and, without a witness, plunges in. But, in France, the last dreadful scene is imperfect without its publicity; the suicide must exhibit before the people. There must be the *valete et plaudite*. The curtain must fall with dramatic effect, and the actor must make his exit with the cries of the audience, in admiration or terror, ringing in the ear.

In other cases, however varied, the passion for publicity is still the same. No man can bear to perish in silence. If the atheist resolves on self-destruction, he writes a treatise for his publisher, or a letter to the journals. If he is a man of science, he takes his laudandum after supper, and, pen in hand, notes the gradual effects of the poison for the benefit of science; or he prepares a fire of charcoal, quietly inhales the vapour, and from his sofa continues to scribble the symptoms of dissolution, until the pen grows unsteady, the brain wanders, and half-a-dozen blots close the scene; the writing, however, being dedicated to posterity, and circulated next day in every journal of Paris, till it finally permeates through the provinces, and from thence through the European world.

The number of suicides in Paris annually, of late years, has been about three hundred,—out of a population of a million, notwithstanding the suppression of the gaming-houses, which unquestionably had a large share in the temptation to this horrible and unattonable crime.

The sculptures on the Arc are in the best style. They form a history of the Consulate and of the Empire. Napoleon, of course, is a prominent figure; but in the fine bas-relief which is peculiarly devoted to himself, in which he stands of colossal size, with Fame flying over his head, History writing the record of his exploits, and Victory crowning him, the artist has left his work liable to the sly sarcasm of a spectator of a

similar design for the statue of Louis XIV. Victory was there holding the laurel at a slight distance from his head. An Englishman asked "whether she was putting it on *or taking it off*?" But another of the sculptures is still more unfortunate, for it has the unintentional effect of commemorating the Allied conquest of France in 1814. A young Frenchman is seen defending his family; and a soldier behind him is seen falling from his horse, and the Genius of the *future* flutters over them all. We know what that future was.

The building of this noble memorial occupied, at intervals, no less than thirty years, beginning in 1806, when Napoleon issued a decree for its erection. The invasion in 1814 put a stop to everything in France, and the building was suspended. The fruitless and foolish campaign of the Duc d'Angoulême, in Spain, was regarded by the Bourbons as a title to national glories, and the building was resumed as a trophy to the renown of the Duc. It was again interrupted by the expulsion of the Bourbons in 1830; but was resumed under Louis Philippe, and finished in 1836. It is altogether a very stately and very handsome tribute to the French armies.

But, without affecting unnecessary severity of remark, may not the wisdom of such a tribute be justly doubted? The Romans, though the principle of their power was conquest, and though their security was almost incompatible with peace, yet are said to have never repaired a triumphal arch. It is true that they built those arches (in the latter period of the Empire) so solidly as to want no repairs. But we have *no* triumphal monuments of the Republic surviving. Why should it be the constant policy of Continental governments to pamper their people with the food of that most dangerous and diseased of all vanities, the passion for war? And this is not said in the declamatory spirit of the "Peace Congress," which seems to be nothing more than a pretext for a Continental ramble, an expedient for a little vulgar notoriety among foreigners, and an opportunity of getting rid of the greatest quantity of common-place in the shortest time. But, why should not France learn

common sense from the experience of England? It is calculated that, of the last five hundred years of French history, two hundred and fifty have been spent in hostilities. In consequence, France has been invaded, trampled, and impoverished by war; while England, during the last three hundred years, has never seen the foot of a foreign invader.

Let the people of France abolish the *Conscription*, and they will have made one advance to liberty. Till cabinets are deprived of that material of *aggressive* war, they will leave war at the caprice of a weak monarch, an ambitious minister, or a vainglorious people. It is remarkable that, among all the attempts at reforming the constitution of France, her reformers have never touched upon the ulcer of the land, the *Conscription*, the legacy of a frantic Republic, taking the children of the country from their industry, to plunge them into the vices of idleness or the havoc of war, and at all times to furnish the means, as well as afford the temptation, to aggressive war. There is not at this hour a soldier of England who has been *forced* into the service! Let the French, let all the Continental nations, abolish the *Conscription*, thus depriving their governments of the means of making war upon each other; and what an infinite security would not this illustrious abolition give to the whole of Europe!—what an infinite saving in the taxes which are now wrung from nations by the fear of each other!—and what an infinite triumph to the spirit of peace, industry, and mutual good-will!

The Theatres.—In the evening I wandered along the Boulevard, the great centre of the theatres, and was surprised at the crowds which, in a hot summer night, could venture to be stewed alive, amid the smell of lamps, the effluvia of orange-peel, the glare of lights, and the breathing of hundreds or thousands of human beings. I preferred the fresh air, the lively movement of the Boulevard, the glitter of the Cafés, and the glow, then tempered, of the declining sun—one of the prettiest moving panoramas of Paris.

The French Government take a great interest in the popularity of the

theatres, and exert that species of superintendence which is implied in a considerable supply of the theatrical expenditure. The French Opera receives annually from the National Treasury no less than 750,000 francs, besides 180,000 for retiring pensions. To the Théâtre Français, the allowance from the Treasury is 240,000 francs a-year. To the Italian Opera the sum granted was formerly 70,000, but is now 50,000. Allowances are made to the Opera Comique, a most amusing theatre, to the Odeon, and perhaps to some others—the whole demanding of the budget a sum of more than a million of francs.

It is curious that the drama in France began with the clergy. In the time of Charles VI., a company, named "*Confrères de la Passion*," performed plays founded on the events of Scripture, though grossly disfigured by the traditions of Monachism. The originals were probably the "*Mysteries*," or plays in the Convents, a species of absurd and fantastic representation common in all Popish countries. At length the life of Manners was added to the life of Superstition, and singers and grimacers were added to the "*Confrères*."

In the sixteenth century an Italian company appeared in Paris, and brought with them their opera, the invention of the Florentines fifty years before. The cessation of the civil wars allowed France for a while to cultivate the arts of peace; and Richelieu, a man who, if it could be said of any statesman that he formed the mind of the nation, impressed his image and superscription upon his country, gave the highest encouragement to the drama by making it the fashion. He even wrote, or assisted in writing, popular dramas. Corneille now began to flourish, and French Tragedy was established.

Mazarin, when minister, and, like Richelieu, master of the nation, invited or admitted the Italian Opera once more into France; and Molière, at the head of a new company, obtained leave to perform before Louis XIV., who thenceforth patronised the great comic writer, and gave his company a theatre. The Tragedy, Comedy, and Opera of France now led the way in Europe.

In France, the Great Revolution, while it multiplied the theatres with the natural extravagance of the time, yet, by a consequence equally inevitable, degraded the taste of the nation. For a long period the legitimate drama was almost extinguished: it was unexciting to a people trained day by day to revolutionary convulsion; the pageants on the stage were tame to the processions in the streets; and the struggles of kings and nobles were ridiculous to the men who had been employed in destroying a dynasty.

Napoleon at once perceived the evil, and adopted the only remedy. He found no less than *thirty* theatres in Paris. He was not a man to pause where he saw his way clearly before him; he closed twenty-two of those theatres, leaving but eight, and those chiefly of the old establishments, making a species of compensation to the closed houses.

On the return of the Bourbons the civil list, as in the old times, assisted in the support of the theatres. On the accession of Louis Philippe, the popular triumph infused its extravagance even into the system of the drama. The number of the theatres increased, and a succession of writers of the "New School" filled the theatres with abomination. Gallantry became the *spirit* of the drama—everything before the scene was intrigue; married life was the perpetual burlesque. Wives were the habitual heroines of the intrigue, and husbands the habitual dupes! To keep faith with a husband was a standing jest on the stage, to keep it with a seducer was the height of human character. The former was always described as brutal, gross, dull, and born to be duped; the latter was captivating, generous, and irresistible by any matron alive. In fact, wives and widows were made for nothing else but to give way to the fascinations of this class of professors of the arts of "good society." The captivator was substantially described as a scoundrel, a gambler, and a vagabond of the basest kind, but withal so honourable, so tender, and so susceptible, that his atrocities disappeared, or rather were transmuted into virtues, by the brilliancy of his qualifications for seducing

the wife of his friend. Perjury, profligacy, and the betrayal of confidence in the most essential tie of human nature, were supreme in popularity in the Novel and on the Stage.

The direct consequence is, that the crime of adultery is lightly considered in France; even the pure speak of it without the abhorrence which, for every reason, it deserves. Its notoriety is rather thought of as an anecdote of the day, or the gossiping of the soirées; and the most acknowledged licentiousness does not exclude a man of a certain rank from general reception in good society.

One thing may be observed on the most casual intercourse with Frenchmen—that the vices which, in our country, create disgust and offence in grave society, and laughter and levity in the more careless, seldom produce either the one or the other in France. The topic is alluded to with neither a frown nor a smile; it is treated, in general, as a matter of course, either too natural to deserve censure, or too common to excite ridicule. It is seldom peculiarly alluded to, for the general conversation of "Good Society" is decorous; but to denounce it would be unmannered. The result is an extent of illegitimacy enough to corrupt the whole rising population. By the registers of 1848, of 30,000 children born in Paris in that year, there were 10,000 illegitimate, of which but 1700 were acknowledged by their parents!

The theatrical profession forms an important element in the population. The actors and actresses amount to about 5000. In England they are probably not as many hundreds. And though the French population is 35,000,000, while Great Britain has little more than twenty, yet the disproportion is enormous, and forms a characteristic difference of the two countries. The persons occupied in the "working" of the theatrical system amount perhaps to 10,000, and the families dependent on the whole form a very large and very influential class among the general orders of society.

But if the Treasury assists in their general support, it compels them to pay eight per cent of their receipts as a contribution to the hospitals.

This sum averages annually a million of francs, or £40,000 sterling.

In England we might learn something from the theatrical regulations of France. The trampling of our crowds at the doors of theatres, the occasional losses of life and limb, and the general inconvenience and confusion of the entrance on crowded nights, might be avoided by the mere adoption of French *order*.

But why should not higher objects be held in view? The drama is a public necessity; the people will have it, whether good or bad. Why should not Government offer prizes to the best drama, tragic or comic? Why should the most distinguished work of poetic genius find no encouragement from the Government of a nation boasting of its love of letters? Why shall that encouragement be left to the caprice of managers, to the finances of struggling establishments, or to the tastes of theatres, forced by their poverty to pander to the rabble. Why should not the mischievous performances of those theatres be put down, and dramas, founded on the higher principles of our nature, be the instruments of putting them down? Why should not heroism, honour, and patriotism, be taught on the national stage, as well as the triumphs of the highroad, laxity among the higher ranks, and vice among all? The drama has been charged with corruption. Is that corruption essential? It has been charged with being a *nucleus* of the loose principles, as its places of representation have been haunted by the loose characters, of society. But what are these but excrescences, generated by the carelessness of society, by the indolence of magistracy, and by the general misconception of the real purposes and possible power of the stage? That power is magnificent. It takes human nature in her most *impressible* form, in the time of the glowing heart and the ready tear, of the senses animated by scenery, melted by music, and spelled by the living realities of representation. Why should not impressions be made in that hour which the man

would carry with him through all the contingencies of life, and which would throw a light on every period of his being?

The conditions of recompense to authors in France make *some* advance to justice. The author of a Drama is entitled to a profit on its performance in every theatre of France during his life, with a continuance for ten years after to his heirs. For a piece of three or five acts, the remuneration is *one twelfth part* of the gross receipts, and for a piece in one act, one twenty-fourth. A similar compensation has been adopted in the English theatre, but seems to have become completely nugatory, from the managers' purchasing the author's rights—the transaction here being made a private one, and the remuneration being at the mercy of the manager. But in France it is a public matter, an affair of law, and looked to by an agent in Paris, who registers the performance of the piece at all the theatres in the city, and in the provinces.

Still, this is injustice. Why should the labour of the intellect be less permanent than the labour of the hands? Why should not the author be entitled to make his full demand instead of this pittance? If his play is worth acting, why is it not worth paying for?—and why should he be prohibited from having the fruit of his brain as an inheritance to his family, as well as the fruit of any other toil?

If, instead of being a man of genius, delighting and elevating the mind of a nation, he were a blacksmith, he might leave his tools and his trade to his children without any limit; or if, with the produce of his play, he purchased a cow, or a cabin, no man could lay a claim upon either. But he must be taxed for being a man of talent; and men of no talent must be entitled, by an absurd law and a palpable injustice, to tear the fruit of his intellectual supremacy from his children after ten short years of possession.

No man leaves Paris without regret, and without a wish for the liberty and peace of its people.

MR RUSKIN'S WORKS.

ON the publication of the first volume of Mr Ruskin's work on *Modern Painters*, a notice appeared of it in this Magazine. Since that time a second volume has been published of the same work, with two other works on architecture. It is the second volume of his *Modern Painters* which will at present chiefly engage our attention. His architectural works can only receive a slight and casual notice; on some future occasion they may tempt us into a fuller examination.

Although the second volume of the *Modern Painters* will be the immediate subject of our review, we must permit ourselves to glance back upon the first, in order to connect together the topics treated by the two, and to prevent our paper from wearing quite the aspect of a metaphysical essay; for it is the nature of the sentiment of the beautiful, and its sources in the human mind, which is the main subject of this second volume. In the first, he had entered at once into the arena of criticism, elevating the modern artists, and one amongst them in particular, at the expense of the old masters, who, with some few exceptions, find themselves very rudely handled.

As we have already intimated, we do not hold Mr Ruskin to be a safe guide in matters of art, and the present volume demonstrates that he is no safe guide in matters of philosophy. He is a man of undoubted power and vigour of mind; he feels strongly, and he thinks independently: but he is hasty and impetuous; can very rarely, on any subject, deliver a calm and temperate judgment; and, when he enters on the discussion of general principles, shows an utter inability to seize on, or to appreciate, the wide generalisations of philosophy. He is not, therefore, one of those men who can ever become an authority to be appealed to by the less instructed in any of the fine arts, or on any topic

whatever; and this we say with the utmost confidence, because, although we may be unable in many cases to dispute his judgment—as where he speaks of paintings we have not seen, or technicalities of art we do not affect to understand—yet he so frequently stands forth on the broad arena where general and familiar principles are discussed, that it is utterly impossible to be mistaken in *the man*. On all these occasions he displays a very marked and rather peculiar combination of power and weakness—of power, the result of natural strength of mind; of weakness, the inevitable consequence of a passionate haste, and an overweening confidence. When we hear a person of this intellectual character throwing all but unmitigated abuse upon works which men have long consented to admire, and lavishing upon some other works encomiums which no conceivable perfection of human art could justify, it is utterly impossible to attach any weight to his opinion, on the ground that he has made an especial study of any one branch of art. Such a man we cannot trust out of our sight a moment; we cannot give him one inch of ground more than his reasoning covers, or our own experience would grant to him.

We shall not here revive the controversy on the comparative merits of the ancient and modern landscape-painters, nor on the later productions of Mr Turner, whether they are the eccentricities of genius or its fullest development; we have said enough on these subjects before. It is Mr Ruskin's book, and not the pictures of Claude or Turner, that we have to criticise; it is his style, and his manner of thinking, that we have to pass judgment on.

In all Mr Ruskin's works, and in almost every page of them, whether on painting, or architecture, or philosophy, or ecclesiastical controversy, two characteristics invariably prevail:

Modern Painters, vol. i. Second edition.—*Modern Painters*, vol. ii.—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture*.—*The Stones of Venice*.—*Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds*. By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A.

an extreme dogmatism, and a passion for singularity. Every man who thinks earnestly would convert all the world to his own opinions; but while Mr Ruskin would convert all the world to his own tastes as well as opinions, he manifests the greatest repugnance to think for a moment like any one else. He has a mortal aversion to mingle with a crowd. It is quite enough for an opinion to be commonplace to insure it his contempt: if it has passed out of fashion, he may revive it; but to think with the existing multitude would be impossible. Yet that multitude are to link with him. He is as bent on unity in matters of taste as others are on unity in matters of religion; and he sets the example by diverging, wherever he can, from the tastes of others.

Between these two characteristics there is no real contradiction; or rather the contradiction is quite familiar. The man who most affects singularity is generally the most dogmatic: he is the very man who expresses most surprise that others should differ from him. No one is so impatient of contradiction as he who is perpetually contradicting others; and on the gravest matters of religion those are often found to be most zealous for unity of belief who have some pet heresy of their own, for which they are battling all their lives. The same overweening confidence lies, in fact, at the basis of both these characteristics. In Mr Ruskin they are both seen in great force. No matter what the subject he discusses,—taste or ecclesiastical government—we always find the same combination of singularity, with a dogmatism approaching to intolerance. Thus, the Ionic pillar is universally admired. Mr Ruskin finds that the fluted shaft gives an appearance of weakness. No one ever felt this, so long as the fluted column is manifestly of sufficient diameter to sustain the weight imposed on it. But this objection of apparent insecurity has been very commonly made to the spiral or twisted column. Here, therefore, Mr Ruskin abruptly dismisses the objection. He was at liberty to defend the spiral column: we should say here, also, that if the weight imposed

was evidently not too great for even a spiral column to support, *this* objection has no place; but why cast the same objection, (which perhaps in all cases was a mere after-thought) against the Ionic shaft, when it had never been felt at all? It has been a general remark, that, amongst other results of the railway, it has given a new field to the architect, as well as to the engineer. Therefore Mr Ruskin resolves that our railroad stations ought to have no architecture at all. Of course, if he limited his objections to inappropriate ornament, he would be agreeing with all the world: he decides there should be no architecture whatever; merely buildings more or less spacious, to protect men and goods from the weather. He has never been so unfortunate, we

suppose, as to come an hour too soon, or the unlucky five minutes too late, to a railway station, or he would have been glad enough to find himself in something better than the large shed he proposes. On the grave subject of ecclesiastical government he has stepped forward into controversy; and here he shows both his usual propensities in *high relief*. He has some quite peculiar projects of his own; the appointment of some hundreds of bishops—we know not what—and a Church discipline to be carried out by trial by jury. Desirable or not, they are manifestly as impracticable as the revival of chivalry. But let that pass. Let every man think and propose his best. But his dogmatism amounts to a disease, when, turning from his own novelties, he can speak in the flippant intolerant manner that he does of the national and now time-honoured Church of Scotland.

It will be worth while to make, in passing, a single quotation from this pamphlet, *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds*. He tells us, in one place, that in the New Testament the ministers of the Church "are called, and call themselves, with absolute indifference, Deacons, Bishops, Elders, Evangelists, according to what they are doing at the time of speaking." With such a writer one might, at all events, have hoped to live in peace. But no. He discovers, nevertheless, that Episcopacy is the Scriptural form

of Church government; and, having satisfied his own mind of this, no opposition or diversity of opinion is for a moment to be tolerated.

"But how," he says, "unite the two great sects of paralysed Protestants! By keeping simply to Scripture. *The members of the Scottish Church have not a shadow of excuse for refusing Episcopacy*: it has indeed been abused among them, grievously abused; but it is in the Bible, and that is all they have a right to ask.

"*They have also no shadow of excuse for refusing to employ a written form of prayer.* It may not be to their taste—it may not be the way in which they like to pray; but it is no question, at present, of likes or dislikes, but of duties; and the acceptance of such a form on their part would go half way to reconcile them with their brethren. Let them allege such objections as they can reasonably advance against the English form, and let these be carefully and humbly weighed by the pastors of both Churches: some of them ought to be at once forestalled. For the English Church, on the other hand, *must,*" &c.

Into Mr Ruskin's own religious tenets, further than he has chosen to reveal them in his works, we have no wish to pry. But he must cease to Mr Ruskin if they do not exhibit some salient peculiarity, coupled with a confidence, unusual even amongst zealots, that his peculiar views will speedily triumph. If he can be presumed to belong to any sect, it must be the last and smallest one amongst us—some sect as exclusive as German mysticism, with pretensions as great as those of the Church of Rome.

One word on the style of Mr Ruskin: it will save the trouble of alluding to it on particular occasions. It is very unequal. In both his architectural works he writes generally with great ease, spirit, and clearness. There is a racy vigour in the page. But when he would be very eloquent, as he is disposed to be in the *Modern Painters*, he becomes very verbose, tedious, obscure, extravagant. There is no discipline in his style, no moderation, no repose. Those qualities which he has known how to praise in art he has not aimed at in his own writing. A rank luxuriance of a semi-poetical diction lies about, perfectly unrestrained; meta-

phorical language comes before us in every species of disorder; and hyperbolic expressions are used till they become commonplace. Verbal criticism he would probably look upon as a very puerile business: he need fear nothing of the kind from us; we should as soon think of criticising or pruning a jungle. To add to the confusion, he appears at times to have proposed to himself the imitation of some of our older writers: pages are written in the rhythm of Jeremy Taylor; sometimes it is the venerable Hooker who seems to be his type; and he has even succeeded in combining whatever is most tedious and prolix in both these great writers. If the reader wishes a specimen of this sort of *modern antique*, he may turn to the fifteenth chapter of the second volume of the *Modern Painters*.

Coupled with this matter of style, and almost inseparable from it, is the violence of his manner on subjects which cannot possibly justify so vehement a zeal. We like a generous enthusiasm on any art—we delight in it; but who can travel in sympathy with a writer who exhausts on so much paint and canvases every term of rapture that the Alps themselves could have called forth? One need not be a utilitarian philosopher—or what Mr Ruskin describes as such—to smile at the lofty position on which he puts the landscape-painter, and the egregious and impossible demands he makes upon the art itself. And the condemnation and opprobrium with which he overwhelms the luckless artist who has offended him is quite as violent. The bough of a tree, "in the left hand upper corner" of a landscape of Poussin's, calls forth this terrible denunciation:—

"This latter is a representation of an ornamental group of elephants' tusks, with feathers tied to the ends of them. Not the wildest imagination could ever conjure up in it the remotest resemblance to the bough of a tree. It might be the claws of a witch—the talons of an eagle—the horns of a fiend; but it is a full assemblage of every conceivable falsehood which can be told respecting foliage—a piece of work so barbarous in every way that one glance at it ought to prove the complete charlatanism and trickery of the whole system of the old landscape-painters. . . . I will say here at once, that such

drawing as this is as ugly as it is childish, and as painful as it is false; and that the man who could tolerate, much more, who could deliberately set down such a thing on his canvass, *had neither eye nor feeling for one single attribute or excellence of God's works.* He might have drawn the other stem in excusable ignorance, or under some false impression of being able to improve upon nature, but this is conclusive and unpardonable."—(P. 382.)

The great redeeming quality of Mr Ruskin—and we wish to give it conspicuous and honourable mention—is his love of nature. Here lies the charm of his works; to this may be traced whatever virtue is in them, or whatever utility they may possess. They will send the painter more than ever to the study of nature, and perhaps they will have a still more beneficial effect on the art, by sending the critic of painting to the same school. It would be almost an insult to the landscape-painter to suppose that he needed this lesson; the very love of his art must lead him perpetually, one would think, to his great and delightful study amongst the fields, under the open skies, before the rivers and the hills. But the critic of the picture-gallery is often one who goes from picture to picture, and very little from nature to the painting. Consequently, where an artist succeeds in imitating some effect in nature which had not been before represented on the canvass, such a critic is more likely to be displeased than gratified; and the artist, having to paint for a conventional taste, is in danger of sacrificing to it his own higher aspirations. Now it is most true that no man should pretend to be a critic upon pictures unless he understands the art itself of painting; he ought, we suspect, to have handled the pencil or the brush himself; at all events, he ought in some way to have been initiated into the mysteries of the pallet and the easel. Otherwise, not knowing the difficulties to be overcome, nor the means at hand for encountering them, he cannot possibly estimate the degree of merit due to the artist for the production of this or that effect. He may be loud in applause where nothing has been displayed but the old traditions of the art. But still this is only one-half the knowledge he ought to pos-

sess. He ought to have studied nature, and to have loved the study, or he can never estimate, and never feel, that *truth* of effect which is the great aim of the artist. Mr Ruskin's works will help to shame out of the field all such half-informed and conventional criticism, the mere connoisseurship of the picture gallery. On the other hand, they will train men who have always been delighted spectators of nature to be also attentive observers. Our critics will learn how to admire, and mere admirers will learn how to criticise. Thus a public will be educated; and here, if anywhere, we may confidently assert that the art will prosper in proportion as there is an intelligent public to reward it.

We like that bold enterprise of Mr Ruskin's which distinguishes the first volume, that daring enumeration of the great palpable facts of nature—the sky, the sea, the earth, the foliage—which the painter has to represent. His descriptions are often made indistinct by a multitude of words; but there is light in the haze—there is a genuine love of nature felt through them. This is almost the only point of sympathy we feel with Mr Ruskin; it is the only hold his volumes have had over us whilst perusing them; we may be, therefore, excused if we present here to our readers a specimen or two of his happier descriptions of nature. We will give them *the Cloud* and *the Torrent*. They will confess that, after reading Mr Ruskin's description of the clouds, their first feeling will be an irresistible impulse to throw open the window, and look upon them again as they roll through the sky. The torrent may not be so near at hand, to make renewed acquaintance with. We must premise that he has been enforcing his favourite precept, the minute, and faithful, and perpetual study of nature. He very justly scents the absurd idea that trees and rocks and clouds are, under any circumstances, to be *generalised*—so that a tree is not to stand for an oak or a poplar, a birch or an elm, but for a *general tree*. If a tree is at so great a distance that you cannot distinguish what it is, as you cannot paint more than you see, you must paint it indistinctly. But to make a purposed indistinctness where the kind of tree

would be very plainly seen is a manifest absurdity. So, too, the forms of clouds should be studied, and as much as possible taken from nature, and not certain *general clouds* substituted at the artist's pleasure.

"But it is not the outline only which is thus systematically false. The drawing of the solid form is worse still; for it is to be remembered that, although clouds of course arrange themselves more or less into broad masses, with a light side and a dark side, both their light and shade are invariably composed of a series of divided masses, each of which has in its outline as much variety and character as the great outline of the cloud; presenting, therefore, a thousand times repeated, all that I have described as the general form. Nor are these multitudinous divisions a truth of slight importance in the character of sky, for they are dependent on, and illustrative of, a quality which is usually in a great degree overlooked—the enormous retiring spaces of solid clouds. Between the illumined edge of a heaped cloud and that part of its body which turns into shadow, there will generally be a clear distance of several miles—more or less, of course, according to the general size of the cloud; but in such large masses as Poussin and others of the old masters, which occupy the fourth or fifth of the visible sky, the clear illumined breadth of vapour, from the edge to the shadow, involves at least a distance of five or six miles. We are little apt, in watching the changes of a mountainous range of cloud, to reflect that the masses of vapour which compose it are huger and higher than any mountain-range of the earth; and the distances between mass and mass are not yards of air, traversed in an instant by the flying form, but valleys of changing atmosphere leagues over; that the slow motion of ascending curves, which we can scarcely trace, is a boiling energy of exulting vapour rushing into the heaven a thousand feet in a minute; and that the topling angle, whose sharp edge almost escapes notice in the multitudinous forms around it, is a nodding precipice of storms, three thousand feet from base to summit. It is not until we have actually compared the forms of the sky with the hill-ranges of the earth, and seen the soaring alp overtopped and buried in one surge of the sky, that we begin to conceive or appreciate the colossal scale of the phenomena of the latter. But of this there can be no doubt in the mind of any one accustomed to trace the forms of cloud among hill-ranges—as it is there a demonstrable and evident fact—that the

space of vapour visibly extended over an ordinarily clouded sky is not less, from the point nearest to the observer to the horizon, than twenty leagues; that the size of every mass of separate form, if it be at all largely divided, is to be expressed in terms of *miles*; and that every boiling heap of illumined mist in the nearer sky is an enormous mountain, fifteen or twenty thousand feet in height, six or seven miles over in illumined surface, furrowed by a thousand colossal ravines, torn by local tempests into peaks and promontories, and changing its features with the majestic velocity of a volcano."—(Vol. i. p. 228.)

The forms of clouds, it seems, are worth studying: after reading this, no landscape-painter will be disposed, with hasty slight invention, to sketch in these "*mountains*" of the sky. Here is his description, or part of it, first of falling, then of running water. With the incidental criticism upon painters we are not at present concerned:—

"A little crumbling white or lightly-rubbed paper will soon give the effect of indiscriminate foam; but nature gives more than foam—she shows beneath it, and through it, a peculiar character of exquisitely studied form, bestowed on every wave and line of fall; and it is this variety of definite character which Turner always aims at, rejecting as much as possible everything that conceals or overwhelms it. Thus, in the Upper Fall of the Tees, though the whole basin of the fall is blue, and dim with the rising vapour, yet the attention of the spectator is chiefly directed to the concentric zones and delicate curves of the falling water itself; and it is impossible to express with what exquisite accuracy these are given. They are the characteristic of a powerful stream descending without impediment or break, but from a narrow channel, so as to expand as it falls. They are the constant form which such a stream assumes as it descends; and yet I think it would be difficult to point to another instance of their being rendered in art. You will find nothing in the waterfalls, even of our best painters, but springing lines of parabolic descent, and splashing and shapeless foam; and, in consequence, though they may make you understand the swiftness of the water, they never let you feel the weight of it: the stream, in their hands, looks *active*, not *supine*, as if it leaped, not as if it fell. Now, water will leap a little way—it will leap down a weir or over a stone—but it *tumbles* over a high fall like this; and it is when

we have lost the parabolic line, and arrived at the catenary—when we have lost the spring of the fall, and arrived at the *plunge* of it—that we begin really to feel its weight and wildness. Where water takes its first leap from the top, it is cool and collected, and uninteresting and mathematical; but it is when it finds that it has got into a scrape, and has further to go than it thought for, that its character comes out; it is then that it begins to writhe and twist, and sweep out, zone after zone, in wilder stretching as it falls, and to send down the rocket-like, lance-pointed, whizzing shafts at its sides sounding for the bottom. And it is this prostration, the hopeless abandonment of its ponderous power to the air, which is always peculiarly expressed by Turner.

“When water, not in very great body, runs in a rocky bed much interrupted by hollows, so that it can rest every now and then in a pool as it goes along, it does not acquire a continuous velocity of motion. It pauses after every leap, and curdles about, and rests a little, and then goes on again; and if, in this comparatively tranquil and rational state of mind, it meets with any obstacle, as a rock or stone, it parts on each side of it with a little bubbling foam, and goes round: if it comes to a step in its bed, it leaps it lightly, and then, after a little splashing at the bottom, stops again to take breath. But if its bed be on a continuous slope, not much interrupted by hollows, so that it cannot rest—or if its own mass be so increased by flood that its usual resting-places are not sufficient for it, but that it is perpetually pushed out of them by the following current before it has had time to tranquillise itself—it of course gains velocity with every yard that it runs; the impetus got at one leap is carried to the credit of the next, until the whole stream becomes one mass of unchecked accelerating motion. Now, when water in this state comes to an obstacle, it does not part at it, but clears it like a race-horse; and when it comes to a hollow, it does not fill it up, and run out leisurely at the other side, but it rushes down into it, and comes up again on the other side, as a ship into the hollow of the sea. Hence the whole appearance of the bed of the stream is changed, and all the lines of the water altered in their nature. The quiet stream is a succession of leaps and pools; the leaps are light and springy and parabolic, and make a great deal of splashing when they tumble into the pool; then we have a space of quiet curdling water, and another similar leap below. But the stream, when it has gained an impetus,

takes the shape of its bed, never stops, is equally deep and equally swift everywhere, goes down into every hollow, not with a leap, but with a swing—not foaming nor splashing, but in the bending line of a strong sea-wave, and comes up again on the other side, over rock and ridge, with the ease of a bounding leopard. If it meet a rock three or four feet above the level of its bed, it will neither part nor foam, nor express any concern about the matter, but clear it in a smooth dome of water without apparent exertion, coming down again as smoothly on the other side, the whole surface of the surge being drawn into parallel lines by its extreme velocity, but foamless, except in places where the form of the bed opposes itself at some direct angle to such a line of fall, and causes a breaker; so that the whole river has the appearance of a deep and raging sea, with this only difference, that the torrent waves always break backwards, and sea-waves forwards. Thus, then, in the water which has gained an impetus, we have the most exquisite arrangement of curved lines, perpetually changing from convex to concave, following every swell and hollow of the bed with their modulating grace, and all in unison of motion, presenting perhaps the most beautiful series of inorganic forms which nature can possibly produce.”—(Vol. i. p. 363.)

It is the object of Mr Ruskin, in his first volume of *Modern Painters*, to show what the artist has to do in his imitation of nature. We have no material controversy to raise with him on this subject; but we cannot help expressing our surprise that he should have thought it necessary to combat, with so much energy, so very primitive a notion that the imitation of the artist partakes of the nature of a *deception*, and that the highest excellence is obtained when the representation of any object is taken for the object itself. We thought this matter had been long ago settled. In a page or two of Quatremère de Quincy's treatise on *Imitation in the Fine Arts*, the reader, if he has still to seek on this subject, will find it very briefly and lucidly treated. The aim of the artist is not to produce such a representation as shall be taken, even for a moment, for a real object. His aim is, by imitating certain qualities or attributes of the object, to reproduce for us those pleasing or elevating impressions which it is the nature of such

qualities or attributes to excite. We have stated very briefly the accepted doctrine on this subject—so generally accepted and understood that Mr Ruskin was under no necessity to avoid the use of the word imitation, as he appears to have done, under the apprehension that it was incurably infected with this notion of an attempted deception. Hardly any reader of his book, even without a word of explanation, would have attached any other meaning to it than what he himself expresses by representation of certain "truths" of nature.

• With respect to the imitations of the landscape-painter, the notion of a deception cannot occur. His trees and rivers cannot be mistaken, for an instant, for real trees and rivers, and certainly not while they stand there in the gilt frame, and the gilt frame itself against the papered wall. His only chance of deception is to get rid of the frame, convert his picture into a transparency, and place it in the space which a window should occupy. In almost all cases, deception is obtained, not by painting well, but by those artifices which disguise that what we see is a painting. At the same time, we are not satisfied with an expression which several writers, we remark, have lately used, and which Mr Ruskin very explicitly adopts. The imitations of the landscape-painter are not a "language" which he uses; they are not mere "signs," analogous to those which the poet or the orator employs. There is no analogy between them. Let us analyse our impressions as we stand before the artist's landscape, not thinking of the artist, or his dexterity, but simply absorbed in the pleasure which he procures us—we do not find ourselves reverting, in imagination, to *other* trees or other rivers than those he has depicted. We certainly do not believe them to be real trees, but neither are they mere signs, or a language to recall such objects; but *what there is of tree there we enjoy*. There is the coolness and the quiet of the shaded avenue, and we feel them; there is the sunlight on that bank, and we feel its cheerfulness; we feel the serenity of his river. He has brought the spirit of the trees around us; the imagination rests in the picture. In other departments of

art the effect is the same. If we stand before a head of Rembrandt or Vandyke, we do not think that it lives; but neither do we think of some other head, of which that is the type. But there is majesty, there is thought, there is calm repose, there is some phase of humanity expressed before us, and we are occupied with so much of human life, or human character, as is then and there given us.

Imitate as many qualities of the real object as you please, but always the highest, never sacrificing a truth of the mind, or the heart, for one only of the sense. Truth, as Mr Ruskin most justly says—truth always. When it is said that truth should not be always expressed, the maxim, if properly understood, resolves into this—that the higher truth is not to be sacrificed to the lower. In a landscape, the gradation of light and shade is a more important truth than the exact brilliancy (supposing it to be attainable,) of any individual object. The painter must calculate what means he has at his disposal for representing this gradation of light, and he must pitch his tone accordingly. Say he pitches it far below reality, he is still in search of truth—of contrast and degree.

Sometimes it may happen that, by rendering one detail faithfully, an artist may give a false impression, simply because he cannot render other details or facts by which it is accompanied in nature. Here, too, he would only sacrifice truth *in the cause of truth*. The admirers of Constable will perhaps dispute the aptness of our illustration. Nevertheless his works appear to us to afford a curious example of a scrupulous accuracy of detail producing a false impression. Constable, looking at foliage under the sunlight, and noting that the leaf, especially after a shower, will reflect so much light that the tree will seem more white than green, determined to paint all the white he saw. Constable could paint white leaves. So far so well. But then these leaves in nature are almost always in motion: they are white at one moment and green the next. We never have the impression of a white leaf; for it is seen playing with the light—its mirror, for one instant, and glancing from it the

next. Constable could not paint motion. He could not imitate this shower of light in the living tree. He must leave his white paint where he has once put it. Other artists before him had seen the same light, but, knowing that they could not bring the breeze into their canvass, they wisely concluded that less white paint than Constable uses would produce a more truthful impression.

But we must no longer be detained from the more immediate task before us. We must now follow Mr Ruskin to his second volume of *Modern Painters*, where he explains his theory of the beautiful; and although this will not be to readers in general the most attractive portion of his writings, and we ourselves have to practise some sort of self-denial in fixing our attention upon it, yet manifestly it is here that we must look for the basis or fundamental principles of all his criticisms in art. The order in which his works have been published was apparently deranged by a generous zeal, which could brook no delay, to defend Mr Turner from the censures of the undiscerning public. If the natural or systematic order had been preserved, the materials of this second volume would have formed the first preliminary treatise, determining those broad principles of taste, or that philosophical theory of the beautiful, on which the whole of the subsequent works were to be modelled. Perhaps this broken and reversed order of publication has not been unfortunate for the success of the author—perhaps it was dimly foreseen to be not altogether impolitic; for the popular ear was gained by the bold and enthusiastic defence of a great painter; and the ear of the public, once caught, may be detained by matter which, in the first instance, would have appealed to it in vain. Whether the effect of chance or design, we may certainly congratulate Mr Ruskin on the fortunate succession, and the fortunate rapidity with which his publications have struck on the public ear. The popular feeling, won by the zeal and intrepidity of the first volume of *Modern Painters*, was no doubt a little tried by the graver discussions of the second. It was soon, however, to be again caught, and pleased by a bold

and agreeable miscellany under the magical name of "The Seven Lamps;" and these Seven Lamps could hardly fail to throw some portion of their pleasant and bewildering light over a certain rudimentary treatise upon building, which was to appear under the title of "The Stones of Venice."

We cannot, however, congratulate Mr Ruskin on the manner in which he has acquitted himself in this arena of philosophical inquiry, nor on the sort of theory of the Beautiful which he has contrived to construct. The least metaphysical of our readers is aware that there is a controversy of long standing upon this subject, between two different schools of philosophy. With the one the beautiful is described as a great "idea" of the reason, or an intellectual intuition, or a simple intuitive perception; different expressions are made use of, but all imply that it is a great primary feeling, or sentiment, or idea of the human mind, and as incapable of further analysis as the idea of space, or the simplest of our sensations. The rival school of theorists maintain, on the contrary, that no sentiment yields more readily to analysis; and that the beautiful, except in those rare cases where the whole charm lies in one sensation, as in that of colour, is a complex sentiment. They describe it as a pleasure resulting from the presence of the visible object, but of which the visible object is only in part the immediate cause. Of a great portion of the pleasure it is merely the vehicle; and they say that blended reminiscences, gathered from every sense, and every human affection, from the softness of touch of an infant's finger to the highest contemplations of a devotional spirit, have contributed, in their turn, to this delightful sentiment.

Mr Ruskin was not bound to belong to either of these schools of philosophy; he was at liberty to construct an eclectic system of his own;—and he has done so. We shall take the precaution, in so delicate a matter, of quoting Mr Ruskin's own words for the exposition of his own theory. Meanwhile, as some clue to the reader, we may venture to say that he agrees with the first of these schools in adopting a primary intuitive sentiment of the beautiful; but then this

primary intuition is only of a sensational or "animal" nature—a subordinate species of the beautiful, which is chiefly valuable as the necessary condition of the higher and truly beautiful; and this last he agrees with the opposite school in regarding as a derived sentiment—derived by contemplating the objects of external nature as types of the Divine attributes. This is a brief summary of the theory; for a fuller exposition we shall have recourse to his own words.

The term *Æsthetic*, which has been applied to this branch of philosophy, Mr Ruskin discards; he offers as a substitute *Theoria*, or *The theoretic Faculty*, the meaning of which he thus explains:—

"I proceed, therefore, first to examine the nature of what I have called the theoretic faculty, and to justify my substitution of the term 'Theoretic' for 'Æsthetic,' which is the one commonly employed with reference to it.

"Now the term 'æsthesis' properly signifies mere sensual perception of the outward qualities and necessary effects of bodies; in which sense only, if we would arrive at any accurate conclusions on this difficult subject, it should always be used. But I wholly deny that the impressions of beauty are in any way sensual;—they are neither sensual nor intellectual, but moral; and for the faculty receiving them, whose difference from mere perception I shall immediately endeavour to explain, no terms can be more accurate or convenient than that employed by the Greeks, 'Theoretic,' which I pray permission, therefore, always to use, and to call the operation of the faculty itself, *Theoria*."—(P. 11.)

We are introduced to a new faculty of the human mind; let us see what new or especial sphere of operation is assigned to it. After some remarks on the superiority of the mere sensual pleasures of the eye and the ear, but particularly of the eye, to those derived from other organs of sense, he continues:—

"Herein, then, we find very sufficient ground for the higher estimation of these delights: first, in their being eternal and inexhaustible; and, secondly, in their being evidently no meaner instrument of life, but an object of life. Now, in whatever is an object of life, in whatever may be infinitely and for itself desired, we may be sure there is something of divine: for

God will not make anything an object of life to his creatures which does not point to, or partake of himself,"—[a bold assertion.] "And so, though we were to regard the pleasures of sight merely as the highest of sensual pleasures, and though they were of rare occurrence—and, when occurring, isolated and imperfect—there would still be a supernatural character about them, owing to their self-sufficiency. But when, instead of being scattered, interrupted, or chance-distributed, they are gathered together and so arranged to enhance each other, as by chance they could not be, there is caused by them, not only a feeling of strong affection towards the object in which they exist, but a perception of purpose and adaptation of it to our desires; a perception, therefore, of the immediate operation of the Intelligence which so formed us and so feeds us.

"Out of what perception arise Joy, Admiration, and Gratitude!

"Now, the mere animal consciousness of the pleasantness I call *Æsthesis*; but the exulting, reverent, and grateful perception of it I call *Theoria*. For this, and this only, is the full comprehension and contemplation of the beautiful as a gift of God; a gift not necessary to our being, but adding to and elevating it, and twofold—first, of the desire; and, secondly, of the thing desired."

We find, then, that in the production of the full sentiment of the beautiful two faculties are employed, or two distinct operations denoted. First, there is the "animal pleasantness which we call *Æsthesis*,"—which sometimes appears confounded with the mere pleasures of sense, but which the whole current of his speculations obliges us to conclude is some separate intuition of a sensational character; and, secondly, there is "the exulting, reverent, and grateful perception of it, which we call *Theoria*," which alone is the truly beautiful, and which it is the function of the Theoretic Faculty to reveal to us. But this new Theoretic Faculty—what can it be but the old faculty of Human Reason, exercised upon the great subject of Divine beneficence?

Mr Ruskin, as we shall see, discovers that external objects are beautiful because they are types of Divine attributes; but he admits, and is solicitous to impress upon our minds, that the "meaning" of these types is "learnt." When, in a subsequent

part of his work, he feels himself pressed by the objection that many celebrated artists, who have shown a vivid appreciation and a great passion for the beautiful, have manifested no peculiar piety, have been rather deficient in spiritual-mindedness, he gives them over to that instinctive sense he has called *Æsthesis*, and says—"It will be remembered that I have, throughout the examination of typical beauty, asserted our instinctive sense of it; the moral *meaning* of it being only discoverable by reflection," (p. 127.) Now, there is no other conceivable manner in which the meaning of the type can be learnt than by the usual exercise of the human reason, detecting traces of the Divine power, and wisdom, and benevolence, in the external world, and then associating with the various objects of the external world the ideas we have thus acquired of the Divine wisdom and goodness. The rapid and habitual regard of certain facts or appearances in the visible world, as types of the attributes of God, *can* be nothing else but one great instance (or class of instances) of that law of association of ideas on which the second school of philosophy we have alluded to so largely insist. And thus, whether Mr Ruskin chooses to acquiesce in it or not, his "*Theoria*" resolves itself into a portion, or fragment, of that theory of association of ideas, to which he declares, and perhaps believes, himself to be violently opposed.

In a very curious manner, therefore, has Mr Ruskin selected his materials from the two rival schools of metaphysics. His *Æsthesis* is an intuitive perception, but of a mere sensual or animal nature—sometimes almost confounded with the mere pleasure of sense, at other times advanced into considerable importance, as where he has to explain the fact that men of very little piety have a very acute perception of beauty. His *Theoria* is, and can be, nothing more than the results of human reason in its highest and noblest exercise, rapidly brought before the mind by a habitual association of ideas. For the lowest element of the beautiful he runs to the school of intuitions;—they will not thank him for the compliment;—for the higher to that analytic school,

and that theory of association of ideas, to which throughout he is ostensibly opposed.

This *Theoria* divides itself into two parts. We shall quote Mr Ruskin's own words, and take care to quote from them passages where he seems most solicitous to be accurate and explanatory:—

"The first thing, then, we have to do," he says, "is accurately to discriminate and define those appearances from which we are about to reason as belonging to beauty, properly so called, and to clear the ground of all the confused ideas and erroneous theories with which the misapprehension or metaphorical use of the term has encumbered it.

"By the term Beauty, then, properly are signified two things: first, that external quality of bodies, already so often spoken of, and which, whether it occur in a stone, flower, beast, or in man, is absolutely identical—which, as I have already asserted, may be shown to be in some sort typical of the Divine attributes, and which, therefore, I shall, for distinction's sake, call Typical Beauty; and, secondarily, the appearance of felicitous fulfilment of functions in living things, more especially of the joyful and right exertion of perfect life in man—and this kind of beauty I shall call Vital Beauty." —(P. 26.)

The Vital Beauty, as well as the Typical, partakes essentially, as far as we can understand our author, of a religious character. On turning to that part of the volume where it is treated of at length, we find a universal sympathy and spirit of kindness very properly insisted on, as one great element of the sentiment of beauty; but we are not permitted to dwell upon this element, or rest upon it a moment, without some reference to our relation to God. Even the animals themselves seem to be turned into types for us of our moral feelings or duties. We are expressly told that we cannot have this sympathy with life and enjoyment in other creatures, unless it takes the form of, or comes accompanied with, a sentiment of piety. In all cases where the beautiful is anything higher than a certain "animal pleasantness," we are to understand that it has a religious character. "In all cases," he says, summing up the functions of the Theoretic Faculty, "it is something Divine; either the

approving voice of God, the glorious symbol of Him, the evidence of His kind presence, or the obedience to His will by Him induced and supported."

—(p. 126.) Now it is a delicate task, when a man errs by the exaggeration of a great truth or a noble sentiment, to combat his error; and yet as much mischief may ultimately arise from an error of this description as from any other. The thoughts and feelings which Mr Ruskin has described, form the noblest part of our sentiment of the beautiful, as they form the noblest phase of the human reason. But they are not the whole of it. The visible object, to adopt his phraseology, does become a type to the contemplative and pious mind of the attribute of God, and is thus exalted to our apprehension. But it is not beautiful solely or originally on this account. To assert this, is simply to falsify our human nature.

Before, however, we enter into these *types*, or this typical beauty, it will be well to notice how Mr Ruskin deals with previous and opposing theories. It will be well also to remind our readers of the outline of that theory of association of ideas which is here presented to us in so very confused a manner. We shall then be better able to understand the very curious position our author has taken up in this domain of speculative philosophy.

Mr Ruskin gives us the following summary of the "errors" which he thinks it necessary in the first place to clear from his path:—

"Those erring or inconsistent positions which I would at once dismiss are, the first, that the beautiful is the true; the second, that the beautiful is the useful; the third, that it is dependent on custom; and the fourth, that it is dependent on the association of ideas."

The first of these theories, that the beautiful is the true, we leave entirely to the tender mercies of Mr Ruskin; we cannot gather from his refutation to what class of theorists he is alluding. The remaining three are, as we understand the matter, substantially one and the same theory. We believe that no one, in these days, would define beauty as solely resulting either from the apprehension of Utility, (that is, the adjustment of parts to a whole, or the application of the object to an

ulterior purpose,) or to Familiarity and the affection which custom engenders; but they would regard both Utility and Familiarity as amongst the sources of those agreeable ideas or impressions, which, by the great law of association, became intimately connected with the visible object. We must listen, however, to Mr Ruskin's refutation of them:—

"That the beautiful is the *useful* is an assertion evidently based on that limited and false sense of the latter term which I have already deprecated. As it is the most degrading and dangerous supposition which can be advanced on the subject, so, fortunately, it is the most palpably absurd. It is to confound admiration with hunger, love with lust, and life with sensation; it is to assert that the human creature has no ideas and no feelings, except those ultimately referable to its brutal appetites. It has not a single fact, nor appearance of fact, to support it, and needs no combating—at least until its advocates have obtained the consent of the majority of mankind that the most beautiful productions of nature are seeds and roots; and of art, spades and mill-stones.

"Somewhat more rational grounds appear for the assertion that the sense of the beautiful arises from *familiarity* with the object, though even this could not long be maintained by a thinking person. For all that can be alleged in defence of such a supposition is, that familiarity deprives some objects which at first appeared ugly of much of their repulsiveness; whence it is as rational to conclude that familiarity is the cause of beauty, as it would be to argue that, because it is possible to acquire a taste for olives, therefore custom is the cause of lusciousness in grapes.

"I pass to the last and most weighty theory, that the agreeableness in objects which we call beauty is the result of the association with them of agreeable or interesting ideas.

"Frequent has been the support and wide the acceptance of this supposition, and yet I suppose that no two consecutive sentences were ever written in defence of it, without involving either a contradiction or a confusion of terms. Thus Alison, 'There are scenes undoubtedly more beautiful than Runnymede, yet, to those who recollect the great event that passed there, there is no scene perhaps which so strongly seizes on the imagination,'—where we are wondrously struck at the bold obtuseness which would prove the power of imagination by

its overcoming that very other power (of inherent beauty) whose existence the arguer desires ; for the only logical conclusion which can possibly be drawn from the above sentence is, that imagination is *not* the source of beauty—for, although no scene seizes so strongly on the imagination, yet there are scenes 'more beautiful than Runnymede.' And though instances of self-contradiction as laconic and complete as this are rare, yet, if the arguments on the subject be fairly sifted from the mass of confused language with which they are always encumbered, they will be found invariably to fall into one of these two forms : either association gives pleasure, and beauty gives pleasure, therefore association is beauty ; or the power of association is stronger than the power of beauty, therefore the power of association is the power of beauty."

Now this last sentence is sheer nonsense, and only proves that the author had never given himself the trouble to understand the theory he so flippantly discards. No one ever said that "association gives pleasure;" but very many, and Mr Ruskin amongst the rest, have said that associated thought adds its pleasure to an object pleasing in itself, and thus increases the complex sentiment of beauty. That it is a complex sentiment in all its higher forms, Mr Ruskin himself will tell us. As to the manner in which he deals with Alison, it is in the worst possible spirit of controversy. Alison was an elegant, but not a very precise writer; it was the easiest thing in the world to select an unfortunate illustration, and to convict *that* of absurdity. Yet he might with equal ease have selected many other illustrations from Alison, which would have done justice to the theory he expounds. A hundred such will immediately occur to the reader. If, instead of a historical recollection of this kind, which could hardly make the stream itself of Runnymede look more beautiful, Alison had confined himself to those impressions which the generality of mankind receive from river scenery, he would have had no difficulty in showing (as we believe he has elsewhere done) how, in this case, ideas gathered from different sources flow into one harmonious and apparently simple feel-

ing. That sentiment of beauty which arises as we look upon a river will be acknowledged by most persons to be composed of many associated thoughts, combining with the object before them. Its form and colour, its bright surface and its green banks, are all that the eye immediately gives us ; but with these are combined the remembered coolness of the fluent stream, and of the breeze above it, and of the pleasant shade of its banks ; and beside all this—as there are few persons who have not escaped with delight from town or village, to wander by the quiet banks of some neighbouring stream, so there are few persons who do not associate with river scenery ideas of peace and serenity. Now many of these thoughts or facts are such as the eye does not take cognisance of, yet they present themselves as instantaneously as the visible form, and so blended as to seem, for the moment, to belong to it.

Why not have selected some such illustration as this, instead of the unfortunate Runnymede, from a work where so many abound as apt as they are elegantly expressed ? As to Mr Ruskin's utilitarian philosopher, it is a fabulous creature—no such being exists. Nor need we detain ourselves with the quite departmental subject of Familiarity. But let us endeavour—without desiring to pledge ourselves or our readers to its final adoption—to relieve the theory of association of ideas from the obscurity our author has thrown around it. Our readers will not find that this is altogether a wasted labour.

With Mr Ruskin we are of opinion that, in a discussion of this kind, the term Beauty ought to be limited to the impression derived, mediately or immediately, from the visible object. It would be useless affectation to attempt to restrict the use of the word, in general, to this application. We can have no objection to the term Beautiful being applied to a piece of music, or to an eloquent composition, prose or verse, or even to our moral feelings and heroic actions; the word has received this general application, and there is, at basis, a great deal in common between all these and the sentiment of beauty attendant on the visible object. For music, or sweet

sounds, and poetry, and our moral feelings, have much to do (through the law of association) with our sentiment of the Beautiful. It is quite enough if, speaking of the subject of our analysis, we limit it to those impressions, however originated, which attend upon the visible object.

One preliminary word on this association of ideas. It is from its very nature, and the nature of human life, of all degrees of intimacy—from the casual suggestion, or the case where the two ideas are at all times felt to be distinct, to those close combinations where the two ideas have apparently coalesced into one, or require an attentive analysis to separate them. You see a mass of iron; you may be said to *see its weight*, the impression of its weight is so intimately combined with its form. The *light* of the sun, and the *heat* of the sun are learnt from different senses, yet we never see the one without thinking of the other, and the reflection of the sunbeam seen upon a bank immediately suggests the idea of *warmth*. But it is not necessary that the combination should be always so perfect as in this instance, in order to produce the effect we speak of under the name of Association of Ideas. It is hardly possible for us to abstract the *glow* of the sunbeam from its light; but the fertility which follows upon the presence of the sun, though a suggestion which habitually occurs to reflective minds, is an association of a far less intimate nature. It is sufficiently intimate, however, to blend with that feeling of admiration we have when we speak of the beauty of the sun. There is the golden harvest in its summer beams. Again, the contemplative spirit in all ages has formed an association between the sun and the Deity, whether as the fittest symbol of God, or as being His greatest gift to man. Here we have an association still more refined, and of a somewhat less frequent character, but one which will be found to enter, in a very subtle manner, into that impression we receive from the great luminary.

And thus it is that, in different minds, the same materials of thought may be combined in a closer or laxer relationship. This should be borne in

mind by the candid inquirer. That in many instances ideas from different sources do coalesce, in the manner we have been describing, he cannot for an instant doubt. He seems to *see* the coolness of that river; he seems to *see* the warmth on that sunny bank. In many instances, however, he must make allowance for the different habits of life. The same illustration will not always have the same force to all men. Those who have cultivated their minds by different pursuits, or lived amongst scenery of a different character, cannot have formed exactly the same moral association with external nature.

These preliminaries being adjusted, what, we ask, is that first original charm of the *visible object* which serves as the foundation for this wonderful superstructure of the Beautiful, to which almost every department of feeling and of thought will be found to bring its contribution? What is it so pleasurable that the eye at once receives from the external world, that round it should have gathered all these tributary pleasures? Light—colour—form; but, in reference to our discussion, pre-eminently the exquisite pleasure derived from the sense of light, pure or coloured. Colour, from infancy to old age, is one original, universal, perpetual source of delight, the first and constant element of the Beautiful.

We are far from thinking that the eye does not at once take cognisance of form as well as colour. Some ingenious analysts have supposed that the sensation of colour is, in its origin, a mere mental affection, having no reference to space or external objects, and that it obtains this reference through the contemporaneous acquisition of the sense of touch. But there can be no more reason for supposing that the sense of touch informs us immediately of an external world than that the sense of colour does. If we do not allow to all the senses an intuitive reference to the external world, we shall get it from none of them. Dr Brown, who paid particular attention to this subject, and who was desirous to limit the first intimation of the sense of sight to an abstract sensation of unlocalised colour, failed entirely in his attempt to obtain from

any other source the idea of space or *outness*; Kant would have given him certain subjective *forms of the sensitive faculty*, space and time. These he did not like: he saw that, if he denied to the eye an immediate perception of the external world, he must also deny it to the touch; he therefore prayed in aid certain muscular sensations from which the idea of *resistance* would be obtained. But it seems to us evident that not till *after* we have acquired a knowledge of the external world can we connect *volition* with muscular movement, and that, until that connection is made, the muscular sensations stand in the same predicament as other sensations, and could give him no aid in solving his problem. We cannot go further into this matter at present.* The mere flash of light which follows the touch upon the optic nerve represents itself as something *without*; nor was colour, we imagine, ever felt, but under some *form* more or less distinct; although in the human being the eye seems to depend on the touch far more than in other animals, for its further instruction.

But although the eye is cognisant of form as well as colour, it is in the sensation of colour that we must seek the primitive pleasure derived from this organ. And probably the first reason why form pleases is this, that the boundaries of form are also the lines of contrast of colour. It is a general law of all sensation that, if it be continued, our susceptibility to it declines. It was necessary that the eye should be always open. Its susceptibility is sustained by the perpetual contrast of colours. Whether the contrast is sudden, or whether one hue shades gradually into another,

we see here an original and primary source of pleasure. A constant variety, in some way produced, is essential to the maintenance of the pleasure derived from colour.

It is not incumbent on us to inquire how far the beauty of form may be traceable to the sensation of touch;—a very small portion of it we suspect. In the human countenance, and in sculpture, the beauty of form is almost resolvable into expression; though possibly the soft and rounded outline may in some measure be associated with the sense of smoothness to the touch. All that we are concerned to show is, that there is here in colour, diffused as it is over the whole world, and perpetually varied, a *beauty* at once showered upon the visible object. We hear it said, if you resolve all into association, where will you begin? You have but a circle of feelings. If moral sentiment, for instance, be not itself the beautiful, why should it become so by association. There must be something else that is *the beautiful*, by association with which it passes for such. We answer, that we do not resolve *all* into association; that we have in this one gift of colour, shed so bountifully over the whole world, an original beauty, a delight which makes the external object pleasant and beloved; for how can we fail, in some sort, to love what produces so much pleasure?

We are at a loss to understand how any one can speak with disparagement of colour as a source of the beautiful. The sculptor may, perhaps, by his peculiar education, grow comparatively indifferent to it: we know not how this may be; but let any man, of the most refined taste imaginable, think what he owes to this

* It is seldom any action of a limb is performed without the concurrence of several muscles; and, if the action is at all energetic, a number of muscles are brought into play as an equipoise or balance; the infant, therefore, would be sadly puzzled amongst its muscular sensations, supposing that it had them. Besides, it seems clear that those movements we see an infant make with its arms and legs are, in the first instance, as little *voluntary* as the muscular movements it makes for the purpose of respiration. There is an animal life within us, dependent on its own laws of irritability. Over a portion of this the developed thought or reason gains dominion; over a large portion the will never has any hold; over another portion, as in the organs of respiration, it has an intermittent and divided empire. We learn voluntary movement by doing that instinctively and spontaneously which we afterwards do from forethought. We have moved our arm; we wish to do the like again, (and to our wonder, if we then had intelligence enough to wonder,) we do it.

source, when he walks out at evening, and sees the sun set amongst the hills. The same concave sky, the same scene, so far as its form is concerned, was there a few hours before, and saddened him with its gloom; one leaden hue prevailed over all; and now in a clear sky the sun is setting, and the hills are purple, and the clouds are radiant with every colour that can be extracted from the sunbeam. He can hardly believe that it is the same scene, or he the same man. Here the grown-up man and the child stand always on the same level. As to the infant, note how its eye feeds upon a brilliant colour, or the living flame. If it had wings, it would assuredly do as the moth does. And take the most untutored rustic, let him be old, and dull, and stupid, yet, as long as the eye has vitality in it, will he look up with long untiring gaze at this blue vault of the sky, traversed by its glittering clouds, and pierced by the tall green trees around him.

Is it any marvel now that round the *visible object* should associate tributary feelings of pleasure? How many pleasing and tender sentiments gather round the rose! Yet the rose is beautiful in itself. It was beautiful to the child by its colour, its texture, its softly-shaded leaf, and the contrast between the flower and the foliage. Love, and poetry, and the tender regrets of advanced life, have contributed a second dower of beauty. The rose is more to the youth and to the old man than it was to the child; but still to the last they both feel the pleasure of the child.

The more commonplace the illustration, the more suited it is to our purpose. If any one will reflect on the many ideas that cluster round this beautiful flower, he will not fail to see how numerous and subtle may be the association formed with the visible object. Even an idea painful in itself may, by way of contrast, serve to heighten the pleasure of others with which it is associated. Here the thought of decay and fragility, like a discord amongst harmonies, increases our sentiment of tenderness. We express, we believe, the prevailing taste when we say that there is nothing, in the shape of art, so disagreeable and repulsive as artificial

flowers. The waxen flower may be an admirable imitation, but it is a detestable thing. This partly results from the nature of the imitation; a vulgar deception is often practised upon us: what is not a flower is intended to pass for one. But it is owing still more, we think, to the contradiction that is immediately afterwards felt between this preserved and imperishable waxen flower, and the transitory and perishable rose. It is the nature of the rose to bud, and blossom, and decay; it gives its beauty to the breeze and to the shower; it is mortal; it is *ours*; it bears our hopes, our loves, our regrets. This waxen substitute, that cannot change or decay, is a contradiction and a disgust.

Amongst objects of man's contrivance, the sail seen upon the calm waters of a lake or a river is universally felt to be beautiful. The form is graceful, and the movement gentle, and its colour contrasts well either with the shore or the water. But perhaps the chief element of our pleasure is an association with human life, with peaceful enjoyment—

"This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing,
To waft me from distraction."

Or take one of the noblest objects in nature—the mountain. There is no object except the sea and the sky that reflects to the sight colours so beautiful, and in such masses. But colour, and form, and magnitude, constitute but a part of the beauty or the sublimity of the mountain. Not only do the clouds encircle or rest upon it, but men have laid on it their grandest thoughts: we have associated with it our moral fortitude, and all we understand of greatness or elevation of mind; our phraseology seems half reflected from the mountain. Still more, we have made it holy ground. Has not God himself descended on the mountain? Are not the hills, once and for ever, "the unvalled temples of our earth?" And still there is another circumstance attendant upon mountain scenery, which adds a solemnity of its own, and is a condition of the enjoyment of other sources of the sublime—solitude. It seems to us that the feeling of solitude almost always associates itself with mountain scenery. Mrs Somer-

ville, in the description which she gives or quotes, in her *Physical Geography*, of the Himalayas, says—

"The loftiest peaks being bare of snow gives great variety of colour and beauty to the scenery, which in these passes is at all times magnificent. During the day, the stupendous size of the mountains, their interminable extent, the variety and the sharpness of their forms, and, above all, the tender clearness of their distant outline melting into the pale blue sky, contrasted with the deep azure above, is described as a scene of wild and wonderful beauty. At midnight, when myriads of stars sparkle in the black sky, and the pure blue of the mountains looks deeper still below the pale white gleam of the earth and snow-light, the effect is of unparalleled sublimity, and no language can describe the splendour of the sunbeams at daybreak, streaming between the high peaks, and throwing their gigantic shadows on the mountains below. There, far above the habitation of man, no living thing exists, no sound is heard; the very echo of the traveller's footsteps startles him in the awful solitude and silence that reigns in those august dwellings of everlasting snow."

No one can fail to recognise the effect of the last circumstance mentioned. Let those mountains be the scene of a gathering of any human multitude, and they would be more desecrated than if their peaks had been levelled to the ground. We have also quoted this description to show how large a share colour takes in beautifying such a scene. Colour, either in large fields of it, or in sharp contrasts, or in gradual shading—the play of light, in short, upon this world—is the first element of beauty.

Here would be the place, were we writing a formal treatise upon this subject, after showing that there is in the sense of sight itself a sufficient elementary beauty, whereto other pleasurable reminiscences may attach themselves, to point out some of these tributaries. Each sense—the touch, the ear, the smell, the taste—blend their several remembered pleasures with the object of vision. Even taste, we say, although Mr Ruskin will scorn the gross alliance. And we would allude to the fact to show the extreme subtilty of these mental processes. The fruit which you think of eating has lost its beauty from that

moment—it assumes to you a quite different relation; but the reminiscence that there is sweetness in the peach or the grape, whilst it remains quite subordinate to the pleasure derived from the sense of sight, mingles with and increases that pleasure. Whilst the cluster of ripe grapes is looked at only for its beauty, the idea that they are pleasant to the taste as well steals in unobserved, and adds to the complex sentiment. If this idea grow distinct and prominent, the beauty of the grape is gone—you eat it. Here, too, would be the place to take notice of such sources of pleasure as are derived from adaptation of parts, or the adaptation of the whole to ulterior purposes; but here especially should we insist on human affections, human loves, human sympathies. Here, in the heart of man, his hopes, his regrets, his affections, do we find the great source of the beautiful—tributaries which take their name from the stream they join, but which often form the main current. On that sympathy with which nature has so wonderfully endowed us, which makes the pain and pleasure of all other living things our own pain and pleasure, which binds us not only to our fellow-men, but to every moving creature on the face of the earth, we should have much to say. How much, for instance, does its life add to the beauty of the swan!—how much more its calm and placid life! Here, and on what would follow on the still more exalted mood of pious contemplation—when all nature seems as a hymn or song of praise to the Creator—we should be happy to borrow aid from Mr Ruskin; his essay supplying admirable materials for certain chapters in a treatise on the beautiful which should embrace the whole subject.

No such treatise, however, is it our object to compose. We have said enough to show the true nature of that theory of association, as a branch of which alone is it possible to take any intelligible view of Mr Ruskin's *Theoria*, or "Theoretic Faculty." His flagrant error is, that he will represent a part for the whole, and will distort and confuse everything for the sake of this representation. Viewed in their proper limitation, his remarks

are often such as every wise and good man will approve of. Here and there too, there are shrewd intimations which the psychological student may profit by. He has pointed out several instances where the associations insisted upon by writers of the school of Alison have nothing whatever to do with the sentiment of beauty; and neither harmonise with, nor exalt it. Not all that may, in any way, *interest* us in an object, adds to its beauty. "Thus," as Mr Ruskin we think very justly says, "where we are told that the leaves of a plant are occupied in decomposing carbonic acid, and preparing oxygen for us, we begin to look upon it with some such indifference as upon a gasometer. It has become a machine; some of our sense of its happiness is gone; its emanation of inherent life is no longer pure." The knowledge of the anatomical structure of the limb is very interesting, but it adds nothing to the beauty of its outline. Scientific associations, however, of this kind, will have a different æsthetic effect, according to the degree or the enthusiasm with which the science has been studied.

It is not our business to advocate this theory of association of ideas, but briefly to expound it. But we may remark that those who adopt (as Mr Ruskin has done in one branch of his subject—his *Æsthesis*) the rival theory of an intuitive perception of the beautiful, must find a difficulty where to *insert* this intuitive perception. The beauty of any one object is generally composed of several qualities and accessories—to which of these are we to connect this intuition? And if to the whole assemblage of them, then, as each of these qualities has been shown by its own virtue to administer to the general effect, we shall be explaining again by this new perception what has been already explained. Select any notorious instance of the beautiful—say the swan. How many qualities and accessories immediately occur to us as intimately blended in our minds with the form and white plumage of the bird! What were its arched neck and mantling wings if it were not *living*? And how the calm and inoffensive, and somewhat majestic life it leads,

carries away our sympathies! Added to which, the snow-white form of the swan is imaged in clear waters, and is relieved by green foliage; and if the bird makes the river more beautiful, the river, in return, reflects its serenity and peacefulness upon the bird. Now all this we seem to see as we look upon the swan. To which of these facts separately will you attach this new intuition? And if you wait till all are assembled, the bird is already beautiful.

We are all in the habit of *reasoning* on the beautiful, of defending our own tastes, and this just in proportion as the beauty in question is of a high order. And why do we do this? Because, just in proportion as the beauty is of an elevated character, does it depend on some moral association. Every argument of this kind will be found to consist of an analysis of the sentiment. Nor is there anything derogatory, as some have supposed, in this analysis of the sentiment; for we learn from it, at every step, that in the same degree as men become more refined, more humane, more kind, equitable, and pious, will the visible world become more richly clad with beauty. We see here an admirable arrangement, whereby the external world grows in beauty, as men grow in goodness.

We must now follow Mr Ruskin a step farther into the development of his *Theoria*. All beauty, he tell us, *is such*, in its high and only true character, because it is a type of one or more of God's attributes. This, as we have shown, is to represent one class of associated thought as absorbing and displacing all the rest. We protest against this egregious exaggeration of a great and sacred source of our emotions. With Mr Ruskin's own piety we can have no quarrel; but we enter a firm and calm protest against a falsification of our human nature, in obedience to one sentiment, however sublime. No good can come of it—no good, we mean, to religion itself. It is substantially the same error, though assuming a very different garb, which the Puritans committed. They disgusted men with religion, by introducing it into every law and custom, and detail of human life. Mr Ruskin would commit the

same error in the department of taste, over which he would rule so despotically: he is not content that the highest beauty shall be religious; he will permit nothing to be beautiful, except as it partakes of a religious character. But there is a vast region lying between the "animal pleasantness" of his *Æsthesia* and the pious contemplation of his *Theoria*. There is much between the human animal and the saint; there are the domestic affections and the love they spring from, and hopes, and regrets, and aspirations, and the hour of peace and the hour of repose—in short, there is human life. From all human life, as we have seen, come contributions to the sentiment of the beautiful, quite as distinctly traced as the peculiar class on which Mr Ruskin insists.

If any one descanting upon music should affirm, that, in the first place, there was a certain animal pleasantness in harmony or melody, or both, but that the real essence of music, that by which it truly becomes music, was the perception in harmony or melody of types of the Divine attributes, he would reason exactly in the same manner on music as Mr Ruskin does on beauty. Nevertheless, although sacred music is the highest, it is very plain that there is other music than the sacred, and that all songs are not hymns.

Chapter v. of the present volume bears this title—*Of Typical Beauty. First, of Infinity, or the type of the Divine Incomprehensibility*.—A boundless space will occur directly to the reader as a type of the infinite; perhaps it should be rather described as itself the infinite under one form. But Mr Ruskin finds the infinite in everything. That idea which he justly describes as the incomprehensible, and which is so profound and baffling a mystery to the finite being, is supposed to be thrust upon the mind on every occasion. Every instance of variety is made the type of the infinite, as well as every indication of space. We remember that, in the first volume of the *Modern Painters*, we were not a little startled at being told that the distinguishing character of every good artist was, that "he painted the infinite." Good or bad, we now see that he could scarcely

fail to paint the infinite: it must be by some curious chance that the feat is not accomplished.

"Now, not only," writes Mr Ruskin, "is this expression of infinity in distance most precious wherever we find it, however solitary it may be, and however unassisted by other forms and kinds of beauty; but it is of such value that no such other forms will altogether recompense us for its loss; and much as I dread the enunciation of anything that may seem like a conventional rule, I have no hesitation in asserting that no work of any art, in which this expression of infinity is possible, can be perfect or supremely elevated without it; and that, in proportion to its presence, it will exalt and render impressive even the most tame and trivial themes. And I think if there be any one grand division, by which it is at all possible to set the productions of painting, so far as their mere plan or system is concerned, on our right and left hands, it is this of light and dark background, of heaven-light and of object-light. . . . There is a spectral etching of Rembrandt, a presentation of Christ in the Temple, where the figure of a robed priest stands glaring by its gems out of the gloom, holding a crossier. Behind it there is a subdued window-light seen in the opening, between two columns, without which the impressiveness of the whole subject would, I think, be incalculably diminished. I cannot tell whether I am at present allowing too much weight to my own fancies and predilections; but, without so much escape into the outer air and open heaven as this, I can take permanent pleasure in no picture.

"And I think I am supported in this feeling by the unanimous practice, if not the confessed opinion, of all artists. The painter of portrait is unhappy without his conventional white stroke under the sleeve, or beside the arm-chair; the painter of interiors feels like a caged bird unless he can throw a window open, or set the door ajar; the landscapist dares not lose himself in forest without a gleam of light under its farthest branches, nor ventures out in rain unless he may somewhere pierce to a better promise in the distance, or cling to some closing gap of variable blue above."—(P. 39.)

But if an open window, or "that conventional white stroke under the sleeve," is sufficient to indicate the Infinite, how few pictures there must be in which it is not indicated! and how many "a tame and trivial theme" must have been, by this indi-

cation, exalted and rendered impressive! And yet it seems that some very celebrated paintings want this open-window or conventional white stroke. The Madonna della Sediola of Raphael is known over all Europe; some print of it may be seen in every village; that virgin-mother, in her antique chair, embracing her child with so sweet and maternal an embrace, has found its way to the heart of every woman, Catholic or Protestant. But unfortunately it has a dark background, and there is no open window—nothing to typify infinity. To us it seemed that there was "heaven's light" over the whole picture. Though there is the chamber wall seen behind the chair, there is nothing to intimate that the door or the window is closed. One might in charity have imagined that the light came directly through an open door or window. However, Mr Ruskin is inexorable. "Raphael," he says, "in his fall, betrayed the faith he had received from his father and his master, and substituted for the radiant sky of the Madonna del Cardellino the chamber wall of the Madonna della Sediola, and the brown wainscot of the Baldacchino."

Of other modes in which the Infinite is represented, we have an instance in "The Beauty of Curvature."

"The first of these is the curvature of lines and surfaces, wherein it at first appears futile to insist upon any resemblance or suggestion of infinity, since there is certainly, in our ordinary contemplation of it, no sensation of the kind. But I have repeated again and again that the ideas of beauty are instinctive, and that it is only upon consideration, and even then in doubtful and disputable way, that they appear in their typical character; neither do I intend at all to insist upon the particular meaning which they appear to myself to bear, but merely on their actual and demonstrable agreeableness; so that in the present case, which I assert positively, and have no fear of being able to prove—that a curve of any kind is more beautiful than a right line—I leave it to the reader to accept or not, as he pleases, *that reason of its agreeableness which is the only one that I can at all trace: namely, that every curve divides itself infinitely by its changes of direction.*"—(P. 63.)

Our old friend Jacob Boehmen

would have been delighted with this *Theoria*. But we must pass on to other types. Chapter vi. treats of *Unity, or the Type of the Divine Comprehensiveness*.

"Of the appearances of Unity, or of Unity itself, there are several kinds, which it will be found hereafter convenient to consider separately. Thus there is the unity of different and separate things, subjected to one and the same influence, which may be called Subjectional Unity; and this is the unity of the clouds, as they are driven by the parallel winds, or as they are ordered by the electric currents; this is the unity of the sea waves; this, of the bending and undulation of the forest masses; and in creatures capable of Will it is the Unity of Will, or of Impulse. And there is Unity of Origin, which we may call Original Unity, which is of things arising from one spring or source, and speaking always of this their brotherhood; and this in matter is the unity of the branches of the trees, and of the petals and starry rays of flowers, and of the beams of light; and in spiritual creatures it is their filial relation to Him from whom they have their being. And there is Unity of Sequence," &c.—

down another half page. Very little to be got here, we think. Let us advance to the next chapter. This is entitled, *Of Repose, or the Type of Divine Permanence*.

It will be admitted on all hands that nothing adds more frequently to the charms of the visible object than the associated feeling of repose. The hour of sunset is the hour of repose. Most beautiful things are enhanced by some reflected feeling of this kind. But surely one need not go farther than to human labour, and human restlessness, anxiety, and passion, to understand the charm of repose. Mr Ruskin carries us at once into the third heaven:—

"As opposed to passion, changefulness, or laborious exertion, Repose is the especial and separating characteristic of the eternal mind and power; it is the 'I am' of the Creator, opposed to the 'I become' of all creatures; it is the sign alike of the supreme knowledge which is incapable of surprise, the supreme power which is incapable of labour, the supreme volition which is incapable of change; it is the stillness of the beams of the eternal chambers laid upon the variable waters of ministering creatures."

We must proceed. Chapter viii. treats *Of Symmetry, or the Type of Divine Justice*. Perhaps the nature of this chapter will be sufficiently indicated to the reader, now somewhat informed of Mr Ruskin's mode of thinking, by the title itself. At all events, we shall pass on to the next chapter, ix.—*Of Purity, or the Type of Divine Energy*. Here the reader will perhaps expect to find himself somewhat more at home. One type, at all events, of Divine Purity has often been presented to his mind. Light has generally been considered as the fittest emblem or manifestation of the Divine Presence,

"That never but in unapproach'd light
Dwelt from eternity."

But if the reader has formed any such agreeable expectation he will be disappointed. Mr Ruskin travels on no beaten track. He finds some reasons, partly theological, partly gathered from his own theory of the Beautiful, for discarding this ancient association of Light with Purity. As the *Divine* attributes are those which the visible object typifies, and by no means the *human*, and as Purity, which is "sinlessness," cannot, he thinks, be predicted of the Divine nature, it follows that he cannot admit Light to be a type of Purity. We quote the passage, as it will display the working of his theory :—

"It may seem strange to many readers that I have not spoken of purity in that sense in which it is most frequently used, as a type of sinlessness. I do not deny that the frequent metaphorical use of it in Scripture may have, and ought to have, much influence on the sympathies with which we regard it; and that probably the immediate agreeableness of it to most minds arises far more from this source than from that to which I have chosen to attribute it. But, in the first place, if it be indeed in the signs of Divine and not of human attributes that beauty consists, I see not how the idea of sin can be formed with respect to the Deity; for it is the idea of a relation borne by us to Him, and not in any way to be attached to His abstract nature; while the Love, Mercifulness, and Justice of God I have supposed to be symbolised by other qualities of beauty: and I cannot trace any rational connection between them and the idea of Spotlessness in matter, nor between this idea nor any of the virtues which make

up the righteousness of man, except perhaps those of truth and openness, which have been above spoken of as more expressed by the transparency than the mere purity of matter. So that I conceive the use of the terms purity, spotlessness, &c., on moral subjects, to be merely metaphorical; and that it is rather that we illustrate these virtues by the desirableness of material purity, than that we desire material purity because it is illustrative of those virtues. I repeat, then, that the only idea which I think can be legitimately connected with purity of matter is this of vital and energetic connection among its particles."

We have been compelled to quote some strange passages, of most difficult and laborious perusal; but our task is drawing to an end. The last of these types we have to mention is that *Of Moderation, or the Type of Government by Law*. We suspect there are many persons who have rapidly perused Mr Ruskin's works (probably *skipping* where the obscurity grew very thick) who would be very much surprised, if they gave a closer attention to them, at the strange conceits and absurdities which they had passed over without examination. Indeed, his very loose and declamatory style, and the habit of saying extravagant things, set all examination at defiance. But let any one pause a moment on the last title we have quoted from Mr Ruskin—let him read the chapter itself—let him reflect that he has been told in it that "what we express by the terms chasteness, refinement, and elegance," in any work of art, and more particularly "that finish" so dear to the intelligent critic, owe their attractiveness to being types of God's government by law!—we think he will confess that never in any book, ancient or modern, did he meet with an absurdity to out rival it.

We have seen why the curve in general is beautiful; we have here the reason given us why one curve is more beautiful than another :—

"And herein we at last find the reason of that which has been so often noted respecting the subtilty and almost invisibility of natural curves and colours, and why it is that we look on those lines as least beautiful which fall into wide and far license of curvature, and as most beautiful which approach nearest (so that the curvilinear character be distinctly

asserted) to the government of the right line, as in the pure and severe curves of the draperies of the religious painters."

There is still the subject of "vital beauty" before us, but we shall probably be excused from entering further into the development of "Theoria." It must be quite clear by this time to our readers, that, whatever there is in it really wise and intelligible, resolves itself into one branch of that general theory of association of ideas, of which Alison and others have treated. But we are now in a condition to understand more clearly that peculiar style of language which startled us so much in the first volume of the *Modern Painters*. There we frequently heard of the Divine mission of the artist, of the religious office of the painter, and how Mr Turner was delivering God's message to man. What seemed an oratorical climax, much too frequently repeated, proves to be a logical sequence of his theoretical principles. All true beauty is religious; therefore all true art, which is the reproduction of the beautiful, must be religious also. Every picture gallery is a sort of temple, every great painter a sort of prophet. If Mr Ruskin is conscious that he never admires anything beautiful in nature or art, without a reference to some attribute of God, or some sentiment of piety, he may be a very exalted person, but he is no type of humanity. If he asserts this, we must be sufficiently courteous to believe him; we must not suspect that he is hardly candid with us, or with himself; but we shall certainly not accept him as a representative of the *genus homo*. He finds "sermons in stones," and sermons always; "books in the running brooks," and always books of divinity. Other men not deficient in reflection or piety do not find it thus. Let us hear the poet who, more than any other, has made a religion of the beauty of nature. Wordsworth, in a passage familiar to every one of his readers, runs his hand, as it were, over all the chords of the lyre. He finds other sources of the beautiful not unworthy his song, besides that high contemplative piety which he introduces as a noble and fit climax.

He recalls the first ardours of his youth, when the beautiful object itself of nature seemed to him all in all:—

"I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy
wood.

Their colours and their forms were thus to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is
past,

And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other
gifts

Have followed. I have learned
To look on nature not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often-
times

*The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample
power*

To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of
man."

Our poet sounds all the chords. He does not muffle any; he honours Nature in her own simple loveliness, and in the beauty she wins from the human heart, as well as when she is informed with that sublime spirit

"that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Sit down, by all means, amongst the fern and the wild-flowers, and look out upon the blue hills, or near you at the flowing brook, and thank God, the giver of all this beauty. But what manner of good will you do by endeavouring to persuade yourself that these objects are only beautiful because you give thanks for them?—for to this strange logical inversion will you find yourself reduced. And surely you learned to esteem and love this benevolence itself, first as a human attribute, before you became cognisant of it as a Divine attribute. What other course can the mind take but to travel through humanity up to God?

There is much more of metaphysics in the volume before us; there is, in particular, an elaborate investigation

of the faculty of imagination; but we have no inducement to proceed further with Mr Ruskin in these psychological inquiries. We have given some attention to his theory of the Beautiful, because it lay at the basis of a series of critical works which, partly from their boldness, and partly from the talent of a certain kind which is manifestly displayed in them, have attained to considerable popularity. But we have not the same object for prolonging our examination into his theory of the Imaginative Faculty. "We say it advisedly," (as Mr Ruskin always adds when he is asserting anything particularly rash,) we say it advisedly, and with no rashness whatever, that though our author is a man of great natural ability, and enunciates boldly many an independent isolated truth, yet of the spirit of philosophy he is utterly destitute. The calm, patient, prolonged thinking, which Dugald Stewart somewhere describes as the one essential characteristic of the successful student of philosophy, he knows nothing of. He wastes his ingenuity in making knots where others had long since untied them. He rushes at a definition, makes a parade of classification; but for any great and wide generalisation he has no appreciation whatever. He appears to have no taste, but rather an antipathy for it; when it lies in his way he avoids it. On this subject of the Imaginative Faculty he writes and he raves, defines and poetises by turns; makes laborious distinctions where there is no essential difference; has his "Imagination Associative," and his "Imagination Penetrative;" and will not, or cannot, see those broad general principles which with most educated men have become familiar truths, or truisms. But what clear thinking can we expect of a writer who thus describes his "Imagination Penetrative?"—

"It may seem to the reader that I am incorrect in calling this penetrating possession-taking faculty Imagination. Be it so: the name is of little consequence; the Faculty itself, called by what name it will, I insist upon as the highest intellectual power of man. There is no reasoning in it; it works not by algebra, nor by integral calculus; it is a piercing Phalaris-like mind's tongue, that works

and tastes into the very rock-heart. No matter what be the subject submitted to it, substance or spirit—all is alike divided asunder, joint and marrow, whatever utmost truth, life, principle, it has laid bare; and that which has no truth, life, nor principle, dissipated into its original smoke at a touch. The whispers at men's ears it lifts into visible angels. Vials that have lain sealed in the deep sea a thousand years it unseals, and brings out of them Genii."—(P. 156.)

With such a wonder-working faculty man ought to do much. Indeed, unless it has been asleep all this time, it is difficult to understand why there should remain anything for him to do.

Surveying Mr Ruskin's works on art, with the knowledge we have here acquired of his intellectual character and philosophical theory, we are at no loss to comprehend that mixture of shrewd and penetrating remark, of bold and well-placed censure, and of utter nonsense in the shape of general principles, with which they abound. In his *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, which is a very entertaining book, and in his *Stones of Venice*, the reader will find many single observations which will delight him, as well by their justice, as by the zeal and vigour with which they are expressed. But from neither work will he derive any satisfaction if he wishes to carry away with him broad general views on architecture.

There is no subject Mr Ruskin has treated more largely than that of architectural ornament; there is none on which he has said more good things, or delivered juster criticisms; and there is none on which he has uttered more indisputable nonsense. Every reader of taste will be grateful to Mr Ruskin if he can pull down from St Paul's Cathedral, or wherever else they are to be found, those wreaths or festoons of carved flowers—"that mass of all manner of fruit and flowers tied heavily into a long bunch, thickest in the middle, and pinned up by both ends against a dead wall." Urns with pocket-handkerchiefs upon them, or a sturdy thick flame for ever issuing from the top, he will receive our thanks for utterly demolishing. But when Mr Ruskin expounds his principles—and he always

has principles to expound—when he lays down rules for the government of our taste in this matter, he soon involves us in hopeless bewilderment. Our ornaments, he tells us, are to be taken from the works of nature, not of man; and, from some passages of his writings, we should infer that Mr Ruskin would cover the walls of our public buildings with representations botanical and geological. But in this we must be mistaken. At all events, nothing is to be admitted that is taken from the works of man.

"I conclude, then, with the reader's leave, that all ornament is base which takes for its subject human work; that it is utterly base—painful to every rightly toned mind, without, perhaps, immediate sense of the reason, but for a reason palpable enough when we do think of it. For to carve our own work, and set it up for admiration, is a miserable self-complacency, a contentment in our wretched doings, when we might have been looking at God's doings."

After this, can we venture to admire the building itself, which is, of necessity, man's own "wretched doing?"

Perplexed by his own rules, he will sometimes break loose from the entanglement in some such strange manner as this:—"I believe the right question to ask, with respect to all ornament, is simply this: Was it done with enjoyment—*was the carver happy while he was about it?*" Happy art! where the workman is sure to give happiness if he is but happy at his work. Would that the same could be said of literature!

How far *colour* should be introduced into architecture is a question with men of taste, and a question which of late has been more than usually discussed. Mr Ruskin leans to the introduction of colour. His taste may be correct; but the fanciful reasoning which he brings to bear upon the subject will assist no one else in forming his own taste. Because there is no connection "between the spots of an animal's skin and its anatomical system," he lays it down as the first great principle which is to guide us in the use of colour in architecture—

"That it be *visibly independent of form*. Never paint a column with vertical lines, but always cross it. Never give separate mouldings separate colours,"

&c. "In certain places," he continues, "you may run your two systems closer, and here and there let them be parallel for a note or two, but see that the colours and the forms coincide only as two orders of mouldings do; the same for an instant, but each holding its own course. So single members may sometimes have single colours; *as a bird's head is sometimes of one colour, and its shoulders another, you may make your capital one colour, and your shaft another*; but, in general, the best place for colour is on broad surfaces, not on the points of interest in form. *An animal is mottled on its breast and back, and rarely on its paws and about its eyes*; so put your variegation boldly on the flat wall and broad shaft, but be shy of it on the capital and moulding."—(*Lamps of Architecture*, p. 127.)

We do not quite see what we have to do at all with the "anatomical system" of the animal, which is kept out of sight; but, in general, we apprehend there is, both in the animal and vegetable kingdom, considerable harmony betwixt colour and external form. Such fantastic reasoning as this, it is evident, will do little towards establishing that one standard of taste, or that "one school of architecture," which Mr Ruskin so strenuously insists upon. All architects are to resign their individual tastes and predilections, and enrol themselves in one school, which shall adopt one style. We need not say that the very first question—what that style should be, Greek or Gothic—would never be decided. Mr Ruskin decides it in favour of the "earliest English decorated Gothic;" but seems, in this case, to suspect that his decision will not carry us far towards unanimity. The scheme is utterly impossible; but he does his duty, he tells us, by proposing the impossibility.

As a climax to his inconsistency and his abnormal ways of thinking, he concludes his *Seven Lamps of Architecture* with a most ominous paragraph, implying that the time is at hand when no architecture of any kind will be wanted: man and his works will be both swept away from the face of the earth. How, with this impression on his mind, could he have the heart to tell us to build for posterity? Will it be a commentary on the Apocalypse that we shall next receive from the pen of Mr Ruskin?

PORTUGUESE POLITICS.

THE dramatic and singular revolution of which Portugal has recently been the theatre, the strange fluctuations and ultimate success of Marshal Saldanha's insurrection, the narrow escape of Donna Maria from at least a temporary expulsion from her dominions, have attracted in this country more attention than is usually bestowed upon the oft-recurring convulsions of the Peninsula. Busy as the present year has been, and abounding in events of exciting interest nearer home, the English public has yet found time to deplore the anarchy to which Portugal is a prey, and to marvel once more, as it many times before has marvelled, at the tardy realisation of those brilliant promises of order, prosperity, and good government, so long held out to the two Peninsular nations by the promoters of the Quadruple Alliance. The statesmen who, for nearly a score of years, have assiduously guided Portugal and Spain in the seductive paths of modern Liberalism, can hardly feel much gratification at the results of their well-intended but most unprosperous endeavours. It is difficult to imagine them contemplating with pride and exultation, or even without a certain degree of self-reproach, the fruits of their officious exertions. Repudiating partisan views of Peninsular politics, putting persons entirely out of the question, declaring our absolute indifference as to who occupies the thrones of Spain and Portugal, so long as those countries are well-governed, casting no imputations upon the motives of those foreign governments and statesmen who were chiefly instrumental in bringing about the present state of things south of the Pyrenees, we would look only to facts, and crave an honest answer to a plain question. The question is this: After the lapse of seventeen years, what is the condition of the two nations upon which have been conferred, at grievous expense of blood and treasure, the much vaunted blessings of rulers nominally Liberal, and professedly patriotic? For the present we will confine this

inquiry to Portugal, for the reason that the War of Succession terminated in that country when it was but beginning in the neighbouring kingdom, since which time the vanquished party, unlike the Carlists in Spain, have uniformly abstained—with the single exception of the rising in 1846-7—from armed aggression, and have observed a patient and peaceful policy. So that the Portuguese Liberals have had seventeen years' fair trial of their governing capacity, and cannot allege that their efforts for their country's welfare have been impeded or retarded by the acts of that party whom they denounced as incapable of achieving it,—however they may have been neutralised by dissensions and anarchy in their own ranks.

At this particular juncture of Portuguese affairs, and as no inappropriate preface to the only reply that can veraciously be given to the question we have proposed, it will not be amiss to take a brief retrospective glance at some of the events that preceded and led to the reign of Donna Maria. It will be remembered that from the year 1828 to 1834, the Liberals in both houses of the British Parliament, supported by an overwhelming majority of the British press, fiercely and pertinaciously assailed the government and person of Don Miguel, then *de facto* King of Portugal, king *de jure* in the eyes of the Portuguese Legitimists and by the vote of the Legitimate Cortes of 1828, and recognised (in 1829) by Spain, by the United States, and by various inferior powers. Twenty years ago political passions ran high in this country: public men were, perhaps, less guarded in their language; newspapers were certainly far more intemperate in theirs; and we may safely say, that upon no foreign prince, potentate, or politician, has virulent abuse—proceeding from such respectable sources—ever since been showered in England, in one half the quantity in which it then descended upon the head of the unlucky Miguel. Unquestionably Don Miguel had acted, in many respects, neither well nor wisely: his early

two Peninsular nations, the probabilities and chances of the future, we must not suffer ourselves to be run away with by preconceived prejudices, or to be influenced by the popular odium attached to a name. After beholding the most insignificant and unpromising of modern pretenders suddenly elevated to the virtual sovereignty — however transitory it may prove—of one of the most powerful and civilised of European nations, it were rash to denounce as impossible any restoration or enthronement. And it were especially rash so to do when with the person of the aspirant to the throne a nation is able to connect a reasonable hope of improvement in its condition. Of the principle of legitimacy we here say nothing, for it were vain to deny that in Europe it is daily less regarded, whilst it sinks into insignificance when put in competition with the rights and wellbeing of the people.

As far back as the period of its emigration, the Pedroite or Liberal party split into two factions. One of these believed in the possible realisation of those ultra-liberal theories so abundantly promulgated in the proclamations, manifestoes, preambles of laws, &c., which Don Pedro issued from the Brazils, from England and France, and afterwards from Terceira and Oporto. The other fraction of the party had sanctioned the promulgation of these utopian theories as a means of delusion, and as leading to their own triumph; but they deemed their realisation impossible, and were quite decided, when the revolutionary tide should have borne them into power, to oppose to the unruly flood the barrier of a gradual but steady reaction. At a later period these divisions of the Liberal party became more distinctly defined, and resulted, in 1836, in their nominal classification as Septembrists and Chartists—the latter of whom (numerically very weak, but comprising Costa Cabral, and other men of talent and energy) may be compared to the Moderados

of Spain—the former to the Progressistas, but with tendencies more decidedly republican. It is the ambitious pretensions, the struggles for power and constant dissensions of these two sets of men, and of the minor fractions into which they have subdivided themselves, that have kept Portugal for seventeen years in a state of anarchy, and have ended by reducing her to her present pitiable condition. So numerous are the divisions, so violent the quarrels of the two parties, that their utter dissolution appears inevitable; and it is in view of this that the National party, as it styles itself, which inscribes upon its flag the name of Don Miguel—not as an absolute sovereign, but with powers limited by legitimate constitutional forms, to whose strict observance they bind him as a condition of their support, and of his continuance upon the throne upon which they hope to place him—uplifts its head, reorganises its hosts, and more clearly defines its political principles. Whilst Chartists and Septembrists tear each other to pieces, the Miguelites not only maintain their numerical importance, but, closing their ranks and acting in strict unity, they give constant proofs of adhesion to Don Miguel as personifying a national principle, and at the same time give evidence of political vitality by the activity and progress of their ideas, which are adapting themselves to the Liberal sentiments and theories of the times.* And it were flying in the face of facts to deny that this party comprehends a very important portion of the intelligence and respectability of the nation. It ascribes to itself an overwhelming majority in the country, and asserts that five-sixths of the population of Portugal would joyfully hail its advent to power. This of course must be viewed as an *ex-parte* statement, difficult for foreigners to verify or refute. But of late there have been no lack of proofs that a large proportion of the higher orders of Portuguese are stead-

* The principal Miguelite papers, *A Nação* (Lisbon,) and *O Portugal* (Oporto,) both of them highly respectable journals, conducted with much ability and moderation, unceasingly reiterate, whilst exposing the vices and corruption of the present system, their aversion to despotism, and their desire for a truly liberal and constitutional nt.

downfall than did the attacks of its foes, or the effects of foreign hostility. In short, the Liberals were complete and undisputed masters of the situation. But, notwithstanding all the facilities and advantages they enjoyed, what has been the condition of Portugal since they assumed the reins? What is its condition at the present day? We need not go far to ascertain it. The wretched plight of that once prosperous little kingdom is deposed to by every traveller who visits it, and by every English journal that has a correspondent there; it is to be traced in the columns of every Portuguese newspaper, and is admitted and deplored by thousands who once were strenuous and influential supporters of the party who promised so much, and who have performed so little that is good. The reign of that party whose battle-cry is, or was, Donna Maria and the Constitution, has been an unbroken series of revolutions, illegalities, peculations, corruptions, and dilapidations. The immense amount of misnamed "national property" (the *Infantado* and church estates,) which was part of their capital on their accession to power, has disappeared without benefit either to the country or to its creditors. The treasury is empty; the public revenues are eaten up by anticipation; civil and military officers, the court itself, are all in constant and considerable arrears of salaries and pay. The discipline of the troops is destroyed, the soldiers being demoralised by the bad example of their chiefs, including that of Marshal Saldanha himself; for it is one of the great misfortunes of the Peninsula, that there most officers of a certain rank consider their political predilections before their military duty. The "Liberal" party, divided and subdivided, and split into fractions, whose numbers fluctuate at the dictates of interest or caprice, presents a lament-

able spectacle of anarchy and inconsistency; whilst the Queen herself, whose good intentions we by no means impugn, has completely forfeited, as a necessary consequence of the misconduct of her counsellors, and of the sufferings the country has endured under her reign, whatever amount of respect, affection, and influence the Portuguese nation may once have been disposed to accord her. Such is the sad picture now presented by Portugal; and none whose acquaintance with facts renders them competent to judge, will say that it is overcharged or highly coloured.

The party in Portugal who advocate a return to the ancient constitution,* under which the country flourished—which fell into abeyance towards the close of the seventeenth century, but which it is now proposed to revive, as preferable to, and practically more liberal than, the present system—and who adopt as a banner, and couple with this scheme, the name of Don Miguel de Bragança, have not unnaturally derived great accession of strength, both moral and numerical, from the faults and dissensions of their adversaries. At the present day there are few things which the European public, and especially that of this country, sooner becomes indifferent to, and loses sight of, than the person and pretensions of a dethroned king; and owing to the lapse of years, to his unobtrusive manner of life, and to the storm of accusations amidst which he made his exit from power, Don Miguel would probably be considered, by those persons in this country who remember his existence, as the least likely member of the royal triumvirate, now assembled in Germany, to exchange his exile for a crown. But if we would take a fair and impartial view of the condition of Portugal, and calculate, as far as is possible in the case of either of the

* It is desirable here to explain that the old constitution of Portugal, whose restoration is the main feature of the scheme of the National or Royalist party, (it assumes both names,) gave the right of voting at the election of members of the popular assembly to every man who had a hearth of his own—whether he occupied a whole house or a single room—in fact, to all heads of families and self-supporting persons. Such extent of suffrage ought surely to content the most democratic, and certainly presents a strong contrast to the farce of national representation which has been so long enacting in the Peninsula.

reiterate the assurances of their fidelity and allegiance. Strangely enough, the person who opened the procession was a nephew of Marshal Saldanha, Don Antonio C. de Seabra, a staunch and intelligent royalist, whose visit to London coincided, as nearly as might be, with his uncle's flight into Galicia, and with his triumphant return to Oporto after the victory gained for him as he was decamping. Senhor Seabra was followed by two of the Freires, nephew and grand-nephew of the Freire who was minister-plenipotentiary in London some thirty years ago; by the Marquis and Marchioness of Vianna, and the Countess of Lapa—all of the first nobility of Portugal; by the Marquis of Abrantes, a relative of the royal family of Portugal; by a host of gentlemen of the first families in the provinces of Beira, Minho, Tras-os-Montes, &c.—Albuquerque, Mellos, Taveiras, Pachecos, Albergaras, Cunhas, Correa-de-Sas, Beduidos, San Martinhos, Pereiras, and scores of other names, which persons acquainted with Portugal will recognise as comprehending much of the best blood and highest intelligence in the country. Such demonstrations are not to be overlooked, or regarded as trivial and unimportant. Men like the Marquis of Abrantes, for instance, not less distinguished for mental accomplishment and elevation of character than for illustrious descent,* men of large possessions and extensive influence, cannot be assumed to represent only their individual opinions. The remarkable step lately taken by a number of Portuguese of this class, must be regarded as an indication of the state of feeling of a large portion of the nation; as an indication, too, of something grievously faulty in the conduct or constitution of a government which, after seventeen years' sway, has been unable to rally, reconcile, or even to appease the animosity of any portion of its original opponents.

Between the state of Portugal and

that of Spain there are, at the present moment, points of strong contrast, and others of striking similarity. The similarity is in the actual condition of the two countries—in their sufferings, misgovernment, and degradation; the contrast is in the state and prospects of the political parties they contain. What we have said of the wretched plight of Portugal applies, with few and unimportant differences, to the condition of Spain. If there has lately been somewhat less of open anarchy in the latter country than in the dominions of Donna Maria, there has not been one iota less of tyrannical government and scandalous malversation. The public revenue is still squandered and robbed, the heavy taxes extorted from the millions still flow into the pockets of a few thousand corrupt officials, ministers are still stock-jobbers, the liberty of the press is still a farce,† and the national representation an obscene comedy. A change of ministry in Spain is undoubtedly a most interesting event to those who go out and those who come in—far more so in Spain than in any other country, since in no other country does the possession of office enable a beggar so speedily to transform himself into a *millionaire*. In Portugal the will is not wanting, but the means are less ample. More may be safely pilfered out of a sack of corn than out of a sieveful, and poor little Portugal's revenue does not afford such scope to the itching palms of Liberal statesmen as does the more ample one of Spain, which of late years has materially increased—without, however, the tax-payer and public creditor experiencing one crumb of the benefit they might fairly expect in the shape of reduced imposts and augmented dividends. But, however interesting to the governing fraction, a change of administration in Spain is contemplated by the governed masses with supreme apathy and indifference. They used once to be excited by such changes; but they have long ago got over that weakness, and suffer their pockets to be picked

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and their bodies to be trampled with a placidity bordering on the sublime. As long as things do not get *worse*, they remain quiet; they have little hope of their getting *better*. Here, again, in this fertile and beautiful and once rich and powerful country of Spain, a most gratifying picture is presented to the instigators of the Quadruple Alliance, to the upholders of the virtuous Christina and the innocent Isabel! Pity that it is painted with so ensanguined a brush, and that strife and discord should be the main features of the composition! Upon the first panel is exhibited a civil war of seven years' duration, vying, for cold-blooded barbarity and gratuitous slaughter, with the fiercest and most fanatical contests that modern times have witnessed. Terminated by a strange act of treachery, even yet imperfectly understood, the war was succeeded by a brief period of well-meaning but inefficient government. By the daring and unscrupulous manœuvres of Louis Philippe and Christina this was upset—by means so extraordinary and so disgraceful to all concerned that scandalised Europe stood aghast, and almost refused to credit the proofs (which history will record) of the social degradation of Spaniards. For a moment Spain again stood divided and in arms, and on the brink of civil war. This danger over, the blood that had not been shed in the field flowed upon the scaffold: an iron hand and a pampered army crushed and silenced the disaffection and murmurs of the great body of the nation; and thus commenced a system of despotic and unscrupulous misrule and corruption, which still endures without symptom of improvement. As for the observance of the constitution, it is a *mockery* to speak of it, and has been so any time these eight years. In June 1850, Lord Palmerston, in the course of his celebrated defence of his foreign policy, declared himself happy to state that the government of Spain was at that time carried on more in accordance with the constitution than it had been two years previously. As ear-witnesses upon the occasion, we can do his lordship the justice to say that the assurance was less confidently and

unhesitatingly spoken than were most other parts of his eloquent oration. It was duly cheered, however, by the Commons House—or at least by those Hispanophilists and philanthropists upon its benches who accepted the Foreign Secretary's assurance in lieu of any positive knowledge of their own. The grounds for applause and gratulation were really of the slenderest. In 1848, the *un-constitutional* period referred to by Lord Palmerston, the Narvaez and Christina government were in the full vigour of their repressive measures, shooting the disaffected by the dozen, and exporting hundreds to the Philippines or immuring them in dungeons. This, of course, could not go on for ever; the power was theirs, the malcontents were compelled to succumb; the paternal and constitutional government made a desert, and called it peace. Short time was necessary, when such violent means were employed, to crush Spain into obedience, and in 1850 she lay supine, still bleeding from many an inward wound, at her tyrants' feet. This morbid tranquillity might possibly be mistaken for an indication of an improved mode of government. As for any other sign of constitutional rule, we are utterly unable to discern it in either the past or the present year. The admirable observance of the constitution was certainly in process of proof, at the very time of Lord Palmerston's speech, by the almost daily violation of the liberty of the press, by the seizure of journals whose offending articles the authorities rarely condescended to designate, and whose incriminated editors were seldom allowed opportunity of exculpation before a fair tribunal. It was further testified to, less than four months later, by a general election, at which such effectual use was made of those means of intimidation and corruption which are manifold in Spain, that, when the popular Chamber assembled, the government was actually alarmed at the smallness of the opposition—limited, as it was, to about a dozen stray *Progresistas*, who, like the sleeping beauty in the fairy tale, rubbed their eyes in wonderment at finding themselves there. Nor were the ministerial forebodings groundless in the case of the unscrupulous

reiterate the assurances of their fidelity and allegiance. Strangely enough, the person who opened the procession was a nephew of Marshal Saldanha, Don Antonio C. de Seabra, a staunch and intelligent royalist, whose visit to London coincided, as nearly as might be, with his uncle's flight into Galicia, and with his triumphant return to Oporto after the victory gained for him as he was decamping. Senhor Seabra was followed by two of the Freires, nephew and grand-nephew of the Freire who was minister-plenipotentiary in London some thirty years ago; by the Marquis and Marchioness of Vianna, and the Countess of Lapa—all of the first nobility of Portugal; by the Marquis of Abrantes, a relative of the royal family of Portugal; by a host of gentlemen of the first families in the provinces of Beira, Minho, Tras-os-Montes, &c.—Albuquerque, Mellos, Taveiras, Pachecos, Albergarias, Cunhas, Correa-de-Sas, Beduidos, San Martinhos, Pereiras, and scores of other names, which persons acquainted with Portugal will recognise as comprehending much of the best blood and highest intelligence in the country. Such demonstrations are not to be overlooked, or regarded as trivial and unimportant. Men like the Marquis of Abrantes, for instance, not less distinguished for mental accomplishment and elevation of character than for illustrious descent,* men of large possessions and extensive influence, cannot be assumed to represent only their individual opinions. The remarkable step lately taken by a number of Portuguese of this class, must be regarded as an indication of the state of feeling of a large portion of the nation; as an indication, too, of something grievously faulty in the conduct or constitution of a government which, after seventeen years' sway, has been unable to rally, reconcile, or even to appease the animosity of any portion of its original opponents.

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† This remark, (regarding the press,) literally true in Spain, does not apply to Portugal.

and their bodies to be trampled with a placidity bordering on the sublime. As long as things do not get *worse*, they remain quiet; they have little hope of their getting *better*. Here, again, in this fertile and beautiful and once rich and powerful country of Spain, a most gratifying picture is presented to the instigators of the Quadruple Alliance, to the upholders of the virtuous Christina and the innocent Isabel! Pity that it is painted with so ensanguined a brush, and that strife and discord should be the main features of the composition! Upon the first panel is exhibited a civil war of seven years' duration, vying, for cold-blooded barbarity and gratuitous slaughter, with the fiercest and most fanatical contests that modern times have witnessed. Terminated by a strange act of treachery, even yet imperfectly understood, the war was succeeded by a brief period of well-meaning but inefficient government. By the daring and unscrupulous manœuvres of Louis Philippe and Christina this was upset—by means so extraordinary and so disgraceful to all concerned that scandalised Europe stood aghast, and almost refused to credit the proofs (which history will record) of the social degradation of Spaniards. For a moment Spain again stood divided and in arms, and on the brink of civil war. This danger over, the blood that had not been shed in the field flowed upon the scaffold: an iron hand and a pampered army crushed and silenced the disaffection and murmurs of the great body of the nation; and thus commenced a system of despotic and unscrupulous misrule and corruption, which still endures without symptom of improvement. As for the observance of the constitution, it is a *mockery* to speak of it, and has been so any time these eight years. In June 1850, Lord Palmerston, in the course of his celebrated defence of his foreign policy, declared himself *happy* to state that the government of Spain was at that time carried on more in accordance with the constitution than it had been two years previously. As ear-witnesses upon the occasion, we can do his lordship the justice to say that the assurance was less confidently and

unhesitatingly spoken than were most other parts of his eloquent oration. It was duly cheered, however, by the Commons House—or at least by those Hispanophilists and philanthropists upon its benches who accepted the Foreign Secretary's assurance in lieu of any positive knowledge of their own. The grounds for applause and gratulation were really of the slenderest. In 1848, the *un-constitutional* period referred to by Lord Palmerston, the Narvaez and Christina government were in the full vigour of their repressive measures, shooting the disaffected by the dozen, and exporting hundreds to the Philippines or immuring them in dungeons. This, of course, could not go on for ever; the power was theirs, the malcontents were compelled to succumb; the paternal and constitutional government made a desert, and called it peace. Short time was necessary, when such violent means were employed, to crush Spain into obedience, and in 1850 she lay supine, still bleeding from many an inward wound, at her tyrants' feet. This morbid tranquillity might possibly be mistaken for an indication of an improved mode of government. As for any other sign of constitutional rule, we are utterly unable to discern it in either the past or the present year. The admirable observance of the constitution was certainly in process of proof, at the very time of Lord Palmerston's speech, by the almost daily violation of the liberty of the press, by the seizure of journals whose offending articles the authorities rarely condescended to designate, and whose incriminated editors were seldom allowed opportunity of exculpation before a fair tribunal. It was further testified to, less than four months later, by a general election, at which such effectual use was made of those means of intimidation and corruption which are manifold in Spain, that, when the popular Chamber assembled, the government was actually alarmed at the smallness of the opposition—limited, as it was, to about a dozen stray Progresistas, who, like the sleeping beauty in the fairy tale, rubbed their eyes in wonderment at finding themselves there. Nor were the ministerial forebodings groundless in the case of the unscrupulous

pulous and tyrannical Narvaez, who, within a few months, when seemingly more puissant than ever, and with an overwhelming majority in the Chamber obedient to his nod, was cast down by the wily hand that had set him up, and driven to seek safety in France from the vengeance of his innumerable enemies. The causes of this sudden and singular downfall are still a puzzle and a mystery to the world; but persons there are, claiming to see further than their neighbours into political millstones, who pretend that a distinguished diplomatist, of no very long standing at Madrid, had more to do than was patent to the world with the disgrace of the Spanish dictator, whom the wags of the Puerta del Sol declare to have exclaimed, as his carriage whirled him northwards through the gates of Madrid, "*Comme Henri Buhner!*"

Passing from the misgovernment and sufferings of Spain to its political state, we experience some difficulty in clearly defining and exhibiting this, inasmuch as the various parties that have hitherto acted under distinct names are gradually blending and disappearing like the figures in dissolving views. In Portugal, as we have already shown, whilst Chartists and Septembrists distract the country, and damage themselves by constant quarrels and collisions, a third party, unanimous and determined in its opposition to those two, grows in strength, influence, and prestige. In Spain, no party shows signs of healthy condition. In all three—Moderados, Progresistas, and Carlists—symptoms of dissolution are manifest. In the two countries, Chartists and Septembrists, Moderados and Progresistas, have alike split into two or more factions hostile to each other; but whilst, in Portugal, the Miguelites improve their position,

in Spain the Carlist party is reduced to a mere shadow of its former self. Without recognised chiefs or able leaders, without political theory of government, it bases its pretensions solely upon the hereditary right of its head. For whilst Don Miguel, on several occasions,* has declared his adhesion to the liberal programme advocated by his party for the security of the national liberties, the Count de Montemolin, either from indecision of character, or influenced by evil counsels, has hitherto made no precise, public, and satisfactory declaration of his views in this particular,† and by such injudicious reserve has lost the suffrages of many whom a distinct pledge would have gathered round his banner. Thus has he partially neutralised the object of his father's abdication in his favour. Don Carlos was too completely identified with the old absolutist party, composed of intolerant bigots both in temporal and spiritual matters, ever to have reconciled himself with the progressive spirit of the century, or to have become acceptable to the present generation of Spaniards. Discerning or advised of this, he transferred his claims to his son, thus placing in his hands an excellent card, which the young prince has not known how to play. If, instead of encouraging a sullen and unprofitable emigration, fomenting useless insurrections, draining his adherents' purses, and squandering their blood, he had husbanded the resources of the party, clearly and publicly defined his plan of government—if ever seated upon the throne he claims—and awaited in dignified retirement the progress of events, he would not have supplied the present rulers of Spain with pretexts, eagerly taken advantage of, for shameful tyranny and persecution; and he would have spared himself the mortification of seeing his party

* Particularly by his "declaration" of the 24th June 1843, by his autograph letter of instructions of the 15th August of the same year, and by his "royal letter" of the 6th April 1847, which was widely circulated in Portugal.

† We cannot attach value to the vague and most unsatisfactory manifesto signed "Carlos Luis," and issued from Bourges in May 1845, or consider it as in the slightest degree disproving what we have advanced. It contains no distinct pledge or guarantee of constitutional government, but deals in frothy generalities and magniloquent protestations, binding to nothing the prince who signed it, and bearing more traces of the pen of a Jesuit priest than of that of a competent and statesmanlike adviser of a youthful aspirant to a throne.

dwindle, and his oldest and most trusted friends and adherents, with few exceptions, accept pardon and place from the enemies against whom they had long and bravely contended. But vacillation, incapacity, and treachery presided at his counsels. He had none to point out to him—or if any did, they were unheeded or overruled—the fact, of which experience and repeated disappointments have probably at last convinced him, that it is not by the armed hand alone—not by the sword of Cabrera, or by Catalonian guerilla risings—that he can reasonably hope ever to reach Madrid, but by aid of the moral force of public opinion, as a result of the misgovernment of Spain's present rulers, of an increasing confidence in his own merits and good intentions, and perhaps of such possible contingencies as a Bourbon restoration in France, or the triumph of the Miguelites in Portugal. This last-named event will very likely be considered, by that numerous class of persons who base their opinions of foreign politics upon hearsay and general impressions rather than upon accurate knowledge and investigation of facts, as one of the most improbable of possibilities. A careful and dispassionate examination of the present state of the Peninsula does not enable us to regard it as a case of such utter improbability. But for the intimate and intricate connection between the Spanish and Portuguese questions, it would by no means surprise us—bearing in mind all that Portugal has suffered and still suffers under her present rulers—to see the Miguelite party openly assume the preponderance in the country. England would not allow it, will be the reply. Let us try the exact value of this assertion. England has two reasons for hostility to Don Miguel—one founded on certain considerations connected with his conduct when formerly on the throne of Portugal, the other on the dynastic alliance between the two countries. The government of Donna Maria may reckon upon the sympathy, advice, and even upon the direct naval assistance of England—up to a certain point. That is to say, that the English government will do what it *conveniently and suitably can*, in favour

of the Portuguese queen and her husband; but there is room for a strong doubt that it would *seriously* compromise itself to maintain them upon the throne. Setting aside Donna Maria's matrimonial connection, Don Miguel, as a constitutional king, and with certain mercantile and financial arrangements, would suit English interests every bit as well. But the case is very different as regards Spain. The restoration of Don Miguel would be a terrible if not a fatal shock to the throne of Isabella II. and to the Moderado party, to whom the revival of the legitimist principle in Portugal would be so much the more dangerous if experience proved it to be compatible with the interests created by the Revolution. For the Spanish government, therefore, intervention against Don Miguel is an absolute necessity—we might perhaps say a condition of its existence; and thus is Spain the great stumbling-block in the way of his restoration, whereas England's objections might be found less invincible. So, in the civil war in Portugal, this country only co-operated indirectly against Don Miguel, and it is by no means certain he would have been overcome, but for the entrance of Rodil's Spaniards, which was the decisive blow to his cause. And so, the other day, the English government was seen patiently looking on at the progress of events, when it is well known that the question of immediate intervention was warmly debated in the Madrid cabinet, and might possibly have been carried, but for the moderating influence of English counsels.

If we consider the critical and hazardous position of Marshal Saldanha, wavering as he is between Chartists and Septembrists—threatened to-day with a Cabralist insurrection, to-morrow with a Septembrist pronunciamiento—it is easy to foresee that the Miguelite party may soon find tempting opportunities of an active demonstration in the field. Such a movement, however, would be decidedly premature. Their game manifestly is to await with patience the development of the ultimate consequences of Saldanha's insurrection. It requires no great amount of judg-

ment and experience in political matters to foresee that he will be the victim of his own ill-considered movement, and that no long period will elapse before some new event—be it a Cabralist reaction or a Septembrist revolt—will prove the instability of the present order of things. With this certainty in view, the Miguelites are playing upon velvet. They have only to hold themselves in readiness to profit by the struggle between the two great divisions of the Liberal party. From this struggle they are not unlikely to derive an important accession of strength, if, as is by no means improbable, the Chartists should be routed and the Septembrists remain temporary masters of the field. To understand the possible coalition of a portion of the Chartists with the adherents of Don Miguel, it suffices to bear in mind that the former are supporters of constitutional monarchy, which principle would be endangered by the triumph of the Septembrists, whose republican tendencies are notorious, as is also— notwithstanding the momentary truce they have made with her—their hatred to Donna Maria.

The first consequences of a Septembrist pronunciamiento would probably be the deposition of the Queen and the scattering of the Chartists; and in this case it is easy to conceive the latter beholding in an alliance with the Miguelite party their sole chance of escape from democracy, and from a destruction of the numerous interests they have acquired during their many years of power. It is no unfair inference that Costa Cabral, when he caused himself, shortly after his arrival in London, to be presented to Don Miguel in a particularly public place, anticipated the probability of some such events as we have just sketched, and thus indicated, to his friends and enemies, the new service to which he might one day be disposed to devote his political talents.

The intricate and suggestive complications of Peninsular politics offer a wide field for speculation; but of this we are not at present disposed further

to avail ourselves, our object being to elucidate facts rather than to theorise or indulge in predictions with respect to two countries by whose political eccentricities more competent prophets than ourselves have, upon so many occasions during the last twenty years, been puzzled and led astray. We sincerely wish that the governments of Spain and Portugal were now in the hands of men capable of conciliating all parties, and of averting future convulsions—of men sufficiently able and patriotic to conceive and carry out measures adapted to the character, temper, and wants of the two nations. If, by what we should be compelled to look upon almost as a miracle, such a state of things came about in the Peninsula, we should be far indeed from desiring to see it disturbed, and discord again introduced into the land, for the vindication of the principle of legitimacy, respectable though we hold that to be. But if Spain and Portugal are to continue a byword among the nations, the focus of administrative abuses and oligarchical tyranny; if the lower classes of society in those countries, by nature brave and generous, are to remain degraded into the playthings of egotistical adventurers, whilst the more respectable and intelligent portion of the higher orders stands aloof in disgust from the orgies of misgovernment; if this state of things is to endure, without prospect of amendment, until the masses throw themselves into the arms of the apostles of democracy—who, it were vain to deny, gain ground in the Peninsula—then, we ask, before it comes to that, would it not be well to give a chance to parties and to men whose character and principles at least unite some elements of stability, and who, whatever reliance may be placed on their promises for the future, candidly admit their past faults and errors? Assuredly those nations incur a heavy responsibility, and but poorly prove their attachment to the cause of constitutional freedom, who avail themselves of superior force to detain feeble allies beneath the yoke of intolerable abuses.

THE CONGRESS AND THE AGAPEDOME.

A TALK OF PEACE AND LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

IF I were to commence my story by stating, in the manner of the military biographers, that Jack Wilkinson was as brave a man as ever pushed a bayonet into the brisket of a Frenchman, I should be telling a confounded lie, seeing that, to the best of my knowledge, Jack never had the opportunity of attempting practical phlebotomy. I shall content myself with describing him as one of the finest and best-hearted fellows that ever held her Majesty's commission; and no one who is acquainted with the general character of the officers of the British army, will require a higher eulogium.

Jack and I were early cronies at school; but we soon separated, having been born under the influence of different planets. Mars, who had the charge of Jack, of course devoted him to the army; Jupiter, who was bound to look after my interests, could find nothing better for me than a situation in the Woods and Forests, with a faint chance of becoming in time a subordinate Commissioner—that is, provided the wrongs of Ann Hicks do not precipitate the abolition of the whole department. Ten years elapsed before we met; and I regret to say that, during that interval, neither of us had ascended many rounds of the ladder of promotion. As was most natural, I considered my own case as peculiarly hard, and yet Jack's was perhaps harder. He had visited with his regiment, in the course of duty, the Cape, the Ionian Islands, Gibraltar, and the West Indies. He had caught an ague in Canada, and had been transplanted to the north of Ireland by way of a cure; and yet he had not gained a higher rank in the service than that of Lieutenant. The fact is, that Jack was poor, and his brother officers as tough as though they had been made of caoutchouc. Despite the varieties of climate to which they were exposed, not one of them would give up the ghost; even the old colonel, who had

been twice despaired of, recovered from the yellow fever, and within a week after was lapping his claret at the mess-table as jollily as if nothing had happened. The regiment had a bad name in the service: they called it, I believe, "the Immortals."

Jack Wilkinson, as I have said, was poor, but he had an uncle who was enormously rich. This uncle, Mr Peter Pettigrew by name, was an old bachelor and retired merchant, not likely, according to the ordinary calculation of chances, to marry; and as he had no other near relative save Jack, to whom, moreover, he was sincerely attached, my friend was generally regarded in the light of a prospective proprietor, and might doubtless, had he been so inclined, have negotiated a loan, at or under seventy per cent, with one of those respectable gentlemen who are making such violent efforts to abolish Christian legislation. But Pettigrew also was tough as one of "the Immortals," and Jack was too prudent a fellow to intrust himself to hands so eminently accomplished in the art of wringing the last drop of moisture from a sponge. His uncle, he said, had always behaved handsomely to him, and he would see the whole tribe of Issachar drowned in the Dardanelles rather than abuse his kindness by raising money on a post-obit. Pettigrew, indeed, had paid for his commission, and, moreover, given him a fair allowance whilst he was quartered abroad—circumstances which rendered it extremely probable that he would come forward to assist his nephew so soon as the latter had any prospect of purchasing his company.

Happening by accident to be in Hull, where the regiment was quartered, I encountered Wilkinson, whom I found not a whit altered for the worse, either in mind or body, since the days when we were at school together; and at his instance I agreed to prolong my stay, and partake of the

hospitality of the Immortals. A merry set they were! The major told a capital story, the senior captain sung like Incledon, the *cuisine* was beyond reproach, and the liquor only too alluring. But all things must have an end. It is wise to quit even the most delightful society before it palls upon you, and before it is accurately ascertained that you, clever fellow as you are, can be, on occasion, quite as prosy and ridiculous as your neighbours; therefore on the third day I declined a renewal of the ambrosial banquet, and succeeded in persuading Wilkinson to take a quiet dinner with me at my own hotel. He assented—the more readily, perhaps, that he appeared slightly depressed in spirits, a phenomenon not altogether unknown under similar circumstances.

After the cloth was removed, we began to discourse upon our respective fortunes, not omitting the usual complimentary remarks which, in such moments of confidence, are applied to one's superiors, who may be very thankful that they do not possess a preternatural power of hearing. Jack informed me that at length a vacancy had occurred in his regiment, and that he had now an opportunity, could he deposit the money, of getting his captaincy. But there was evidently a screw loose somewhere.

"I must own," said Jack, "that it is hard, after having waited so long, to lose a chance which may not occur again for years; but what can I do? You see I haven't got the money; so I suppose I must just bend to my luck, and wait in patience for my company until my head is as bare as a billiard-ball!"

"But, Jack," said I, "excuse me for making the remark—but won't your uncle, Mr Pettigrew, assist you?"

"Not the slightest chance of it."

"You surprise me," said I; "I am very sorry to hear you say so. I always understood that you were a prime favourite of his."

"So I was; and so, perhaps, I am," replied Wilkinson; "but that don't alter the matter."

"Why, surely," said I, "if he is inclined to help you at all, he will not be backward at a time like this. I

am afraid, Jack, you allow your modesty to wrong you."

"I shall permit my modesty," said Jack, "to take no such impertinent liberty. But I see you don't know my uncle Peter."

"I have not that pleasure, certainly; but he bears the character of a good honest fellow, and everybody believes that you are to be his heir."

"That may be, or may not, according to circumstances," said Wilkinson. "You are quite right as to his character, which I would advise no one to challenge in my presence; for, though I should never get another stiver from him, or see a farthing of his property, I am bound to acknowledge that he has acted towards me in the most generous manner. But I repeat that you don't understand my uncle."

"Nor ever shall," said I, "unless you condescend to enlighten me."

"Well, then, listen. Old Peter would be a regular trump, but for one besetting foible. He cannot resist a crotchet. The more palpably absurd and idiotical any scheme may be, the more eagerly he adopts it; nay, unless it is absurd and idiotical, such as no man of common sense would listen to for a moment, he will have nothing to say to it. He is quite shrewd enough with regard to commercial matters. During the railway mania, he is supposed to have doubled his capital. Never having had any faith in the stability of the system, he sold out just at the right moment, alleging that it was full time to do so, when Sir Robert Peel introduced a bill giving the Government the right of purchasing any line when its dividends amounted to ten per cent. The result proved that he was correct."

"It did, undoubtedly. But surely that is no evidence of his extreme tendency to be led astray by crotchets?"

"Quite the reverse: the scheme was not sufficiently absurd for him. Besides, I must tell you, that in pure commercial matters it would be very difficult to overreach or deceive my uncle. He has a clear eye for pounds, shillings, and pence—principal and interest—and can look very well after himself when his purse is directly

assailed. His real weakness lies in sentiment."

"Not, I trust, towards the feminine gender? That might be awkward for you in a gentleman of his years!"

"Not precisely—though I would not like to trust him in the hands of a designing female. His besetting weakness turns on the point of the regeneration of mankind. Forty or fifty years ago he would have been a follower of Johanna Southcote. He subscribed liberally to Owen's schemes, and was within an ace of turning out with Thom of Canterbury. Incredible as it may appear, he actually was for a time a regular and accepted Mormonite."

"You don't mean to say so?"

"Fact, I assure you, upon my honour! But for a swindle that Joe Smith tried to perpetrate about the discounting of a bill, Peter Pettigrew might at this moment have been a leading saint in the temple of Nauvoo, or whatever else they call the capital of that polygamous and promiscuous persuasion."

"You amaze me. How any man of common sense—"

"That's just the point. Where common sense ends, Uncle Pettigrew begins. Give him a mere thread of practicability, and he will arrive at a sound conclusion. Envelope him in the mist of theory, and he will walk headlong over a precipice."

"Why, Jack," said I, "you seem to have improved in your figures of speech since you joined the army. That last sentence was worth preservation. But I don't clearly understand you yet. What is his present phase, which seems to stand in the way of your prospects?"

"Can't you guess? What is the most absurd feature of the present time?"

"That," said I, "is a very difficult question. There's Free Trade, and the proposed Exhibition—both of them absurd enough, if you look to their ultimate tendency. Then there are Sir Charles Wood's Budget, and the new Reform Bill, and the Encumbered Estates Act, and the whole rubbish of the Cabinet, which they have neither sense to suppress nor courage to carry through. Upon my word, Jack, it would be impossible

for me to answer your question satisfactorily."

"What do you think of the Peace Congress?" asked Wilkinson.

"As Palmerston does," said I; "remarkably meanly. But why do you put that point? Surely Mr Pettigrew has not become a disciple of the blatant blacksmith?"

"Read that, and judge for yourself," said Wilkinson, handing me over a letter.

I read as follows:—

"MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I have your letter of the 15th, apprising me of your wish to obtain what you term a step in the service. I am aware that I am not entitled to blame you for a misguided and lamentably mistaken zeal, which, to my shame be it said, I was the means of originally kindling; still, you must excuse me if, with the new lights which have been vouchsafed to me, I decline to assist your progress towards wholesale homicide, or lend any further countenance to a profession which is subversive of that universal brotherhood and entire fraternity which ought to prevail among the nations. The fact is, Jack, that, up to the present time, I have entertained ideas which were totally false regarding the greatness of my country. I used to think that England was quite as glorious from her renown in arms as from her skill in arts—that she had reason to plume herself upon her ancient and modern victories, and that patriotism was a virtue which it was incumbent upon freemen to view with respect and veneration. Led astray by these wretched prejudices, I gave my consent to your enrolling yourself in the ranks of the British army, little thinking that, by such a step, I was doing a material injury to the cause of general pacification, and, in fact, retarding the advent of that millennium which will commence so soon as the military profession is entirely suppressed throughout Europe. I am now also painfully aware that, towards you individually, I have failed in performing my duty. I have been the means of inoculating you with a thirst for human blood, and of depriving you of that opportunity of adding to the resources of your country, which you might have enjoyed

had I placed you early in one of those establishments which, by sending exports to the uttermost parts of the earth, have contributed so magnificently to the diffusion of British patterns, and the growth of American cotton under a mild system of servitude, which none, save the minions of royalty, dare denominate as actual slavery.

"In short, Jack, I have wronged you; but I should wrong you still more were I to furnish you with the means of advancing one other step in your bloody and inhuman profession. It is full time that we should discard all national recollections. We have already given a glorious example to Europe and the world, by throwing open our ports to their produce without requiring the assurance of reciprocity—let us take another step in the same direction, and, by a complete disarmament, convince them that for the future we rely upon moral reason, instead of physical force, as the means of deciding differences. I shall be glad, my dear boy, to repair the injury which I have unfortunately done you, by contributing a sum, equal to three times the amount required for the purchase of a company, towards your establishment as a partner in an exporting house, if you can hear of an eligible offer. Pray keep an eye on the advertising columns of the *Economist*. That journal is in every way trustworthy, except, perhaps, when it deals in quotation. I must now conclude, as I have to attend a meeting for the purpose of denouncing the policy of Russia, and of warning the misguided capitalists of London against the perils of an Austrian loan. You cannot, I am sure, doubt my affection, but you must not expect me to advance my money towards keeping up a herd of locusts, without which there would be a general conversion of swords and bayonets into machinery—ploughshares, spades, and pruning-hooks being, for the present, rather at a discount.—I remain always your affectionate uncle,

"PETER PETTIGREW.

"P. S.—Address to me at Hesse Homberg, whither I am going as a delegate to the Peace Congress."

"Well, what do you think of that?" said Wilkinson, when I had finished this comfortable epistle. "I presume you agree with me, that I have no chance whatever of receiving assistance from that quarter."

"Why, not much I should say, unless you can succeed in convincing Mr Pettigrew of the error of his ways. It seems to me a regular case of monomania."

"Would you not suppose, after reading that letter, that I was a sort of sucking tiger, or at best an ogre, who never could sleep comfortably unless he had finished off the evening with a cup of gore?" said Wilkinson. "I like that coming from old Uncle Peter, who used to sing Rule Britannia till he was hoarse, and always dedicated his second glass of port to the health of the Duke of Wellington!"

"But what do you intend to do?" said I. "Will you accept his offer, and become a fabricator of calicoes?"

"I'd as soon become a field preacher, and hold forth on an inverted tub! But the matter is really very serious. In his present mood of mind, Uncle Peter will disinherit me to a certainty if I remain in the army."

"Does he usually adhere long to any particular crotchet?" said I.

"Why, no; and therein lies my hope. Judging from past experience, I should say that this fit is not likely to last above a month or two; still you see there may be danger in treating the matter too lightly: besides, there is no saying when such another opportunity of getting a step may occur. What would you advise under the circumstances?"

"If I were in your place," said I, "I think I should go over to Hesse Homberg at once. You need not identify yourself entirely with the Peace gentry; you will be near your uncle, and ready to act as circumstances may suggest."

"That is just my own notion; and I think I can obtain leave of absence. I say—could you not manage to go along with me? It would be a real act of friendship; for, to say the truth, I don't think I could trust any of our fellows in the company of the Quakers."

"Well—I believe they can spare me for a little longer from my official

duties; and as the weather is fine, I don't mind if I go."

"That's a good fellow! I shall make my arrangements this evening; for the sooner we are off the better."

Two days afterwards we were steaming up the Rhine, a river which, I trust, may persevere in its attempt to redeem its ancient character. In 1848, when I visited Germany last, you might just as well have navigated the Phlegethon in so far as pleasure was concerned. Those were the days of barricades and of Frankfort murders—of the obscene German Parliament, as the junta of rogues, fanatics, and imbeciles, who were assembled in St Paul's Church, denominated themselves; and of every phase and form of political quackery and insurrection. Now, however, matters were somewhat mended. The star of Gagern had waned. The popularity of the Archduke John had exhaled like the fume of a farthing candle. Hecker and Struve were hanged, shot, or expatriated; and the peaceably disposed traveller could once more retire to rest in his hotel, without being haunted by a horrid suspicion that ere morning some truculent waiter might experiment upon the toughness of his larynx. I was glad to observe that the Frankforters appeared a good deal humbled. They were always a pestilent set; but during the revolutionary year their insolence rose to such a pitch that it was hardly safe for a man of warm temperament to enter a shop, lest he should be provoked by the airs and impertinence of the owner to commit an assault upon Freedom in the person of her democratic votary. I suspect the Frankforters are now tolerably aware that revolutions are the reverse of profitable. They escaped sack and pillage by a sheer miracle, and probably they will not again exert themselves, at least for a considerable number of years, to hasten the approach of a similar crisis.

Everybody knows Homberg. On one pretext or another—whether the mineral springs, the baths, the gaiety, or the gambling—the integral portions of that tide of voyagers which annually fluctuates through the Rheingau, find their way to that pleasant little pandemonium, and contribute,

I have no doubt, very largely to the revenues of that high and puissant monarch who rules over a population not quite so large as that comprehended within the boundaries of Clackmannan. But various as its visitors always are, and diverse in language, habits, and morals, I question whether Homberg ever exhibited on any previous occasion so queer and incongruous a mixture. Doubtful counts, apocryphal barons, and chevaliers of the extremest industry, mingled with sleek Quakers, Manchester reformers, and clerical agitators of every imaginable species of dissent. Then there were women, for the most part of a middle age, who, although their complexions would certainly have been improved by a course of the medicinal waters, had evidently come to Homberg on a higher and holier mission. There was also a sprinkling of French deputies—Red Republicans by principle, who, if not the most ardent friends of pacification, are at least the loudest in their denunciation of standing armies—a fair proportion of political exiles, who found their own countries too hot to hold them in consequence of the caloric which they had been the means of evoking—and one or two of those unhappy personages, whose itch for notoriety is greater than their modicum of sense. We were not long in finding Mr Peter Pettigrew. He was solacing himself in the gardens, previous to the table-d'hôte, by listening to the exhilarating strains of the brass band which was performing a military march; and by his side was a lady attired, not in the usual costume of her sex, but in a polka jacket and wide trousers, which gave her all the appearance of a veteran duenna of a seraglio. Uncle Peter, however, beamed upon her as tenderly as though she were a Circassian captive. To this lady, by name Miss Lavinia Latchley, an American authoress of much renown, and a decided champion of the rights of woman, we were presented in due form. After the first greetings were over, Mr Pettigrew opened the trenches.

"So Jack, my boy, you have come to Homberg to see how we carry on the war, eh? No—Lord forgive me

—that's not what I mean. We don't intend to carry on any kind of war: we mean to put it down—clap the extinguisher upon it, you know; and have done with all kinds of cannons. Bad thing, gunpowder! I once sustained a heavy loss by sending out a cargo of it to Sierra Leone."

"I should have thought that a paying speculation," observed Jack.

"Not a whit of it! The cruisers spoiled the trade; and the missionaries—confound them for meddling with matters which they did not understand!—had patched up a peace among the chiefs of the cannibals; so that for two years there was not a slave to be had for love or money, and powder went down a hundred and seventy per cent."

"Such are the effects," remarked Miss Latchley with a sarcastic smile, which disclosed a row of teeth as yellow as the buds of the crocus—"such are the effects of an ill regulated and unphilosophical yearning after the visionary theories of an unopportunity emancipation! Oh that men, instead of squandering their sympathies upon the lower grades of creation, would emancipate themselves from that network of error and prejudice which reticulates over the whole surface of society, and by acknowledging the divine mission and hereditary claims of woman, construct a new, a fairer Eden than any which was fabled to exist within the confines of the primitive Chaldaea!"

"Very true, indeed, ma'am!" replied Mr Pettigrew; "there is a great deal of sound sense and observation in what you say. But Jack—I hope you intend to become a member of Congress at once. I shall be glad to present you at our afternoon meeting in the character of a converted officer."

"You are very good, uncle, I am sure," said Wilkinson, "but I would rather wait a little. I am certain you would not wish me to take so serious a step without mature deliberation; and I hope that my attendance here, in answer to your summons, will convince you that I am at least open to conviction. In fact, I wish to hear the argument of your friends before I come to a definite decision."

"Very right, Jack; very right!" said Mr Pettigrew. "I don't like converts at a minute's notice, as I remarked to a certain M.P. when he followed in the wake of Peel. Take your time, and form your own judgment; I cannot doubt of the result, if you only listen to the arguments of the leading men of Europe."

"And do you reckon America as nothing, dear Mr Pettigrew?" said Miss Latchley. "Columbia may not be able to contribute to the task so practical and masculine an intellect as yours, yet still within many a Transatlantic bosom burns a hate of tyranny not less intense, though perhaps less coruscating, than your own."

"I know it, I know it, dear Miss Latchley!" replied the infatuated Peter. "A word from you is at any time worth a lecture, at least if I may judge from the effects which your magnificent eloquence has produced on my own mind. Jack, I suppose you have never had the privilege of listening to the lectures of Miss Latchley?"

Jack modestly acknowledged the gap which had been left in his education; stating, at the same time, his intense desire to have it filled up at the first convenient opportunity. Miss Latchley heaved a sigh.

"I hope you do not flatter me," she said, "as is too much the case with men whose thoughts have been led habitually to deviate from sincerity. The worst symptom of the present agelics in its acquiescence with axioms. Free us from that, and we are free indeed; perpetuate its thralldom, and Truth, which is the daughter of Innocence and Liberty, imp its wings in vain, and cannot emancipate itself from the pressure of that raiment which was devised to impede its glorious walk among the nations."

Jack made no reply beyond a glance at the terminations of the lady, which showed that she at all events was resolved that no extra raiment should trammel her onward progress.

As the customary hour of the table-d'hôte was approaching, we separated, Jack and I pledging ourselves to attend the afternoon meeting of the Peace Congress, for the purpose of receiving our first lesson in the mysteries of pacification.

"Well, what do you think of that?" said Jack, as Mr Pettigrew and the Latchley walked off together. "Hang me if I don't suspect that old harpy in the breeches has a design on Uncle Peter!"

"Small doubt of that," said I; "and you will find it rather a difficult job to get him out of her clutches. Your female philosopher adheres to her victim with all the tenacity of a polecat."

"Here is a pretty business!" groaned Jack. "I'll tell you what it is—I

have more than half a mind to put an end to it, by telling my uncle what I think of his conduct, and then leaving him to marry this harridan, and make a further fool of himself in any way he pleases!"

"Don't be silly, Jack!" said I; "It will be time enough to do that after everything else has failed; and, for my own part, I see no reason to despair. In the mean time, if you please, let us secure places at the dinner-table."

CHAPTER II.

"Dear friends and well-beloved brothers! I wish from the bottom of my heart that there was but one universal language, so that the general sentiments of love, equality, and fraternity, which animate the bosoms of all the pacificators and detesters of tyranny throughout the world, might find a simultaneous echo in your ears, by the medium of a common speech. The diversity of dialects, which now unfortunately prevails, was originally invented under cover of the feudal system, by the minions of despotism, who thought, by such despicable means, for ever to perpetuate their power. It is part of the same system which decrees that in different countries alien to each other in speech, those unhappy persons who have sold themselves to do the bidding of tyrants shall be distinguished by different uniforms. O my brothers! see what a hellish and deep-laid system is here! English and French—scarlet against blue—different tongues invented, and different garments prescribed, to inflame the passions of mankind against each other, and to stifle their common fraternity!"

"Take down, I say, from your halls and churches those wretched tatters of silk which you designate as national colours! Bring hither, from all parts of the earth, the butt of the gun and the shaft of the spear, and all combustible implements of destruction—your fascines, your scaling-ladders, and your terrible pontoons, that have made so many mothers childless! Heap them into one enormous pile—yea, heap them to the very stars—and on that blazing altar let there be thrown the Union Jack of Britain,

the tricolor of France, the eagles of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, the American stripes and stars, and every other banner and emblem of that accursed nationality, through which alone mankind is defrauded of his birthright. Then let all men join hands together, and as they dance around the reeking pile, let them in one common speech chaunt a simultaneous hymn in honour of their universal deliverance, and in commemoration of their cosmopolitan triumph!"

"O my brothers, O my brothers! what shall I say further? Ha! I will not address myself to you whose hearts are already kindled within you by the purest of spiritual flames. I will uplift my voice, and in words of thunder exhort the debased minions of tyranny to arouse themselves ere it be too late, and to shake off those fetters which they wear for the purpose of enslaving others. Hear me, then, ye soldiers!—hear me, ye degraded serfs!—hear me, ye monsters of iniquity! Oh, if the earth could speak, what a voice would arise out of its desolate battle-fields, to testify against you and yours! Tell us not that you have fought for freedom. Was freedom ever won by the sword? Tell us not that you have defended your country's rights, for in the eye of the true philosopher there is no country save one, and that is the universal earth, to which all have an equal claim. Shelter not yourselves, night-prowling hyenas as you are, under such miserable pretenses as these! Hie ye to the charnel-houses, ye bats, ye vampires, ye ravens, ye birds of the foulest omen! Strive, if you can, in their dark recesses, to

hide yourselves from the glare of that light which is now permeating the world. O the dawn! O the glory! O the universal illumination! See, my brothers, how they shrink, how they flee from its cheering influence! Tremble, minions of despotism! Your race is run, your very empires are tottering around you. See—with one grasp I crush them all, as I crush this flimsy scroll!"

Here the eloquent gentleman, having made a paper ball of the last number of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, sat down amidst the vociferous applause of the assembly. He was the first orator who had spoken, and I believe had been selected to lead the van on account of his platform experience, which was very great. I cannot say, however, that his arguments produced entire conviction upon my mind, or that of my companion, judging from certain muttered adjurations which fell from Wilkinson, to the effect that on the first convenient opportunity he would take means to make the crumpler-up of nations atone for his scurrilous abuse of the army. We were next favoured with addresses in Slavonian, German, and French; and then another British orator came forward to enlighten the public. This last was a fellow of some fancy. Avoiding all stale topics about despotism, aristocracies, and standing armies, he went to the root of the matter, by asserting that in Vegetarianism alone lay the true escape from the horrors and miseries of war. Mr Belcher—for such was the name of this distinguished philanthropist—opined that without beef and mutton there never could be a battle.

"Had Napoleon," said he, "been dieted from his youth upwards upon turnips, the world would have been spared those scenes of butchery, which must ever remain a blot upon the history of the present century. One of our oldest English annalists assures us that Jack Cade, than whom, perhaps, there never breathed a more uncompromising enemy of tyranny, subsisted entirely upon spinach. This fact has been beautifully treated by Shakspeare, whose passion for onions was proverbial, in his play of Henry VI., wherein he represents Cade, immediately before his death, as engaged

in the preparation of a salad. I myself," continued Mr Belcher in a slightly flatulent tone, "can assure this honourable company, that for more than six months I have cautiously abstained from using any other kind of food, except broccoli, which I find at once refreshing and laxative, light, airy, and digestible!"

Mr Belcher having ended, a bearded gentleman, who enjoyed the reputation of being the most notorious duellist in Europe, rose up for the purpose of addressing the audience; but by this time the afternoon was considerably advanced, and a large number of the Congress had silently seceded to the *roulette* and *rouge-et-noir* tables. Among these, to my great surprise, were Miss Latchley and Mr Pettigrew: it being, as I afterwards understood, the invariable practice of this gifted lady, whenever she could secure a victim, to avail herself of his pecuniary resources; so that if fortune declared against her, the gentleman stood the loss, whilst, in the opposite event, she retained possession of the spoil. I daresay some of my readers may have been witnesses to a similar arrangement.

As it was no use remaining after the departure of Mr Pettigrew, Wilkinson and I sallied forth for a stroll, not, as you may well conceive, in a high state of enthusiasm or rapture.

"I would not have believed," said Wilkinson, "unless I had seen it with my own eyes, that it was possible to collect in one room so many samples of absolute idiocy. What a pleasant companion that Belcher fellow, who eats nothing but broccoli, must be!"

"A little variety in the way of peas would probably render him perfect. But what do you say to the first orator?"

"I shall reserve the expression of my opinion," replied Jack, "until I have the satisfaction of meeting that gentleman in private. But how are we to proceed? With this woman in the way, it entirely baffles my comprehension."

"Do you know, Jack, I was thinking of that during the whole time of the meeting; and it does appear to me that there is a way open by which we may precipitate the crisis. Mind—I don't answer for the success of

my scheme, but it has at least the merit of simplicity."

"Out with it, my dear fellow! I am all impatience," cried Jack.

"Well, then," said I, "did you remark the queer and heterogeneous nature of the company? I don't think, if you except the Quakers, who have the generic similarity of eels, that you could have picked out any two individuals with a tolerable resemblance to each other."

"That's likely enough, for they are a most seedy set. But what of it?"

"Why, simply this: I suspect the majority of them are political refugees. No person, who is not an absurd fanatic or a designing demagogue, can have any sympathy with the nonsense which is talked against governments and standing armies. The Red Republicans, of whom I can assure you there are plenty in every state in Europe, are naturally most desirous to get rid of the latter, by whom they are held in check; and if that were once accomplished, no kind of government could stand for a single day. They are now appealing, as they call it, to public opinion, by means of these congresses and gatherings; and they have contrived, under cover of a zeal for universal peace, to induce a considerable number of weak and foolish people to join with them in a cry which is simply the forerunner of revolution."

"All that I understand; but I don't quite see your drift."

"Every one of these bearded vagabonds hates the other like poison. Talk of fraternity, indeed! They want to have revolution first; and if they could get it, you would see them flying at each other's throats like a pack of wild dogs that have pulled down a deer. Now, my plan is this: Let us have a supper-party, and invite a deputy from each nation. My life upon it, that before they have been half-an-hour together, there will be such a row among the fraternisers as will frighten your uncle Peter out of his senses, or, still better, out of his present crotchets."

"A capital idea! But how shall we get hold of the fellows?"

"That's not very difficult. They are at this moment hard at work at

roulette, and they will come readily enough to the call if you promise them lots of Niersteiner."

"By George! they shall have it in bucketfuls, if that can produce the desired effect. I say—we must positively have that chap who abused the army."

"I think it would be advisable to let him alone. I would rather stick to the foreigners."

"O, by Jove, we must have him. I have a slight score to settle, for the credit of the service!"

"Well, but be cautious. Recollect the great matter is to leave our guests to themselves."

"Never fear me. I shall take care to keep within due bounds. Now let us look after Uncle Peter."

We found that respected individual in a state of high glee. His own run of luck had not been extraordinary; but the Latchley, who appeared to possess a sort of second-sight in fixing on the fortunate numbers, had contrived to accumulate a perfect mountain of dollars, to the manifest disgust of a profane Quaker opposite, who, judging from the violence of his language, had been thoroughly cleaned out. Mr Pettigrew agreed at once to the proposal for a supper-party, which Jack excused himself for making, on the ground that he had a strong wish to cultivate the personal acquaintance of the gentlemen, who, in the event of his joining the Peace Society, would become his brethren. After some pressing, Mr Pettigrew agreed to take the chair, his nephew officiating as cronier. Miss Lavinia Latchley, so soon as she learned what was in contemplation, made a strong effort to be allowed to join the party; but, notwithstanding her assertion of the unalienable rights of woman to be present on all occasions of social hilarity, Jack would not yield; and even Pettigrew seemed to think that there were times and seasons when the female countenance might be withheld with advantage. We found no difficulty whatever in furnishing the complement of the guests. There were seventeen of us in all—four Britons, two Frenchmen, a Hungarian, a Lombard, a Piedmontese, a Sicilian, a Neapolitan, a Roman, an

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Austrian, a Prussian, a Dane, a Dutchman, and a Yankee. The majority exhibited beards of startling dimension, and few of them appeared to regard soap in the light of a justifiable luxury.

Pettigrew made an admirable chairman. Although not conversant with any language save his own, he contrived, by means of altering the terminations of his words, to carry on a very animated conversation with all his neighbours. His Italian was superb, his Danish above par, and his Slavonic, to say the least of it, passable. The viands were good, and the wine abundant; so that, by the time pipes were produced, we were all tolerably hilarious. The conversation, which at first was general, now took a political turn; and very grievous it was to listen to the tales of the outrages which some of the company had sustained at the hands of tyrannical governments.

"I'll tell you what it is, gentlemen," said one of the Frenchmen, "republics are not a whit better than monarchies, in so far as the liberty of the people is concerned. Here am I obliged to leave France, because I was a friend of that gallant fellow, Ledru Rollin, whom I hope one day to see at the head of a real Socialist government. Ah, won't we set the guillotine once more in motion then!"

"Property is theft," remarked the Neapolitan, sententiously.

"I calculate, my fine chap, that you han't many dollars of your own, if you're of that way of thinking!" said the Yankee, considerably scandalised at this indifference to the rule of *meum* and *tuum*.

"O Roma!" sighed the gentleman from the eternal city, who was rather intoxicated.

"*Peste!* What is the matter with it?" asked one of the Frenchmen. "I presume it stands where it always did. *Garçon—un petit verre de rhum!*"

"How can Rome be what it was, when it is profaned by the foot of the stranger?" replied he of the Papal States.

"*Ah, bah!* You never were better off than under the rule of Oudinot."

"You are a German," said the Hungarian to the Austrian; "what think you of our brave Kossuth?"

"I consider him a pragmatistical ass," replied the Austrian curtly.

"Perhaps in that case," interposed the Lombard, with a sneer that might have done credit to Mephistopheles, "the gentleman may feel inclined to palliate the conduct of that satrap of tyranny, Radetski?"

"What!—old father Radetski! the victor in a hundred fights!" cried the Austrian, "That will I; and spit in the face of any cowardly Italian who dares to breathe a word against his honour!"

The Italian clutched his knife.

"Hold there!" cried the Piedmontese, who seemed really a decent sort of fellow. "None of your stiletto work here! Had you Lombards trusted more to the bayonet and less to the knife, we might have given another account of the Austrian in that campaign, which cost Piedmont its king!"

"*Carlo Alberto!*" hissed the Lombard, "*sceleratissimo traditore!*"

The reply of the Piedmontese was a pie-dish, which prostrated the Lombard on the floor.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen! for Heaven's sake be calm!" screamed Pettigrew; "remember we are all brothers!"

"Brothers!" roared the Dane, "do ye think I would fraternise with a Prussian? Remember Schleswig Holstein!"

"I am perfectly calm," said the Prussian, with the stiff formality of his nation; "I never quarrel over the generous vintage of my fatherland. Come—let me give you a song—

"*Sie sollen ihm nicht haben
Den Deutschen freien Rhein.*"

"You never were more mistaken in your life, *mon cher*," said one of the Frenchmen, brusquely. "Before twelve months are over we shall see who has right to the Rhine!"

"Ay, that is true!" remarked the Dutchman; "confound these Germans—they wanted to annex Luxembourg."

"What says the frog?" asked the Prussian contemptuously.

The frog said nothing, but he hit the Prussian on the teeth.

I despair of giving even a feeble impression of the scene which took

place. No single pair of ears was sufficient to catch one fourth of the general discord. There was first an interchange of angry words; then an interchange of blows; and immediately after, the guests were rolling, in groups of twos and threes, as suited their fancy, or the adjustment of national animosities, on the ground. The Lombard rose not again; the pie-dish had quieted him for the night. But the Sicilian and Neapolitan lay locked in deadly combat, each attempting with intense animosity to bite off the other's nose. The Austrian caught the Hungarian by the throat, and held him till he was black in the face. The Dane pommelled the Prussian. One of the Frenchmen broke a bottle over the head of the subject of the Pope; whilst his friend, thirsting for the combat, attempted in vain to insult the remaining non-belligerents. The Dutchman having done all that honour required, smoked in mute tranquillity. Meanwhile the cries of Uncle Peter were heard above the din of battle, entreating a cessation of hostilities. He might as well have preached to the storm—the row grew fiercer every moment.

"This is a disgusting spectacle!" said the orator from Manchester. "These men cannot be true pacificators—they must have served in the army."

"That reminds me, old fellow!" said Jack, turning up the cuffs of his coat with a very ominous expression of countenance, "that you were pleased this morning to use some impertinent expressions with regard to the British army. Do you adhere to what you said then?"

"I do."

"Then up with your manleys; for, by the Lord Harry! I intend to have satisfaction out of your carcase!"

And in less than a minute the Manchester apostle dropped with both his eyes bunged up, and did not come to time.

"Stranger!" said the Yankee to the Piedmontese, "are you inclined for a turn at gonging? This child feels wolfish to raise hair!" But, to his credit be it said, the Piedmontese declined the proposal with a

polite bow. Meanwhile the uproar had attracted the attention of the neighbourhood. Six or seven men in uniform, whom I strongly suspect to have been members of the brass band, entered the apartment armed with bayonets, and carried off the more obstreperous of the party to the guard-house. The others immediately retired, and at last Jack and I were left alone with Mr Pettigrew.

"And this," said he, after a considerable pause, "is fraternity and peace! These are the men who intended to commence the reign of the millennium in Europe! Give me your hand, Jack, my dear boy—you shan't leave the army—nay, if you do, rely upon it I shall cut you off with a shilling, and mortify my fortune to the Woolwich hospital. I begin to see that I am an old fool. Stop a moment. Here is a bottle of wine that has fortunately escaped the devastation—fill your glasses, and let us dedicate a full bumper to the health of the Duke of Wellington."

I need hardly say that the toast was responded to with enthusiasm. We finished not only that bottle, but another; and I had the satisfaction of hearing Mr Pettigrew announce to my friend Wilkinson that the purchase-money for his company would be forthcoming at Coutts's before he was a fortnight older.

"I won't affect to deny," said Uncle Peter, "that this is a great disappointment to me. I had hoped better things of human nature; but I now perceive that I was wrong. Good night, my dear boys! I am a good deal agitated, as you may see; and perhaps this sour wine has not altogether agreed with me—I had better have taken brandy and water. I shall seek refuge on my pillow, and I trust we may soon meet again!"

"What did the venerable Peter mean by that impressive farewell?" said I, after the excellent old man had departed, shaking his head mournfully as he went.

"O, nothing at all," said Jack; "only the Niersteiner has been rather too potent for him. Have you any sticking-plaster about you? I have damaged my knuckles a little on the *os frontis* of that eloquent pacificator."

Next morning I was awoke about ten o'clock by Jack, who came rushing into my room.

"He's off!" he cried.

"Who's off?" said I.

"Uncle Peter; and, what is far

worse, he has taken Miss Latchley with him!"

"Impossible!"

However, it was perfectly true. On inquiry we found that the enamoured pair had left at six in the morning.

CHAPTER III.

"Well, Jack," said I, "any tidings of Uncle Peter?" as Wilkinson entered my official apartment in London, six weeks after the dissolution of the Congress.

"Why, yes—and the case is rather worse than I supposed," replied Jack despondingly.

"You don't mean to say that he has married that infernal woman in pantaloons?"

"Not quite so bad as that, but very nearly. She has carried him off to her den; and what she may make of him there, it is quite impossible to predict."

"Her den? Has she actually inveigled him to America?"

"Not at all. These kind of women have stations established over the whole face of the earth."

"Where, then, is he located?"

"I shall tell you. In the course of my inquiries, which, you are aware, were rather extensive, I chanced to fall in with a Yarmouth Bloater."

"A what?"

"I beg your pardon—I meant to say a Plymouth Brother. Now, these fellows are a sort of regular kidnapers, who lie in wait to catch up any person of means and substance: they don't meddle with paupers, for, as you are aware, they share their property in common: and it occurred to me rather forcibly, that by means of my friend, who was a regular trapping missionary, I might learn something about my uncle. It cost me an immensity of brandy to elicit the information; but at last I succeeded in bringing out the fact, that my uncle is at this moment the inmate of an Agapedome in the neighbourhood of Southampton, and that the Latchley is his appointed keeper."

"An Agapedome!—what the mischief is that?"

"You may well ask," said Jack; "but I won't give it a coarser name. However, from all I can learn, it is

as bad as a Mormonite institution."

"And what the deuce may they intend to do with him, now they have him in their power?"

"Fleece him out of every sixpence of property which he possesses in the world," replied Jack.

"That won't do, Jack! We must get him out by some means or other."

"I suspect it would be an easier job to scale a nunnery. So far as I can learn, they admit no one into their premises, unless they have hopes of catching him as a convert; and I am afraid that neither you nor I have the look of likely pupils. Besides, the Latchley could not fail to recognise me in a moment."

"That's true enough," said I. "I think, however, that I might escape detection by a slight alteration of attire. The lady did not honour me with much notice during the half-hour we spent in her company. I must own, however, that I should not like to go alone."

"My dear friend!" cried Jack, "if you will really be kind enough to oblige me in this matter, I know the very man to accompany you. Rogers of ours is in town just now. He is a famous fellow—rather fast, perhaps, and given to larking—but as true as steel. You shall meet him to-day at dinner, and then we can arrange our plans."

I must own that I did not feel very sanguine of success this time. Your genuine rogue is the most suspicious character on the face of the earth, wide awake to a thousand little discrepancies which would escape the observation of the honest; and I felt perfectly convinced that the superintendent of the Agapedome was likely to prove a rogue of the first water. Then I did not see my way clearly to the characters which we ought to assume. Of course it was no use for me to present myself as a

scion of the Woods and Forests; I should be treated as a Government spy, and have the door slapped in my face. To appear as an emissary of the Jesuits would be dangerous; that body being well known for their skill in annexing property. In short, I came to the conclusion, that unless I could work upon the cupidity of the head Agapedomian, there was no chance whatever of effecting Mr Pettigrew's release. To this point, therefore, I resolved to turn my attention.

At dinner, according to agreement, I met Rogers of ours. Rogers was not gifted with any powerful inventive faculties; but he was a fine specimen of the British breed, ready to take a hand at anything which offered a prospect of fun. You would not probably have selected him as a leading conspirator; but, though no Macchiavelli, he appeared most valuable as an accomplice.

Our great difficulty was to pitch upon proper characters. After much discussion, it was resolved that Rogers of ours should appear as a young nobleman of immense wealth, but exceedingly eccentric habits, and that I should act as bear-leader, with an eye to my own interest. What we were to do when we should succeed in getting admission to the establishment, was not very clear to the perception of any of us. We resolved to be regulated entirely by circumstances, the great point being the rescue of Mr Peter Pettigrew.

Accordingly, we all started for Southampton on the following morning. On arriving there, we were informed that the Agapedome was situated some three miles from the town, and that the most extraordinary legends of the habits and pursuits of its inmates were current in the neighbourhood. Nobody seemed to know exactly what the Agapedomians were. They seemed to constitute a tolerably large society of persons, both male and female; but whether they were Christians, Turks, Jews, or Mahometans, was matter of exceeding dispute. They were known, however to be rich, and occasionally went out airing in carriages-and-four—the women all wearing pantaloons, to the infinite scandal of the peasantry.

So far as we could learn, no gentleman answering to the description of Mr Pettigrew had been seen among them.

After agreeing to open communications with Jack as speedily as possible, and emptying a bottle of champagne towards the success of our expedition, Rogers and I started in a postchaise for the Agapedome. Rogers was curiously arrayed in garments of chequered plaid, a mere glance at which would have gone far to impress any spectator with a strong notion of his eccentricity; whilst, for my part, I had donned a suit of black, and assumed a massive pair of gold spectacles, and a beaver with a portentous rim.

This Agapedome was a large building surrounded by a high wall, and looked, upon the whole, like a convent. Deeming it prudent to ascertain how the land lay before introducing the eccentric Rogers, I requested that gallant individual to remain in the postchaise, whilst I solicited an interview with Mr Aaron B. Hyams, the reputed chief of the establishment. The card I sent in was inscribed with the name of Dr Hiram Smith, which appeared to me a sufficiently innocuous appellation. After some delay, I was admitted through a very strong gateway into the courtyard; and was then conducted by a servant in a handsome livery to a library, where I was received by Mr Hyams.

As the Agapedome has since been broken up, and its members dispersed, it may not be uninteresting to put on record a slight sketch of its founder. Judging from his countenance, the progenitors of Mr Aaron B. Hyams must have been educated in the Jewish persuasion. His nose and lip possessed that graceful curve which is so characteristic of the Hebrew race; and his eye, if not altogether of that kind which the poets designate as "eagle," might not unaptly be compared to that of the turkey-buzzard. In certain circles of society Mr Hyams would have been esteemed a handsome man. In the doorway of a warehouse in Holywell Street he would have committed large havoc on the hearts of the passing Leahs and Dalilahs—for he was a square-built powerful man, with broad shoulders and bandy legs, and displayed on his

person as much ostentatious jewellery as though he had been concerned in a new spoiling of the Egyptians. Apparently he was in a cheerful mood; for before him stood a half-emptied decanter of wine, and an odour as of recently extinguished Cubas was agreeably disseminated through the apartment.

"Dr Hiram Smith, I presume?" said he. "Well, Dr Hiram Smith, to what fortunate circumstance am I indebted for the honour of this visit?"

"Simply, sir, to this," said I, "that I want to know you, and know about you. Nobody without can tell me precisely what your Agapedome is, so I have come for information to headquarters. I have formed my own conclusion. If I am wrong, there is no harm done; if I am right, we may be able to make a bargain."

"Hallo!" cried Hyams, taken rather aback by this curt style of exordium, "you are a rum customer, I reckon. So you want to deal, do ye? Well then, tell us what sort of doctor you may be? No use standing on ceremony with a chap like you. Is it M.D. or LL.D. or D.D., or a mere walking-stick title?"

"The title," said I, "is conventional; so you may attribute it to any origin you please. In brief, I want to know if I can board a pupil here?"

"That depends entirely upon circumstances," replied Hyams. "Who and what is the subject?"

"A young nobleman of the highest distinction, but of slightly eccentric habits." Here Hyams pricked up his ears. "I am not authorised to tell his name; but otherwise, you shall have the most satisfactory references."

"There is only one kind of reference I care about," interrupted Hyams, imitating at the same time the counting out of imaginary sovereigns into his palm.

"So much the better—there will be trouble saved," said I. "I perceive, Mr Hyams, you are a thorough man of business. In a word, then, my pupil has been going it too fast."

"Flying kites and post-obits?"

"And all the rest of it," said I; "black-legs innumerable, and no end of scrapes in the green-room. Things

have come to such a pass that his father, the Duke, insists on his being kept out of the way at present; and, as taking him to Paris would only make matters worse, it occurred to me that I might locate him for a time in some quiet but cheerful establishment, where he could have his reasonable swing, and no questions asked."

"Dr Hiram Smith!" cried Hyams with enthusiasm, "you're a regular trump! I wish all the noblemen in England would look out for tutors like you."

"You are exceedingly complimentary, Mr Hyams. And now that you know my errand, may I ask what the Agapedome is?"

"The Home of Love," replied Hyams; "at least so I was told by the Oxford gent, to whom I gave half-a-guinea for the title."

"And your object?"

"A pleasant retreat—comfortable home—no sort of bother of ceremony—innocent attachments encouraged—and, in the general case, community of goods."

"Of which latter, I presume, Mr Hyams is the sole administrator?"

"Right again, Doctor!" said Hyams with a leer of intelligence; "no use beating about the bush with you, I perceive. A single cashier for the whole concern saves a world of unnecessary trouble. Then, you see, we have our little matrimonial arrangements. A young lady in search of an eligible domicile comes here and deposits her fortune. We provide her by-and-by with a husband of suitable tastes, so that all matters are arranged comfortably. No luxury or enjoyment is denied to the inmates of the establishment, which may be compared, in short, to a perfect aviary, in which you hear nothing from morning to evening save one continuous sound of billing and cooing."

"You draw a fascinating picture, Mr Hyams," said I: "too fascinating, in fact; for, after what you have said, I doubt whether I should be fulfilling my duty to my noble patron the Duke, were I to expose his heir to the influence of such powerful temptations."

"Don't be in the least degree

alarmed about that," said Hyams. "I shall take care that in this case there is no chance of marriage. Harkye, Doctor, it is rather against our rules to admit parlour boarders; but I don't mind doing it in this case, if you agree to my terms, which are one hundred and twenty guineas per month."

"On the part of the Duke," said I, "I anticipate no objection; nor shall I refuse your stamped receipts at that rate. But as I happen to be paymaster, I shall certainly not give you in exchange for each of them more than seventy guineas, which will leave you a very pretty profit over and above your expenses."

"What a screw you are, Doctor!" cried Hyams. "Would you have the conscience to pocket fifty for nothing? Come, come—make it eighty and it's a bargain."

"Seventy is my last word. Beard of Mordecai, man! do you think I am going to surrender this pigeon to your hands gratis? Have I not told you already that he has a natural turn for *ecarté*!"

"Ah, Doctor, Doctor! you must be one of our people—you must indeed!" said Hyams. "Well, is it a bargain?"

"Not yet," said I. "In common decency, and for the sake of appearances, I must stay for a couple of days in the house, in order that I may be able to give a satisfactory report to the Duke. By the way, I hope everything is quite orthodox here—nothing contrary to the tenets of the church?"

"O quite," replied Hyams; "it is a beautiful establishment in point of order. The bell rings every day punctually at four o'clock."

"For prayers?"

"No, sir—for hockey. We find that a little lively exercise gives a cheerful tone to the mind, and promotes those animal spirits which are the peculiar boast of the Agapedome."

"I am quite satisfied," said I. "So now, if you please, I shall introduce my pupil."

I need not dwell minutely upon the particulars of the interview which took place between Rogers of ours and the superintendent of the Aga-

pedome. Indeed there is little to record. Rogers received the intimation that this was to be his residence for a season with the utmost non-chalance, simply remarking that he thought it would be rather slow; and then, by way of keeping up his character, filled himself a bumper of sherry. Mr Hyams regarded him as a spider might do when some unknown but rather powerful insect comes within the precincts of his net.

"Well," said Rogers, "since it seems I am to be quartered here, what sort of fun is to be had? Any racket-court, eh?"

"I am sorry to say, my Lord, ours is not built as yet. But at four o'clock we shall have hockey—"

"Hang hockey! I have no fancy for getting my shins bruised. Any body in the house except myself?"

"If your Lordship would like to visit the ladies—"

"Say no more!" cried Rogers impetuously. "I shall manage to kill time now! Hallo, you fellow with the shoulder-knot! show me the way to the drawing-room;" and Rogers straightway disappeared.

"Doctor Hiram Smith!" said Hyams, looking rather discomposed, "this is most extraordinary conduct on the part of your pupil."

"Not at all extraordinary, I assure you," I replied; "I told you he was rather eccentric, but at present he is in a peculiarly quiet mood. Wait till you see his animal spirits up!"

"Why, he'll be the ruin of the Agapedome!" cried Hyams; "I cannot possibly permit this."

"It will rather puzzle you to stop it," said I.

Here a faint squall, followed by a sound of suppressed giggling, was heard in the passage without.

"Holy Moses!" cried the Agapedomian, starting up, "if Mrs Hyams should happen to be there!"

"You may rely upon it she will very soon become accustomed to his Lordship's eccentricities. Why, you told me you admitted of no sort of bother or ceremony."

"Yes—but a joke may be carried too far. As I live, he is pursuing one of the ladies down stairs into the courtyard!"

"Is he?" said I; "then you may

be tolerably certain he will overtake her."

"Surely some of the servants will stop him!" cried Hyams, rushing to the window. "Yes—here comes one of them. Father Abraham! is it possible? He has knocked Adoniram down!"

"Nothing more likely," said I; "his Lordship had lessons from Mendoza."

"I must look to this myself," cried Hyams.

"Then I'll follow and see fair play," said I.

We rushed into the court; but by this time it was empty. The pursued and the pursuer—Daphne and Apollo—had taken flight into the garden. Thither we followed them, Hyams red with ire; but no trace was seen of the fugitives. At last in an acacia bower we heard murmurs. Hyams dashed on; I followed; and there, to my unutterable surprise, I beheld Rogers of ours kneeling at the feet of the Latchley!

"Beautiful Lavinia!" he was saying, just as we turned the corner.

"Sister Latchley!" cried Hyams, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"Rather let me ask, brother Hyams," said the Latchley in unabashed serenity, "what means this intrusion, so foreign to the time, and so subversive of the laws of our society?"

"Shall I pound him, Lavinia?" said Rogers, evidently anxious to discharge a slight modicum of the debt which he owed to the Jewish fraternity.

"I command—I beseech you, no! Speak, brother Hyams! I again require of you to state why and wherefore you have chosen to violate the fundamental rules of the Agapedome?"

"Sister Latchley, you will drive me mad! This young man has not been ten minutes in the house, and yet I find him scampering after you like a tom-cat, and knocking down Adoniram because he came in his way, and you are apparently quite pleased!"

"Is the influence of love measured by hours?" asked the Latchley in a tone of deep sentiment. "Count we electricity by time—do we mete out sympathy by the dial? Brother Hyams, were not your intellectual vision obscured by a dull and earthly

film, you would know that the passage of the lightning is not more rapid than the flash of kindled love."

"That sounds all very fine," said Hyams, "but I shall allow no such doings here; and you, in particular, Sister Latchley, considering how you are situated, ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Aaron, my man," said Rogers of ours, "will you be good enough to explain what you mean by making such insinuations?"

"Stay, my Lord," said I; "I really must interpose. Mr Hyams is about to explain."

"May I never discount bill again," cried the Jew, "if this is not enough to make a man forswear the faith of his fathers! Look you here, Miss Latchley; you are part of the establishment, and I expect you to obey orders."

"I was not aware, sir, until this moment," said Miss Latchley, loftily, "that I was subject to the orders of any one."

"Now, don't be a fool; there's a dear!" said Hyams. "You know well enough what I mean. Haven't you enough on hand with Pettigrew, without encumbering yourself—?" and he stopped short.

"It is a pity, sir," said Miss Latchley, still more magnificently, "it is a vast pity, that since you have the meanness to invent falsehoods, you cannot at the same time command the courage to utter them. Why am I thus insulted? Who is this Pettigrew you speak of?"

"Pettigrew—Pettigrew?" remarked Rogers; "I say, Dr Smith, was not that the name of the man who is gone amissing, and for whose discovery his friends are offering a reward?"

Hyams started as if stung by an adder. "Sister Latchley," he said, "I fear I was in the wrong."

"You have made the discovery rather too late, Mr Hyams," replied the irate Lavinia. "After the insults you have heaped upon me, it is full time we should part. Perhaps these gentlemen will be kind enough to conduct an unprotected female to a temporary home."

"If you will go, you go alone, madam," said Hyams; "his Lordship intends to remain here."

"His Lordship intends to do nothing of the sort, you rascal," said Rogers. "Hockey don't agree with my constitution."

"Before I depart, Mr Hyams," said Miss Latchley, "let me remark that you are indebted to me in the sum of two thousand pounds as my share of the profits of the establishment. Will you pay it now, or would you prefer to wait till you hear from my solicitor?"

"Anything more?" asked the Agapedomian.

"Merely this," said I: "I am now fully aware that Mr Peter Pettigrew is detained within these walls. Surrender him instantly, or prepare yourself for the worst penalties of the law."

I made a fearful blunder in betraying my secret before I was clear of the premises, and the words had scarcely passed my lips before I was aware of my mistake. With the look of a detected demon Hyams confronted us.

"Ho, ho! this is a conspiracy, is it? But you have reckoned without your host. Ho, there! Jonathan—Asahel! close the doors, ring the great bell, and let no man pass on your lives! And now let's see what stuff you are made of!"

So saying, the ruffian drew a life-preserver from his pocket, and struck furiously at my head before I had time to guard myself. But quick as he was, Rogers of ours was quicker. With his left hand he caught the arm of Hyams as the blow descended, whilst with the right he dealt him a fearful blow on the temple, which made the Hebrew stagger. But Hyams, amongst his other accomplishments, had practised in the ring. He

recovered himself almost immediately, and rushed upon Rogers. Several heavy hits were interchanged; and there is no saying how the combat might have terminated, but for the presence of mind of the Latchley. That gifted female, superior to the weakness of her sex, caught up the life-preserver from the ground, and applied it so effectually to the back of Hyams' skull, that he dropped like an ox in the slaughter-house.

Meanwhile the alarm bell was ringing—women were screaming at the windows, from which also several crazy-looking gentlemen were gesticulating; and three or four truculent Israelites were rushing through the courtyard. The whole Agapedome was in an uproar.

"Keep together and fear nothing!" cried Rogers. "I never stir on these kind of expeditions without my pistols. Smith—give your arm to Miss Latchley, who has behaved like the heroine of Saragossa; and now let us see if any of these scoundrels will venture to dispute our way!"

But for the firearms which Rogers carried, I suspect our egress would have been disputed. Jonathan and Asahel, red-headed ruffians both, stood ready with iron bars in their hands to oppose our exit; but a glimpse of the bright glittering barrel caused them to change their purpose. Rogers commanded them, on pain of instant death, to open the door. They obeyed; and we emerged from the Agapedome as joyfully as the Ithacans from the cave of Polyphemus. Fortunately the chaise was still in waiting: we assisted Miss Latchley in, and drove off, as fast as the horses could gallop, to Southampton.

CHAPTER IV.

"Is it possible they can have murdered him?" said Jack.

"That, I think," said I, "is highly improbable. I rather imagine that he has refused to conform to some of the rules of the association, and has been committed to the custody of Messrs Jonathan and Asahel."

"Shall I ask Lavinia?" said Rogers. "I daresay she would tell me all about it."

"Better not," said I, "in the mean time. Poor thing! her nerves must be shaken."

"Not a whit of them," replied Rogers. "I saw no symptom of nerves about her. She was as cool as a cucumber when she floored that infernal Jew; and if she should be a little agitated or so, she is calming herself at this moment with a glass of brandy and water. I mixed it for

her. Do you know she's a capital fellow, only 'tis a pity she's so very plain."

"I wish the police would arrive!" said Jack. "We have really not a minute to lose. Poor Uncle Peter! I devoutly trust this may be the last of his freaks."

"I hope so too, Jack, for your sake: it is no joke rummaging him out of such company. But for Rogers there, we should all of us have been as dead as pickled herrings."

"I bear a charmed life," said Rogers. "Remember I belong to 'the Immortals.' But there come the blue-coats in a couple of carriages. 'Gad, Wilkinson, I wish it were our luck to storm the Agapedome with a score of our own fellows!'"

During our drive, Rogers enlightened us as to his encounter with the Latchley. It appeared that he had bestowed considerable attention to our conversation in London; and that, when he hurried to the drawing-room in the Agapedome, as already related, he thought he recognised the Latchley at once, in the midst of half-a-dozen more juvenile and blooming sisters.

"Of course, I never read a word of the woman's works," said Rogers, "and I hope I never shall; but I know that female vanity will stand any amount of butter. So I bolted into the room, without caring for the rest—though, by the way, there was one little girl with fair hair and blue eyes, who, I hope, has not left the Agapedome—threw myself at the feet of Lavinia; declared that I was a young nobleman, enamoured of her writings, who was resolved to force my way through iron bars to gain a glimpse of the bright original: and, upon the whole, I think you must allow that I managed matters rather successfully."

There could be but one opinion as to that. In fact, without Rogers, the whole scheme must have miscarried. It was Kellermann's charge, unexpected and unauthorised—but altogether triumphant.

On arriving at the Agapedome we found the door open, and three or four peasants loitering round the gateway.

"Are they here still?" cried Jack, springing from the chaise.

"Noa, measter," replied one of the bystanders; "they be gone an hour past in four carrutohes, wi' all their goods and chuckles."

"Did they carry any one with them by force?"

"Noa, not by force, as I seed; but there wore one chap among them woundily raddled on the sconce."

"Hyams to wit, I suppose. Come, gentlemen; as we have a search-warrant, let us in and examine the premises thoroughly."

Short as was the interval which had elapsed between our exit and return, Messrs Jonathan, Asahel, and Co. had availed themselves of it to the utmost. Every portable article of any value had been removed. Drawers were open, and papers scattered over the floors, along with a good many pairs of bloomers rather the worse for the wear: in short, every thing seemed to indicate that the nest was finally abandoned. What curious discoveries we made during the course of our researches, as to the social habits and domestic economy of this happy family, I shall not venture to recount; we came there not to gratify either private or public curiosity, but to perform a sacred duty by emancipating Mr Peter Pettigrew.

Neither in the cellars nor the closets, nor even in the garrets, could we find any trace of the lost one. The contents of one bedroom, indeed, showed that it had been formerly tenanted by Mr Pettigrew, for there were his portmanteaus with his name engraved upon them; his razors, and his wearing apparel, all seemingly untouched: but there were no marks of any recent occupancy; the dust was gathering on the table, and the ewer perfectly dry. It was the opinion of the detective officer that at least ten days had elapsed since any one had slept in the room. Jack became greatly alarmed.

"I suppose," said he, "there is nothing for it but to proceed immediately in pursuit of Hyams: do you think you will be able to apprehend him?"

"I doubt it very much, sir," replied the detective officer. "These sort of fellows are wide awake, and are always prepared for accidents. I expect that, by this time, he is on his

way to France. But hush!—what was that?"

A dull sound as of the clapper of a large bell boomed overhead. There was silence for about a minute, and again it was repeated.

"Here is a clue, at all events!" cried the officer. "My life on it, there is some one in the belfry."

We hastened up the narrow stairs which led to the tower. Half way up, the passage was barred by a stout door, double locked, which the officers had some difficulty in forcing with the aid of a crow-bar. This obstacle removed, we reached the lofty room where the bell was suspended; and there, right under the clapper, on a miserable truckle bed, lay the emaciated form of Mr Pettigrew.

"My poor uncle!" said Jack, stooping tenderly to embrace his relative, "what can have brought you here?"

"Speak louder, Jack!" said Mr Pettigrew; "I can't hear you. For twelve long days that infernal bell has been tolling just above my head for hockey and other villainous purposes. I am as deaf as a door-nail!"

"And so thin, dear uncle! You must have been most shamefully abused."

"Simply starved; that's all."

"What! starved? The monsters! Did they give you nothing to eat?"

"Yes—broccoli. I wish you would try it for a week: it is a rare thing to bring out the bones."

"And why did they commit this outrage upon you?"

"For two especial reasons, I suppose—first, because I would not surrender my whole property; and, secondly, because I would not marry Miss Latchley."

"My dear uncle! when I saw you last, it appeared to me that you would have had no objections to perform the latter ceremony."

"Not on compulsion, Jack—not on compulsion!" said Mr Pettigrew, with a touch of his old humour. "I won't deny that I was humbugged by her at first, but this was over long ago."

"Indeed! Pray, may I venture to ask what changed your opinion of the lady?"

"Her works, Jack—her own works!"

replied Uncle Peter. "She gave me them to read as soon as I was fairly trapped into the Agapedome, and such an awful collection of impiety and presumption I never saw before. She is ten thousand times worse than the deceased Thomas Paine."

"Was she, then, party to your incarceration?"

"I won't say that. I hardly think she would have consented to let them harm me, or that she knew exactly how I was used; but that fellow Hyams is wicked enough to have been an officer under King Herod. Now, pray help me up, and lift me down stairs, for my legs are so cramped that I can't walk, and my head is as dizzy as a wheel. That confounded broccoli, too, has disagreed with my constitution, and I shall feel particularly obliged to any one who can assist me to a drop of brandy."

After having ministered to the immediate wants of Mr Pettigrew, and secured his effects, we returned to Southampton, leaving the deserted Agapedome in the charge of a couple of police. In spite of every entreaty Mr Pettigrew would not hear of entering a prosecution against Hyams.

"I feel," said he, "that I have made a thorough ass of myself; and I should not be able to stand the ridicule that must follow a disclosure of the consequences. In fact, I begin to think that I am not fit to look after my own affairs. The man who has spent twelve days, as I have, under the clapper of a bell, without any other sustenance than broccoli—is there any more brandy in the flask? I should like the merest drop—the man, I say, who has undergone these trials, has ample time for meditation upon the past. I see my weakness, and I acknowledge it. So Jack, my dear boy, as you have always behaved to me more like a son than a nephew, I intend, immediately on my return to London, to settle my whole property upon you, merely reserving an annuity. Don't say a word on the subject. My mind is made up, and nothing can alter my resolution."

On arriving at Southampton we considered it our duty to communicate immediately with Miss Latchley, for the purpose of ascertaining if we could render her any temporary assist-

ance. Perhaps it was more than she deserved; but we could not forget her sex, though she had done everything in her power to disguise it; and, besides, the lucky blow with the life-preserver, which she administered to Hyams, was a service for which we could not be otherwise than grateful. Jack Wilkinson was selected as the medium of communication. He found the strong Lavinia alone, and perfectly composed.

"I wish never more," said she, "to hear the name of Pettigrew. It is associated in my mind with weakness, fanaticism, and vacillation; and I shall ever feel humbled at the reflection that I bowed my woman's pride to gaze on the surface of so shallow and opaque a pool! And yet, why regret? The image of the sun is reflected equally from the Boeotian marsh and the mirror of the clear Ontario! Tell your uncle," continued she, after a pause, "that as he is nothing to me, so I wish to be nothing to him. Let us mutually extinguish memory. Ha, ha, ha!—so they fed him, you say, upon broccoli?"

"But I have one message to give, though not to him. The youth who, in the nobility of his soul, declared his passion for my intellect—where is he? I tarry beneath this roof but for him. Do my message fairly, and say to him that if he seeks a communion of soul—no! that is the common phrase of the slaves of antiquated superstition—if he yearns for a grand amalgamation of essential passion and power, let him hasten hither, and Lavinia Latchley is ready to accompany him to the prairie or the forest,

to the torrid zone, or to the confines of the arctic seas!"

"I shall deliver your message, ma'am," said Jack, "as accurately as my abilities will allow." And he did so.

Rogers of ours writhed uneasily in his seat.

"I'll tell you what it is, my fine fellows," said he, "I don't look upon this quite as a laughing matter. I am really sorry to have taken in the old woman, though I don't see how we could well have helped it; and I would far rather, Jack, that she had fixed her affections upon you than on me. I shall get infernally roasted at the mess if this story should transpire. However, I suppose there's only one answer to be given. Pray, present my most humble respects, and say how exceedingly distressed I feel that my professional engagements will not permit me to accompany her in her proposed expedition."

Jack reported the answer in due form.

"Then," said Lavinia, drawing herself up to her full height, and shrouding her visage in a black veil, "tell him that for his sake I am resolved to die a virgin!"

I presume she will keep her word; at least I have not yet heard that any one has been courageous enough to request her to change her situation. She has since returned to America, and is now, I believe, the president of a female college, the students of which may be distinguished from the rest of their sex, by their uniform adoption of bloomers.

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VOL. LXX.

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THE ESSAYS OF MR HELPS.

THE writings which we have set down at the foot of our page have been so generally attributed to a gentleman of the name of Helps, that, although even the latest of the series is published anonymously, we have ventured to ascribe them to him. Why the author should withhold his name from the title-page when it has become so currently associated with his works, is a matter of personal taste with which, it may be said, we have nothing to do. It may be genuine modesty, or whim, or caprice, or something bordering on affectation. "It is his pleasure." We would simply suggest that, if we are to talk about books, it is pleasant to have some name to which to ascribe them, although it may teach us nothing more of the author than he had chosen to reveal in his works: it is pleasant to have a name, and it is pleasant also to feel that we have the right one, to feel that we speak with certainty and security. If a writer has a motive for keeping his authorship a secret, by all means let him keep the secret; but if publicity and renown are not avoided, why may we

not have that feeling of certainty which the name on the title-page can alone give to perfect strangers?

To us the name gives no further information than the books themselves. From these we gather that the earlier essays were written by some gentleman in office, who occupied the intervals of business in literary composition; and that the later series are the production of the same gentleman, retired from official cares, and enjoying in some country retreat that combination—surely the most delightful which human life presents—of domestic joys with literary pursuits. We hope this part of the picture is not merely a dramatic artifice of composition. The retirement from official duties has certainly been favourable to the cultivation of literature; the later series are far superior to the former. His last work, *Companions of my Solitude*, is a very charming little book; and its perusal, by inducing us to revert to its predecessors, has led us to this general notice of his writings.

Mr Helps has, in his quiet way, been somewhat severe upon the pre-

1. *Essays written in the Intervals of Business.*
2. *The Claims of Labour; an Essay on the Duties of the Employers to the Employed. To which is added an Essay on the Means of Improving the Health, &c., of the Labouring Classes.*
3. *Friends in Council; a series of Readings, and Discourse thereon.*
4. *Companions of my Solitude.*
5. *The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen.*

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sumption of the critics; we hope we shall not be manifesting any undue or ungracious presumption if we take notice, at the outset, of the very marked improvement his works exhibit. There is a steady progressive movement displayed in each successive effort of his pen. In the list which the reader has before him, and in which the works are set down in their order of publication, each one is conspicuously in advance of its predecessor. The second is better than the first, the third better than the second, and the fourth best of all. There has been a still later publication, *The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen*; but of this only one volume has hitherto appeared. It is a historical work, and does not run on the same line with the others. So far as we can at present judge of it, we are afraid that it would form something like an anticlimax. We shall therefore take advantage of its unfinished state to dismiss it at once out of court. This steady progress we have noticed is a rather unusual characteristic. At least in our own epoch, men have more frequently given us of their abundance in their first or their second work, and have put us off with scantier measure in their subsequent dealings with the public. With Mr Helps it has been otherwise: his last work is the most thoughtful; and if he retains the habits of a student, and is disposed to literary labour, we may confidently expect from him productions still more excellent than anything he has given us. We do not think, however, that he will surpass himself by turning to history. We should petition for a second series of *Companions of my Solitude*.

The first work on our list, the *Essays written in Intervals of Business*, has no attractions for us whatever. It is full of good advice, which no one will gainsay, and no one will ever think of applying; and of general truths, so very true, and so very general, that they are worth nothing. These essays seemed to be written for no definite purpose; they have the air of themes, very carefully composed out of pure love, and for the practice, of composition. Very correct is our official author, very formal

and precise, and has an excessive love for giving good counsels. He says, shrewdly enough, that "it is with advice as with taxation; we can endure very little of either, if they come to us in a direct way." But this does not check him for a moment; he goes on to give advice about this very matter of advice, telling folks where and how they may get it. Throughout this little volume there does not seem to be a single sentence that would provoke dispute, and, as a consequence, not a single sentence of any real utility. As we are passing in review the whole of Mr Helps' works, we are compelled to say thus much of his earliest production. But we say it without the least asperity. We should not have gone out of our way to speak a word in disparagement of these essays. Mr Helps has written and thought in so much more effective manner since their publication, that he would probably now agree with us that many of them should have been treated as college exercises—themes that we turn into Johnsonian English, or Ciceronian Latin, and there leave. Practice is an excellent thing in composition, as well as in music; but it is not agreeable to listen to the *do, re, mi, fa* of the finest voice in the world.

The *Claims of Labour*, and the accompanying essay on the improvement of the condition of the poor, have a direct and serious object, and this at once raises them into a far higher character than their predecessors. Here the author writes for a purpose, and a very excellent purpose. If we do not dwell long on these essays, it is because the subjects of them have at other times occupied our attention, and will again be frequently discussed in our pages. Mr Helps, however, has the merit of calling public attention to the condition of the poor, and especially to the state of their dwelling-houses, at a time when the subject had not become quite so familiar to men's minds as it is at present. The Report upon the Health of Towns had been lately published, and he was amongst the first to extend the information collected by it, and to insist upon the measures which it pointed out. The relation, too, which the employers

bear to those they employ, whether as domestic servants or paid artisans, is a subject which has lately risen up before us in all its vital importance; and even a little "moral preachment" on the topic was not altogether out of place. We like that fine sense which Mr Helps, on more than one occasion, displays, of the consideration due to the domestic servant who is living under your roof. A very galling tyranny may be exercised by ladies and gentlemen.

"Only think," he says, "what it must be to share one's home with one's oppressor; to have no recurring time when one is certain to be free from those harsh words and unjust censures, which are almost more than blows, ay, even to those natures we are apt to fancy so hardened to rebuke. Imagine the deadness of heart that must prevail in that poor wretch who never hears the sweet words of praise or of encouragement. Many masters of families, men living in the rapid current of the world, who are subject to a variety of impressions which, in their busy minds, are made and effaced even in the course of a single day, can with difficulty estimate the force of unkind words upon those whose monotonous life leaves few opportunities of effacing any unwelcome impressions."

Still more important is it that the capitalist, the great employer of labour, should understand how great a power, and, with it, how great a trust is confided into his hands.

"Can a man," says our author, "who has this destiny intrusted to him, imagine that his vocation consists merely in getting together a large lump of gold, and then being off with it to enjoy it, as he fancies, in some other place; as if, indeed, the parable of the talents were to be taken literally, and that a man should think that he has done his part when he has made much gold and silver out of little!"

And he adds, that men in this position of life would, in the skilful direction and humane supervision of labour, "find room for the exercise of all the powers of their minds, of their best affections, and of whatever was worthy in their ambition."

Nor do those who indirectly employ labour by purchasing articles, and giving commissions, escape from all responsibility in this matter; nor does our author fail to visit them with a due measure of reproof.

"What a striking instance," he says, "the treatment of these poor milliner girls is of the neglect of duty on the part of employers! I mean of those who immediately superintend this branch of labour, and of those who cause it. Had the former been the least aware of their responsibility, would they have hesitated to remonstrate against the unreasonable orders of their customers? And as for the latter, for the ladies who expect such orders to be complied with, how sublimely inconsiderate of the comfort of those beneath them they must have become. I repeat it again: The careless cruelty in the world almost outweighs the rest."

The subject of the second essay is of a practical importance that scarcely admits of exaggeration. When multitudes are crowded together, the dwelling-houses of the poor, the ventilation and drainage of the city, become matters of the most momentous consequence. Foul air, foul habits of living, have been the source of all our plagues, our choleras, our typhus fevers, our pestilences of every description. There never was any other source for these scourges of man's indolence or cupidity. There never was a plague that had any other origin than dirt and idleness, and the injustice that treads down into the dirt. However such plagues have been propagated when they have once reached their dreadful maturity, this is their only origin. You must look into the *alleys* and *wynds* of Constantinople if you would know why the plague has ever travelled to us from the East: it originated there, just as the British cholera rises upon us, the natural exhalation of filth and impurity. Mr Helps seems to be occasionally embarrassed by some presumed objection to the *interference* of Government in these sanitary measures. We have heard some outcries, more or less sincere, against the centralisation which certain measures adopted by the Legislature have been thought to favour. The machinery which the Legislature had employed has been objected to; and it has been said that our local or municipal governments ought to be more largely intrusted or empowered. But we never heard that any sane man had objected to the fact of legislation itself being applied to what is really a matter of life or death to the com-

munity. We can hardly believe that any one could be so utterly witless and besotted as to think this a proper occasion for exercising his jealousy against the interference of Government. It is quite true that there is a class of cases where the end is most desirable, and where yet that interference is deprecated. And why? Because legislation cannot accomplish the end proposed. To secure to each man a fair remuneration for his labour would be infinitely desirable. Government ought to do it—if it could. But it cannot; and therefore it is we oppose any legislative attempt to regulate the rate of wages. The attempt would only aggravate the mischief it sought to remedy.

Where there is a good end to be attained, which cannot be secured by separate and individual effort, and which can be attained by an effort of the national will through the organs of Government, there you have made out an indisputable case for the interference of the Legislature. It is not a good end if it be not worth the costly or cumbrous machinery you put in motion to accomplish it. In that case it is a slight and trivial object. Now, great sanitary measures answer entirely to the criterion we have given; they are of indisputable utility, worth any conceivable cost. The object to be attained is one which requires co-operation, which cannot be attained by separate and voluntary efforts; and it is one within the scope and power of legislation. "The Athenian in the comedy," writes Mr Helps, "wearied of war, concludes a separate peace with the enemy for himself, his wife, his children, and his servant." But it is only in the comedy that such a separate peace is possible. And it would be a still grosser fiction that would represent any one of our citizens, buried in the living mass of a town population, making a private treaty against foul air and filthy drainage, for himself, his wife, his children, and his servant. If his neighbour can make money by poisoning the air, or if he has but a senseless or depraved nostril, the whole district must suffer.

Friends in Council, a Series of Readings and Discourse thereon, has more of original matter than

either of its predecessors; and the device adopted of interspersing fictitious conversation with the essays, gives relief and variety to the composition. The author, who takes the name of *Milverton*, is supposed to read his several papers before his friends—*Dunsford*, a clergyman—and *Ellesmere*, a barrister. After the essay a conversation ensues either on the subject of it, or on some other topic which it may have suggested, and which is not always very closely connected with the essay. We notice that, when the "Reading" has been rather dull, the "Discourse," by a just compensation, is more sprightly than usual. Thus the attention of the reader is never allowed to flag for any length of time; although here also it is sometimes tried by that theme-like writing we have spoken of before. Essays on "Truth," on "Greatness," have a very formidable aspect. He who has anything of his own on topics like these should tell it us at once, and with as little prefatory or formal matter as possible. We do not want the whole skeleton of an essay for one single pound of flesh. Here is "An Essay upon History," which does not occupy a very long space, but where we have the subject laid out in regular sections. 1. Why History should be read; 2. How History should be read; 3. By whom History should be written; and so forth. Why, it is dreary as laud-measuring. All this superficial measurement, so many acres of bog, so many of pasture, we could willingly dispense with. If you have any edible root, or but a wild-flower gathered from a hedge, give us that, and give it at once. One is not to survey a whole district every time one digs out a potato.

The character of *Ellesmere* is well sustained throughout the conversations; it is quite a life-like and dramatic sketch. He talks neither better nor worse than many a clear-headed barrister of Westminster Hall. Under a glittering hardness of manner he retains kind feelings and genuine convictions. Such men as *Ellesmere* every one has encountered. They repel you at first by their flippancy, their boundless impudence of assertion, and their perpetual air of

mockery and derision: you think they have neither love for anything, nor faith in anything; but, on closer acquaintance, they are found really to have a heart under that jingling coat of mail which they carry over it. Let us give a specimen of the lighter manner of Ellesmere. An Essay on Education has been read.

"*Ellesmere*.—You have been unexpectedly merciful to us. The moment I heard the essay given out, there flitted before my frightened mind volumes of reports, Battersea schools, Bell, Wilderspin, normal farms, National Society, British schools, interminable questions about how religion might be separated altogether from secular education, or so much religion taught as all religious sects could agree in. These are all very good things for people to discuss, I dare say; but, to tell the truth, the whole subject sits heavy on my soul. I meet a man of inexhaustible dulness, and he talks to me for three hours upon some great subject—this very one of education, for instance—till I sit entranced by stupidity, thinking the while, 'And this is what we are to become by education—to be like you?' Then I see a man like D—, a judicious, reasonable, conversable being, knowing how to be silent too—a man to go through a campaign with—and I find he cannot read or write.

"*Milverton*.—This sort of contrast is just the thing to strike you, *Ellesmere*; and yet you know as well as any of us, that to bring forward such contrasts by way of depreciating education would be most unreasonable. . . .

"*Ellesmere*.—I wanted to tell you that I think you are quite right, *Milverton*, in saying a good deal about multifariousness of pursuit. You see a wretch of a pedant, who knows all about tetrameters, or statutes of uses, but who can hardly answer his child a question as they walk about the garden together. The man has never given a good thought or look to nature. Well then, again, what a stupid thing it is that we are not all taught music. Why learn the language of many portions of mankind, and leave the universal language of the feelings, as you would call it, unlearned!

"*Milverton*.—I quite agree with you; but I thought you always set your face, or rather your ears, against music.

"*Dunsford*.—So did I.

"*Ellesmere*.—I should like to know all about it. It is not to my mind that a cultivated man should be quite thrown out by any topic of conversation, or that there should be any form of human en-

deavour or accomplishment which he has no conception of."

In the quotation we shall next give, it is the good sense of *Milverton* which perhaps takes the lead. The Essay has been on Public Improvements, and this is part of the conversation which ensues:—

"*Ellesmere*.—Another very merciful essay! When we had once got upon the subject of sanitary improvements, I thought we should soon be five-fathom deep in blue books, reports, interminable questions of sewerage, and horrors of all kinds.

"*Milverton*.—It would be difficult to say too much about sanitary matters—that is, if by saying much one could gain attention. I am convinced that the most fruitful source of physical evil to mankind has been impure air, arising from circumstances which might have been obviated. Plague and pestilence of all kinds—cretinism, too, and all scrofulous disorders—are probably mere questions of ventilation.

"*Ellesmere*.—Seriously speaking, I quite agree with you. And what delights me in sanitary improvements is, that they can hardly do harm. Give a poor man good air, and you do not diminish his self-reliance: You only add to his health and vigour—make more of a man of him. . . . There is an immensity of nonsense uttered about making people happy, which is to be done, according to happiness-mongers, by quantities of sugar and tea, and such-like things. One knows the importance of food, but there is no Elysium to be got out of it.

"*Milverton*.—I know what you mean. Suppose you could give them oceans of tea and mountains of sugar, and abundance of any luxury that you choose to imagine, but at the same time you inserted a hungry, envious spirit; and then what have you done? . . . You do not know what injury you may do a man, when you destroy all reverence in him. *It will be found out some day that men derive more pleasure and profit from having superiors than from having inferiors.* . . . To come to minor matters.

It is a great pity that the system of building upon leases should be so commonly adopted. Nobody expects to live out the leasehold term which he takes to build upon. C. always says that the modern lath-and-plaster system is a wickedness; and upon my word I think he is right. It is inconceivable to me how a man can make up his mind to build, or do anything else, in a temporary,

slight, insincere fashion. What has a man to say for himself who must sum up the doings of his life in this way, 'I chiefly employed myself in making and selling things which seemed to be good, and were not, and nobody has occasion to bless me for anything I have done'!

"*Ellesmere*.—Humph! you put it mildly. But the man has made, perhaps, seven per cent of his money; or, if he has made no per cent, he has ruined several men of his own trade, which is not to go for nothing when a man is taking stock of his good deeds."

Recreation is a favourite subject with our author. We have an essay on it here. He is very solicitous that amusement should be found for the people: our own notion is that people will best amuse themselves, and that it would be the hardest thing in the world to attempt to do this for them. However, there are many good things on this subject in Mr Helps's Essay.

"If ever a people," he says, "required to be amused, it is we sad-hearted Anglo-Saxons. Heavy eaters, hard thinkers, often given up to a peculiar melancholy of our own, with a climate that, for months together, would frown away mirth if it could—many of us with very gloomy thoughts about our hereafter: if ever there were a people who should avoid increasing their dulness by all work and no play, we are that people. 'They took their pleasure sadly,' says Froissart, 'after their fashion.' We need not ask of what nation Froissart was speaking."

See that Dutchman, how lumpish, how very fat he gets—he is the very person who ought to dance, and he stands looking on. But your Dutchman does not want to dance. Foreigners marvel how Englishmen can spend their Sunday as they do—so very monotonously, as it seems—they have no idea how very agreeable mere rest is to the man who has been energetically occupied the whole week. "All work, and no play," sounds very terrible; but ask any man when he has been most happy, and he will tell you, when he was absorbed in his work, when play would have been a mere hindrance, when the mere pleasure of relieved attention, or of quick animal movement after one con-

strained position, was all the amusement he could have welcomed. Work is the greatest pleasure we have—while it is the predominant habit, and no longer. Remember this, you busy philanthropists.

The subject of slavery occupies a very prominent place; several consecutive Readings are devoted to it. The whole is brought to bear upon the existence of negro slavery in the southern states of America. Mr Helps combats every excuse that has been brought forward in its defence, and argues that it is as needless as it is cruel and unjust.

We ourselves will not for a moment attempt to justify what is plainly opposed to the fundamental laws of morality. We would beg leave simply to suggest that these great laws of morality present us with a model of human conduct to which it is to be hoped human societies will one day attain. But human societies, in the course of this progress, cannot be altogether governed by such rules. A perfect morality is the last thing to be realised. The law of progress being assumed, it is necessary that humanity should pass through many phases by no means reconcilable to the pure laws of morality. Such are all Roman empires, all Indian conquests, all colonisations where the hunting-field of the aborigines is converted into a corn-field, and the native inhabitants driven back and exterminated, and perhaps many other achievements and institutions of human societies which are not even suspected at present of having any taint of immorality.

Touching this very subject of slavery, we see that in early and patriarchal times it was the necessary form which the relation took between the owner of land or flocks and his labourer. It is here the natural predecessor of our present system of payment by wages. Money payment of wages, it is plain, could have no place till money was in general use—till markets had been formed—till something of trade and commerce had been established. In earliest times the landlord must pay his labourer by supplying him with food and clothing. But the labourer could not save up his food for the period

of old age or the days of sickness. Presuming, therefore, that the owner of land or flocks was to keep possession of his property, that arrangement which we denominate slavery was the only equitable one which could be made. If the wealthy patriarch were to say to his labourer, I will feed and clothe you so long as you are willing to serve me, and do serve me, the result would be, that in sickness and in old age the labourer would be utterly destitute. The only fair bargain that could be made was just this, to buy the labour of the man for his whole life, by sustaining him for his whole life. The labourer must become his bondsman.

There is also another origin of slavery odious enough—that of war. Here the captive is only spared from death to be made an unwilling drudge for life. Slavery may then become one of the most terrible curses and crimes of a community. We merely point out that there is a state of society in which it is inevitable. With the introduction of commerce better forms of relationship between landlord and labourer become possible, and are, or ought to be, adopted.

Now, reverting to the case before us of the southern states of America, we presume that an advocate of their cause would urge that, owing to the simplicity and ignorance of the black population, and their careless and improvident character, the system of paying for labour by wages would be as inapplicable here as in those early and patriarchal times we have been alluding to. Here, also, the best forms of the bargain for both parties would be to buy the labour of the man for his whole life, by taking care of him for his whole life.

We do not acquiesce in this reasoning; at the same time we are ready to admit that it requires a more intimate knowledge of the negro population than we can possibly possess, to determine how far it ought to carry conviction. But presuming that it is a fair defence, there can be surely no doubt that it would be most desirable to cultivate a provident and reflective character in the negro, so far as this can be done during the continuance of slavery, in order that a

better system may be introduced. That slavery brings with it a terrible abuse of power, must be admitted by every one. Granting, therefore, that no better form of relationship could at present be established between landlord and labourer, it must be infinitely desirable to prepare the way for a better. Here it is that we take up the controversy against the planters. Instead of doing their best to prepare the negro population for a better system, (which, if once established, would be to their own advantage as well,) they do their utmost to oppose the education of the slave, which is the only means of preparation they have in their power. In some provinces to educate a slave is treated as a criminal act; but doubtless there are very different laws and customs amongst different states and different masters. It is here, however, that we join issue with the planters. We do not like, and do not call for, sudden changes; we have always sought to allay rather than to excite the popular agitation of this topic. If the existing system is the only one at present practicable, we must, of force, accept it. We shall not tell the planter, in the high vein of certain moralists—if you and your white brethren cannot cultivate this soil without slave-labour, go to some other soil and to some other climate. Such high heroic maxims of morality, which we have not to practise ourselves, it is of very little use to preach to others. But we do say that, by opposing the education of the slave, the planters are rendering all but impossible that gradual change from one system to the other, which would be so much for the benefit of both parties. The ignorance of the slave may keep him unfit for manumission, but it will not secure him from the access of passion, and from sudden or violent attempts to obtain his liberty.

Mr Helps takes some pains to show that the negro is of the same species as the white man. What if he were not? What if the black population of Africa sprang originally from a different stock—their resemblance to ourselves would not be the less on this account. We are far from wishing to throw the least doubt

upon the question; we would merely observe, that the advocate of permanent slavery, if such there be, would gain nothing by his doctrine of races. The negro is a *man*, just as certainly whether you call him a *variety* or a new *species*. The difference between him and ourselves is neither greater nor less; the bond of brotherhood is the same.

We pass on somewhat rapidly, that we may reserve space for the last, and in our opinion the far most interesting, of Mr Helps's essays. In the *Companions of my Solitude*, we at length take leave entirely of that formal, precept-giving manner, which we cannot but think must have had some connection with the official state and character of our author. He now comes before us as the retired student and meditative man. Hesaunters through the woods or over the downs, revolving the hard problems of social philosophy. He is accompanied only by his thoughts; and these, which are the companions of his solitude, he gives us in an easy unrestrained manner. He has become an erring and perplexed mortal, like one of ourselves, and therefore has become instructive; he is open to dispute, and therefore suggests and teaches something. There is but one way of being always correct, and agreeing with everybody; it is to say nothing that can be of possible use to any one. Mr Helps closes his volume with a chapter on the "art of leaving off," and evidently flatters himself that he has practised the art to perfection in the present instance. But if there be such a thing as leaving off too soon, Mr Helps has not been so successful as he imagines. He leaves off here a great deal too soon.

"When in the country," it is thus the book opens, "I live much alone; and as I wander over downs and commons, and through lanes with lofty hedges, many thoughts come into my mind. I find, too, the same ones come again and again, and are spiritual companions. At times they insist upon being with me, and are resolutely intrusive. I think I will describe them, that so I may have more mastery over them."

"I think often of the hopes of the race here, of what is to become of our western civilisation—and what can be made of it. Of science or art, and I

long to do so too; but I cannot help thinking of the state and fortune of large masses of mankind, and hoping that thought may do something for them. After all my cogitations, my mind generally returns to one thing, the education of the people. *For want of general cultivation, how much individual excellence is crippled.* Of what avail, for example, is it for any one of us to have surmounted any social terror, or any superstition, while his neighbours lie sunk in it. His conduct in reference to them becomes a constant care and burden.

"Meditating upon general improvement, I often think a great deal about the climate in these parts of the world; and I see that without much husbandry of our means and resources, it is difficult for us to be anything but low barbarians. The difficulty of living at all in a cold, damp, destructive climate is great. Socrates went about with very scanty clothing, and men praise his wisdom in caring so little for the goods of this life. He ate sparingly and of mean food. *That is not the way, I suspect, that we can make a philosopher here.* Here we must make prudence one of the substantial virtues."

"One thing, though, I see, and that is, that there is a quantity of misplaced labour—of labour which does not go in stern contest with the rugged world around us, in the endeavour to compel nature to give us our birthright, but in fighting with 'strong delusions' of all kinds, or rather of putting up obstacles which we laboriously knock down again. Law, for example—what a loss is there; of time, of heart, of love, of leisure! There are good men whose minds are set upon improving the law; but I doubt whether any of them are prepared to go far enough."

"There are many things done now in the law at great expense by private individuals, which ought to be done for all by officers of the State. It is as if each individual had to make a road for himself whenever he went out, instead of using the King's highway."

The whole passage is studded with thought. If we have abridged it in our extract, it has been only to save space: we would more willingly have quoted without any omission or interruption. We pause in the last paragraph to carry out a little further the observation it contains. Government pays the judges, but leaves the suitor to pay for all the preparatory services necessary to bring his cause before him to be adjudicated. Even

officers of the court are paid by fees. One of the commissions for inquiring into the law has recommended the substitution of a salary from Government instead of this mode of remuneration. The recommendation, we believe, in some cases, has been already attended to. But, as Mr Helps suggests, much more might be done for the relief of the suitor. There is a well-known passage in *Blackstone*, wherein he tells us that kings, lords, and commons, army and navy, customs and taxes, have all for their great ultimate object, to seat a judge upon the bench, and put twelve jurymen in the jury-box. But kings, lords and commons, and the rest of these imposing powers have accomplished their task very inefficiently, if, before the suitor can have the benefit of judge and jury, he must pay the doorkeepers most exorbitantly.

It has at first a certain air of plausibility, to say, that he who wants to go to law must pay the expenses of it. But, in reality, *those reap most completely the benefit of an established system of jurisprudence who never have occasion to go to law.* To throw the expenses of justice on the hapless suitor is by no means equitable. As far as possible the whole society ought to take upon itself the burden and the costs of administering justice. We say as far as possible, because there are certain services which an attorney renders to his client, which it would not be well for the client himself to transfer to a salaried functionary. They would not be so effectually performed.

Of course we know that we are laying down general principles, out of hearing of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and we confess that there is little pleasure or profit in contemplating schemes to which he has so decisive an answer at hand—no funds, no ways and means. Nevertheless, in the course of our reading on this subject of law reform, we remember to have fallen in with a scheme or proposition which—setting aside the fiscal objections—won considerably upon us. Of all impracticable schemes it seemed to us the least unreasonable. It was this—to leave the function of the attorney at present untouched, but to join the barrister with the

judge—having a bar appointed and paid by Government. A blow at the independence of the bar, it will be said, in the first place. But in these days of a free press and a representative Parliament, no *political* mischief can ensue from such a measure. We may proceed to discuss it as it would simply affect our jurisprudence.

The anonymous author of this proposal looks upon the saving of the fee paid to the counsel as the least part of the benefit to result from it. He is of opinion that it would ultimately lead to the framing of a simple intelligible code, both of substantial law and of procedure, and thus, indirectly, sweep away the causes of delay and of expenditure. The bar, under this system, would consist of a body of men who had thoroughly studied the law, and from whom the judges would be selected, who would act as assistants to justice, not as engaged partisans of the client. Some system of advocacy is required, because the suitors can very rarely state their own case, and the law bearing on it, with distinctness, nor marshal the evidence they have to bring into court. But this is the utmost duty of an advocate, if the administration of justice is the true end to be sought for. Zeal for the client which carries him farther than this, is zeal for injustice. The existing system of advocacy presents us with the very immoral practice, and the altogether most anomalous proceeding, of a highly cultivated lawyer not only stating the truth and the evidence on one side, (which is all that justice requires or admits,) but exercising his utmost ingenuity to disguise the truth, to distort the law, and to shut out the evidence upon the opposite side. All this leads to a perpetual entanglement of the law itself; whereas the bar ought, in reality, to present to us a cultivated and laborious class of men, who had made jurisprudence their great study, and who were there to expound the law to such as needed advice, to conduct the causes of such as had causes to try, to be the great depositaries of the learning and science of jurisprudence, and have it for their object and ambition to advance the jurisprudence of their country. The

publicity with which their functions would be performed, the intellectual nature of those functions, and the fact that the judges would be chosen from their body, our author argues, would be sufficient security that they would not grow sluggish or neglectful in the discharge of their duties. As to displays of oratory—if oratory be regarded as an appeal to passion—he boldly asserts that a court of justice is not a fit arena for it. Such eloquence may be carried into Parliament, into public meetings of a hundred descriptions; and there is the pulpit and the lecture-room for the display of oratory of a reflective and imaginative cast. But there is an eloquence which consists in lucid, succinct statement of law and of facts; this, which has been often described as the eloquence of the bench, in contradistinction to that of the bar, is the only species which it is at all desirable to cultivate in a court of justice. Such are the outlines of our author's scheme, and his reasons for it. But we have no wish to enter further into what bears so evidently the character of a quite imaginary reform.

From the law Mr Helps takes us to the church, and to some of the delicate questions which are now agitated with respect to it. This is a topic on which he both interests and tantalises us. Whether from a prudent restraint, or a timidity not inexcusable, there is evidently much in his thoughts on this subject which he withholds. When we express a wish that such a man as Mr Helps would speak out fully on this topic, it is not because we expect, or ought rationally to expect, any novelty upon questions so long agitated, but because, if we mistake not, he is one of a party amongst English laymen who have become important by their numbers, their intelligence, and their piety. They belong to the national church; they do not desire to quit it; but they desire, in some way which we do not clearly understand, to render its ritual and its discipline more effective. We should wish persons of this description to explain themselves distinctly. The following intimations of opinion we ourselves read with interest, and, as we have

said, felt a little tantalised that they were not more than intimations:—

“As I went along, I thought of the Church of England and of what might be its future fortunes. One's acquaintances who meet one in the streets shrug their shoulders and exclaim, ‘What a state the Church is in! Oh that these questions that divide it had never been raised!’ I do not agree with them, and sometimes I tell them so. If there are these great differences amongst thoughtful men about great subjects, why should they (the differences) be stifled? Are we always to be walking about as masked figures?”

“For my own part, it has long appeared to me that our Church stands upon foundations which need more breadth and solidity, both as it regards the hold it ought to have on the reason, and on the affection of its members. . . .

“As regards affection, how can any but those who are naturally devout and affectionate, which is not the largest class, have an affectionate regard for anything which presents so cold and formal an appearance as the Church of England! The services are too long; and, for the most part, are surrounded by the most prosaic circumstances. Too many sermons are preached; and yet, after all, too little is made by preaching. Order, decency, cleanliness, propriety, and very often good sense, are to be seen in full force in Anglican Churches once a-week; but there is a deficiency of heartiness.

“The perfection to be aimed at, as it seems to me, and so I have said before, would be a Church with a very simple creed, and very grand ritual, and a useful and devoted priesthood. But these combinations are only in utopias, blessed islands, and other fabulous places: no vessel enters their ports, for they are as yet only in the minds of thoughtful men.

“In forming such an imaginary Church, there certainly are some things that might be adopted from the Roman Catholics. The other day I was at Rouen. I went to see the grand old cathedral. The great western doors were thrown wide open. Right upon the market place filled with flowers, and in the centre aisle, not before any image, a poor woman and her child were praying. I was only there a few minutes, and these two figures remain impressed upon my mind. It is surely very good that the poor should have some place free from the restraints, interruptions, the familiarity and the squalidness of home, where they may think a great thought, utter a lonely sigh, a fervent prayer, an inward wail. And the rich need the same thing too. . . .

"People say to themselves if we touch this or that thing which they disapprove of, we do not know what harm we may be doing to people of less insight or less caution than ourselves, and so they go on, content with a very rude attempt indeed at communion in spiritual matters, provided they do not, as they would say, unsettle their neighbours. There is something good and humble in this; there is something also of indifference: if our ancestors had always been content with silent protests against the thing they disapproved of, we might have been in a worse position than we are now.

"The intellectual energies of cultivated men want directing to the great question. If there is doubt in any matter, shall we not examine? Instead of that, men shut their thoughts up, and pretend to be orthodox—play at being orthodox."

"A simple creed and a grand ritual"—Are they not incompatible? In all the instances we can call to mind the ritual has a spiritual meaning, and this spiritual meaning becomes a portion of the creed. For our own part, we are like those acquaintances of Mr Helps, who deeply regret that any divisions should exist in the Church. At the same time we quite agree with Mr Helps himself in recognising the impossibility of preventing those divisions, by imposing silence on any considerable number of its genuine members.

A National Church can exist no longer than it represents a certain amount of the national piety. Those who conform to it from policy, or indifference, or love of ease and tranquillity, lend to it a secondary support of unquestionable importance. But the least reflection will tell us that this support is most truly of a secondary character. If the spirit of piety has deserted it, and gone elsewhere, the institution may be said to be defunct. Now, whilst only a few sincere and pious members of the Church feel a desire for any change in its ritual, they will do well to remain silent; but if the numbers of such men increase, it becomes of importance that they should be heard, and, if possible, their wishes attended to. It is for such men, and by such men, that the Church really exists. As for the politician, or the worldling, or the mere formalist, they may buttress round a church when it is once erect-

ed, but not for them was it built, nor by them alone could it possibly be sustained. When a man of the world, for instance, complains that the Church services are too long, we pass by the murmur unheeded. Long or short, he cares in his heart very little about them; perhaps finds in their acknowledged length a convenient excuse for not attending them at all. It is quite a different matter when the sincere pietist, for whom these services are framed, expresses the same opinion, and laments that by the time the sermon commences, from which he would desire to profit, his attention has been quite exhausted. We repeat that we should prefer that such men as Mr Helps should explain to us distinctly what changes they would effect. If they are such as are not adverse to the broad principles of Protestantism, it is of moment that their wishes should be consulted. If they are, indeed, such as would tend to efface the great landmarks of our Protestant faith, let us know them—that we may resist them to the utmost.

No small portion of the volume before us is occupied by a subject as important as it is delicate and difficult to treat. Mr Helps calls it "the sin of great cities." The appellation is very correct, and of itself gives rise to one consolatory reflection. There may be illicit pleasure in the village or the hamlet, but it is only in great towns that the degrading trade of the prostitute is known. Human society can therefore exist without this foul and shameful species of commerce.

Our author has been meditating on the sad waste of youth and beauty which the streets of a great city reveal to us, and on the many women who might have made a home happy, who are left to corrupt and to be corrupted in the highways of life; and he thus prettily introduces his subject:—

"It was a bright winter's day; and I sat upon a garden seat in a sheltered nook towards the south, having come out of my study to enjoy the warmth, like a fly that has left some snug crevice to stretch his legs upon the unwontedly sunny pane in December. My little daughter (she is a very little thing, about four years old) came running up to me, and when she had arrived at my knees,

held up a straggling but pretty weed. Thus, with great earnestness, as if fresh from some controversy on the subject, she exclaimed, 'Is this a weed, papa! is this a weed!'

"Yes, a weed," I replied.

"With a look of disappointment she moved off to the one she loved best amongst us; and asking the same question, received the same answer.

"But it has flowers," the child replied.

"That does not signify; it is a weed," was the inexorable answer.

"Presently after a moment's consideration, the child ran off again, and meeting the gardener just near my nook, though out of sight from where I sat, she coaxingly addressed him.

"Nicholas dear, is this a weed!'

"Yes, Miss; they call it shepherds' purse."

"A pause ensued. I thought the child was now fairly silenced by authority, when all at once the little voice began again, 'Will you plant it in my garden, Nicholas dear! Do plant it in my garden.'

"There was no resisting the anxious entreaty of the child; and man and child moved off together to plant the weed in one of those plots of ground which the children walk about upon a good deal, and put branches of trees in and grown-up flowers, and which they call their garden.

"But the child's words, 'Will you plant it in my garden!' remained upon my mind. That is what I have always been thinking, I exclaimed; and it is what I will begin by saying."

Mr Helps asserts, with perfect truth, that there is no hope for any great reform here, whilst the moral opinion of men remains what it is upon the subject. The religious world are sufficiently stringent upon every breach of chastity; but men in general have very inadequate notions of the evil they do, when they encourage the polluting and pestilential commerce of the prostitute. It used to be the fashion—and perhaps is still in some quarters—to defend this corruption on the plea that it draws off the libertine from the modest and virtuous woman. A very poor argument. It makes the libertine. Those who corrupt or invade the chastity of women, are the same persons who have been themselves corrupted by association with a class of the opposite sex, whose very business it has

become to break down all the restraints of modesty. It is here that a *Lovelace* receives his first instructions; and the annals of Newgate will tell us that those who have committed still more violent crimes, are not men who have lived chaste up to the time of their offence. It makes the libertine. Still, if we had *Ellesmere* amongst us, we should hear him replying, we suspect, in some such manner as this:—I know that it is not the maiden knight who practises the arts of the seducer. I know very well that he who is tried at the Old Bailey has not rushed from a life of innocence and purity to the foul violence he has committed. But this, too, I know, that if men become, in their moral opinion, more strict against one form of *unconjugal* pleasure, they will become more indulgent in regard to some other form. There will be more intrigue. I detest this Venus of the market-place as much as you; but I cannot help seeing that, if you banish her, you must expect more love-making to go on in the private dwelling-house. I do not say, however, that upon the whole this might not be a good bargain.

But we have not *Ellesmere* with us, and we shall attend to Milverton. As one part of his subject he touches on the cruel indifference which some men, who would still be thought very moral, can be guilty of towards their illegitimate children. We should have hesitated to draw the following picture; we should have doubted whether so flagrant a hypocrisy existed in the world. Mr Helps, however, is a cautious man, and probably drew from real life.

"I suppose there are few things clearer to the human mind than that a father owes duties to his child. The dullest savages have seen that. How can a man for a moment imagine that any difference of rank between the mother of his child and himself can absolve him from paternal duties! I am lost in astonishment at the notion. And then imagine a man performing all manner of minor duties, neglecting this first one the while. I always fancy that we may be surrounded by spiritual powers. Now, think what a horrible mockery it must seem to them, when they behold a man going to charity dinners, busying himself about flannel for the poor, jab-

bering about education at public meetings, immersed in indifferent forms and ceremonies of religion, or raging against such things, *because it is his duty*, as he tells you; and at the door, holding a link, or perhaps at that moment bringing home the produce of small thefts in a neighbouring narrow alley—is his own child, a pinched-up, haggard, outcast, cunning-looking little thing. Throw down, man, the flannel and the soap, and the education, and the Popery, and the Protestantism, and go up that narrow alley and tend your child. Do not heap that palpably unjust burden on the back of a world which has enough at all times of its own to bear. If you cannot find your own child, adopt two others in its place, and let your care for them be a sort of sin-offering."

We have extended our extracts very far, but we do not like exactly to leave off with this melancholy topic. At the same time it is by no means our wish to spoil the perusal of this little book to such as have not yet read it, by being too liberal in our quotations. From the number of passages against which we find our pencil-mark, we will extract one more. Mr Helps makes some observations worth giving reflection to, on the power which the weak have over the

strong—in what he calls "the tyranny of the weak."

"I venture to say that there is no observant man of the world who has lived to the age of thirty, who has not seen numerous instances of severe tyranny exercised by persons belonging to one or other of these classes—(the sick, the aged, the spoilt, the pious but weak-minded); and which tyranny has been established, continued and endured, solely by reason of the weakness, real or supposed, of the persons exercising it. Talking once with a thoughtful man on this subject, he remarked to me, that, of course, the generous suffered much from the tyranny I was speaking of, as the strength of it was drawn from their strength.

"If you come to analyse it, it is a tyranny exercised by playing upon the good-nature, the fear of responsibility, the dread of acting selfishly, the horror of giving pain, prevalent among good and kind people. They often know that it is a tremendous tyranny they are suffering under, but they do not feel it the less because they are consenting parties."

We must now bid adieu to Mr Helps, again expressing our hope that he will give us more of these thoughts, which we promise him shall be the "Companions of our Solitude" as well as of his own.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

CHAPTER XVI.

BEFORE a table, in the apartments appropriated to him in his father's house at Knightsbridge, sat Lord L'Estrange, sorting or destroying letters and papers—an ordinary symptom of change of residence. There are certain trifles by which a shrewd observer may judge of a man's disposition. Thus, ranged on the table, with some elegance, but with soldier-like precision, were sundry little relics of former days, hallowed by some sentiment of memory, or perhaps endeared solely by custom; which, whether he was in Egypt, Italy, or England, always made part of the furniture of Harley's room. Even the small, old-fashioned, and somewhat inconvenient inkstand in which he dipped the pen as he labelled the letters he put aside, belonged to the writing-desk which had been his pride as a school-boy. Even the books that lay scattered round were not new works, not those to which we turn to satisfy the curiosity of an hour, or to distract our graver thoughts: they were chiefly either Latin or Italian poets, with many a pencil-mark on the margin; or books which, making severe demand on thought, require slow and frequent perusal, and become companions. Somehow or other, in remarking that even in dumb inanimate things the man was averse to change, and had the habit of attaching himself to whatever was connected with old associations, you might guess that he clung with pertinacity to affections more important, and you could better comprehend the freshness of his friendship for one so dissimilar in pursuits and character as Audley Egerton. An affection once admitted into the heart of Harley L'Estrange, seemed never to be questioned or reasoned with: it became tacitly fixed, as it were, into his own nature; and little less than a revolution of his whole system could dislodge or disturb it.

Lord L'Estrange's hand rested now upon a letter in a stiff legible Italian character; and instead of disposing of it at once, as he had done with the rest, he spread it before him, and re-read the contents. It was a letter from Riccabocca, received a few weeks since, and ran thus:—

Letter from Signior Riccabocca to Lord L'Estrange.

"I thank you, my noble friend, for judging of me with faith in my honour, and respect for my reverse."

"No, and thrice no, to all concessions, all overtures, all treaty with Giulio Franzini. I write the name, and my emotions choke me. I must pause, and cool back into disdain. It is over. Pass from that subject. But you have alarmed me. This sister! I have not seen her since her childhood; but she was brought up under *his* influence—she can but work as his agent. She wish to learn my residence! It can be but for some hostile and malignant purpose. I may trust in you—I know that. You say I may trust equally in the discretion of your friend. Pardon me—my confidence is not so elastic. A word may give the clue to my retreat. But, if discovered, what harm can ensue? An English roof protects me from Austrian despotism: true; but not the brazen tower of Danaë could protect me from Italian craft. And, were there nothing worse, it would be intolerable to me to live under the eyes of a relentless spy. Truly saith our proverb, 'He sleeps ill for whom the enemy wakes.' Look you, my friend, I have done with my old life—I wish to cast it from me as a snake its skin. I have denied myself all that exiles deem consolation. No pity for misfortune, no messages from sympathising friendship, no news from a lost and bereaved country follow me to my hearth under the skies of the stranger. From all these I have voluntarily cut myself off. I am as

dead to the life I once lived as if the Styx rolled between it and me. With that sternness which is admissible only to the afflicted, I have denied myself even the consolation of your visits. I have told you fairly and simply that your presence would unsettle all my enforced and infirm philosophy, and remind me only of the past, which I seek to blot from remembrance. You have complied on the one condition, that whenever I really want your aid I will ask it; and, meanwhile, you have generously sought to obtain me justice from the cabinets of ministers and in the courts of kings. I did not refuse your heart this luxury; for I have a child—(Ah! I have taught that child already to revere your name, and in her prayers it is not forgotten.) But now that you are convinced that even your zeal is unavailing, I ask you to discontinue attempts that may but bring the spy upon my track, and involve me in new misfortunes. Believe me, O brilliant Englishman, that I am satisfied and contented with my lot. I am sure it would not be for my happiness to change it. ‘*Chi non ha provato il male non conosce il bene.*’ (‘One does not know when one is well off till one has known misfortune.’) You ask me how I live—I answer, *alla giornata*—to the day—not for the morrow, as I did once. I have accustomed myself to the calm existence of a village. I take interest in its details. There is my wife, good creature, sitting opposite to me, never asking what I write, or to whom, but ready to throw aside her work and talk the moment the pen is out of my hand. Talk—and what about? Heaven knows! But I would rather hear that talk, though on the affairs of a hamlet, than babble again with recreant nobles and blundering professors about commonwealths and constitutions. When I want to see how little those last influence the happiness of wise men, have I not Machiavel and Thucydides? Then, by-and-by, the Parson will drop in, and we argue. He never knows when he is beaten, so the argument is everlasting. On fine days I ramble out by a winding rill with my Violante, or stroll to my friend the Squire’s, and see how healthful a thing

is true pleasure; and on wet days I shut myself up, and mope, perhaps, till, hark! a gentle tap at the door, and in comes Violante, with her dark eyes, that shine out through reproachful tears—reproachful that I should mourn alone, while she is under my roof—so she puts her arms round me, and in five minutes all is sunshine within. What care we for your English grey clouds without?

“Leave me, my dear Lord—leave me to this quiet happy passage towards old age, serener than the youth that I wasted so wildly; and guard well the secret on which my happiness depends.

“Now to yourself, before I close. Of that same *yourself* you speak too little, as of me too much. But I so well comprehend the profound melancholy that lies underneath the wild and fanciful humour with which you but suggest, as in sport, what you feel so in earnest. The laborious solitude of cities weighs on you. You are flying back to the *dolce far niente*—to friends few, but intimate; to life monotonous, but unrestrained; and even there the sense of loneliness will again seize upon you; and you do not seek, as I do, the annihilation of memory; your dead passions are turned to ghosts that haunt you, and unfit you for the living world. I see it all—I see it still, in your hurried fantastic lines, as I saw it when we two sat amidst the pines and beheld the blue lake stretched below. I troubled by the shadow of the Future, you disturbed by that of the Past.

“Well, but you say, half-seriously, half in jest, ‘I will escape from this prison-house of memory; I will form new ties, like other men, and before it be too late; I will marry—ay, but I must love—there is the difficulty’—difficulty—yes, and heaven be thanked for it! Recall all the unhappy marriages that have come to your knowledge—pray have not eighteen out of twenty been marriages for love? It always has been so, and it always will. Because, whenever we love deeply, we exact so much and forgive so little. Be content to find some one with whom your hearth and your honour are safe. You will grow to love what never wounds your heart—you will soon grow out of love with what

must always disappoint your imagination. *Cospetto!* I wish my *Jemima* had a younger sister for you. Yet it was with a deep groan that I settled myself to a—*Jemima*.

"Now, I have written you a long letter, to prove how little I need of your compassion or your zeal. Once more let there be long silence between us. It is not easy for me to correspond with a man of your rank, and not incur the curious gossip of my still little pool of a world which the splash of a pebble can break into circles. I must take this over to a post-town some ten miles off, and drop it into the box by stealth.

"Adieu, dear and noble friend, gentlest heart and subtlest fancy that I have met in my walk through life. Adieu—write me word when you have abandoned a day-dream and found a *Jemima*. ALPHONSO.

"*P.S.*—For heaven's sake, caution and recation your friend the minister, not to drop a word to this woman that may betray my hiding-place."

"Is he really happy?" murmured Harley, as he closed the letter; and he sank for a few moments into a reverie.

"This life in a village—this wife in a lady who puts down her work to talk about villagers—what a contrast to *Audley's* full existence. And I can never envy nor comprehend either—yet my own—what is it?"

He rose, and moved towards the window, from which a rustic stair descended to a green lawn—studded with larger trees than are often found in the grounds of a suburban residence. There were calm and coolness in the sight, and one could scarcely have supposed that London lay so near.

The door opened softly, and a lady, past middle age, entered; and, approaching Harley, as he still stood musing by the window, laid her hand on his shoulder. What character there is in a hand! Hers was a hand that *Titian* would have painted with elaborate care! Thin, white, and delicate—with the blue veins raised from the surface. Yet there was something more than mere patrician elegance in the form and texture. A true

physiologist would have said at once, "there are intellect and pride in that hand, which seems to fix a hold where it rests; and, lying so lightly, yet will not be as lightly shaken off."

"Harley," said the lady—and Harley turned—"you do not deceive me by that smile," she continued sadly; "you were not smiling when I entered."

"It is rarely that we smile to ourselves, my dear mother; and I have done nothing lately so foolish as to cause me to smile at myself."

"My son," said Lady *Lansmere*, somewhat abruptly, but with great earnestness, "you come from a line of illustrious ancestors; and methinks they ask from their tombs why the last of their race has no aim and no object—no interest—no home in the land which they served, and which rewarded them with its honours."

"Mother," said the soldier simply, "when the land was in danger I served it as my forefathers served—and my answer would be the scars on my breast."

"Is it only in danger that a country is served—only in war that duty is fulfilled? Do you think that your father, in his plain manly life of country gentleman, does not fulfil, though obscurely, the objects for which aristocracy is created and wealth is bestowed?"

"Doubtless he does, ma'am—and better than his vagrant son ever can."

"Yet his vagrant son has received such gifts from nature—his youth was so rich in promise—his boyhood so glowed at the dream of glory!"

"Ay," said Harley very softly, "it is possible—and all to be buried in a single grave!"

The Countess started, and withdrew her hand from Harley's shoulder.

Lady *Lansmere's* countenance was not one that much varied in expression. She had in this, as in her cast of feature, little resemblance to her son.

Her features were slightly aquiline—the eyebrows of that arch which gives a certain majesty to the aspect: the lines round the mouth were habitually rigid and compressed. Her face was that of one who had gone through great emotion and subdued it. There was something formal, and even ascetic, in the character of her

beauty, which was still considerable;—in her air and in her dress. She might have suggested to you the idea of some Gothic baroness of old, half chatelaine, half abbess; you would see at a glance that she did not live in the light world round her, and disdained its fashion and its mode of thought; yet with all this rigidity it was still the face of the woman who has known human ties and human affections. And now, as she gazed long on Harley's quiet, saddened brow, it was the face of a mother.

"A single grave," she said, after a long pause. "And you were then but a boy, Harley! Can such a memory influence you even to this day? It is scarcely possible: it does not seem to me within the realities of man's life—though it might be of woman's."

"I believe," said Harley, half soliloquising, "that I have a great deal of the woman in me. Perhaps men who live much alone, and care not for men's objects, do grow tenacious of impressions, as your sex does. But oh," he cried aloud, and with a sudden change of countenance, "oh, the hardest and the coldest man would have felt as I do, had he known *her*—had he loved *her*. She was like no other woman I have ever met. Bright and glorious creature of another sphere! She descended on this earth, and darkened it when she passed away. It is no use striving. Mother, I have as much courage as our steel-clad fathers ever had. I have dared in battle and in deserts—against man and the wild beast—against the storm and the ocean—against the rude powers of Nature—dangers as dread as ever pilgrim or Crusader rejoiced to brave. But courage against that one memory! no, I have none!"

"Harley, Harley, you break my heart," cried the Countess, clasping her hands.

"It is astonishing," continued her son, so wrapped in his own thoughts that he did not perhaps hear her outcry. "Yea, verily, it is astonishing, that considering the thousands of women I have seen and spoken with, I never see a face like hers—never hear a voice so sweet. And all this universe of life cannot afford me one look and one tone that can restore me to man's

privilege—love. Well, well, well, life has other things yet—Poetry and Art live still—still smiles the heaven, and still wave the trees. Leave me to happiness in my own way."

The Countess was about to reply, when the door was thrown hastily open, and Lord Lansmere walked in.

The Earl was some years older than the Countess, but his placid face showed less wear and tear; a benevolent, kindly face—without any evidence of commanding intellect, but with no lack of sense in its pleasant lines. His form not tall, but upright, and with an air of consequence—a little pompous, but good-humouredly so. The pomposity of the *Grand Seigneur*, who has lived much in provinces—whose will has been rarely disputed, and whose importance has been so felt and acknowledged as to react insensibly on himself;—an excellent man; but when you glanced towards the high brow and dark eye of the Countess, you marvelled a little how the two had come together, and, according to common report, lived so happily in the union.

"Ho, ho! my dear Harley," cried Lord Lansmere, rubbing his hands with an appearance of much satisfaction, "I have just been paying a visit to the Duchess."

"What Duchess, my dear father?"

"Why, your mother's first cousin, to be sure—the Duchess of Knaresborough, whom, to oblige me, you condescended to call upon; and delighted I am to hear that you admire Lady Mary—"

"She is very high-bred, and rather—high-nosed," answered Harley. Then observing that his mother looked pained, and his father disconcerted, he added seriously, "But handsome certainly."

"Well, Harley," said the Earl, recovering himself, "the Duchess, taking advantage of our connection to speak freely, has intimated to me that Lady Mary has been no less struck with yourself; and, to come to the point, since you allow that it is time you should think of marrying, I do not know a better alliance. What do you say?"

"The Duke of York's ranks in history be of the Roses," said Lord Lansmere, "in air of"

there has never been one scandal in its annals, or one blot in its scutcheon. But I am sure my dear Lord must think that the Duchess should not have made the first overture—even to a friend and a kinsman?"

"Why, we are old-fashioned people," said the Earl, rather embarrassed, "and the Duchess is a woman of the world."

"Let us hope," said the Countess mildly, "that her daughter is not."

"I would not marry Lady Mary, if all the rest of the female sex were turned into apes," said Lord L'Es-trange, with deliberate fervour.

"Good heavens!" cried the Earl, "what extraordinary language is this! And pray why, sir?"

HARLEY.—"I can't say—there is no why in these cases. But, my dear father, you are not keeping faith with me."

LORD LANSMERE.—"How?"

HARLEY.—"You, and my Lady here, entreat me to marry—I promise to do my best to obey you; but on one condition—that I choose for myself, and take my time about it. Agreed on both sides. Whereon, off goes your Lordship—actually before noon, at an hour when no lady without a shudder could think of cold blonde and damp orange flowers—off goes your Lordship, I say, and commits poor Lady Mary and your unworthy son to a mutual admiration—which neither of us ever felt. Pardon me, my father—but this is grave. Again let me claim your promise—full choice for myself, and no reference to the Wars of the Roses. What war of the roses like that between Modesty and Love upon the cheek of the virgin!"

LADY LANSMERE.—"Full choice for yourself, Harley;—so be it. But we, too, named a condition—Did we not, Lansmere?"

The EARL, (puzzled).—"Eh—did we? Certainly we did."

HARLEY.—"What was it?"

LADY LANSMERE.—"The son of Lord Lansmere can only marry the daughter of a gentleman."

The EARL.—"Of course—of course."

The blood rushed over Harley's fair face, and then as suddenly left it pale.

He walked away to the window—his mother followed him, and again laid her hand on his shoulder.

"You were cruel," said he, gently and in a whisper, as he winced under the touch of the hand. Then turning to the Earl, who was gazing at him in blank surprise—(it never occurred to Lord Lansmere that there could be a doubt of his son's marrying beneath the rank modestly stated by the Countess)—Harley stretched forth his hand, and said, in his soft winning tone, "You have ever been most gracious to me, and most forbearing; it is but just that I should sacrifice the habits of an egotist, to gratify a wish which you so warmly entertain. I agree with you, too, that our race should not close in me—*Noblesse oblige*. But you know I was ever romantic; and I must love where I marry—or, if not love, I must feel that my wife is worthy of all the love I could once have bestowed. Now, as to the vague word 'gentleman' that my mother employs—word that means so differently on different lips—I confess that I have a prejudice against young ladies brought up in the 'excellent foppery of the world,' as the daughters of gentlemen of our rank mostly are. I crave, therefore, the most liberal interpretation of this word 'gentleman.' And so long as there be nothing mean or sordid in the birth, habits, and education of the father of this bride to be, I trust you will both agree to demand nothing more—neither titles nor pedigree."

"Titles, no—assuredly," said Lady Lansmere; "they do not make gentlemen."

"Certainly not," said the Earl. "Many of our best families are untitled."

"Titles—no," repeated Lady Lansmere; "but ancestors—yes."

"Ah, my mother," said Harley, with his most sad and quiet smile, "it is fated that we shall never agree. The first of our race is ever the one we are most proud of; and pray, what ancestors had he? Beauty, virtue, modesty, intellect—if these are not nobility enough for a man, he is a slave to the dead."

With these words Harley took up his hat and made towards the door.

"You said yourself, *Noblesse oblige*," said the Countess, following him to the threshold; "we have nothing more to add."

Harley slightly shrugged his shoulders, kissed his mother's hand, whistled to Nero, who started up from a doze by the window, and went his way.

"Does he really go abroad next week?" said the Earl.

"So he says."

"I am afraid there is no chance for Lady Mary," resumed Lord Lansmere, with a slight but melancholy smile.

"She has not intellect enough to charm him. She is not worthy of Harley," said the proud mother.

"Between you and me," rejoined the Earl, rather timidly, "I don't see what good his intellect does him. He could not be more unsettled and use-

less if he were the merest dunce in the three kingdoms. And so ambitious as he was when a boy! Katherine, I sometimes fancy that you know what changed him."

"I! Nay, my dear Lord, it is a common change enough with the young, when of such fortunes; who find, when they enter life, that there is really little left for them to strive for. Had Harley been a poor man's son, it might have been different."

"I was born to the same fortunes as Harley," said the Earl, shrewdly, "and yet I flatter myself I am of some use to old England."

The Countess seized upon the occasion, complimented her Lord, and turned the subject.

CHAPTER XVII.

Harley spent his day in his usual desultory, lounging manner—dined in his quiet corner at his favourite club—Nero, not admitted into the club, patiently waited for him outside the door. The dinner over, dog and man, equally indifferent to the crowd, sauntered down that thoroughfare which, to the few who can comprehend the Poetry of London, has associations of glory and of woe sublime as any that the ruins of the dead elder world can furnish—thoroughfare that traverses what was once the courtyard of Whitehall, having to its left the site of the palace that lodged the royalty of Scotland—gains, through a narrow strait, that old isle of Thorney, in which Edward the Confessor received the ominous visit of the Conqueror—and, widening once more by the Abbey and the Hall of Westminster, then loses itself, like all memories of earthly grandeur, amidst humble passages and mean defiles.

Thus thought Harley L'Estrange—ever less amidst the actual world around him, than the images invoked by his own solitary soul—as he gained the Bridge, and saw the dull lifeless craft sleeping on the "Silent Way," once loud and glittering with the gilded barks of the antique Seigneurie of England.

It was on that bridge that Audley Egerton had appointed to meet L'Estrange, at an hour when he calculated

he could best steal a respite from debate. For Harley, with his fastidious dislike to all the resorts of his equals, had declined to seek his friend in the crowded regions of Bellamy's.

Harley's eye, as he passed along the bridge, was attracted by a still form, seated on the stones in one of the nooks, with its face covered by its hands. "If I were a sculptor," said he to himself, I should remember that image whenever I wished to convey the idea of *Despondency*! He lifted his looks and saw, a little before him in the midst of the causeway, the firm erect figure of Audley Egerton. The moonlight was full on the bronzed countenance of the strong public man, —with its lines of thought and care, and its vigorous but cold expression of intense self-control.

"And looking yonder," continued Harley's soliloquy, "I should remember that form, when I wished to hew out from the granite the idea of *Enderance*."

"So you are come, and punctually," said Egerton, linking his arm in Harley's.

HARLEY.—"Punctually, of course, for I respect your time, and I will not detain you long. I presume you will speak to-night."

EGERTON.—"I have spoken."

HARLEY, (with interest).—"And well, I hope."

EGERTON.—"With effect, I sup-

pose, for I have been loudly cheered, which does not always happen to me."

HARLEY.—"And that gave you pleasure?"

EGERTON, (after a moment's thought).—"No, not the least."

HARLEY.—"What, then, attaches you so much to this life—constant drudgery, constant warfare—the more pleasurable faculties dormant, all the harsher ones aroused, if even its rewards (and I take the best of those to be applause) do not please you?"

EGERTON.—"What?—custom."

HARLEY.—"Martyr!"

EGERTON.—"You say it. But turn to yourself; you have decided, then, to leave England next week."

HARLEY, (moodily).—"Yes. This life in a capital, where all are so active, myself so objectless, preys on me like a low fever. Nothing here amuses me, nothing interests, nothing comforts and consoles. But I am resolved, before it be too late, to make one great struggle out of the Past, and into the natural world of men. In a word, I have resolved to marry."

EGERTON.—"Whom?"

HARLEY, (seriously).—"Upon my life, my dear fellow, you are a great philosopher. You have hit the exact question. You see I cannot marry a dream; and where, out of dreams, shall I find this 'whom?'"

EGERTON.—"You do not search for her."

HARLEY.—"Do we ever search for love? Does it not flash upon us when we least expect it? Is it not like the inspiration to the muse? What poet sits down and says, 'I will write a poem?' What man looks out and says, 'I will fall in love.' No! Happiness, as the great German tells us, 'falls suddenly from the bosom of the gods;' so does love."

EGERTON.—"You remember the old line in Horace: 'Life's tide flows away, while the boor sits on the margin and waits for the ford.'"

HARLEY.—"An idea which incidentally dropped from you some weeks ago, and which I had before half-meditated, has since haunted me. If I could but find some child with sweet dispositions and fair intellect not yet formed, and train her up,

according to my ideal. I am still young enough to wait a few years. And meanwhile I shall have gained what I so sadly want—an object in life.

EGERTON.—"You are ever the child of romance. But what?"

Here the minister was interrupted by a messenger from the House of Commons, whom Audley had instructed to seek him on the bridge should his presence be required—"Sir, the Opposition are taking advantage of the thinness of the House to call for a division. Mr — is put up to speak for time, but they won't hear him."

Egerton turned hastily to Lord L'Estrange, "You see you must excuse me now. To-morrow I must go to Windsor for two days; but we shall meet on my return."

"It does not matter," answered Harley; "I stand out of the pale of your advice, O practical man of sense. And if," added Harley, with affectionate and mournful sweetness—"If I worry you with complaints which you cannot understand, it is only because of old schoolboy habits. I can have no trouble that I do not confide in you."

Egerton's hand trembled as it pressed his friend's; and, without a word, he hurried away abruptly. Harley remained motionless for some seconds, in deep and quiet reverie; then he called to his dog, and turned back towards Westminster.

He passed the nook in which had sate the still figure of Despondency. But the figure had now risen, and was leaning against the balustrade. The dog who preceded his master paused by the solitary form, and sniffed it suspiciously.

"Nero, sir, come here," said Harley.

"Nero," that was the name by which Helen had said that her father's friend had called his dog. And the sound startled Leonard as he leant, sick at heart, against the stone. He lifted his head and looked wistfully, eagerly, into Harley's face. Those eyes, bright, clear, yet so strangely deep and absent, which Helen had described, met his own, and chained them. For L'Estrange halted also; the boy's countenance was not unfamiliar to him. He returned the

inquiring look fixed on his own, and recognised the student by the book-stall.

"The dog is quite harmless, sir," said L'Estrange, with a smile.

"And you called him Nero?" said Leonard, still gazing on the stranger.

Harley mistook the drift of the question.

"Nero, sir; but he is free from the sanguinary propensities of his Roman namesake." Harley was about to pass on, when Leonard said falteringly,—

"Pardon me, but can it be possible that you are one whom I have sought in vain, on behalf of the child of Captain Digby?"

Harley stopped short. "Digby!" he exclaimed, "where is he? He should have found me easily. I gave him an address."

"Ah, Heaven be thanked," cried Leonard. "Helen is saved; she will not die;" and he burst into tears.

A very few moments, and a very few words sufficed to explain to Harley the state of his old fellow-soldier's orphan. And Harley himself soon stood in the young sufferer's room, supporting her burning temples on his breast, and whispering, into ears that heard him, as in a happy dream, "Comfort, comfort; your father yet lives in me."

And then Helen, raising her eyes, said, "But Leonard is my brother—more than brother—and he needs a father's care more than I do."

"Hush, hush, Helen. I need no one—nothing now!" cried Leonard; and his tears gushed over the little hand that clasped his own.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Harley L'Estrange was a man whom all things that belong to the romantic and poetic side of our human life deeply impressed. When he came to learn the ties between these two children of nature, standing side by side, alone amidst the storms of fate, his heart was more deeply moved than it had been for many years. In those dreary attics, overshadowed by the smoke and reek of the humble suburb—the workday world in its harshest and tritest forms below and around them—he recognised that divine poem which comes out from all union between the mind and the heart. Here, on the rough deal table, (the ink scarcely dry,) lay the writings of the young wrestler for fame and bread; there, on the other side the partition, on that mean pallet, lay the boy's sole comforter—the all that warmed his heart with living mortal affection. On one side the wall, the world of imagination; on the other this world of grief and of love. And in both, a spirit equally sublime—unselfish Devotion—"the something afar from the sphere of our sorrow."

He looked round the room into which he had followed Leonard, on quitting Helen's bedside. He noted the MSS. on the table, and, pointing to them, said gently, "And these are

the labours by which you supported the soldier's orphan?—soldier yourself, in a hard battle!"

"The battle was lost—I could not support her," replied Leonard mournfully.

"But you did not desert her. When Pandora's box was opened, they say Hope lingered last——"

"False, false," said Leonard; "a heathen's notion. There are deities that linger behind Hope;—Gratitude, Love, and Duty."

"Yours is no common nature," exclaimed Harley admiringly, "but I must sound it more deeply hereafter; at present I hasten for the physician; I shall return with him. We must move that poor child from this low close air as soon as possible. Meanwhile, let me qualify your rejection of the old fable. Wherever Gratitude, Love, and Duty remain to man, believe me that Hope is there too, though she may be oft invisible, hidden behind the sheltering wings of the nobler deities."

Harley said this with that wondrous smile of his, which cast a brightness over the whole room—and went away.

Leonard stole softly towards the grimy window; and looking up towards the stars that shone pale over the roof-tops, he murmured, "O thou, the All-seeing and All-merciful!—how

it comforts me now to think that though my dreams of knowledge may have sometimes obscured the Heaven, I never doubted that Thou wert there!—as luminous and everlasting, though behind the cloud!" So, for a few minutes, he prayed silently—then passed into Helen's room, and sate beside her motionless, for she slept. She woke just as Harley returned with a physician, and then Leonard, returning to his own room, saw amongst his papers the letter he had written to Mr Dale; and muttering, "I need not disgrace

my calling—I need not be the mendicant now"—held the letter to the flame of the candle. And while he said this, and as the burning tinder dropped on the floor, the sharp hunger, unfelt during his late anxious emotions, gnawed at his entrails. Still, even hunger could not reach that noble pride which had yielded to a sentiment nobler than itself—and he smiled as he repeated, "No mendicant!—the life that I was sworn to guard is saved. I can raise against Fate the front of the Man once more."

CHAPTER XIX.

A few days afterwards, and Helen, removed to a pure air, and under the advice of the first physicians, was out of all danger.

It was a pretty detached cottage, with its windows looking over the wild heaths of Norwood, to which Harley rode daily to watch the convalescence of his young charge—an object in life was already found. As she grew better and stronger, he coaxed her easily into talking, and listened to her with pleased surprise. The heart so infantine, and the sense so womanly, struck him much by its rare contrast and combination. Leonard, whom he had insisted on placing also in the cottage, had stayed there willingly till Helen's recovery was beyond question. Then he came to Lord L'Estrange, as the latter was about one day to leave the cottage, and said quietly, "Now, my Lord, that Helen is safe, and now that she will need me no more, I can no longer be a pensioner on your bounty. I return to London."

"You are my visitor—not my pensioner, foolish boy," said Harley, who had already noticed the pride which spoke in that farewell; "come into the garden, and let us talk."

Harley seated himself on a bench on the little lawn; Nero crouched at his feet; Leonard stood beside him.

"So," said Lord L'Estrange, "you would return to London!—What to do?"

"Fulfil my fate."

"And that?"

"I cannot guess. Fate is the Isis—those veil no mortal can ever raise."

"You should be born for great things," said Harley abruptly. "I am sure that you write well. I have seen that you study with passion. Better than writing and better than study, you have a noble heart, and the proud desire of independence. Let me see your MSS. or any copies of what you have already printed. Do not hesitate—I ask but to be a reader. I don't pretend to be a patron; it is a word I hate."

Leonard's eyes sparkled through their sudden moisture. He brought out his portfolio, placed it on the bench beside Harley, and then went softly to the further part of the garden. Nero looked after him, and then rose and followed him slowly. The boy seated himself on the turf, and Nero rested his dull head on the loud heart of the poet.

Harley took up the various papers before him and read them through leisurely. Certainly he was no critic. He was not accustomed to analyse what pleased or displeased him; but his perceptions were quick, and his taste exquisite. As he read, his countenance, always so genuinely expressive, exhibited now doubt and now admiration. He was soon struck by the contrast in the boy's writings; between the pieces that sported with fancy, and those that grappled with thought. In the first, the young poet seemed so unconscious of his own individuality. His imagination, afar and aloft from the scenes of his suffering, ran riot amidst a paradise of happy golden creations. But in the last, the THINKER stood out alone and

mournful, questioning, in troubled sorrow, the hard world on which he gazed. All in the thought was unsettled, tumultuous; all in the fancy serene and peaceful. The genius seemed divided into twain shapes; the one bathing its wings amidst the starry dews of heaven; the other wandering "melancholy, slow," amidst desolate and boundless sands. Harley gently laid down the paper and mused a little while. Then he rose and walked to Leonard, gazing on his countenance as he neared the boy, with a new and a deeper interest.

"I have read your papers," he said, "and recognise in them two men, belonging to two worlds, essentially distinct."

Leonard started, and murmured, "True, true!"

"I apprehend," resumed Harley, "that one of these men must either destroy the other, or that the two must become fused and harmonised into a single existence. Get your hat, mount my groom's horse, and come with me to London; we will converse by the way. Look you, I believe you and I agree in this, that the first object of every nobler spirit is independence. It is towards this independence that I alone presume to assist you; and this is a service which the proudest man can receive without a blush."

Leonard lifted his eyes towards Harley's, and those eyes swam with grateful tears; but his heart was too full to answer.

"I am not one of those," said Harley, when they were on the road, "who think that because a young man writes poetry he is fit for nothing else, and that he must be a poet or a pauper. I have said that in you there seem to me to be two men, the man of the Ideal world, the man of the Actual. To each of these men I can offer a separate career. The first is perhaps the more tempting. It is the interest of the state to draw into its service all the talent and industry it can obtain; and under his native state every citizen of a free country should be proud to take service. I have a friend who is a minister, and who is known to encourage talent—Audley Egerton. I have but to say to him, 'There is a young man who will well

repay to the government whatever the government bestows on him;' and you will rise to-morrow independent in means, and with fair occasions to attain to fortune and distinction. This is one offer, what say you to it?"

Leonard thought bitterly of his interview with Audley Egerton, and the minister's proffered crown-piece. He shook his head, and replied—

"Oh, my Lord, how have I deserved such kindness? Do with me what you will; but if I have the option, I would rather follow my own calling. This is not the ambition that inflames me."

"Hear, then, the other offer. I have a friend with whom I am less intimate than Egerton, and who has nothing in his gift to bestow. I speak of a man of letters—Henry Norreys—of whom you have doubtless heard, who, I should say, conceived an interest in you when he observed you reading at the book-stall. I have often heard him say, that literature as a profession is misunderstood, and that rightly followed, with the same pains and the same prudence which are brought to bear on other professions, a competence at least can be always ultimately obtained. But the way may be long and tedious—and it leads to no power but over thought; it rarely attains to wealth; and, though *reputation* may be certain, *Fame*, such as poets dream of, is the lot of few. What say you to this course?"

"My Lord, I decide," said Leonard firmly; and then his young face lighting up with enthusiasm, he exclaimed, "Yes, if, as you say, there be two men within me, I feel, that were I condemned wholly to the mechanical and practical world, one would indeed destroy the other. And the conqueror would be the ruder and the coarser. Let me pursue those ideas that, though they have but flitted across me, vague and formless—have ever soared towards the sunlight. No matter whether or not they lead to fortune or to fame, at least they will lead me upward! Knowledge for itself I desire—what care I, if it be not power!"

"Enough," said Harley, with a pleased smile at his young com-

gentleman's authority. "As you decide as small it is settled. And now permit me, if not impertinent, to ask you a few questions. Your name is Leonard Fairbairn?"

The boy nodded deeply, and bowed his head as if in assent.

"Helen says you are self-taught. For the rest she refers me to you—thinking, perhaps, that I should esteem you less—rather than yet more highly—if she said you were, as I presume to conjecture, of humble birth."

"My birth," said Leonard, slowly, "is very—very—humble."

"The name of Fairbairn is not unknown to me. There was one of that name who married into a family in Lancashire—married an Avenel—continued Harley—and his wife quivered. 'For change countenance. Oh, could your mother's name have been Avenel?'"

"Yes," said Leonard, between his set teeth. Harley laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Then, indeed, I have a claim on you—then, indeed, we are friends. I have a right to serve any of that family."

Leonard looked at him in surprise—"For," continued Harley, recovering himself, "they always served my family; and my recollections of Lancashire, though boyish, are indelible." He spurred on his horse as the words closed—and again there was a long pause; but from that time Harley always spoke to Leonard in a soft voice, and often gazed on him with earnest and kindly eyes.

They reached a house in a central, though not fashionable street. A man-servant of a singularly grave and awful aspect opened the door; a man who had lived all his life with authors. Poor devil, he was indeed prematurely old! The care on his lip and the pomp on his brow—no mortal's pen can describe!

"Is Mr Norreys at home?" asked Harley.

"He is at home—to his friends, my Lord," answered the man majestically; and he stalked across the hall with the step of a Dangeau ushering some Montmorenci to the presence of *Louis le Grand*.

"Stay—show this gentleman into another room. I will go first into the

library; wait for me, Leonard." The man nodded, and ushered Leonard into the dining-room. Then pausing before the door of the library, and listening in silence, as if fearful to disturb some mood of inspiration, opened it very softly. To his ineffable disgust, Harley pushed before, and entered abruptly. It was a large room lined with books from the floor to the ceiling. Books were on all the tables—books were on all the chairs. Harley seated himself on a sofa of Raleigh's History of the World, and cried—

"I have brought you a treasure!"

"What is it?" said Norreys, good-humouredly, looking up from his desk.

"A mind!"

"A mind!" echoed Norreys, vaguely. "Your own?"

"Pooh—I have none—I have only a heart and a fancy. Listen. You remember the boy we saw reading at the book-stall. I have caught him for you, and you shall train him into a man. I have the warmest interest in his future—for I knew some of his family—and one of that family was very dear to me. As for money, he has not a shilling, and not a shilling would he accept gratis from you or me either. But he comes with bold heart to work—and work you must find him." Harley then rapidly told his friend of the two offers he had made to Leonard—and Leonard's choice.

"This promises very well; for letters a man must have a strong vocation as he should have for law—I will do all that you wish."

Harley rose with alertness—shook Norreys cordially by the hand—hurried out of the room, and returned with Leonard.

Mr Norreys eyed the young man with attention. He was naturally rather severe than cordial in his manner to strangers—contrasting in this, as in most things, the poor vagabond Burley. But he was a good judge of the human countenance, and he liked Leonard's. After a pause he held out his hand.

"Sir," said he, "Lord L'Estrange tells me that you wish to enter literature as a calling, and no doubt to study it as an art. I may help you in this, and you meanwhile can help me.

I want an amanuensis—I offer you that place. The salary will be proportioned to the services you will render me. I have a room in my house at your disposal. When I first came up to London, I made the same choice that I hear you have done. I have no cause, even in a worldly point of view, to repent my choice. It gave me an income larger than my wants. I trace my success to these maxims, which are applicable to all professions—1st, Never to trust to genius—for what can be obtained by labour; 2dly, Never to profess to teach what we have not studied to understand; 3dly, Never to engage our word to what we do not do our

best to execute. With these rules, literature, provided a man does not mistake his vocation for it, and will, under good advice, go through the preliminary discipline of natural powers, which all vocations require, is as good a calling as any other. Without them a shoeblack's is infinitely better."

"Possible enough," muttered Harley; "but there have been great writers who observed none of your maxims."

"Great writers, probably, but very unenviable men. My Lord, my Lord, don't corrupt the pupil you bring to me." Harley smiled and took his departure, and left Genius at school with Common Sense and Experience.

CHAPTER XX.

While Leonard Fairfield had been obscurely wrestling against poverty, neglect, hunger, and dread temptation, bright had been the opening day, and smooth the upward path, of Randal Leslie. Certainly no young man, able and ambitious, could enter life under fairer auspices; the connection and avowed favourite of a popular and energetic statesman, the brilliant writer of a political work, that had lifted him at once into a station of his own—received and courted in those highest circles, to which neither rank nor fortune alone suffices for a familiar passport—the circles above fashion itself—the circles of power—with every facility of augmenting information, and learning the world betimes through the talk of its acknowledged masters,—Randal had but to move straight onward, and success was sure. But his tortuous spirit delighted in scheme and intrigue for their own sake. In scheme and intrigue he saw shorter paths to fortune, if not to fame. His besetting sin was also his besetting weakness. He did not aspire—he *coveted*. Though in a far higher social position than Frank Hazeldean, despite the worldly prospects of his old school-fellow, he coveted the very things that kept Frank Hazeldean below him—coveted his idle gaieties, his careless pleasures, his very waste of youth. Thus, also, Randal less aspired to Audley Egerton's repute than he coveted Audley

Egerton's wealth and pomp, his princely expenditure, and his Castle Rackrent in Grosvenor Square. It was the misfortune of his birth to be so near to both these fortunes—near to that of Leslie, as the future head of that fallen house,—near even to that of Hazeldean, since, as we have seen before, if the Squire had had no son, Randal's descent from the Hazeldeans suggested himself as the one on whom these broad lands should devolve. Most young men, brought into intimate contact with Audley Egerton, would have felt for that personage a certain loyal and admiring, if not very affectionate, respect. For there was something grand in Egerton—something that commands and fascinates the young. His determined courage, his energetic will, his almost regal liberality, contrasting a simplicity in personal tastes and habits that was almost austere—his rare and seemingly unconscious power of charming even the women most wearied of homage, and persuading even the men most obdurate to counsel—all served to invest the practical man with those spells which are usually confined to the ideal one. But, indeed, Audley Egerton was an Ideal—the ideal of the Practical. Not the mere vulgar, plodding, red-tape machine of petty business, but the man of strong sense, inspired by inflexible energy, and guided to definite earthly objects. In

a dissolute and corrupt form of government, under a decrepit monarchy, or a vitiated republic, Audley Egerton might have been a most dangerous citizen; for his ambition was so resolute, and his sight to its ends was so clear. But there is something in public life in England which compels the really ambitious man to honour, unless his eyes are jaundiced and oblique like Randal Leslie's. It is so necessary in England to be a gentleman. And thus Egerton was emphatically considered a *gentleman*. Without the least pride in other matters, with little apparent sensitiveness, touch him on the point of gentleman, and no one so sensitive and so proud. As Randal saw more of him, and watched his moods with the lynx-eyes of the household spy, he could perceive that this hard mechanical man was subject to fits of melancholy, even of gloom; and though they did not last long, there was even in his habitual coldness an evidence of something compressed, latent, painful, lying deep within his memory. This would have interested the kindly feelings of a grateful heart. But Randal detected and watched it only as a clue to some secret it might profit him to gain. For Randal Leslie hated Egerton; and hated him the more because, with all his book knowledge and his conceit in his own talents, he could not despise his patron—because he had not yet succeeded in making his patron the mere tool or stepping-stone—because he thought that Egerton's keen eye saw through his wily heart, even while, as if in profound disdain, the minister helped the protégé. But this last suspicion was unsound. Egerton had not detected Leslie's corrupt and treacherous nature. He might have other reasons for keeping him at a certain distance, but he inquired too little into Randal's feelings towards himself to question the attachment, or doubt the sincerity, of one who owed to him so much. But that which more than all embittered Randal's feelings towards Egerton, was the careful and deliberate frankness with which the latter had, more than once, repeated and enforced the odious announcement, that Randal had nothing to expect from the minister's—WILL,

nothing to expect from that wealth which glared in the hungry eyes of the pauper heir to the Leslies of Rood. To whom, then, could Egerton mean to devise his fortune? To whom but Frank Hazeldean. Yet Audley took so little notice of his nephew—seemed so indifferent to him, that that supposition, however natural, seemed exposed to doubt. The astuteness of Randal was perplexed. Meanwhile, however, the less he himself could rely upon Egerton for fortune, the more he revolved the possible chances of ousting Frank from the inheritance of Hazeldean—in part, at least, if not wholly. To one less scheming, crafty, and remorseless than Randal Leslie with every day became more and more, such a project would have seemed the wildest delusion. But there was something fearful in the manner in which this young man sought to turn knowledge into power, and make the study of all weakness in others subservient to his own ends. He wormed himself thoroughly into Frank's confidence. He learned through Frank all the Squire's peculiarities of thought and temper, and thoroughly pondered over each word in the father's letters, which the son gradually got into the habit of showing to the perfidious eyes of his friend. Randal saw that the Squire had two characteristics, which are very common amongst proprietors, and which might be invoked as antagonists to his warm fatherly love. First, the Squire was as fond of his estate as if it were a living thing, and part of his own flesh and blood; and in his lectures to Frank upon the sin of extravagance, the Squire always let out this foible:—"What was to become of the estate if it fell into the hands of a spendthrift? No man should make ducks and drakes of Hazeldean: let Frank beware of *that*," &c. Secondly, the Squire was not only fond of his lands, but he was jealous of them—that jealousy which even the tenderest fathers sometimes entertain towards their natural heirs. He could not bear the notion that Frank should count on his death; and he seldom closed an admonitory letter without repeating the information that Hazeldean was not entailed; that it was his to do with as he pleased

through life and in death. Indirect menace of this nature rather wounded and galled than intimidated Frank; for the young man was extremely generous and high-spirited by nature, and was always more disposed to some indiscretion after such warnings to his self-interest, as if to show that those were the last kinds of appeal likely to influence him. By the help of such insights into the character of father and son, Randal thought he saw gleams of daylight illumining his own chance of the lands of Hazeldean. Meanwhile it appeared to him obvious that, come what might of it, his own interests could not lose, and might most probably gain, by whatever could alienate the Squire from his natural heir. Accordingly, though with consummate tact, he instigated Frank towards the very excesses most calculated to irritate the Squire, all the while appearing rather to give the counter advice, and never sharing in any of the follies to which he conducted his thoughtless friend. In this he worked chiefly through others, introducing Frank to every acquaintance most dangerous to youth, either from the wit that laughs at prudence, or the spurious magnificence that subsists so handsomely upon bills endorsed by friends of "great expectations."

The minister and his protégé were seated at breakfast, the first reading the newspaper, the last glancing over his letters; for Randal had arrived to the dignity of receiving many letters—ay, and notes too, three-cornered, and fantastically embossed. Egerton uttered an exclamation, and laid down the paper. Randal looked up from his correspondence. The minister had sunk into one of his absent reveries.

After a long silence, observing that Egerton did not return to the newspaper, Randal said, "Ehem—sir, I have a note from Frank Hazeldean, who wants much to see me; his father has arrived in town unexpectedly."

"What brings him here?" asked Egerton, still abstractedly.

"Why, it seems that he has heard some vague reports of poor Frank's extravagance, and Frank is rather afraid or ashamed to meet him."

"Ay—a very great fault extra-

vagance in the young!—destroys independence; ruins or enslaves the future. Great fault—very! And what does youth want that it should be extravagant? Has it not everything in itself, merely because it is? Youth is youth—what needs it more?"

Egerton rose as he said this, and retired to his writing-table, and in his turn opened his correspondence. Randal took up the newspaper, and endeavoured, but in vain, to conjecture what had excited the minister's exclamation, and the reverie that succeeded it.

Egerton suddenly and sharply turned round in his chair—"If you have done with the *Times*, have the goodness to place it here."

Randal had just obeyed, when a knock at the street-door was heard, and presently Lord L'Estrange came into the room, with somewhat a quicker step, and somewhat a gayer mien than usual.

Audley's hand, as if mechanically, fell upon the newspaper—fell upon that part of the columns devoted to births, deaths, and marriages. Randal stood by, and noted; then, bowing to L'Estrange, left the room.

"Audley," said L'Estrange, "I have had an adventure since I saw you—an adventure that reopened the Past, and may influence my future."

"How?"

"In the first place, I have met with a relation of—of—the Avenels."

"Indeed! Whom—Richard Avenel?"

"Richard—Richard—who is he? Oh, I remember; the wild lad who went off to America; but that was when I was a mere child."

"That Richard Avenel is now a rich thriving trader, and his marriage is in this newspaper—married to an honourable Mrs M'Catchley. Well—in this country—who should plume himself on birth?"

"You did not say so always, Egerton," replied Harley, with a tone of mournful reproach.

"And I say so now, pertinently to a Mrs M'Catchley, not to the heir of the L'Estranges. But no more of these—these Avenels."

"Yes, more of them. I tell you I have met a relation of theirs—a nephew of—of—"

"Of Richard Avenel's?" interrupted Egerton; and then added in the slow, deliberate, argumentative tone in which he was wont to speak in public, "Richard Avenel the trader! I saw him once—a presuming and intolerable man!"

"The nephew has not those sins. He is full of promise, of modesty, yet of pride. And his countenance—oh, Egerton, he has *her* eyes."

Egerton made no answer. And Harley resumed—

"I had thought of placing him under your care. I knew you would provide for him."

"I will. Bring him hither," cried Egerton eagerly. "All that I can do to prove my—regard for a wish of yours."

Harley pressed his friend's hand warmly.

"I thank you from my heart; the Audley of my boyhood speaks now. But the young man has decided otherwise; and I do not blame him. Nay, I rejoice that he chooses a career in which, if he find hardship, he may escape dependence."

"And that career is—"

"Letters?"

"Letters—Literature!" exclaimed the statesman. "Beggary! No, no, Harley, this is your absurd romance."

"It will not be beggary, and it is not my romance: it is the boy's. Leave him alone, he is my care and my charge henceforth. He is of *her* blood, and I said that he had *her* eyes."

"But you are going abroad; let me know where he is; I will watch over him."

"And unsettle a right ambition for a wrong one? No—you shall know nothing of him till he can proclaim himself. I think that day will come."

Audley mused a moment, and then said, "Well, perhaps you are right. After all, as you say, independence is a great blessing, and my ambition has not rendered myself the better or the happier."

"Yet, my poor Audley, you ask me to be ambitious."

"I only wish you to be consoled," cried Egerton with passion.

"I will try to be so; and by the

help of a milder remedy than yours. I said that my adventure might influence my future; it brought me acquainted not only with the young man I speak of, but the most winning affectionate child—a girl."

"Is this child an Avenel too?"

"No, she is of gentle blood—a soldier's daughter; the daughter of that Captain Digby, on whose behalf I was a petitioner to your patronage. He is dead, and in dying, my name was on his lips. He meant me, doubtless, to be the guardian to his orphan. I shall be so. I have at last an object in life."

"But can you seriously mean to take this child with you abroad?"

"Seriously, I do."

"And lodge her in your own house?"

"For a year or so while she is yet a child. Then, as she approaches youth, I shall place her elsewhere."

"You may grow to love her. Is it clear that she will love you?—not mistake gratitude for love? It is a very hazardous experiment."

"So was William the Norman's—still he was William the Conqueror. Thou biddest me move on from the past, and be consoled, yet thou wouldst make me as inept to progress as the mule in Slawkenbergius's tale, with thy cursed interlocations, 'Stumbling, by St Nicholas, every step. Why, at this rate, we shall be all night getting into—' *Happiness!* Listen," continued Harley, setting off, full pelt, into one of his wild whimsical humours. "One of the sons of the prophets in Israel, felling wood near the River Jordan his hatchet forsook the helve, and fell to the bottom of the river; so he prayed to have it again, (it was but a small request, mark you;) and having a strong faith, he did not throw the hatchet after the helve, but the helve after the hatchet. Presently two great miracles were seen. Up springs the hatchet from the bottom of the water, and fixes itself to its old acquaintance, the helve. Now, had he wished to coach it to Heaven in a fiery chariot like Elias, be as rich as Job, strong as Samson, and beautiful as Absalom, would he have obtained it, do you think? In truth, my friend, I question it very much."

"I cannot comprehend what you mean. Sad stuff you are talking."

"I can't help that; Rabelais is to be blamed for it. I am quoting him, and it is to be found in his prologue to the chapters on the Moderation of Wishes. And apropos of 'moderate wishes in point of hatchet,' I want you to understand that I ask but little from Heaven. I fling but the helve after the hatchet that has sunk into the silent stream. I want the other half of the weapon that is buried fathom deep, and for want of

which the thick woods darken round me by the Sacred River, and I can catch not a glimpse of the stars."

"In plain English," said Audley Egerton, "you want"—he stopped short, puzzled.

"I want my purpose and my will, and my old character, and the nature God gave me. I want the half of my soul which has fallen from me. I want such love as may replace to me the vanished affections. Reason not—I throw the helve after the hatchet."

CHAPTER XXI.

Randal Leslie, on leaving Audley, repaired to Frank's lodgings, and after being closeted with the young guardsman an hour or so, took his way to Limmer's hotel, and asked for Mr Hazeldean. He was shown into the coffee-room, while the waiter went up stairs with his card, to see if the Squire was within, and disengaged. The *Times* newspaper lay sprawling on one of the tables, and Randal, leaning over it, looked with attention into the column containing births, deaths, and marriages. But in that long and miscellaneous list, he could not conjecture the name which had so excited Mr Egerton's interest.

"Vexatious!" he muttered; "there is no knowledge which has power more useful than that of the secrets of men."

He turned as the waiter entered and said that Mr Hazeldean would be glad to see him.

As Randal entered the drawing-room, the Squire, shaking hands with him, looked towards the door as if expecting some one else, and his honest face assumed a blank expression of disappointment when the door closed, and he found that Randal was unaccompanied.

"Well," said he bluntly, "I thought your old school-fellow, Frank, might have been with you."

"Have not you seen him yet, sir?"

"No, I came to town this morning; travelled outside the mail; sent to his barracks, but the young gentleman does not sleep there—has an

apartment of his own; he never told me that. We are a plain family, the Hazeldeans—young sir; and I hate being kept in the dark, by my own son too."

Randal made no answer, but looked sorrowful. The Squire, who had never before seen his kinsman, had a vague idea that it was not polite to entertain a stranger, though a connection to himself, with his family troubles, and so resumed good-naturedly.

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance at last, Mr Leslie. You know, I hope, that you have good Hazeldean blood in your veins?"

RANDAL, (smiling).—"I am not likely to forget that; it is the boast of our pedigree."

SQUIRE, (heartily).—"Shake hands again on it, my boy. You don't want a friend, since my grandee of a half-brother has taken you up; but if ever you should, Hazeldean is not very far from Rood. Can't get on with your father at all, my lad—more's the pity, for I think I could have given him a hint or two as to the improvement of his property. If he would plant those ugly commons—larch and fir soon come into profit, sir; and there are some low lands about Rood that would take mighty kindly to draining."

RANDAL.—"My poor father lives a life so retired, and you cannot wonder at it. Fallen trees lie still, and so do fallen families."

SQUIRE.—"Fallen families can get up again, which fallen trees can't."

RANDAL.—"Ah, sir, it often takes

the energy of generations to repair the thriftlessness and extravagance of a single owner."

SQUIRE, (his brow lowering.)—"That's very true. Frank is d—d extravagant; treats me very coolly, too—not coming; near three o'clock. By the by, I suppose he told you where I was, otherwise how did you find me out?"

RANDAL, (reluctantly.)—"Sir, he did; and, to speak frankly, I am not surprised that he has not yet appeared."

SQUIRE.—"Eh!"

RANDAL.—"We have grown very intimate."

SQUIRE.—"So he writes me word—and I am glad of it. Our member, Sir John, tells me you are a very clever fellow, and a very steady one. And Frank says that he wishes he had your prudence, if he can't have your talents. He has a good heart, Frank," added the father, relentingly. "But, zounds, sir, you say you are not surprised he has not come to welcome his own father!"

"My dear sir," said Randal, "you wrote word to Frank that you had heard from Sir John and others, of his goings-on, and that you were not satisfied with his replies to your letters."

"Well."

"And then you suddenly come up to town."

"Well."

"Well. And Frank is ashamed to meet you. For, as you say, he has been extravagant, and he has exceeded his allowance; and, knowing my respect for you, and my great affection for himself, he has asked me to prepare you to receive his confession and forgive him. I know I am taking a great liberty. I have no right to interfere between father and son; but pray—pray think I mean for the best."

"Humph!" said the Squire, recovering himself very slowly, and showing evident pain, "I knew already that Frank had spent more than he ought; but I think he should not have employed a third person to prepare me to forgive him. (Excuse me—no offence.) And if he wanted a third person, was not there his own mother? What the

devil!—(firing up)—am I a tyrant—a bashaw—that my own son is afraid to speak to me? Gad, I'll give it him!"

"Pardon me, sir," said Randal, assuming at once that air of authority which superior intellect so well carries off and excuses. "But I strongly advise you not to express any anger at Frank's confidence in me. At present I have influence over him. Whatever you may think of his extravagance, I have saved him from many an indiscretion, and many a debt—a young man will listen to one of his own age so much more readily than even to the kindest friend of graver years. Indeed, sir, I speak for your sake as well as for Frank's. Let me keep this influence over him; and don't reproach him for the confidence he placed in me. Nay, let him rather think that I have softened any displeasure you might otherwise have felt."

There seemed so much good sense in what Randal said, and the kindness of it seemed so disinterested, that the Squire's native shrewdness was deceived.

"You are a fine young fellow," said he, "and I am very much obliged to you. Well, I suppose there is no putting old heads upon young shoulders; and I promise you I'll not say an angry word to Frank. I dare say, poor boy, he is very much afflicted, and I long to shake hands with him. So, set his mind at ease."

"Ah, sir," said Randal, with much apparent emotion, "your son may well love you; and it seems to be a hard matter for so kind a heart as yours to preserve the proper firmness with him."

"Oh, I can be firm enough," quoth the Squire—"especially when I don't see him—handsome dog that he is—very like his mother—don't you think so?"

"I never saw his mother, sir."

"Gad! Not seen my Harry? No more you have; you must come and pay us a visit. We have your grandmother's picture, when she was a girl, with a crook in one hand and a bunch of lilies in the other. I suppose my half-brother will let you come?"

"To be sure, sir. Will you not call on him while you are in town?"

"Not I. He would think I expected to get something from the Government. Tell him the ministers must go on a little better, if they want my vote for their member. But go. I see you are impatient to tell Frank that all's forgot and forgiven. Come and dine with him here at six, and let him bring his bills in his pocket. Oh, I shan't scold him."

"Why, as to that," said Randal, smiling, "I think (forgive me still) that you should not take it too easily; just as I think that you had better not blame him for his very natural and praiseworthy shame in approaching you, so I think, also, that you should do nothing that would tend to diminish that shame—it is such a check on him. And therefore, if you can contrive to affect to be angry with him for his extravagance, it will do good."

"You speak like a book, and I'll try my best."

"If you threaten, for instance, to take him out of the army, and settle him in the country, it would have a very good effect."

"What! would he think it so great a punishment to come home and live with his parents?"

"I don't say that; but he is naturally so fond of London. At his age, and with his large inheritance, *that* is natural."

"Inheritance!" said the Squire, moodily—"inheritance! he is not thinking of that, I trust? Zounds, sir, I have as good a life as his own. Inheritance!—to be sure the Casino property is entailed on him; but, as for the rest, sir, I am no tenant for life. I could leave the Hazeldean lands to my ploughman, if I chose it. Inheritance, indeed!"

"My dear sir, I did not mean to imply that Frank would entertain the unnatural and monstrous idea of calculating on your death; and all we have to do is to get him to sow his wild oats as soon as possible—marry, and settle down into the country. For it would be a thousand pities if his town habits and tastes grew permanent—a bad thing for the Hazeldean property, that. And," added Randal, laughing, "I feel an

interest in the old place, since my grandmother comes of the stock. So, just force yourself to seem angry, and grumble a little when you pay the bills."

"Ah, ah, trust me," said the Squire, doggedly, and with a very altered air. "I am much obliged to you for these hints, my young kinsman." And his stout hand trembled a little as he extended it to Randal.

Leaving Limmer's, Randal hastened to Frank's rooms in St James's Street. "My dear fellow," said he, when he entered, "it is very fortunate that I persuaded you to let me break matters to your father. You might well say he was rather passionate; but I have contrived to soothe him. You need not fear that he will not pay your debts."

"I never feared that," said Frank, changing colour; "I only feared his anger. But, indeed, I fear his kindness still more. What a reckless hound I have been! However, it shall be a lesson to me. And my debts once paid, I will turn as economical as yourself."

"Quite right, Frank. And, indeed, I am a little afraid that, when your father knows the total, he may execute a threat that would be very unpleasant to you."

"What's that?"

"Make you sell out, and give up London."

"The devil!" exclaimed Frank, with fervent emphasis; "that would be treating me like a child."

"Why, it *would* make you seem rather ridiculous to your set, which is not a very rural one. And you, who like London so much, and are so much the fashion."

"Don't talk of it," cried Frank, walking to and fro the room in great disorder.

"Perhaps, on the whole, it might be well not to say all you owe, at once. If you named half the sum, your father would let you off with a lecture; and really I tremble at the effect of the total."

"But how shall I pay the other half?"

"Oh, you must save from your allowance; it is a very liberal one; and the tradesmen are not pressing."

"No—but the cursed bill-brokers"—

"Always renew to a young man of your expectations. And if I get into an office, I can always help you, my dear Frank."

"Ah, Randal, I am not so bad as to take advantage of your friendship," said Frank warmly. "But it seems to me mean, after all, and a sort of a lie, indeed, disguising the real state of my affairs. I should not have listened to the idea from any one else. But you are such a sensible, kind, honourable fellow."

"After epithets so flattering, I shrink from the responsibility of advice. But apart from your own interests, I should be glad to save your father the pain he would feel at knowing the whole extent of the scrape you have got into. And if it entailed on you the necessity to lay by—and give up hazard, and not be security for other men—why it would be the best thing that could happen. Really, too, it seems hard upon Mr Hazeldean, that he should be the only sufferer, and quite just that you should bear half your own burdens."

"So it is, Randal; that did not strike me before. I will take your counsel; and now I will go at once to Limmer's. My dear father! I hope he is looking well?"

"Oh, very. Such a contrast to the sallow Londoners! But I think you had better not go till dinner. He has asked me to meet you at six. I will call for you a little before, and we can go together. This will prevent a great deal of *gêne* and constraint. Good-bye till then.—Ha!—by the way, I think if I were you, I would not take the matter too seriously and penitentially. You see the best of fathers like to keep their sons under their thumb, as the saying is. And if you want at your age to preserve your independence, and not be hurried off and buried in the country, like a schoolboy in disgrace, a little manliness of bearing would not be amiss. You can think over it."

The dinner at Limmer's went off very differently from what it ought to have done. Randal's words had sunk deep, and rankled sorely in the Squire's mind; and that impression imparted a certain coldness to his manner which

belled the hearty, forgiving, generous impulse with which he had come up to London, and which even Randal had not yet altogether whispered away. On the other hand, Frank, embarrassed both by the sense of disingenuousness, and a desire "not to take the thing too seriously," seemed to the Squire ungracious and thankless.

After dinner, the Squire began to hum and haw, and Frank to colour up and shrink. Both felt discomposed by the presence of a third person; till, with an art and address worthy of a better cause, Randal himself broke the ice, and so contrived to remove the restraint he had before imposed, that at length each was heartily glad to have matters made clear and brief by his dexterity and tact.

Frank's debts were not, in reality, large; and when he named the half of them—looking down in shame—the Squire, agreeably surprised, was about to express himself with a liberal heartiness that would have opened his son's excellent heart at once to him. But a warning look from Randal checked the impulse; and the Squire thought it right, as he had promised, to affect an anger he did not feel, and let fall the unlucky threat, "that it was all very well once in a way to exceed his allowance; but if Frank did not, in future, show more sense than to be led away by a set of London sharks and coxcombs, he must cut the army, come home, and take to farming."

Frank imprudently exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I have no taste for farming. And after London, at my age, the country would be so horribly dull."

"Aha!" said the Squire, very grimly—and he thrust back into his pocket-book some extra bank-notes which his fingers had itched to add to those he had already counted out. "The country is terribly dull, is it? Money goes there not upon follies and vices, but upon employing honest labourers, and increasing the wealth of the nation. It does not please you to spend money in that way: it is a pity you should ever be plagued with such duties."

"My dear father—"

"Hold your tongue, you puppy. Oh, I dare say, if you were in my

shoes, you would cut down the oaks, and mortgage the property—sell it, for what I know—all go on a cast of the dice! Aha, sir—very well, very well—the country is horribly dull, is it? Pray, stay in town.”

“My dear Mr Hazeldean,” said Randal blandly, and as if with the wish to turn off into a joke what threatened to be serious, “you must not interpret a hasty expression so literally. Why, you would make Frank as bad as Lord A——, who wrote word to his steward to cut down more timber; and when the steward replied, ‘There are only three signposts left on the whole estate,’ wrote back, ‘They’ve done growing, at all events—down with them.’ You ought to know Lord A——, sir; so witty; and—Frank’s particular friend.”

“Your particular friend, Master Frank? Pretty friends!”—and the squire buttoned up the pocket, to which he had transferred his note-book, with a determined air.

“But I’m his friend, too,” said Randal, kindly; “and I preach to him properly, I can tell you.” Then, as if delicately anxious to change the subject, he began to ask questions upon crops, and the experiment of bone manure. He spoke earnestly, and with *gusto*, yet with the deference of one listening to a great practical authority. Randal had spent the afternoon in cramming the subject from agricultural journals and Parliamentary reports; and, like all practised readers, had really learned in a few hours more than many a man, unaccustomed to study, could gain from books in a year. The Squire was surprised and pleased at the young scholar’s information and taste for such subjects.

“But, to be sure,” quoth he, with an angry look at poor Frank, “you have good Hazeldean blood in you, and know a bean from a turnip.”

“Why, sir,” said Randal, ingenuously, “I am training myself for public life; and what is a public man worth if he do not study the agriculture of his country?”

“Right—what is he worth? Put that question, with my compliments, to my half-brother. What stuff he did talk, the other night, on the malt-tax, to be sure!”

“Mr Egerton has had so many other things to think of, that we must excuse his want of information upon one topic, however important. With his strong sense, he must acquire that information, sooner or later; for he is fond of power; and, sir,—knowledge is power!”

“Very true;—very fine saying,” quoth the poor Squire unsuspiciously, as Randal’s eye rested upon Mr Hazeldean’s open face, and then glanced towards Frank, who looked sad and bored.

“Yes,” repeated Randal, “knowledge is power;” and he shook his head wisely, as he passed the bottle to his host.

Still, when the Squire, who meant to return to the Hall next morning, took leave of Frank, his heart warmed to his son; and still more for Frank’s dejected looks. It was not Randal’s policy to push estrangement too far at first, and in his own presence.

“Speak to poor Frank—kindly now, sir—do;” whispered he, observing the Squire’s watery eyes, as he moved to the window.

The Squire rejoiced to obey—thrust out his hand to his son—“My dear boy,” said he, “there, don’t fret—pshaw!—it was but a trifle after all. Think no more of it!”

Frank took the hand, and suddenly threw his arm round his father’s broad shoulder.

“Oh, sir, you are too good—too good.” His voice trembled so, that Randal took alarm, passed by him, and touched him meaningly.

The Squire pressed his son to his heart—heart so large, that it seemed to fill the whole width under his broadcloth.

“My dear Frank,” said he, half blubbing, “it is not the money; but, you see, it so vexes your poor mother; you must be careful in future; and, zounds, boy, it will be all yours one day; only don’t calculate on it; I could not bear that—I could not, indeed.”

“Calculate!” cried Frank. Oh, sir, can you think it?”

“I am so delighted that I had some slight hand in your complete reconciliation with Mr Hazeldean,” said Randal, as the young men walked

from the hotel. "I saw that you were disheartened, and I told him to speak to you kindly."

"Did you? Ah—I am sorry he needed telling."

"I know his character so well already," said Randal, "that I flatter myself I can always keep things between you as they ought to be. What an excellent man!"

"The best man in the world," cried Frank, heartily; and then, as his accents drooped, "yet I have deceived him. I have a great mind to go back—"

"And tell him to give you twice as much money as you had asked for. He would think you had only seemed so affectionate in order to take him in. No, no, Frank—save—lay by—economise; and then tell him that you have paid half your own debts. Something high-minded in that."

"So there is. Your heart is as good as your head. Good night."

"Are you going home so early? Have you no engagements?"

"None that I shall keep."

"Good night, then."

They parted, and Randal walked into one of the fashionable clubs. He neared a table, where three or four young men (younger sons, who lived in the most splendid style, heaven knew how) were still over their wine.

Leslie had little in common with these gentlemen; but he forced his nature to be agreeable to them, in consequence of a very excellent piece

of worldly advice given to him by Audley Egerton. "Never let the dandies call you a prig," said the statesman. "Many a clever fellow fails through life, because the silly fellows, whom half a word well spoken could make his *claqueurs*, turn him into ridicule. Whatever you are, avoid the fault of most reading men: in a word, don't be a prig!"

"I have just left Hazeldean," said Randal—"what a good fellow he is!"

"Capital," said the honourable George Borrowwell. "Where is he?"

"Why, he is gone to his rooms. He has had a little scene with his father, a thorough, rough country squire. It would be an act of charity if you would go and keep him company, or take him with you to some place a little more lively than his own lodgings."

"What! the old gentleman has been teasing him?—a horrid shame! Why, Frank is not expensive, and he will be very rich—eh?"

"An immense property," said Randal, "and not a mortgage on it; an only son," he added, turning away.

Among these young gentlemen there was a kindly and most benevolent whisper, and presently they all rose, and walked away towards Frank's lodgings.

"The wedge is in the tree," said Randal to himself, "and there is a gap already between the bark and the wood."

CHAPTER XXII.

Harley L'Estrange is seated beside Helen at the lattice-window in the cottage at Norwood. The bloom of reviving health is on the child's face, and she is listening with a smile, for Harley is speaking of Leonard with praise, and of Leonard's future with hope. "And thus," he continued, "secure from his former trials, happy in his occupation, and pursuing the career he has chosen, we must be content, my dear child, to leave him."

"Leave him!" exclaimed Helen, and the rose on her cheek faded.

Harley was not displeased to see

her emotion. He would have been disappointed in her heart if it had been less susceptible to affection.

"It is hard on you, Helen," said he, "to separate you from one who has been to you as a brother. Do not hate me for doing so. But I consider myself your guardian, and your home as yet must be mine. We are going from this land of cloud and mist, going as into the world of summer. Well, that does not content you. You weep, my child; you mourn your own friend, but do not forget your father's. I am alone, and often sad, Helen; will you not comfort

me? You press my hand, but you must learn to smile on me also. You are born to be the Comforter. Comforters are not egotists: they are always cheerful when they console."

The voice of Harley was so sweet, and his words went so home to the child's heart, that she looked up and smiled in his face as he kissed her ingenuous brow. But then she thought of Leonard, and felt so solitary—so bereft—that tears burst forth again. Before these were dried, Leonard himself entered, and, obeying an irresistible impulse, she sprang to his arms, and, leaning her head on his shoulder, sobbed out, "I am going from you, brother—do not grieve—do not miss me."

Harley was much moved: he folded his arms, and contemplated them both silently—and his own eyes were moist. "This heart," thought he, "will be worth the winning!"

He drew aside Leonard, and whispered, "Soothe, but encourage and support her. I leave you together; come to me in the garden later."

It was nearly an hour before Leonard joined Harley.

"She was not weeping when you left her?" asked L'Estrange.

"No; she has more fortitude than we might suppose. Heaven knows how that fortitude has supported mine. I have promised to write to her often."

Harley took two strides across the lawn, and then, coming back to Leonard, said, "Keep your promise, and write often for the first year. I would then ask you to let the correspondence drop gradually."

"Drop!—Ah, my lord!"

"Look you, my young friend, I wish to lead this fair mind wholly from the sorrows of the Past. I wish Helen to enter, not abruptly, but step by step, into a new life. You love each other now, as do two children—as brother and sister. But later, if encouraged, would the love be the same? And is it not better for both of you, that youth should open upon the world with youth's natural affections free and unforestalled?"

"True! And she is so above me," said Leonard mournfully.

"No one is above him who suc-

ceeds in your ambition, Leonard. It is not *that*, believe me!"

Leonard shook his head.

"Perhaps," said Harley, with a smile, "I rather feel that you are above me. For what vantage-ground is so high as youth? Perhaps I may become jealous of you. It is well that she should learn to like one who is to be henceforth her guardian and protector. Yet, how can she like me as she ought, if her heart is to be full of you?"

The boy bowed his head; and Harley hastened to change the subject, and speak of letters and of glory. His words were eloquent, and his voice kindling; for he had been an enthusiast for fame in his boyhood; and in Leonard's, his own seemed to him to revive. But the poet's heart gave back no echo—suddenly it seemed void and desolate. Yet when Leonard walked back by the moonlight, he muttered to himself, "Strange—strange—so mere a child, this cannot be love! Still what else to love is there left to me?"

And so he paused upon the bridge where he had so often stood with Helen, and on which he had found the protector that had given to her a home—to himself a career. And life seemed very long, and fame but a dreary phantom. Courage, still, Leonard! These are the sorrows of the heart that teach thee more than all the precepts of sage and critic.

Another day, and Helen had left the shores of England, with her fanciful and dreaming guardian. Years will pass before our tale reopens. Life in all the forms we have seen it travels on. And the Squire farms and hunts; and the Parson preaches and chides and soothes. And Riccabocca reads his Machiavelli, and sighs and smiles as he moralises on Men and States. And Violante's dark eyes grow deeper and more spiritual in their lustre; and her beauty takes thought from solitary dreams. And Mr Richard Avenel has his house in London, and the honourable Mrs Avenel her opera box; and hard and dire is their struggle into fashion, and hotly does the new man, scorning the aristocracy, pant to become aristocrat. And Andley Egerton goes from the office to the Parliament,

and drudges, and debates, and helps to govern the empire in which the sun never sets. Poor Sun, how tired he must be—but not more tired than the Government! And Randal Leslie has an excellent place in the bureau of a minister, and is looking to the time when he shall resign it to come into Parliament, and on that large arena turn knowledge into power. And meanwhile, he is much where he was with Audley Egerton; but he has established intimacy with the Squire, and visited Hazeldean twice, and examined the house and the map of the property—and very nearly fallen a second time into the Ha-ha, and the Squire believes that Randal Leslie alone can keep Frank out of mischief, and has spoken rough words to

his Harry about Frank's continued extravagance. And Frank does continue to pursue pleasure, and is very miserable, and horribly in debt. And Madame di Negra has gone from London to Paris, and taken a tour into Switzerland, and come back to London again, and has grown very intimate with Randal Leslie; and Randal has introduced Frank to her; and Frank thinks her the loveliest woman in the world, and grossly slandered by certain evil tongues. And the brother of Madame di Negra is expected in England at last; and what with his repute for beauty and for wealth, people anticipate a sensation; and Leonard, and Harley, and Helen? Patience—they will all reappear.

THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

WE were listening one evening, rather listlessly, as people sometimes do to an old friend's narrative of business and family arrangements, when the equal current of such talk was somewhat disturbed by the words—"My brother's new partner in the business at Wellington, Hoani Riri Tamihana, a very respectable man, and well connected in the Ngatiawa." This nomenclature was out of the usual way, and was suggestive of inquiry. Our friend was quite open and communicative at first, though some of the company did at last drive him into disagreeable corners. He remembered Hoani Riri when he and his brother became first acquainted with him; he wore a cakahoo or mat dress, had his patoo-patoo in his hand, and was distinguished by several rows of beads made of the bones of fingers and toes, highly polished, and arranged row after row with a graduated symmetry which indicated a very accurate taste. There was no reason why a New Zealander might not get rid of such decorations, and sit on a three-legged stool as composedly as our own countrymen when they have cast off their scarlet coats and white cords; but there was a feature of his early independent life which still stuck to Hoani Riri, and our friend was rather annoyed in

having to admit it. He was *tattooed*. It was clear that this incurable relic of the state of society in which he had spent his youth was considered by his partner's brother a great inconvenience to him. It prevented him—with all his acuteness, said to be remarkable, and his business habits, pronounced as steady and imperturbable—from being able effectively to represent "the house" in this country. Among Parsees, and other Orientals, we have odd enough names put to very discountable and acceptable paper. Moreover, heads of houses and directors of companies will respectfully meet occasionally with a dusky, stately, bearded and turbaned worshipper of the Prophet, or of anything else; but a man whose skin people have taken the liberty of tattooing!—it would not be easy to get clerks and cashkeepers to admit his superiority and importance. There would be a difficulty in cashing his check, even though his presence offered the best possible means of showing its genuineness, since the signature is a tracing of the pattern of the tatoo.

But there was another little matter in Hoani Riri's personal history, to which fastidious people would find it still more difficult to reconcile themselves, and which indeed might be

counted an insurmountable bar to his ever being received in good society in this country, or making an eligible matrimonial connection. He had in his younger days been addicted to human flesh; and, being a very candid and really high-minded man, he admits that, though he has now acquired totally different tastes, the relish with which he partook in cannibal feasts—especially when the fleshy part of a young female was served up—is still a matter of by no means disagreeable recollection to him.

In this part of the conversation we were slightly startled by a physiological friend, who broke into it somewhat vehemently, maintaining that he considered the cannibalism of the New Zealanders—now authenticated beyond all question—to be a remarkable indication of their capacity to become a great civilised people. As this was by no means a self-evident proposition, the physiologist was asked for his reasons, which we shall abbreviate thus: Take a map of the world, and see how distant New Zealand is from the rest of society—if it may so be termed—from the clustering continents and islands of the world over which man and the brute and vegetable creation have gradually spread. If we suppose it to be from Central Asia, or from any other specified part of the world, that the present forms of animal and vegetable life first radiated, we may trace their dispersal, by easy gradations, to the extremities of the rest of the known portions of the globe—to the southern capes of Africa and America—to Borneo and Guinea, and even to Australia. But the New Zealand islands are twelve hundred miles distant from the nearest shore, and that nearest shore is the thinly peopled and almost sterile Australia. Now we can imagine that, while an adventurous race of men—the New Zealanders are believed to be of Malay origin—might overcome so great a difficulty, and establish themselves in these beautiful islands, they would not be accompanied by a like infusion of the animal and the vegetable world. Accordingly, we find the fact precisely in accordance with the supposition. Of indigenous quadrupeds there is scarcely one in New Zealand so large as a house rat. The

very few birds found by the earliest European explorers, though some of them had fine plumage, presented no more edible substantiality than a street sparrow. The fruit and vegetable department was equally meagre—there was really almost nothing to support life but an edible fern. Now observe how the poor, abject, in every way inferior race, found scattered round the edge of the great Australian continent, acted in circumstances nearly similar—for there, also, indigenous animals and vegetables suitable for food are rare. They lived on fern roots and cobra worms, with an occasional opossum; and all travellers have remarked, that they manage to preserve themselves from such sources merely in existence, on the border of annihilation, and are consequently a wretched and spiritless race. But your New Zealander, determined to keep up his physical condition, and finding that there was nothing else for it, made a virtue of the necessity of eating his kind—"and in fact," continues our friend, who seemed to have got on a strange hobby, "the cannibal propensity is deeper in the highest conditioned races of man than most people imagine. Why was pork, for instance, prohibited to the Jews and other Oriental nations, of strong physical temperament and appetite? Why, but that it so closely resembles human flesh that people in a state of semi-barbarism might get into the habit of overlooking the distinction, and lapse into cannibalism. It was as well to have a barrier against a system of living which would be so obviously deleterious a feature in society, and the *obsta principis* principle was adopted."

But, without acceding to our physiological friend's peculiar speculations, there seems to be something extremely curious and interesting in finding that our colonists have for the first time come in contact with elements of progressive civilisation capable of keeping pace with our own; in hearing of savages with whom our blood may mix without deterioration, and detecting in very cannibalism a people destined to so proud a destiny as to share, with the heirs of the highest civilisation, one of the fairest portions of the surface of the earth.

The New Zealander is, in fact, the first savage who, after giving battle to the civilised man, and being beaten—as the savage must ever be—has frankly offered to sit down beside us, and enjoy with us the fruits of mutual civilisation. A temperate healthy climate, suitable to a highly conditioned race, was necessary to the development of such a phenomenon. The British race do not spread at all, or spread very scantily, in tropical countries, where the question of superiority of race is at once settled by the hardy European degenerating so as to be in a generation or two inferior to the aboriginal inhabitant. In North America, however, we found a race inhabiting territories where our own people are capable of the fullest development, yet where the aborigines have baffled all efforts at civilisation and improvement. It is the same in the temperate territories of Northern Africa; Hottentots, Kaffirs, Zoolus—all were capable of making some slight advance; but all stopped short, and showed themselves unfit to partake in the great destinies of the British race. The aborigines of Australia, though there may be some differences between tribes a thousand or two miles from each other—as between those of Moreton Bay and the Swan River—are all of an extremely degraded type, both physically and intellectually; and even the most conscientious efforts which have been made, on rare occasions unfortunately, to improve their condition, have ever signally failed. If possible, the nations of Van Diemen's Island were still a lower type of humanity than those of the Australian continent. There is no reason to suppose that these representatives of almost the lowest type of humanity were cannibals, but we have the cannibalism of the bush-ranger convicts attested beyond all doubt to Parliamentary committees. These desperate men, the essence of British criminality, threatened at one time to overpower the law, and establish an independent community in the rocky island to which they were transported. In their cunning and capacity, in their endurance under calamity, and ruthlessness in victory, they had some resemblance to the New Zealanders, whom also they resembled in

having recourse to cannibalism. It is not easy to imagine anything more horrible than the description of two of these monsters of degenerate civilisation, Greenhill and Pierce, who wandered together day after day, each watching his moment for plunging his axe into the skull of the other, while, though each knew his comrade's murderous intention, they were respectively prevented from separating by the hope of a victory and a feast. It is singular enough that thus, at the antipodes, we should have, next door as it were to each other, the barbarism following the departed civilisation of part of an energetic race, bearing so close a resemblance to the barbarism which is evidently, in another race, but the precedent of a state of high civilisation.

Nothing has been more bandied about, between scepticism and credulity, than cannibalism or anthropophagy. Besides what Herodotus says of the Massagetæ and other tribes, who ate their relatives by way of burial, there have been through all ages charges of this kind, which are purely fabulous; and few believe Purchas's account of those Africans who exposed human flesh ready for sale at all times, in well-kept booths or shambles, though he gives it on the credit of "John Battell of Essex, a near neighbour of mine, and a man worthy of credit." The discredit found to attach to the old traveller's stories about the Peruvians rearing offspring for the table, and the Saracens, who paid large sums for sucking Christian babes, made people disbelieve in any such practice as systematic anthropophagy, though it was generally admitted that miserable beings, half maddened by starvation and hardship, had sometimes forgotten their nature, and devoured their kind, under impulses that rendered them no more accountable for what they did than the most confirmed madman.

The history of New Zealand, however, places on record the fact of a people indulging in systematic cannibalism, accompanied in recent times with the interesting fact, that the systematic cannibal has been found capable of a high civilisation. Cooke took pains to prove the existence of the practice, both by inquiry and

experiment. Not content with turning over the remains of cannibal feasts, he got a New Zealand boy to exhibit the propensity on his own deck. The many notices and statements which other travellers have preserved are but a general acknowledgment of what Cooke so distinctly proved. But it is in a now forgotten book, called "*A Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand in 1827, by Augustus Earle*," that we find the most succinct, clear, unvarnished narrative of such a banquet. Mr Earle was an artist, and a wanderer in several unfrequented countries. Although he had thus many things to relate, which could only be taken at his own word, his unquestioned character for truthfulness obtained credence for them. The cannibal feast of which he gives a minute description—too minute to be pleasant—took place on the body of a female slave, killed under circumstances which, in this country, and without looking on the act as merely supplying the market with butcher-meat, we would consider gross treachery. We shall spare our readers the more minute parts of the description, which, in their intense truthfulness, are really an unpleasant piece of reading. But we are desirous to resuscitate a portion of the account which shows the spirit in which the perpetrators acted—a spirit of utilitarian coolness and system, exhibiting no ebullitions of the unrestrained savage nature, but, on the contrary, accompanied, as we shall see, with great self-restraint, shown under circumstances of provocation and disappointment.

"Here stood Captain Duke and myself, both witnesses of a scene which many travellers have related, and their relations have invariably been treated with contempt; indeed, the veracity of those who had the temerity to relate such incredible events has been everywhere questioned. In this instance it was no warrior's flesh to be eaten; there was no enemy's blood to drink, in order to infuriate them. They had no revenge to gratify; no plea could they make of their passions having been roused by battle, nor the excuse that they eat their enemies to perfect their triumph. This was an action of unjustifiable cannibalism. Atoi, the chief, who had given orders for this

cruel feast, had only the night before sold us four pigs for a few pounds of powder; so he had not even the excuse of want of food. After Captain Duke and myself had consulted with each other, we walked into the village, determining to charge Atoi with his brutality.

"Atoi received us in his usual manner; and his handsome open countenance could not be imagined to belong to so savage a monster as he had proved himself to be. I shuddered at beholding the unusual quantity of potatoes his slaves were preparing to eat with this infernal banquet. We talked coolly with him on the subject; for, as we could not prevent what had taken place, we were resolved to learn (if possible) the whole particulars. Atoi at first tried to make us believe he knew nothing about it, and that it was only a meal for his slaves; but we had ascertained it was for himself and his favourite companions. After various endeavours to conceal the fact, Atoi frankly owned that he was only waiting till the cooking was completed to partake of it. He added that, knowing the horror we Europeans held these feasts in, the natives were always most anxious to conceal them from us, and he was very angry that it had come to our knowledge; but, as he had acknowledged the fact, he had no objection to talk about it. He told us that human flesh required a greater number of hours to cook than any other; that, if not done enough, it was very tough, but when sufficiently cooked it was as tender as paper. He held in his hand a piece of paper, which he tore in illustration of his remark. He said the flesh then preparing would not be ready till next morning; but one of his sisters whispered in my ear that her brother was deceiving us, as they intended feasting at sunset.

"We inquired why and how he had murdered the poor girl. He replied, that running away from him to her own relations was her only crime. He then took us outside his village, and showed us the post to which she had been tied, and laughed to think how he had cheated her: 'For,' said he, 'I told her I only intended to give her a flogging; but I fired, and shot her through the heart!' My blood ran cold at this relation, and I looked with feelings of horror at the savage while he related it. Shall I be credited when I again affirm, that he was not only a handsome young man, but mild and genteel in his demeanour? He was a man we had admitted to our table, and was a general favourite with us all; and the poor victim to his bloody cruelty was a pretty girl of about sixteen years of age!

"After some time spent in contemplating the miserable scene before us, during which we gave full vent to the most passionate exclamations of disgust, we determined to spoil this intended feast : this resolution formed, we rose to execute it. I ran off to our beach, leaving Duke on guard, and, collecting all the white men I could, I informed them of what had happened, and asked them if they would assist in destroying the oven, and burying the remains of the girl : they consented, and each having provided himself with a shovel or a pickaxe, we repaired in a body to the spot. Atoi and his friends had by some means been informed of our intention, and they came out to prevent it. He used various threats to deter us, and seemed highly indignant ; but as none of his followers appeared willing to come to blows, and seemed ashamed that such a transaction should have been discovered by us, we were permitted by them to do as we chose. We accordingly dug a tolerably deep grave ; then we resolutely attacked the oven. On removing the earth and leaves, the shocking spectacle was presented to our view—the four quarters of a human body half-roasted. During our work, clouds of steam enveloped us, and the disgust created by our task was almost overpowering. We collected all the parts we could recognise ; the heart was placed separately, we supposed as a savoury morsel for the chief himself. We placed the whole in the grave, which we filled up as well as we could, and then broke and scattered the oven.

"By this time the natives from both villages had assembled ; and a scene similar to this was never before witnessed in New Zealand. Six unarmed men, quite unprotected, (for there was not a single vessel in the harbour, nor had there been for a month,) had attacked and destroyed all the preparations of the natives for what they consider a national feast ; and this was done in the presence of a great body of armed chiefs, who had assembled to partake of it. After having finished this exploit, and our passion and disgust had somewhat subsided, I could not help feeling that we had acted very imprudently in thus tempting the fury of these savages, and interfering in an affair that certainly was no concern of ours ; but as no harm accrued to any of our party, it plainly shows the influence 'the white men' have already obtained over them : had the offence we committed been done by any hostile tribe, hundreds of lives would have been sacrificed.

"The next day our old friend King George paid us a long visit, and we talked over the affair very calmly. He highly

disapproved of our conduct. 'In the first place,' said he, 'you did a foolish thing, which might have cost you your lives ; and yet did not accomplish your purpose after all, as you merely succeeded in burying the flesh near the spot on which you found it. After you went away, it was again taken up, and every bit was eaten ;'—a fact I afterwards ascertained by examining the grave, and finding it empty. King George further said, 'It was an old custom, which their fathers practised before them ; and you had no right to interfere with their ceremonies. I myself,' added he, 'have left off eating human flesh, out of compliment to you white men ; but you have no reason to expect the same compliance from all the other chiefs. What punishment have you in England for thieves and runaways ?' We answered, 'After trial, flogging or hanging.' 'Then,' he replied, 'the only difference in our laws is, you flog and hang, but we shoot and eat.'

What renders the rapid civilisation of the New Zealanders the more remarkable is, that the practice of eating human flesh appears to have continued for several years after Mr Earle's visit. Among other instances which might be cited, the following occurs in the Lords' Report on New Zealand in 1844. Mr Francis Molesworth is examined.

Q. "Do any of the tribes in the interior practise cannibalism?"

A. "Yes, and they do so on the coast. There was a case about eighteen months before I came away."

Q. "What were the circumstances of that case?"

A. "It was the case of Rangihacata, at some festival or other ; he took a slave girl, and murdered her and ate her. I knew the particulars of that case from a man of the name of Jenkins. He was there at the time, and offered to buy the girl from Rangihacata, but he would not agree to it ; he offered pigs for her, but Rangihacata said, 'A piece of Maori flesh is much better than pork,' and he killed her and ate her. It is not very long since an encounter took place between two tribes near Auckland, and a number of prisoners were taken, and they were all eaten."

Mr Angas went through the country about two years after this testimony was given, but perhaps about five years after the state of matters to which it refers. He was collecting the materials for his magnificent illus-

trations of New Zealand life and scenery, where he gives a very pleasing portrait of a young lady, Kaloki, with this memorandum attached to it:—

"I met her on a visit to her friends at Te Aroh Pah, near Wellington, in company with Kutia, the wife of Rauparaha, and a large party of her attendants from the Roturua lakes, whither she offered to accompany me, for the purpose of sketching and obtaining portraits of the principal chiefs, adding that her introduction would be an immediate passport throughout the entire district."

There is something in this very different in tone from the description of the cannibal feast. But we cannot turn even Mr Angas's fine illustrations, without feeling that they represent a state of matters in rapid transition; that a few years will have swept away what they embody of the past state of the country; and that the civilised descendants of the mingled race, who seem destined to people these beautiful islands, will turn to them with a strange interest, as an embodiment of customs and manners that, in the antipodes, have grown older in a generation than, in this country of unassisted self-effected civilisation, the usages of our Saxon ancestors have grown in a thousand years. Even after going beyond these thousand years, we find no proof that there was cannibalism in this country. The New Zealand gentlemen of the next generation will have their after-dinner jokes about who had eaten whose uncle or grandfather, as Scottish gentlemen have had their talk about old family feuds. Here, among the most curious of Mr Angas's pictures, is a representation of the mansion-house of that Rauparaha, whose wife was the friend of the interesting Kaloki. It has an Egyptian-shaped door elaborately carved. At either side, the extremities of the roof-beams are supported by square pillars, covered with hideous representations of animal life. The name of the mansion—a name which it will probably long preserve—is "Eat-man-house:" probably its mother-of-pearl-eyed monsters have gazed on many a jolly feast beneath its roof. We turn over Mr Angas's pages, and next find a por-

trait of a gentleman in an easy attitude, and in a good modern English dress, which does his tailor credit. He has just one anachronism, as the French would call it—like our friend's partner, he is tattooed; and there is no denying the grotesqueness produced by the immediate contact of the artificiality of savage with that of civilised life.

The evidence collected by Cooke and Banks, of the extent to which civilisation had grown among these people, unaided from without, might have been expected to create more astonishment than it did. The size of their war canoes, the number of men accommodated and disciplined to formidable manœuvres in them, the knowledge of navigation which they displayed, and, above all, the elaborate and in many respects symmetrical decoration of their war vessels, their weapons, their houses, their public monuments and their burial-places, must have all from the first indicated them as a remarkable people. Their profuse decorations in wood and stone seem, when compared with those of other nations moving onward to civilisation, to indicate that the human intellect in its struggles after symmetry, beauty, harmony of form, or whatever artistic perfection may be called, must pass through endeavours having a generic resemblance. In the sculptured stones of Scotland, to which we lately referred, in the older Egyptian monuments, in the alabaster carvings of upper Asia, in the ornaments of the lately discovered cities of Central America,—there is a common characteristic resemblance to the artistic labours of the New Zealander.

The obdurate ferocity of the inhabitants, which made our navigators shun their shores for upwards of half a century, was of a kind, when examined, to contain promise of civilisation. However deep their hatred and unextinguishable their pugnacity, they were not capricious emanations of mere savage passions; both had their causes, and were kept alive to produce effects; and had we, in our intercourse with them, looked on them and treated them as reasoning and in many respects able men, we would have fared better. All the foreign

blood they shed, whether openly or treacherously, was with the one design of protection—of saving their liberties and their possessions from invasion; and when looking back from the dawn of peace and progress which has now brightened over this singular people, the white man is bound to confess that they had reason in their suspicions, and that they showed wisdom and courage in their conduct. The war which lasted in New Zealand from 1843, when the land disputes began, to 1848, though productive of little bloodshed, is one of the most remarkable in the world's history. Since the invasion of Britain by the Romans, it was unknown that the natives, thinly scattered over a large territory (the islands cover the same area with Britain, and were supposed to be peopled by about 150,000 inhabitants) should for years keep a civilised force at defiance. The equality of the contest involved no reproach to the civilised troops, since they found that, in the persons of tattooed savages, they met an army under consummate commanders disciplined to the highest point, and trained to partisan warfare. They were expert at the use of the rifle, knew well the art of stockade fortification, and were in all respects a match for their adversaries, with the addition of knowing the country and its resources. Were there a population such as these New Zealanders in Southern Africa, the prospect of our retaining our possessions near the Cape would be quite hopeless. Experienced military men noticed a generic difference between the New Zealand war and other conflicts with aborigines. The bravest savages can generally do no more than fight hand to hand; the New Zealanders conducted campaigns. Barbarians generally see the result of successful operations in extensive bloodshed; but the New Zealanders saw it only in success, and, while they were parsimonious of the lives of their own followers, did not spill uselessly the blood of their opponents. The usual difficulty in bringing civilised troops to deal with savages arises from the former always operating with and against masses, and *being unprepared for the peculiar in-*

dividual machinations of combatants who do not work gregariously and for effective results, but individually, for bloodshed and plunder. In individual strategy the American Indians have excelled all the world; and it was long ere our troops, through the solemn, stiff, unadaptable movements of the eighteenth century, were taught to protect themselves from the untiring inexhaustible cunning of the scalper. Much provoking and useless slaughter took place ere they were prepared for this mode of warfare; but, though frightful and formidable in appearance, it was easily dealt with. Those who had experienced Indian warfare found that totally different resources were required in New Zealand. The individual cunning and ferocity, and the corresponding danger, were wanting; but, on the other hand, an enemy was found capable of conducting a war patiently and scientifically, with an end beyond mere slaughter or momentary triumph. We take this view from the occasional expressions in the military despatches, and still more from their general tone, which assumes that of men dealing with enemies on a level with themselves. The following, which is a specimen taken from the miscellaneous mass of despatches in the Parliamentary papers, is evidently not written about a parcel of wretched savages:—

"On examining the pah, I found it to be built on a very strong post, protected by a row of timber palisades, with trenches and traverses across; about 80 paces long, and 85 broad; in the shape of a parallelogram, with flanking defences.

"There was also a bank of earth thrown up on the scarp side of the trenches, which, owing to the heavy rain, were full of water. The position altogether is a very strong one, and would have been almost impregnable without artillery; but a hill, about 500 yards distant, opposite the front face, commanded it completely. Therefore, had the enemy remained, we might soon have dislodged them with our guns, which were in readiness at Porirua, in command of Captain Henderson, R.A.

"The pah stands on a very high ground, fronting the harbour; at the foot of it runs a deep narrow creek, fordable

at low water; the ground about it is excessively swampy, which the troops had to pass over. On the side the pah stands on, rises a very steep bank, which, even without opposition, the men had difficulty in mounting. And on the proper left of the position is a very deep ravine, the side of which is thickly wooded. The right face is also thickly wooded, and the ground gradually slopes away into the valley.

"The rear was the weakest part as to its defence; the ground covered with thick scrub; but, from its locality, I do not consider a position could have been taken up by us on that side. The defences on the front face were of a stronger description than any other."

"On the morning of the 3d instant, a combined movement was made from the pah at Pauhatanni and Porirua, consisting of 6 officers and 120 men of the 58th, 65th, and 99th regiments, and 30 militia, followed by 150 native allies, from the former; and 4 officers, 100 men of the Royal Artillery, 58th and 65th regiments, with 80 native allies, under command of Major Arney, from the latter place, for the purpose of attacking the rebel chief, and preventing his escape from the Horokiwi valley. We proceeded about four miles into the woods, covering our advance with the usual precautions. The enemy soon discovered our approach, and quickly retired; but, from his fires being still alight, it was evident he had fled into the bush that morning.

"Night coming on, and being uncertain as to the direction of the enemy, or the route they had taken, I deemed it then unadvisable to proceed farther.

"Although our efforts have only led to the dispersion, and not to the total destruction of the rebels, which was my anxious wish to have accomplished, yet, by gaining possession of the stronghold of the enemy, we are enabled to complete the line of outposts at Porirua, so as effectually to prevent any return of the rebels to the district of the Hutt.

"I beg to assure your Excellency that all under my command have well earned from their superiors every credit and approbation, for the zeal and cheerfulness they have exhibited under the severe trials and privations to which they have been subjected for a long time past."

The Governor, in a despatch of the 9th of July 1849, says—

"I have been assured by many excellent and experienced officers, well acquainted with America and this country, that there is, in a military point of view, no analogy at all between the natives of

the two countries; the Maories, both in weapons and knowledge of the art of war, a skill in planning, and perseverance in carrying out the operations of a lengthened campaign, being infinitely superior to the American Indians. In fact, there can be no doubt that they are, for warfare in this country, even better equipped than our own troops."

He states that—

"They have repeatedly, in encounters with our troops, been reported by our own officers to be equal to any European troops; and are such good tacticians that we have never yet succeeded in bringing them to a decisive encounter, they having always availed themselves of the advantage afforded by their wilds and fastnesses. Their armed bodies move without any baggage, and are attended by the women, who carry potatoes on their backs for the warriors, or subsist them by digging fern root, so that they are wholly independent of supplies, and can move and subsist their forces in countries where our troops cannot live."

And then, after describing the rapidity and secrecy with which they can move their forces to great distances, and concentrate them on any selected point, we have the other and more pleasing side of the picture, indicating that these formidable qualifications may, under judicious management, give us able coadjutors, instead of deadly enemies, in our efforts to turn to good purpose the material advantages of their fine country.

"They are fond of agriculture; take great pleasure in cattle and horses; like the sea, and form good sailors; are attached to Europeans; admire their customs and manners; are extremely ambitious of rising in civilisation, and of becoming skilled in European arts. They are apt at learning; in many respects extremely conscientious and observant of their word; are ambitious of honour, and are probably the most covetous race in the world. They are also agreeable in manners, and attachments of a lasting character readily and frequently spring up between them and the Europeans."

Since the conclusion of the war these useful qualities—covetousness included—have, out of formidable enemies, been making apparently excellent subjects. Instead of the nominal submission of savages, with an underground of treachery, ready to

come forth in ineffective but mischievous outbreaks, they appear to have made their terms of peace as sincerely as any civilised nation has ever treated, determining to reap the fruits of tranquil co-operation. Not that we believe they would have done so had they seen a clear prospect of defying the British arms, and driving the civilised settlers out of the country: this they would have preferred; but, finding it impracticable, they made up their minds, like wise men, to that next best course, which they are now learning to believe is the best of all. By the time when peace was renewed, we had also learned *our* lesson. We had become acquainted with their nature, and seen that it was different from that of the ordinary savage. Many social blunders and absurdities arise from mistaking a wise man for a fool, and humouring him accordingly. So, almost from the beginning, there was a series of blunders committed, in treating these clever barbarians as it had been found necessary to treat other aborigines. In fact, under the form of treaties, agreements, sales, or any other nomenclature of civilised and complex life which our transactions with ordinary savages may assume, the end of all is that they are at the mercy of the civilised man, and hold their own side of the bargain by the tenure of his justice and mercy. What he calls a reciprocal treaty, an equitable adjustment, a fair sale for a just price, they must e'en be content to hold so to be; they do not know the meaning of what is said or done, but they know that they must submit. Now, the difficulty with the New Zealanders was, that they knew to a certain extent what they were about, and wanted to know more. They saw the object of some of the transactions with them, but they had sense enough to know that there were other objects beyond what their limited knowledge of the world enabled them to see, and they must be at the bottom of all ere they would rest content. Hence that fearful inextricable land-sale question, filling its hundredweights of blue books. Had the natives possessed neither knowledge nor sense, they would have been easily disposed of by us. I have been easily disposed of by them. *sic volo sic jubeo*. Had they pos-

sessed both, there would have been hard bargains struck and kept; but possessing, as they did, much sense, but little knowledge, transactions about matters which they could not at first comprehend, yet were determined to comprehend ere they gave way and were satisfied, seemed interminable.

We must not be understood as entering on the controversy between the New Zealand Company and either the past or the present Government, in making a passing reference to the events in New Zealand during the last twenty years, as they appeared to the natives. When the first colonists settled in the country, the Government left them to make what they could of it. New Zealand was an independent country—they might buy land of those who could sell it, and take their chance; but they were not to expect that, if they bought the land at their own price—perhaps a kettle, a hatchet, or a string of beads—and took such a title as they could get, they were to be backed as absolute owners by the whole power of the British empire. The Government would send a consul, as to any other independent territory to which British subjects resorted, but would do nothing more. But emigration to the new territory took such an impulse, that it was necessary to alter this policy. Besides the missionaries and other individual settlers, the great corporation which first appeared as the New Zealand Association, and merged into the New Zealand Company, was formed. A deep ambition burned in the bosom of those who devised this project. Looking beyond mere wealth, or nominal rank, or temporary notoriety, they saw a possible vista of future greatness in being the humble exiles whose names would afterwards be echoed as those of the founders of a great empire. Nor was the notion quite preposterous. No fairer field for colonial enterprise had ever presented itself to the world. Beyond doubt, the energetic British race, moderately filling these delightful islands, and carrying with them all our constitutional privileges and advantages, without the hereditary evils in pauperism and degradation that weigh them down, would form an empire to

predominate more powerfully in the southern hemisphere than ours does in the northern. It was the ambition of these schemers, many of them able men, to be the planters of this empire. It was a bold and brilliant project. Let us, since it has departed with the shadows of other great forgotten projects, though we say but little of it, say that little kindly. The empire on which their hopes were founded may hereafter arise; but neither its reality, nor the fame of being its fabricator, is now for them. They had scarcely even gone far enough to bear the *magni nominis umbra*.

Well, to return to the natives. The British Government found reasons for changing its policy of inaction. Not only was a powerful body of British subjects making an independent settlement on the islands, but the French were proposing, as no other Government wanted them, to take possession of them for a convict settlement. To be in a position to protect its own subjects who had gone there, and to assert a priority to France, the British sovereignty was proclaimed on 30th January 1840. It is said that the French proclamation was thus anticipated by barely four days. The independence of New Zealand having, however, been previously acknowledged, it would seem scarcely logical, if it were otherwise right, to supersede the native chiefs in their authority, without their consent. Accordingly, on the 5th of February, the celebrated treaty of Wanganui was negotiated with the chiefs. The principle of this document was, that the sovereignty of the British crown was acknowledged to extend over the islands, the inhabitants receiving the privileges of British subjects. The right of property in the soil was reserved to the respective chiefs and tribes, subject only to a right of pre-emption by the Crown when they sold land, and an adjustment of such equitable claims as might arise out of the previous land transactions.

Now, whether this may or may not have been a wise method of managing a difficult piece of business, the treaty, so far as the natives were concerned, was a solemn farce. The chiefs had first to be united into a fictitious oligarchy, called the Confederation of

the United Tribes of New Zealand. They knew as much about the nature of a treaty, in the diplomatic sense in which civilised nations understand it, and insist on its being kept when they can, as about the predicaments and the antinomies. But their sagacity taught them that it was something in itself not dangerous or formidable. The piece of paper could not bombard their pahi, or sink their war-canoes; and as to anything it might impart to their prejudice, they were as strong as ever to resist its enforcement. Here lay the difference between such a treaty with New Zealanders and with ordinary savages. These would have been bound to submit, scarcely able to comprehend how or wherefore, unless in a moment of heedless treachery they attempted to repudiate the whole. The New Zealanders were, for their own sakes, pretty good bargain-keepers, when they knew fully the extent to which they had practically committed themselves; but were very jealous of admitting rights which they were not conscious of having knowingly conceded.

At the root of all the complex disputes that followed was their ignorance of the nature of a sale of land. They did not individually possess any—scarcely any uncivilised people do; and they could not comprehend the bartering it like a mat or a bunch of arrows. Still they were ready to make bargains, giving in exchange what they might be found empowered to give, without any warranty of title, as lawyers say. What each chief appears to have bargained for was, that, in consideration of the present given to him, he should abstain personally from disturbing the purchaser over so much land—an engagement he would come to the more readily the less right he had to it. When the rights so acquired had to be officially investigated, under the sanction of the British Government, a whole shoal of land-sharks appeared. One man claimed a territory about the size of a medium English county, which he had bought with a keg of gunpowder. A company claimed the middle island, about the size of Ireland, having given for it a few hundred pounds' worth of merchandise, with an annuity of £100 a-year to a chief. Among the tempt-

ing goods sent out to make a large purchase, by a benevolent association in London, were enumerated "200 muskets; 16 single-barrelled guns; 8 double do.; 15 fowling-pieces; 81 kegs of gunpowder; 2 casks of ball-cartridge; 4 kegs lead slabs; 24 bullet-moulds; 11 quires cartridge paper; 200 cartouche boxes; 1500 flints, and 200 tomahawks." In some instances there were no less than eight purchasers of the same territory, all possessing titles equally satisfactory, and each demanding that the law should secure to him the estate he had bought with a bundle of red cloth, or a musket, as if it had been a bargain for a piece of property in Middlesex.

The natives had reasons for forming some strange conclusions from the scene of confusion which followed. Where, they asked, was the source of law and authority among these strangers? First there came among them the captains of whaling vessels—noisy, imperative, and exercising all the visible authority of great chiefs. Then came the missionaries—men whose bearing and conversation were totally different from those of the whaling captains. Their voice was mild and their manner subdued, and instead of pea-jackets they wore black coats, descending in two long tapering strips behind; yet, withal, they had a command in their quiet manner, and seemed to consider themselves rather the masters than the slaves of the boisterous sea captains. Thirdly, there came the representatives of the New Zealand Company—men of fortune and station in society, some of them bearing military titles. The New Zealanders see at once that they are gentlemen—worshipful men, who have authority in their air and manner. What, then, is their astonishment when some shabby-looking and coarse-mannered personages come, and snub these worshipful gentlemen with impunity, and tell them to desist from this, and to do that—and actually apprehend one of them, and lock him up; and they submit to the indignity without drawing a trigger? The gentlemen of the New Zealand Company, in fact, wished to establish a sort of local organisation, partaking of the nature of a legislative and an executive, to preserve order among

the newly-arrived settlers, and probably to keep the natives in awe with the show of something like a government. So was formed the "Committee of Colonists," with rules drawn up to serve a very laudable purpose, if nothing more was intended than the preservation of order until sufficient Government official service was supplied. In among these gentlemen, however, march such subordinate officers as the Government can afford for an embryo settlement. Possibly these individuals were not the less consequential and rigid that their original social condition was humble. They managed, at all events, to excite the wrath and ridicule of the gentlemen colonists; but what could these do? After having formed their own organisation, any resistance to the law would have had a very ugly appearance, and they immediately gave way to the "constituted authorities." Here was matter of wonder to the natives, and it was not reduced when they saw a young man, of aristocratic birth and condition, taken to jail by a policeman for some breach of regulation. The natural order of society seemed inverted among these haughty foreigners. But this was not enough. After the successive authority of the ship captains, the missionaries, the New Zealand Company, and the governor with his subordinates, comes Mr Commissioner Spain, with authority from the Queen of Britain to hold a Court of Inquiry as to the land claims—to examine witnesses, Maori and English—the former being questioned through an interpreter. They ask what this new chief or king is to do. They are told that he is "to report;" and when they ask the meaning of report, their attention is directed to the sound made by the discharge of a cannon. And so they are left to make the best of it.

They did, in some measure, make "the best" of it, since the multiplicity of apparent rulers found them a ready excuse for resisting whatever they did not like, and thought they were strong enough to resist. Though they saw the English gentlemen called colonels, captains, and so forth, submitting to the "constituted authorities," they were not to follow the example; and the chief, with arms in

his hand, was not to be spell-bound by a dirty bit of paper presented to him by a disreputable-looking bailiff, especially if it affected the right to some large tract of territory. The massacre of Wairau, which created so much alarm and sympathy in this country in 1843, arose out of an attempt to enforce a title to a large district, as if it had been an estate in Yorkshire, first by surveying and marking it off, and next by apprehending, in due form, the chiefs who offered interruption. The persons who were to be ejected, like impertinent trespassers, were two chiefs, whose power and importance are known even in this country—Rauparaha and Rangihaeata. Mr Tucket, one of the few who escaped from the massacre, during the inquiry which ensued, gave the following rather amusing account of the preliminary discussion with the chiefs:—

"These chiefs were aware that we had already, more than once, explored the Wairau, and that we were about to commence surveying it. They came to Nelson, on this occasion, to forbid our doing so, and they soon entered on the discussion of the subject; Rauparaha spoke with all the blandness and suavity of an artful woman.

"Rangihaeata, in the other extreme, at once denied our right, and defied us, and never opened his mouth but to breathe forth threats and defiance. They both asserted that the Wairau was not mentioned, nor intended to be included in the sale of lands made by Rauparaha to Colonel Wakefield; the places which he acknowledged he had sold he enumerated successively, again and again. He professed to be reluctant, yet disposed to negotiate the sale of the Wairau, but said that the cask of gold must be a very big one.

"Rangihaeata said they would not sell it, that they wanted it for themselves, and thought of removing there from the Northern Island, and occupying it. He declared that, if we went there, he would meet us and drive us away; and that we should not have the Wairau until we had killed him.

"Nothing would please him; he left the house in a rage, harangued the natives on the beach, repeating his threats that he would kill us if we went to the Wairau. He afterwards met Mr Cotterell, accosted him angrily for having gone to the Wairau, and informed him he would kill him if he caught him there. Mr Cotterell, that he might not be mis-

taken, called to him a very competent interpreter, and requested him to explain to him the speech, on which this ferocious chief again repeated the threat. Rauparaha subsequently addressed to Mr Cotterell a similar threat.

"With great reluctance Rauparaha was prevailed on to proceed, after the talk at Dr Wilson's house, to the survey office; we wished to show him the native reserves on the plans, and to convince him that we desired to benefit the condition of the resident natives in each district of the settlement. He listened to the explanation with equal contempt and impatience; would not glance a second time at the plan; said that our profession of reserving lands for the Maories was all gammon, humbug, and lies, accompanying this expressive phraseology with fit manipulations, placing his thumb on the tip of his nose, pulling down his eyelid, and such like approved acts of incredulity and derision, which association with whalers had made familiar to him. He then said in earnest that he had sold us all that land, alluding to the reserves; if the resident Maories would not give it up, we might kill them, repeating it, 'Kill them, kill them!' there was no occasion for us to make reserves; the Maories could remove; all that land should be ours, and then we should not want the Wairau. Then he dropped the subject, and began begging again, urging on the agent that the casks must be very big ones; then resuming the subject, he said with a most honied voice, 'Do not let your people go just yet to the Wairau,' adding presently, 'But if they do go, there shall be no harm.' Next morning another interview took place at the agent's office; Rangihaeata equally violent and intractable as before; Rauparaha less complaisant, having no further presents to hope for. The agent, firm to his purpose, calmly replied to his threats by informing them that, if they did molest or interrupt the surveyors, he would take three hundred constables with him to the Wairau, and make them prisoners. They parted, Rauparaha affecting courtesy; Rangihaeata, sincere, but implacable, refused, with contempt, all the presents which were carried out of the store for him."—*Returns regarding New Zealand*—Commons Papers, 1845.

The putting the finger to the nose is very characteristic of some of the manifestations of New Zealand civilisation. They are a very jocular people, with many set phrases and gestures of raillery. The chiefs who disputed the sale of the Wairau valley

might well think that they were made the objects of jocularly when a bailiff presented himself with a writ—called an ejectment, a Bill of Middlesex, or something of that sort—and set about arresting them. Rauparaha's testimony was taken in the inquiry, and he described the attempt to apprehend him thus:—

"Mr Thompson said, 'Will you not go!' I said, 'No;' and Rangihaeata, who had been called for, and had been speaking, said so too. Mr Thompson then called for the handcuffs, and held up the warrant, saying, 'See, this is the Queen to make a tie, Rauparaha!' I said, 'I will not listen either to you or to your book.' He was in a great passion; his eyes rolled about, and he stamped his foot. I said, 'I had rather be killed than submit to be bound.' He then called for the constable, who began opening the handcuffs, and to advance towards me. Mr Thompson laid hold of my hand; I pushed him away, saying, 'What are you doing that for!'"

It was immediately on this that the scuffle which the natives drove to so cruel an extremity began. It might have been known, from previous experience in New Zealand, that such contumelious treatment towards a chief was highly dangerous. The massacre of the crew of the *Boyd* arose from a chief's son having been flogged by a shipmaster, who, in bringing him over from Europe to restore him to his friends, chose to treat the young savage aristocrat as a working sailor.

The letters of the native chiefs during the wars and negotiations were translated by sworn interpreters, and are printed with the other State documents in the Parliamentary papers. A funny enough appearance they cut in the solemn company with which they are associated, as the following specimens may show:—

"December, the 21 day, 1845.

"Friend, this new Governor,—You are a stranger, we are strangers; we do not understand your thoughts, and you do not understand our thoughts. What is the right (meaning) of Governor Fitz-Roy! Land! Not by any means, because God made this country for us. It cannot be sliced: if it were a whale, it might be sliced; but as for this, do you

return to your own country, to England which was made by God for you. God has made this land for us, and not for any stranger or foreign nation to touch (or meddle with) this sacred country. Yours is heavy; New Zealand is heavy too. My thoughts to (or towards) Mr Williams have ended. That is all.

"War Song.

"Oh! let us fight, fight, fight, aha! let us fight, aha! let us fight: fight for the land which lies open before us: let us fight, fight. You have not taken it away to your land to Europe, on account of the holding on of Whare-whare—to the Heaven climbed is the ascent to the Governor. * * *

"From

"(Signed) LITTLE JOHN POKAI,
At the Karawa.

"Write on Thursday precisely. Be quick. If it is not done quickly, I shall understand your sentiments. If you do not write your letter quickly on Thursday precisely, I shall understand your thoughts. Do you not like those thoughts?"

"TE RUAPEKAPEKA,
4 December 1845.

"Friend, Mr Williams,—Salutations to you. Good are the words of your book to me. Friend, let not your heart be hasty to make peace. I am waiting for my grandson John Heke, that he may come to the Ruapekapeka to me; then we will assemble to (meet) the Governor. These words to you are ended.

"Friend, Governor,—Salutations to you. Let not your heart be in haste to make peace; when my men have finished (assembling) then (it will be.) That is the whole of my saying.

(Signed) "KAWITI."*

Perhaps the world may never discover whether the asterisks represent something too dreadful to be translated, or something which the sworn interpreter found it impossible to put into English. We can only say that we think the latter the more likely theory. Such documents, in the formal contents of the blue books, have some such effect as their authors would present if sitting in committee.

These chiefs had so much at least in common with the leaders of civilised warfare that the British flag was the main object of their hostility. They did not know what it expressed; but

* Further Papers relative to the Affairs of New Zealand, presented to Parliament, by command of Her Majesty, 26th August 1846, p. 15.

their instinct taught them to dislike it because the foreigner deemed it important. Among the Parliamentary documents from which we have been quoting, there is the following state paper in reference to the flag-staff—

“FRIEND Governor Fitz-Roy, friend the new Governor, I say to you, will you come and let us converse together either at Paihia or at Waitangi, or at the Waimate, that my thoughts may be right towards you concerning the stick (flag-staff) from which grew the evil to the world. Walker and Manu (Kewa) and others say they alone will erect the staff; that will be wrong; it will be better that we should all assemble. They, we, and all the many chiefs of this place and of that place, and you too, and all the English also.

“Now this I say to you, come, that we may set aright your misunderstandings and mine also, and Walker's too; then it will be right; then we two (you and I) will erect our flag-staff; then shall New Zealand be made one with England; then shall our conversation respecting the land or country be right.

“Mr Busby; the first Governor; the second Governor; the third Governor; the Queen: salutations to you all.

“From

(Signed) “JOHN WILLIAM HEKE POKAI.”

Heke was a great chief, and a great leader in these conflicts; but at the time when the letter just cited was written, the beginning of the year 1846, he was losing position among his brother chiefs, who were abandoning the conflict with the British authorities. More than three years afterwards, in July 1849, when New Zealand had become as tranquil as the Orkney Islands, Heke thought fit to address a long representation to the Queen, for the purpose of instructing her Majesty on the true state of affairs in the colony. Like most statements by disappointed men, it is a rather confused document—

“To the Queen of England, greeting,—Show us the same affectionate regard that King George did in what he said to Hongi when he went to Europe. King George asked him, ‘What was your reason for coming here?’ he said, ‘I had two objects in doing so—muskets and sixty soldiers.’ To which King George answered, ‘I will not consent to send soldiers to New Zealand, lest you should be deprived of your country, which I wish should be left for your children and your people, for they

would not act properly.’ They continued arguing on the subject for a long time, and then King George said to Hongi, ‘It is better that I should send some missionaries to you, as friends for you, for they are good people; should they act wrongly, send them back; but if they act properly, befriend them.’ And we accordingly befriended them. They asked us, ‘Will you not give us some portions of your land?’ Our generosity induced us to consent, and we divided it with them—giving them part and retaining part ourselves. We thought that they were the only people who were to live in this country; but no, there were many thousands of others—but it was when we were foolish that we thought this.

“The immense congregations of people that took place here was what brought forth the day of trouble, which exactly agreed with what King George had said to Hongi. After trouble had ensued, Mr Busby arrived with a different arrangement, and then the first governor, William Hobson, with a different one again: the flag of New Zealand was abandoned, and that of England alone displayed. He did not state this at the meeting at Waitangi, in order that everybody might know that the flag-staff was the great protection of these islands; and his concealing it was the cause of my error, for I was the person that consented that both Mr Busby and the first governor should live on shore, thinking that they would act rightly; then came Fitz-Roy, the second governor, with a different arrangement again. Not understanding the authority which accompanied the appointment of governors, and to which we had in our folly consented, I urged him to come here, in order that we might talk on the subject of the flag-staff; he did not come, but re-erected it, having four iron bars, and covered with tar. The obstinacy of his thoughts was the cause of the war, and of my transgressing against you. Then came Governor Grey, a fighting governor; I therefore say, who was it sent those people here? Which makes me think that you were the original cause of the dispute between us—which confused what King George had said to Hongi. Don't suppose that the fault was mine, for it was not, which is my reason for saying that it rests with you to restore the flag of my island of New Zealand, and the authority of the land of the people. Should you do this, I will then for the first time perceive that you have some love for New Zealand, and for what King George said, for although he and Hongi are dead, still the conversation lives; and it is for you to favour and make much of

it, for the sake of peace, love, and quietness; therefore, I say, it remains with you to decide about the people who are continually arriving here, viz., the Governors, the soldiers, the French, and the Americans; to speak out to them to return; they are quarrelsome, and every place will be covered with them; I consequently am aware that their acts are making things progress towards trouble. I thought that when our fighting was over, the men-of-war and steamers would cease coming here and all their mischief-breeding concomitants, for I am careful of the fiery darts of the world, the flesh, and the devil."

These last words showed that Heke had been listening to the missionaries, though he had derived little of the spirit along with the phraseology of Christianity. In the letter, of which the long passage just cited is but a comparatively small portion, the chief says—possibly in reference to the varied authorities, judicial, executorial, clerical, military, &c., whose conflicting powers puzzled the natives—

"What I consider very bad is concealing the intentions, for there are many rooms in your house, which prevents their being all searched: the calico room is that of peace, but then there is the room of red garments and the room of black garments—these two rooms ought to be concealed in that with peace of God."

It was necessary that this state paper should be duly laid before her Majesty. We are left in profound ignorance of the shape in which Heke may have received the announcement of its reception, but the Parliamentary papers contain a despatch from the Secretary of the Colonies to the Governor of New Zealand in these terms:—

"I have received your despatch of the 18th July last, forwarding a letter addressed by the New Zealand chief Heke to the Queen, in explanation of his view of the causes of the difficulties which have taken place throughout the colony, and I have to request you will acquaint the writer that I have laid that communication before her Majesty."

But "the difficulties," many of them of Heke's own creation, were, as we have already hinted, conquered before he offered his intervention. The motives from which the armed forces in New Zealand gradually

dissolved, as it were, into peaceful workmen, is in itself a significant symptom of the character of this remarkable people. They began to find that it was a far better speculation to enter into a partnership—however humble—with the Europeans, than to fight with them. They are not, it must be admitted, an imaginative or ideal people; they judge values by hard cash. Their superstitions were found to be entirely subservient to their interests—for instance, the inexorable *tapu* or *taboo*. A field which had been bought, but which was not to be given up, was found to be tabooed, and so a rifle which had been lent, and which the owner wanted back again. When a chief was wanted to fulfil a bargain, or was dunned by a creditor, he was found to be surrounded by the sacred *tapu*. This utilitarian spirit gradually undermined the zeal for national resistance. In fact, it was not national—it was personal and patrimonial. The chiefs and their followers who might side with the English had no reproaches of baseness, or unpatriotic desertion, to fear. Some of them were taken into service and employed as a police force—and proud they were of the character. One or two chiefs who were wounded in the British service received pensions. There came, as among the Sepoys, to be a competition to get into the service, which extinguished the insurrections. Those who could not be employed in the government did still better by embarking in agricultural, shipping, or commercial enterprise. There never, perhaps, in the history of the world, was so sudden a revulsion from bitter war to the energetic pursuit of the arts of peace as these people have exemplified.

After agricultural enterprise, the chief pursuit of the natives, has been that of the miller. They appear to have entered on it with surprising rapidity. As the New Zealanders are very fond of letting her Majesty know all they are about, we have among the Parliamentary papers presented in the last session a letter to the Queen, with an account of the raising of one of the earliest grist mills, accompanied by a present of the meal ground in it.

"Governor Grey has been here at Otawhao and Rangiaohia, and has given us a plough; he also told us that Mr Morgan would arrange about some white man to teach us to plough, at which we were much pleased—and this year we commence to plough the ground. We have for a long time been desirous of this, but we are a poor people, and the majority of our pigs had been disposed of to pay for the mill, which was the reason that we did not plough; but now the governor has generously given us one, which has greatly rejoiced us; and we will persevere in ploughing the land. We have finished a water-mill, and paid for it entirely ourselves. We paid the white man who built it £200, which he obtained by the sale of pigs and flax—£20 being for flax, and £180 for pigs. The common labour we did ourselves—namely, building the dam, &c. &c. Our reason for constructing the mill was on account of having commenced to grow wheat at Rangiaohia. We were a year in collecting the requisite amount of money.

"O the Queen, we regard you with affection, because we have nothing to give you—because we, the Maoris, are a poor people; but we wish that you should see and also eat of the flour grown at Rangiaohia. Don't find fault with what we send you, whether much or little: it is little in the presence of the Queen of England. We have nothing else except this quantity of flour to give you. Be graciously pleased with our present in order that our hearts may be glad.

"The schools for our children are very good, and we will now become civilised. But don't send convicts here to our country. They will cause us trouble, and we will be afraid lest evil should be increased in our islands. This is all.

"TE WARU.
"KAHAWUI."

The following document, dated a few months later, shows what rapid progress must have been made in the erection of mills:—

Return of Flour Mills now in operation, (22d August 1849,) within one district of the Province of New Ulster, the property of Aboriginal Natives (all but the last within a circuit of fifty miles of Otawhao.)

Name of principal Owner.	Cost.	
	Cash.	Labour.
Te Waru,	£200 0 0	£50 0 0
Ti Tia,	80 0 0	40 0 0
Tia,	80 0 0	40 0 0
Manihara,	80 0 0	40 0 0
Pake,	330 0 0	40 0 0
Paora Te Patu,	100 0 0	40 0 0
	£910 0 0	£250 0 0

The New Zealanders are, at the same time, large shipowners; and they have a shipping-list, published in English and Maori, with departures and arrivals of vessels owned and commanded by natives.

We find the Governor of New Zealand, on 7th March 1849, reporting,—

"During my journey through the extensive and fertile districts of the Waikato and Waissa, I was both impressed and gratified at the rapid advances in civilisation which the natives of that part of New Zealand have made during the last two years. Two flour-mills have al-

ready been constructed at their sole cost, and another water-mill is in course of erection. The natives of that district also grow wheat very extensively: at one place alone, the estimated extent of land under wheat is a thousand acres. They have also good orchards, with fruit-trees of the best kind, grafted and budded by themselves. They have extensive cultivations of Indian corn, potatoes, &c.; and they have acquired a considerable number of horses and horned stock. Altogether, I have never seen a more thriving or contented population in any part of the world."

We may remark that, from so thinly peopled a country, so far off.

we must not expect to receive authentic intelligence down to a recent period. The Parliamentary papers issued in the past session seldom contain intelligence later than 1849. On the 25th June of that year, the Lieutenant-General of New Munster reports:—

“ At Otaki, the natives are still making rapid progress in civilisation, and the settlement is assuming the appearance of a neat European village. Many new houses of a superior kind have been built during the last eighteen months; a magnificent church has been erected, and, though not quite complete, is in a state which is usable; in fact, I have myself attended service there, when, I think, there could have been little short of 900 natives within its walls. More attention has been paid to neatness than was formerly the case; and most of the fences are not only substantially put up, but are cut evenly at the top, and present a very neat and clean appearance. The gardens are also more attended to; and the use of milk, butter, tea, &c., more appreciated in the domestic arrangements.

Other indications of the advancement of the native race, and of their growing confidence in the value of civilised institutions, are to be found in their frequent applications to the resident magistrates' courts, whenever they consider themselves aggrieved, whether by Europeans or by other natives; and in the readiness with which they submit to and abide by the decisions. In these courts, during the last eighteen months, several cases of grave importance, between native and native, have been adjudicated upon, which would have formerly involved the life of the offender, and might have led to a general disturbance.”

The thoroughly and almost impetuously practical character of the natives, and their freedom from ideal influences, is shown in the manner in

which they have welcomed the services of the medical profession.

The colonial surgeon, in his report for 1849, says,—

“ The short, but, I apprehend, somewhat indiscreetly alarming account of small-pox, which was published in the native language some twelve months ago, made an extraordinarily powerful impression in this district on the Maori mind, creating, at the same time, a singularly urgent anxiety to be vaccinated. Hence, no sooner was it known that the antidote was in our possession, than not only the hospital and the town practitioners were besieged by applicants from far and near, but ex-professional gentlemen also were eagerly solicited to become operators in the cause, as if the enemy they so fearfully dreaded was at the threshold, and not a day to be safely lost; nay, so great was the panic among them, and so precocious, too, their intuition, that ere long they began to vaccinate one another; and finding that they could produce vesicles, or pustular blots any way like to these, vaccination hence went on in indiscriminate progress, to the neglect of all observances, and in hand-in-hand deterioration, which it is impossible now, with any probability of truth, to estimate or surmise.”

As an equitable balance of the hard and almost selfish character which we have attributed to these people, let us conclude by saying, that many documents and works which we have perused in reference to them, convince us that they are an eminently good-hearted race. Several instances are recorded where they have made considerable sacrifices to serve Europeans to whom they were under obligations; and in more than one instance, their communities have subscribed to relieve distress caused by fire, shipwreck, or inundation—a form of generosity eminently indicative of civilisation.

THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

THE *emeute* of Paris, which cast out the Bourbons, is the key to all the subsequent *emeutes* of Europe. The nations of the Continent, however differing in features and language, are one family; they have the same policy, the same habits, and the same impulses. No member of that family can be moved without communicating that motion, more or less, to the whole body; like a vast lake, into which, stagnant as it may be, a stone flung spreads the movement in circle on circle, and spreads it the more for its stagnation. But, if the great moral expanse had any inherent motion; if, like the ocean, it were impelled by a tide, the external impulse would be overpowered and lost in the regular and general urgency of Nature.

This forms one of the distinctions which mark England as differing from the Continent; in this country there is a perpetual internal movement. Open as England is to all foreign impulses, they are overpowered by the vigour of change among ourselves. She has the moral *tides*; constantly renewing the motion of the national mind, guided by laws hitherto scarcely revealed to man; and tending, on the whole, to the general salubrity and permanence of the national system. This preserves England from revolutions; as manly exercise preserves the human frame from disease, and from those violent struggles with which nature, from time to time, throws off the excess of disease. Thus, it is scarcely possible to conceive a revolution in England!

In the life of a single generation we have seen *three* revolutions in France; and those three revolutions have been of the most decisive order;—the first comprehending an overthrow of the laws, the government, and the religion—a total overwhelming of the fabric of national society, an explosion of the State from its foundations;—no simple plunder of the palace, or disrobing of the priest—no passing violence of the mob, like a thunder cloud passing over the harvest-field, and though it prostrated

the crop, yet leaving the soil in its native fertility;—but a *tearing* up of the soil itself; an extermination of monarchy, priesthood, and law; requiring a total *renewal* by the survivors of the storm. The two succeeding revolutions were overthrows, not merely of governments, but of dynasties—the exiles of kings and the imprisonment and flight of cabinets—great national convulsions, which would once have involved civil war, and which, but for the timid nature and sudden ruin of those dynasties, *must* have involved civil war, and probably spread havoc once more through Europe. Yet England was still unshaken. She had tumults, but too trifling for alarm, and apparently for the purpose of showing to the world her innate power of resistance to profitless innovation; or for discovering to herself the depth of her unostentatious loyalty to the constitutional throne.

The French *emeute* of 1830 propagated its impulse through every kingdom of Europe. The power of the rabble was proved to all by the triumph of the French mob; a new generation had risen, unacquainted with the terrible sufferings of war; the strictness of the European governments had been relaxed by the long disuse of arms; the increasing influence of commercial wealth had tended to turn ministers into flatterers of the multitude; and the increasing exigencies of kings had forced them to rely for their personal resources upon the merchant and the Jew. A less obvious, yet perhaps a more effective ingredient than all other materials of overthrow, was the *universal irreligion* of the Continent.

Divided between Popery and Infidelity, the European mind was prepared for political tumults. Superstition degrades the understanding, and makes it incapable of reason. Infidelity, while it makes the world the only object, gives loose to the passions of the world. The one, extinguishing all inquiry, merges all truth in a brutish belief; the other, disdaining all experience, meets all

truth with a frantic incredulity. The first temptation to political disturbance finds both ready. The refusal to "give to God the things that are God's," is inevitably followed by the refusal to "give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

Superstition took the lead in revolt. In 1830, the year after the expulsion of the Bourbons, some of the Papal provinces proclaimed the reign of Liberty at hand, and disowned the *temporal* sovereignty of the Pope. But the Austrian army was on the alert; the troops entered the Romagna; the Legations, wholly unprepared for resistance, (though storming the Vatican in their figures of speech,) at once discovered the fruitlessness of oratory against bayonets, and licked the dust before the Austrian grenadiers.

All tyranny is cruel in proportion to its weakness: such is the history of all despotic governments. The Romagna was inundated with spies; the prisons were crowded; (and what language can describe the horrors of an Italian prison!) and with an Austrian army as the defenders of the Papal throne against its subjects, the reign of the old despotism once more was the reign over all things but the minds of the people.

In the midst of this confusion, the old man on the Roman throne, who had exhibited nothing of supremacy but its violence, suddenly died. The death of Gregory XVI. was a crisis. The presence of the Austrians had begun to be an object of alarm to the government of the Cardinals, and the desire to get rid of this dangerous defence was the key to the new line of policy adopted by Rome. This suggested the choice of a man who might influence the popular mind by giving way to the feelings of the populace; and Maria Mastai Feretti was raised to the Papal sovereignty, by the name of Pius the Ninth.

The election of a Pope has generally been a matter of intrigue among the ambassadors of the foreign powers at Rome, and especially among the Cardinals—the former intriguing to elect a tool of their Government, and the others an instrument of their own. The Popes have been generally chosen

in old age, and in the decay of their faculties—the former, as affording the speedier prospect of a successor—and the latter, as throwing him more completely into the hands of his court. But, the crisis demanded an instrument of another capacity. Mastai Feretti had been educated for a military career—had subsequently chosen the priesthood—and had, we understand, even been employed in the South American missions. Thus he had lived out of the conventual routine, and had the rare fortune, for a monk, of travelling beyond the borders of Italy. His family, too, were known by some public offices, and the hope of seeing the triple crown *burnished* on the brow of a vigorous leader, rendered the choice popular among the crowd.

The first act was to publish an Amnesty—an act of policy as well as of mercy; for, by it, he released a large number of the partisans of his new system. The exiles also were recalled; and some of the most prominent actors in the late movements were purchased by the hope of public offices. The Pope even performed occasionally the duties of the priesthood. He one day visited a church of which the vicar was absent; he put on the robe, and read the mass. Little dexterities of this kind, to which none could object, and which all were ready to applaud, raised popular acclamation to its height, and for a few months Pio Nono was, in all lips, the model of a priest, a patriot, and a pope.

All those things might have been done by a wise sovereign; but Pio Nono exhibited his ignorance of Italian nature by not knowing where to stop. Every day now produced some memorable innovation: the press was partially emancipated—a rational measure only among a rational people; the laity shared in the magistracies which had been hitherto confined to the priesthood; and a Cabinet Council was formed, all the members of which were laymen, except the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Minister of Public Instruction.

All those reforms, which would have been salutary among a manly

people, were ruinous among a people utterly disqualified by their habits, their morals, and their religion, for liberty.

The news from Rome flew instantly to all parts of Italy. The populace everywhere demanded a constitution, and proceeded to attack the police, and sometimes to plunder the possessors of property. When the scattered soldiery resisted, the bloodshed was charged as a crime on the head of their governments. The peasantry thronged the roads, crying out for a reform, of which they could not comprehend the simplest principles. The King of Naples, in not unnatural alarm at those philosophers of the highway, attempted to exercise his authority. It was answered by rebellion. Sicily and Calabria at once armed their rioters. The mob seized upon Palermo and Messina; the politicians were on the alert; and they drew up a Jacobin constitution, which the King, helpless and hopeless, was persuaded to sign.

The Papacy was now in danger; the success of the Neapolitan rabble was a stimulus to the rabble of Rome. The Pope found the peril of toying with popular passions. He was forced to sign a constitution entitled—"a fundamental statute for the *temporal* government of the States of the Church." He was virtually *dethroned*.

Thus the Popedom had begun the true revolutionary era. The Italian Revolution of 1846 was followed by the French Revolution of 1848. The echo of the thunder was thus louder than the thunder itself. It was reverberated from every throne of the Continent; Berlin was in the hands of a mob; Vienna was in open rebellion; Prague fought the Imperial troops; Hungary rose in arms, and fought the bloodiest campaigns since Waterloo,—till Russia entered the field with her one hundred and fifty thousand men, and extinguished the war by a truce, which will be broken at the first opportunity of bloodshed.

But, before the general spread of insurrection, Lombardy had risen in rebellion, tempted by the vauntings of Italian patriotism, by the lenity of the Austrian Government, and, above all, by the example of Rome.

The dominion of Austria in Italy consists of the provinces formerly known as the duchies of Milan and Mantua, and the territory of the late Venetian Republic. It is one of the most absurd blunders of modern republicanism, to represent those possessions as the spoil of war. On the contrary, if ancient right and regular inheritance can give a title, Austria possesses that title to the duchies of Milan and Mantua—Milan having been an Austrian fief from the year 1533, when it descended to Charles V., Emperor of Germany, by the death of its sovereign, Sforza; and Mantua having been also an Austrian fief, though governed by the Gonzagas till the reign of the last Duke Ferdinand; who, taking a hostile part in the war of the Spanish Succession, the Emperor, Joseph I., placed him under ban, and annexed his forfeited duchy to Milan.

From Charles, Milan descended to his son Philip II., and from him to the Spanish line of the House of Austria; when, by the War of the Succession, it passed to the German branch, and became a province of Austria; and so both remained, until Napoleon's invasion of Italy in 1796.

The Austrian claim to the Venetian territory is later and more mixed with war, but is equally clear.

By the peace of Campoformio in 1797, Austria had been compelled to give up the duchies of Milan and Mantua, at the same time with Belgium, to the French Republic, receiving in return Venice and its territory, which were then French conquests. In the campaign of 1805, by the treaty following the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon again took possession of the Venetian territory and city, annexing them to Milan and Mantua, which, with the subsequent annexation of Modena, the Legations, and in 1808, the Papal Marches, he named the *Kingdom* of Italy, though not comprehending more than a third of Italy, and having only a population of six millions. It has been the curious fate of French aggression, to provide by its grasp for possession by others. In 1814, the Austrian Emperor, by the right of victory over France, claimed the duchies of Milan

and Mantua, with the Venetian territory, which had been united to them, as we have seen, only by the short-sighted rapacity of Napoleon. The whole was then confirmed to the Austrian Emperor, by the treaty of Vienna, under the name of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, and annexed by Congress to the Imperial Crown of Austria. The other arrangements of Italy were also founded on their former state. Modena was restored to its Duke, the Legations and Marches were given again to the Pope; and, in general, the provinces south of the Po were placed under their former sovereigns.

Thus it is mere Italian coxcombry to talk of the Austrian possession of northern Italy as a usurpation. The Line of Charles V. have been its acknowledged masters for three hundred years—a possession as old as the reign of Elizabeth, and as thoroughly acknowledged as the possession of Ireland by the British sceptre. Irish folly may talk of the English as usurpers, and Saxons; but a right three centuries old is as indisputable as the reason of man can make it in either Ireland or Italy; and nothing but absurdity or treason in either case could call it in question.

But if it be said that those transfers of power were always resisted by the Italians, and that they merely succumbed to ill fortune in the field, nothing can be farther from the fact. From the earliest period of modern history, the Italians were the mere lookers-on in the wars which disposed of their country. The French fought the Germans, and the Germans fought the French; but Italy never fought for itself. Like Virgil's heifer, it stood while the two bulls were lowering their horns, and tossing up the sand with their hoofs, the patient prize of the combat. When a French army entered Milan over the battalions of the German, the Italians welcomed them with an opera; when a German army entered Milan over the bodies of the French brigades, the Italians proclaimed the glories of Germany with a "Te Deum." Then the affair was at an end; things took their regular course; the Italian returned to his macaroni, and acknowledged his master, con-

soling his submission by a vow of vengeance in the next generation.

Not that we would recommend a change of the national mind: the stiletto will never work a national redemption; and the bitter prejudices, womanish caprices, and narrow partialities of the Italian provincials, will never combine in one general and generous view of national independence. All the Italian's sense of patriotism is party; all his love of liberty is love of licence; and all his religion is the denial of the right of judgment, and the practice of persecution.

The Italian republics of the Middle Ages were engaged in perpetual hostilities with each other. Milan detested Mantua, Florence flamed against Pisa. Genoa saw nothing in Venice but an enemy whose wealth would repay war. Venice saw in Genoa nothing but a rival, which she was pledged to level with the ground. Rome devoted them all to the fires of purgatory. The Peninsula was a vast hornet's nest, in which all alike robbed the honey of others, and only employed the sting. To this hour the same spirit lives from the Alps to the Calabrias. No man on earth more despises the Neapolitan, than his fellow-subject the Sicilian. The Venetian's contempt for the Tuscan is high and haughty: the Tuscan calls the tongue of the Venetian barbaresque, and says that his manners are suited to his tongue. How is it possible to form an Union among those scoffers? And without union, how is it possible to establish National independence?

But Austria has founded her claims to Italian supremacy on stronger grounds than even the superiority of her soldiership. There will be errors in all things human—there must be more than errors in the government of a despotism; the vices of despotism must be deepened where that government is military: yet, with all those drawbacks, the condition of Northern Italy under the Austrian government has been almost patriarchal compared to what it was before, and to what it must have continued, under the jealousies, antipathies, and ignorance of the native governments.

In the first place, it preserved those provinces from civil war. In the next, it expended immense wealth on the improvement of the country, in bridges, canals, roads, hospitals, &c. In the next, it provided schools to a remarkable extent, for the general training of the common people. In the next, it made *some* provision for civil liberty; and even for that most improbable of all things in Popish countries, some approach to liberty of religion.

As the great security of all, it established a firm, regular, and systematic administration of the kingdom. A governor generally residing at Milan, and frequently an archduke, ruled the whole. Under him were governors of its two grand divisions; the Lombard Provinces, and the Venetian Provinces. Those divisions were again subdivided into Delegazioni, or minor provinces, each with an officer at its head, entitled the Delegate. There are even further subdivisions, and each commune had its Podesta, or local magistrate. The Lombard provinces are nine; the Venetian provinces are eight; and the spirit of subordination, and, we believe, of justice, was thus made to penetrate to the lowest orders of the community.

The Italian governments of the middle ages had chiefly degenerated into Oligarchies; the worst form of government for the progress of nations that ever was invented by the artifice, or continued by the tyranny, of man. With exclusiveness for its principle, suspicion for its stimulus, and passion for its practice, it effectually renders the mind of a people at once crafty and cruel. In its nature feeble, it has no expedient for safety but arbitrary execution; and without any superior authority to restrain its jealousies, its perpetual policy is to crush all talent, honour, and character, which shows itself beyond the narrow circle of its conclave. It concentrates all the evils of both despotism and republicanism, and has all the remorseless sternness of the one, and all the rapid violence of the other. Universal espionage, secret trials, the consignment of the accused to dungeons for life or death in the dungeon, unacknowledged and unknown, constitute the whole compass of its theory of power.

For those wretched and desperate governments, of which, let history develop them as it will, it can never tell the ten thousand part of the misery, the fortunate accession of the Austrian government presented a system which, on the testimony of every man qualified to judge, rendered the Lombard provinces an example of agricultural prosperity, and the cities of splendour to the capitals of Europe. Since the war with France, and even in the short period between 1820 and 1834, the Austrian treasury had expended forty-two millions of livres for the Lombard provinces alone. The testimony of an intelligent French traveller (VALERY, *Voyages en Italie*) is—"Nowhere, perhaps, on the Continent is the administration of the roads and bridges more actively and usefully carried on than in Lombardy. The whole of this part of Italy presents a solid and material prosperity; it presents the *fine side* of the Austrian dominion. The roads are like the walks of a garden, and they are kept in repair with the greatest care. The government, economical and parsimonious in other respects, is great and magnificent in this. The excellent state of the highroads of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom is maintained at the annual expense of 1,305,000 francs for 1518 Italian miles of road."

But, though the habits of the empire predominate in the forms of its government, the Austrian influence, in Italy, makes considerable allowance for the natural love of freedom. The governors of the two grand divisions of Milan and Venice are each assisted by a species of parliament, consisting of landholders and deputies from the royal towns. Each minor province returns two landholders, one being noble, and the other not, as deputies, and the royal towns return one each. The Communal Councils, besides, each elect three persons, of whom the emperor selects one as deputy; those deputies are elected for six years.

Of course these provincial parliaments are not of the same rank with the British, but they have nearly the same financial duties. They settle the proportion of the taxes; they inspect the accounts of repairs of the roads and bridges, and have the superintendence of the revenues of the

numerous charitable institutions. They have also a right of petition to the throne concerning the wants of the people. But, besides those parliaments, there is in every principal town of a province a council of eight, six, or four, landholders, one half of them being noble, and the other not of the nobility, whose office is to superintend the financial concerns of their respective districts. The Communes also have their own councils, and the system of commercial administration rounds the whole. Thus the inhabitants of the Lombard provinces have more influence over the collection and expenditure of the taxes, (the most important and most permanent interest of the people,) than in any other kingdom of the Continent.

We are not the panegyrists of Austria. We do not expect to see her giving liberty to the Italian dominions. We do not even believe that any Popish government ever will give liberty to its people, nor that any Popish people will ever be fit to receive liberty; the slaves of superstition must be the slaves of power. The man into whose house a priest can enter, at will, ransack his library, and tear the Bible from his hands, has no right to name the name of liberty. The man whom a priest can command to send his wife and children to the confessional, to do penance in his own person, and to abjure the right of inquiry into the most solemn of all human concerns, the truth of his religion, is already in the chain—has no claim to the sympathy of freemen—and is as incapable of civil freedom as he is of religious liberation.

But the next best government to a constitutional monarchy is a benevolent despotism. We have adverted to the conduct of Austria in its ancient Italian dominions. Let us next observe its conduct in its later provincial acquisitions. Long before the extinction of the Venetian Republic, every traveller in Italy predicted its ruin. It had been decaying for centuries. It finally fell less by the sword of France, than by its own inability to live. Already broken on the wheel, it waited only the *coup-de-grace* to hasten its dissolution. Its surrender to Napoleon was not conquest, but

ruin; its surrender to Austria was not conquest, but restoration.

The Austrians, in 1814, found not less than 44,000 individuals, in Venice alone, dependent more or less on *public charity*—an enormous weight of pauperism. All the asylums, hospitals, and alms-houses, were in the deepest state of decay. Those were reinstated by the Austrian government—a poor government at all times—and then impoverished by a quarter of a century of war. Of this operation the expenses were upwards of *nine millions* of francs! There had also been many families of the old Venetian nobility decayed by time and casualty, and living on pensions from the Republic. The French invasion, of course, on the desperate maxim of “making war support war,” had plunged them into utter destitution. The Austrian government furnished them with the means of a decent existence. The old officials of the Republic who had retired on pensions, and who had lost everything in the war, were put again on the pension-list; and to make the public bounty at once permanent and effectual, “a committee of public benevolence” was founded under the care of the principal citizens, with the Patriarch and the Podesta at their head, to which the government contributed 100,000 livres a-year, and which now has an income of half a million. Besides those works of beneficence, the government devoted itself to the objects of decoration, the repairs of the palaces, the restoration of the state buildings, the care of the Venetian archives, and the collection of the national arts, at an expense of fifty-three millions of livres. The authorities for these statements are given in the *Bolletino Statistico*, and the *Simplice Verità*, published in 1834 and 1838.

The facts before the eyes of every man contradict the metaphorical misery. The commerce of the Republic, perishing for fifty years before the French invasion, and which by that invasion had almost disappeared, amounted in 1837 to 3000 vessels and 211,000 tons. The residence of government in Venice, with all its boards of administration and public instruments, annually distributed two mil-

lions of livres in its expenditure in the city. If it is impossible to make a Popish population industrious, or a lazy population rich—if the Italian would rather beg than work, and relieve his self-contempt by complaining of his masters, rather than gain a competence by honest toil—the remedy is as hopeless as the complaint is imaginary. The laws of nature cannot be subverted for the luxuries of a Lazzarone.

The *secret* of the Papal liberalism is still undeveloped; but it apparently lies in the Papal principle of universal power. Gregory VII. and Innocent III. aimed at this power by enlisting the vassal princes of Europe; but when the princes were vassals no more, the Popes bowed to the thrones, tried to obtain power by intrigue, and Jesuits and confessors took the place of legates and armies. A new era had begun, and a new source of power was to be employed. From the first French Revolution, the populace have been an element of overthrow. The two following French revolutions have made that element more conspicuous, more disciplined, and consequently more dangerous; but it is an evil acquiring strength alike with the laxity of government and the passions of the people. A mob had twice cast down the mightiest monarchy of continental Europe, and the Pope of Rome became a *Liberal*!

Insurrection immediately broke out in both the extremities of Italy. The Calabrias rose, and the Lombards rose. The centre, less bold but equally excited, threatened the seizure of its sovereigns, and the subversion of their government. The King of Sardinia, at the head of a well-disciplined army, and a flourishing exchequer, dazzled by the present promise of Lombard territory, and the glory of a future coronation in Rome, declared war, in the face of Austrian alliance, and rushed into the field.

In the public concerns of kingdoms, the faith of treaties is so essential to the existence of society, that probably it has never been violated without a condign and a conspicuous punishment. The French king's breach of treaty with England in the American war cost France a revolu-

tion, and Louis his throne. The French breach of treaty with Turkey, by the invasion of Egypt, cost France a fleet, an army, and the loss of Italy in a single campaign. And within our immediate view, the Piedmontese breach of treaty with Austria, by the invasion of Lombardy, cost the king his army, his military reputation, his throne, and his death in a distant country, in a voluntary and melancholy exile.

The Papal court was now terrified, and the Papal guards were ordered to protect the Vatican from its new pupils of liberty in the streets; but the guards themselves were now *Liberals*. The Papal Council, next, modestly wrote to the Austrian Emperor to entreat his peaceable cession of the Austrian provinces, "and his acknowledgment of the *Italian nation*, each reducing its dominions within their natural limits with honourable compacts, and the blessing of heaven."

But the Pope was still threatened by his people; and he took into his councils some of the popular favourites, chequering these councils, however, by men in his especial confidence. Thus Mamiani was placed side by side with Soglia—the tribune beside the cardinal. All was thenceforth confusion. A levy of twenty thousand men was ordered to march to the Po. But, at the next consistory, the Pope declared his reluctance to engage in hostilities with Austria. The populace clamoured, and the new Ministry resigned.

In June 1848, an "Assembly of Legislators" met in Rome. War, in the mean time, had broke out in the Milanese. An Austrian army threatened Rome. All was terror in the Court, and all fury in the streets. A new Ministry was chosen. They talked of a new code of laws, of reform, and rules of administration: they might as well have lectured on astrology. Such was the wisdom of choosing theorists to meet the perils of a state in the jaws of ruin. The Legislative Assembly met on the 15th of November; the populace crowded round the doors. The Minister, Rossi, was rash enough to pass through the hooting multitude. On some peculiarly stinging insult, he turned, with a

smile of scorn; a ruffian rushed behind the unfortunate man, plunged a knife into his throat, and he expired!

That blow was struck against the Papal throne. The populace instantly took arms; the soldiery joined them; all cried out that they were betrayed. They formed in military array, and with cannon in their front, marched to the Quirinal, shouting for the downfall of the Pope, for the Roman republic, for war with Austria, and for a new Ministry!

Of the councils of that night of terror, of course, no exact detail can be given; but they were long, helpless, and distracted. The Pope is said to have appealed to the cardinals; the appeal was in vain; and the council terminated, with the vague but sufficient information to the populace, that "there should be a compliance with their demands."

In the council, the Pope asked the commandant of the troops if they were to be relied on. His reply was, "Yes, if they are not ordered to act against the people." The answer was decisive. The Pope, pale and confused, struck his hand against the table, exclaiming, "Then I have no resource left but to invoke the thunderbolts of God against the rebels"—and rushed out of the chamber.

Mamiani, recalled to Rome by the populace, now took the lead; the multitude were still the masters. On the night of the 24th of November, the Pope secretly fled from Rome in a carriage, with foreign arms, and, it is said, in the disguise of a valet. He took the road to Gaeta, and there remained.

Those events are worth recording, as they will yet form the essentials of history: and they are peculiarly important to England, as developing the principles of a domination, never more dangerous than when it is weak—never more haughty than when it is in the lowest depths of humiliation—and never more *aggressive* than when it has lost all strength, but in the folly of legislatures and the negligence of nations.

The Roman territory was now left without a government. Deputations were twice sent to supplicate the Pope's return, but he refused. The Government appointed a commission

or Giunta of government. This commission was the only form of power during the two months which followed. The resolution was then adopted to form a government. The people were called on to elect, by *universal suffrage*, in committees, a Constituent Assembly. Of the population of the Roman States, consisting of 2,000,000 souls, 343,000 voted.

On the 6th of February 1849, the representatives met in Rome; and on the 9th, after a sitting of fifteen hours, the *fall* of the Papal authority was decreed, and the Roman republic was declared from the Capitol!

Subsequently a triumvirate, consisting of Mazzini, Saffi, and Armellini, were chosen by the Assembly, and in them the executive power was embodied.

War was now inevitable, and the triumvirs prepared actively to meet it. They collected the dispersed soldiery; they appointed the exiled General Avezzana Minister of War. They provided arms, established a cannon foundry, organised an artillery, and soon were enabled to exhibit an army of forty thousand men. But the war, which was to dethrone the supremacy of Austria, was instantly converted into a war of defence, by the unexpected intelligence of a new assailant. The republic was to be crushed by a republic; liberalism was to receive its deathblow from liberals; and the fantasies of Roman freedom were to be scattered "into thin air" by the more substantial force of faction in France.

On the 24th of April, an expedition, under the command of General Oudinot, landed at Civita Vecchia. Its motives were an enigma. It was to take part with neither the people nor the Pope; it was neither to preserve the new constitution, nor to restore the old; it was simply to look on, while the people settled the form of government. But it was to prevent the possession of Rome by any other; the simple expedient being its possession by the French arms!

But the people did not comprehend this armed *peace*: they shouted defiance of France as they had done of Austria. The Assembly protested "in the name of God" against this aggression by an ally. They execrated

the attempt to control the freedom of a people who had but followed the example of France, and they contemptuously compared the immediate act of the French government with its declaration, "that it made no war on the liberties of nations." To this protest General Oudinot replied by advancing his camp to the walls of Rome; the people shut the gates, and the siege began.

But the shock of armies was to be in northern Italy. The pamphlets on the subject published by the contending parties are but imperfect sources of information; but a German volume—written by one who is neither Austrian nor Piedmontese, and so far free from the partialities of either, and which has the additional testimony to its truth of being translated by Lord Ellesmere—gives a remarkably intelligent view of the campaigns of 1848 and 1849. The work is anonymous, but the author is known to be a Swiss, and a soldier.

The first demand of revolutionists, and the first movement to revolution everywhere, is "a National Guard!" In 1847, the Pope established a National Guard in Rome! The example was followed by acclamation in all the towns of the Papal States. The acclamation and the example spread to Tuscany; they then spread to Lucca. All Italy was on fire for "National Guards." The Pope spoke of disbanding the Swiss regiments in his service, amounting to 7000 men. He was thenceforth to know no protection but "his beloved citizens." The unlucky sovereign had now mounted the first step of the ladder of revolution.

In Lombardy there were symptoms of conspiracy, but there was no National Guard. The presence of an Austrian force, and the vigour of a regular government, prevented both the acclamation and the example. The peasantry cared little for change of masters, since they had known the grinding of the French invasions; yet they hated the high rents of their nobles. The people of the towns, in Italy the idlest of the population, were the chief malcontents. The shopkeepers, with the little trade of an uncommercial country, envied the higher orders with nothing to do.

The nobility, whose lives are spent between the opera and the Corso, longed for politics and parliaments, if it were only to divert the monotony of existence. In all Popish countries, the peasant believes in the church with the blindness of ignorance; the townspeople worship the image for the sake of the festival; and the nobility attend the altar through fashion or fear of the priest, and are pupils of Loyola in the spirit of Voltaire! In this mixture of ranks, of abject belief, of vulgar assent, and of indolent infidelity, there is always enough to involve national disturbance, and to consummate universal revolution; except where the government is military, and where the soldier is uncorrupted. It was soon found that even Lombardy was unsafe, and a reinforcement of sixteen battalions was ordered for the viceroyalty.

The conspiracy advanced; and as there is always something ridiculous in the seriousness of foreigners, the Liberals of Milan issued from their club, in the Café Cava, a prohibition of smoking cigars in the streets. By this formidable measure of finance, they proposed the bankruptcy of the Austrian empire!—though their patriotism did not extend to their firesides, for within doors the liberals themselves smoked as inveterately as ever. But the prohibition produced quarrels: the Austrian soldiers, not recognising the authority of the Café Cava, still smoked their cigars, and were insulted by the mob, until two proclamations were issued by the viceroy, the Archduke Raynier, to his "diletti Milanese," for "the sake of peace," forbidding the soldiers to smoke. Such concessions are always the reverse of conciliation, and the "diletti Milanese" became daily more and more insulting.

But stronger measures suddenly became necessary. Charles Albert of Savoy called out a conscription of 20,000 men, and fears were entertained for his adoption of the *LEGA ITALIANA*, and an attack on Lombardy. On the 19th of January, an order appeared from the Field-Marshal Radetsky, declaring "the determination of his imperial master to defend his states against every assault, whether from within or without."

adding, "The sword which I have borne for fifty-six years with honour, in so many fields of battle, is still *firm in my grasp*." This proclamation produced a temporary lull. But the storm was now gathering from every point of the horizon. The French revolution of the 24th of February was answered by the rising of Vienna. On the 18th of March Milan was in open insurrection. Within six days after, Charles Albert crossed the Tessin, and the war was begun!

It has been the misfortune of Austria to rely on concession, where force was essential. This policy has always been attended with the same results. It is mistaken for royal fear, and always engenders popular arrogance. On the 18th of March it was announced to the Milanese that the Emperor Ferdinand had yielded to their demand of a "Constitution;" and, on the *same day*, the citizens, with the town council at their head, marched to the palace of the Governor Count O'Donnell, demanding the formation of a National Guard for the city, the dissolution of the police, and the transfer of their arms to the guard. They overpowered the piquet at the palace, and finally took O'Donnell prisoner. Radetsky now delayed no longer; he ordered the alarm-gun to be fired, and moved to the attack of the Broletto, or hall of the town council, on which the tricolor flag had been hoisted.

The city was now in arms; barricades were erected in every quarter; the windows flanking them were filled with musketeers, who kept up a heavy fire on the advance of the troops. Missiles of every kind were flung from the windows and roofs; and boiling water, and even boiling oil, was used by men and women, screaming like lunatics, and swearing destruction to the Austrians. From want of preparation, and perhaps from compassion for the frantic city, the troops made tardy progress, and the fighting had lasted six hours, when the Field-Marshal gave orders that the Broletto should be gained at any risk. The building resisted all attacks for four hours more. It was taken, with two hundred and fifty of its defenders, the rest escaping over roofs.

The night was stormy, the lanterns in the streets were extinguished, and the troops were exhausted by the fatigues of the day, and by the inclemency of the night. But at morning the attack was renewed. The populace fought fiercely—defending the entrance of every street, and manning the barricades, but less defending them in front than by the fire from the windows. Thus the insurgents were to be fought only hand to hand, and every house was a fortress. Still the troops made progress, till the Field-Marshal, probably thinking that his troops ought to be preserved for nobler contests, abandoned the interior quarters of Milan, concentrated them at some distance, and threatened Milan with a bombardment.

This retreat was magnified into a victory; the Provisional Government ordered every man from twenty to sixty to be enrolled in the National Guard, attacked and mastered one of the city gates, and announced war against the empire. The intelligence from Piedmont, and even from Switzerland, now began to be formidable. It was said that thirty thousand Swiss were in march. The army of Charles Albert was already in the field; further delay might have compromised the fate of the Austrian army; it was evident that the fate of the Austrian provinces, while Vienna was in the hands of the rebels, must depend on the conduct of the Field-Marshal's divisions; and in order to keep up the communication with the Austrian territories, and at the same time meet the shock of the Piedmontese forces, it was resolved to retreat to the line of the Adige or the Mincio.

The Austrian troops in Italy were seventy thousand; the Field-Marshal had demanded, even before the tumults, a hundred and fifty thousand as the least force with which he could be answerable for the defence of the provinces; he now declared it "to be a terrible necessity that Milan should be abandoned." He withdrew the garrison from the citadel, called in the regiments, which had been widely posted on the frontier, and, after sustaining a succession of attacks from the insurgents, now flushed with apparent

triumph, moved in the night of the 22d, encumbered by an immense baggage-train, containing the government effects, the wounded, and the public servants, in five columns, on the way to Lodi.

The career of the able soldier by whom such services were achieved at the age of eighty-three, is singularly interesting. Born in 1766, of a distinguished Bohemian line, he began his military life in the regiment of Francis's Cuirassiers, serving against the Turks, and against the French in the Netherlands. In that regiment he attained the rank of captain. In the famous campaign of Suwarrow in Italy, 1799, he obtained the rank of lieutenant-colonel on the general staff, a preferment which vouched for his strategical talents. In 1805 he commanded, as major-general, a cavalry brigade in the army in Italy. He fought in the campaign of Aspern and Wagram. In 1813 he acted as chief of the general staff in the "Grand Army" of invasion under Prince Schwartzburg, a position which required not merely the qualities of a soldier, but the intelligence of the diplomatist and minister.

Promoted to the rank of general of cavalry in 1829, and appointed to the command in Italy in 1833, he devoted himself to a study of the country, as the seat of a campaign, by holding his great annual reviews in the territory between the Adige and the Mincio—the very line of country in which the mastery of the Austrian provinces must always be sustained.

During the interval from the peace of 1815 to his commission in 1829, he had employed himself in military studies, and, as their result, published "a System of Instruction for Generals and the Staff in command of troops of all classes, over all varieties of ground." Thus, accomplished by science, trained by long service, and feeling nothing of age, but its experience, his appointment to the baton of field-marshal in 1836 placed in the highest rank of the service an officer unsurpassed by the ablest of his continental competitors. He is covered with decorations of his own sovereign and of foreign princes—not

the toys and trinkets of courts, but the tributes of men who have been his comrades in the field. They have been gallantly earned, and their honours will stand the test of time.

The retreat from Milan was blazoned as the conquest of Austria. "The enemy flies from Milan," was the language of the Milanese proclamation to the rural clergy and authorities, calling on them for the "annihilation of the remnant of those savage hordes." But the retreat was not too early. On the same day which saw the Austrian columns moving from the gates, a proclamation appeared from the King of Sardinia to the people of Lombardy and Venice, declaring for "Italian Unity," and announcing the advance of his army into those governments. His force was about forty-five thousand men, in a state of preparation such as no army of an Italian sovereign had exhibited for a hundred years.

Savoy and its princes form one of the most striking examples of character resulting from condition. As the key of Italy, Savoy has been compelled to have its arms constantly in readiness for action. Thus the whole long line of its princes have been compelled to be perpetually in the saddle, and among them have been some of the first warriors and diplomatists of Europe.

Commencing with Amadeus the First, son of the Count of Maurienne and Susa, and thus possessing the great pass of Mont Cenis, then almost the only one into Italy, this brave mountaineer exhibited the independence of a man who knew his power. It is recorded, that on attending the Emperor, Henry the Third, at Verona, followed by a train of his officers, the Emperor refused to admit him "with his tail." Amadeus spiritedly refused to be admitted on this condition. The Emperor eventually complied, and Amadeus was thenceforth called "Candatus," the man with the tail. The phrase, which has since become so familiar to us, thus finds its origin in the eleventh century, and among the Alps.

The long succession of the princes of Savoy were almost constantly belligerent, and in every war increasing

wards of four thousand men. The whole amount of the forces of the League, including bands of volunteers, acting separately, probably amounted to one hundred thousand; which the first defeat of the Austrian army might have increased to ten times the number.

An inspection of the map will show the singularly difficult nature of the country through which the Austrian army had now to make its retreat. The Po, on the right hand, forms the natural boundary of Northern Italy, as the Alps form it on the left: the country between is intersected by the spurs of the mountains, and by the great rivers flowing from them—the Tessin, the Oglio, the Mincio, and the Adige. But a march along the right, or southern bank of the Po, may turn all those positions; and the position of Venice finally outflanks them all. On the parallelogram formed by Peschiera, Verona, Legnago, and Mantua, is the battle of Northern Italy to be fought; and that battle once won, either army must conclude the campaign.

It has been already observed, that the provident eye of the Austrian Field-Marshal had made this platform his especial study: he had instructed his staff to examine all its features with especial exactness, and had aided their practical knowledge of the ground by making it the scene of his Grand Reviews, from 1832. But new difficulties soon threatened him—the Tyrol was in danger. The portion verging on Italy was revolutionised, and thus his communications with Germany might be cut off. The Marshal instantly despatched a brigade to Trent; they took possession of the castle, and paraded the town with patrols of cavalry—arrested the conspirators, chiefly consisting of nobles—disarmed the citizens—prohibited party colours—and declared that, in case of disturbance, they would set the town in flames. The only successful mode of dealing with rebels is to punish them; and the knowledge that the Austrians would not now be chicaned into concession, put an end to their disloyalty.

The first collision of the armies was on the 7th of April. Colonel Benedek, an officer already distinguished in Galicia, surprised a patrol of Genoa

dragoons, and brought his prisoners into Mantua. Charles Albert moved on the Mincio, and a column of four thousand men attacked the Austrian post at Goito, on the right bank, two leagues above Mantua. The attack was gallantly resisted by the Tyrolese Jagers, and other troops; but after an action of four hours, the Piedmontese succeeded in crossing a bridge imperfectly blown up, and the Austrians retired, with the loss of their four guns, on the glacis of Mantua. In this action the two brothers Hofer, nephews of the famous Andreas Hofer—the one a cadet, and the other a lieutenant in the Tyrolese Jagers—were unfortunately killed. The Field-Marshal immediately advanced with eighteen thousand men to give battle; but the Piedmontese stopped, to leave the main body time to advance and enter upon the true field of the campaign.

The Field-Marshal now determined to leave the line of the Mincio. The Piedmontese were daily receiving reinforcements. On the 20th, General d'Arco Ferrari, the Tuscan commander, conducted a column of five thousand men into the royal camp. This number included fifteen hundred volunteers of the best families of Florence and Sienna, a corps of students from Pisa, officered by their professors, and a corps of two hundred and fifty Neapolitans, raised by a Neapolitan enthusiast. When this man took leave of the King of Naples, he asked him, "Your majesty, what shall I say to the Lombards on the part of my king?" The reply was, "Tell them that I will come to their assistance with all my forces, and will myself fight by the side of their humblest grenadier." His majesty appears to have soon changed his mind.

The Austrians continued to retire, and Charles Albert commenced the siege of Peschiera, and the investment of Mantua. In the mean time the Austrian Council, though the whole empire was in confusion, made the most strenuous efforts to reinforce the army in Italy; and General Nugent, with some corps of Croats, joined the Field-Marshal.

Under the general name of Croat, in Austrian military language, are included all the Borderers of the Aus-

trian dominions, who serve as light infantry. But of the eighteen regiments of Border light infantry, eight only are of the real Croat race. This race belongs to the great Slave family, and passed from Bohemia to their present province at a remote period. The Hungarians, on the contrary, came from the far East. In Bohemia and Moravia the German and Slave races are mingled; in Hungary, the Magyar, the Slave, the Wallach, and the Saxon. From Hungary, at this period, nothing was to be hoped, for the Hungarian nobility had extorted from the emperor an independent administration. They had even gone so far as to demand the government of the military frontier towards the Turkish dominions. This innovation, which would have included the subordination of Croatia, was resisted by its gallant people, who now proved a firm and loyal defence of their country, and recovered a fame obscured since the wars of Maria Theresa.

Even in the briefest narrative of this anxious period, the governor of Croatia deserves a record.

Joseph, Baron Jellachich de Buzim, was the son of a military man of rank, who had served in the French war. Educated for the army, he did not neglect the studies which accomplish man in every condition; and he has been even distinguished as a poet. His family connection with Croatia, and his character for intelligence and intrepidity, rapidly attracted notice, and he was appointed to the Viceroyalty of the province. The march of the corps of Croats to Vienna gave the first favourable turn to the fortunes of the empire, and in the trying Hungarian campaigns, the Ban of Croatia was among the foremost officers of the service, as his troops were among the bravest. On the demand of the army in Italy for reinforcement, he did not hesitate a moment, but despatched from his force those battalions which had so large a share in the ultimate victories of the campaign.

Hostilities now rapidly advanced. On the 5th of May, Charles Albert attacked the celebrated position of Rivoli, but after a heavy cannonade, repulsed. On the 7th, the Pied-

montese army, amounting to forty-five thousand men, with sixty-six guns, attacked the Austrian front on the heights of Sena, near Verona. A defeat on this point would have left Verona open to a bombardment, and might have been the ruin of the Austrian cause in Italy. The battle began at nine in the morning. The Austrians were posted in a line of villages, partly fortified. The Piedmontese fought well, but they failed in all their attacks. The Austrian fire of artillery was heavy; and at four, a movement of Radetsky precipitated the retreat of the enemy. The king was in the field, as were the Archdukes Joseph (the present emperor) and Albert, the son of the famous Archduke Charles.

The action lasted till six in the evening. The returns of the loss, on both sides, are equally unintelligible. The Piedmontese loss was returned at only 87 killed and 659 wounded; and this in a conflict which lasted nine hours, under a perpetual cannonade. The Austrians naturally lost less than their assailants; but foreign bulletins are always a trial to English credulity.

The prospect still darkened: the emperor fled from Vienna, and took refuge in the Tyrol. News of the insurrection in Naples, and fighting in the streets, arrived. Peschiera was besieged, without the hope of being relieved; it was already famishing; horse-flesh and maize were its only provision: it had withstood forty thousand cannon shots; and for every two guns remaining on its ramparts, there was but one artilleryman! On the 30th it capitulated. Intelligence next came that Vienna was in complete possession of the populace, and a provisional government installed! This put an end to all expectation of reinforcements. It now even became a question, whether the Austrian army should not abandon the field, and take shelter in Mantua. "What a misfortune," said a German paper, "for an army to be so commanded. What has happened justifies the warning which we gave, months ago, that the conduct of such a struggle should not be committed to a man eighty-four years of age."

On the night of the 5th of June, only two days after the disastrous

news from Vienna, that old man commenced a movement which decided the war!

The whole army suddenly moved to the attack of Vicenza; swept the plain of the enemy's detachments; assailed the fortified heights of Monte Berico, the key of Vicenza, defended by fifteen thousand Papal troops, with Swiss and volunteers; and forced the town to a capitulation next day. This daring exploit stopped Charles Albert at once; convinced him that he could advance no farther; and changed the whole face of the campaign.

The most interesting part in the history of nations at war is the sudden ebbs and flows of fortune. The Field-Marshal had hitherto been compelled to keep a watchful eye on the Alps; for if the French army, already collected at Grenoble, had joined the Italians, there was no resource for him but to have retired from the Peninsula. But the four days' fighting in the streets of Paris, in June, satisfied him that the French would be fully occupied at home, and relieved him of anxiety in that quarter. The next news was, that the insurrection at Prague had been crushed, and that reinforcements were sure to be despatched; the next was, that Count Latour, the minister, had actually despatched twelve thousand men to the army. In a short period, his troops, which had been reduced to forty thousand men, of whom a large proportion were in hospital, were increased to a hundred and thirty-two thousand. The cavalry were raised to upwards of eight thousand, and the artillery to two hundred and fifty pieces.

On the 22d, in the evening, the troops moved to the attack of the entire Piedmontese position. It was on a range of hills rising in successive lines of heights. The troops were stopped by a heavy storm at midnight. They halted till dawn, and on the 23d attacked and carried the whole line of the Piedmontese. On the next day Charles Albert advanced against them, made a vigorous flank movement, broke an Austrian Brigade, and fought desperately till nightfall. On the 26th the battle was resumed, the heat was intense, and the ascent of the hills was fear-

fully exhausting. In one of the regiments a third of the men sank on the road, and sixteen died of *coup-de-soleil*. Such are the toils and the horrors of war. Charles Albert fought bravely, and manœuvred ably, but he was everywhere repulsed. Fortune had deserted him. The Austrians slept on the heights which they had won. Thus ended the great battle of Costazza.

General Radetsky now gave orders for a vigorous pursuit. In one of the towns occupied by the retreating enemy, the inhabitants took part in the skirmish. In this instance we find the first military use of gun-cotton, and it appears to have excited equal surprise and alarm in the pursuers. "It was terrible," says one of those describers, "to hear the whistling of the ball without the detonation. No despatch could be read, because the enemy fired from their concealment at every light that showed itself. Alarms were frequent, and occasioned momentary confusion among us; it was an awful night."

After an unsuccessful attack on the Austrian outposts, the enemy retired. Soon afterwards, a flag of truce arrived, proposing an armistice, taking the Oglio for the line of demarcation. The Austrian general demanded the Adda, the cession of the captured fortresses, and the withdrawal of the king's troops from Venice, Modena, and Parma. Those conditions were rejected, and the royal army renewed its retreat. The command of the troops was now relinquished by the king, and given up to General Bava.

All, thenceforth, was confusion; the army began to dissolve; there was neither rest for it, nor food. Many threw themselves down by the roadside and refused to go farther. An armistice was suggested by the British minister at Turin, but the answer was decisive: "No armistice till the imperial provinces are cleared."

The retreat should have been by the right bank of the Po; but Charles Albert, in a chivalric spirit, resolved to defend Milan. The pursuit was still continued through the defensible and intricate country which surrounds Milan. On the evening of the 4th of

August, the Austrian army was at the gates of the city. In the night a council was held, which determined on the evacuation of Milan. The populace, partly in terror, and partly in rage, denounced the king as a traitor to their cause, and even fired shots at his palace. In the night of the 6th the king was conveyed from Milan under escort; the report reached the populace in the morning, and they proceeded to plunder. A deputation of the magistracy were sent to the Field-Marshal. He entered the city at the head of a column of troops by the Porta Romana; and on the 7th, an order of the day appeared, thanking the troops, and containing these words: "The imperial flag is again waving from the walls of Milan; there is no longer an enemy on Lombard ground." This fixed the fate of the imperial provinces.

The campaign which followed in 1849 may be described in a few words. The mortified pride of Charles Albert provoked him to make preparations for a renewal of the war. He raised his army by the conscription—that terrible tool in the hands of an ambitious or an absurd government, to a hundred and forty-eight thousand men—(of whom, however, eighteen thousand were in the hospitals.) But the army had known the disasters of war, and its romance had died away. None but the orators were advocates for a contest with the mighty force of the empire. General Bava, an able and brave officer, who had conducted the retreat, was displaced, and the command was given to Chrozanowski, a Pole, who had served on the Russian staff. The Austrian force, exclusive of sick and garrisons, was about eighty thousand men.

The armistice concluded on the 20th of March. The Polish general's order of the day was in the theatrical style of Napoleon's bulletins. "Soldiers! the greater your vigour in advance, the speedier will be your victory, and the earlier your return, crowned with laurels!" The manlier, because the more intelligible sentiment of the Field-Marshal's order was, "Soldiers! forward, with Turin for your watchword!"

In twenty-four hours the Austrian

army was in march for the Tessin, the boundary of Piedmont and Lombardy. The decisive battle was fought at Novara, a town on the left bank of the Agogna. In the rear of the town, the ground, consisting of watercourses and walled gardens, and with substantial villas, and a slope towards the town for artillery, is favourable for defence. The sons of Charles Albert, the Dukes of Savoy and Genoa, commanded brigades, the whole force amounting to fifty thousand men, with one hundred and eleven guns.

The battle began at eleven in the morning of the 23d of March, by an attack of the Archduke Albert on a fortified post. The combat continued in a succession of attacks on the Piedmontese positions, which were stoutly defended, till four o'clock; when, all the Austrian brigades having reached the field, the Field-Marshal gave orders for a general advance of the line. The enemy now fell into disorder, and retreated. The battle was won. The Austrian army bivouacked on the field. The king, who had remained under fire during the day, was in despair. He exclaimed to General Durando, who led him away, "General, this is my last day—let me die." Later in the evening, he called his princes and chief officers about him, and declared his determination to resign the crown to the Duke of Savoy. He then dismissed them, wrote a letter of farewell to his wife, and made his appearance at the quarters of the Austrian officer, Count Thurn, at one in the morning, under the title of a Count; and being allowed to pass the Austrian lines, (of course his person being known,) went to Nice. From Nice he went to Portugal, and remained at Oporto until he died.

Thus ended the life of a king, and thus closed the first powerful effort of that consummation of violence and folly, misery, and popular ruin, which are all included in the name of ITALIAN INDEPENDENCE.

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news from Vienna, that old man commenced a movement which decided the war!

The whole army suddenly moved to the attack of Vicenza; swept the plain of the enemy's detachments; assailed the fortified heights of Monte Berico, the key of Vicenza, defended by fifteen thousand Papal troops, with Swiss and volunteers; and forced the town to a capitulation next day. This daring exploit stopped Charles Albert at once; convinced him that he could advance no farther; and changed the whole face of the campaign.

The most interesting part in the history of nations at war is the sudden ebbs and flows of fortune. The Field-Marshal had hitherto been compelled to keep a watchful eye on the Alps; for if the French army, already collected at Grenoble, had joined the Italians, there was no resource for him but to have retired from the Peninsula. But the four days' fighting in the streets of Paris, in June, satisfied him that the French would be fully occupied at home, and relieved him of anxiety in that quarter. The next news was, that the insurrection at Prague had been crushed, and that reinforcements were sure to be despatched; the next was, that Count Latour, the minister, had actually despatched twelve thousand men to the army. In a short period, his troops, which had been reduced to forty thousand men, of whom a large proportion were in hospital, were increased to a hundred and thirty-two thousand. The cavalry were raised to upwards of eight thousand, and the artillery to two hundred and fifty pieces.

On the 22d, in the evening, the troops moved to the attack of the entire Piedmontese position. It was on a range of hills rising in successive lines of heights. The troops were stopped by a heavy storm at midnight. They halted till dawn, and on the 23d attacked and carried the whole line of the Piedmontese. On the next day Charles Albert advanced against them, made a vigorous flank movement, broke an Austrian Brigade, and fought desperately till nightfall. On the 25th the battle was resumed, the heat was intense, and the ascent of the hills was fear-

fully exhausting. In one of the regiments a third of the men sank on the road, and sixteen died of *coup-de-soleil*. Such are the toils and the horrors of war. Charles Albert fought bravely, and manœuvred ably, but he was everywhere repulsed. Fortune had deserted him. The Austrians slept on the heights which they had won. Thus ended the great battle of Costazza.

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under the plea of reform, the hatred of order under the pretext of right, and the convulsion of society under the affectation of independence.

We affirm, in the most unequivocal manner, that, to be free, nations must be Protestant. The Popish religion is utterly incompatible with freedom in *any* nation. The *slave* of the altar is essentially the *slave* of the throne. We prove this by the fact, that *no* Popish country in the world has been able to preserve,

or even to have a conception of, the simplest principles of civil liberty. If we are told that France is free, the obvious reply is, that though France is the least Popish of Popish countries, it still has the *Conscription*; it is wholly under military government; it has *no Habeas Corpus*; and no journalist can discuss any subject without exposing himself to Government, by giving his name. Would this be called liberty in England?

LEVANTINE RAMBLES.

EGOTISM is a shoal upon which literary travellers are particularly apt to damage their barks. Before us are two cases in point, although of different degree. Monsieur Gerard de Nerval, a Frenchman of letters, Mr F. A. Neale, an Englishman attached to the consular service, have each written a couple of volumes concerning Syria and adjacent lands, visited at about the same period. We need hardly say that there is little resemblance between the books. The numerous points of dissimilarity between the French and English characters are never more strikingly elicited than upon the road. Set the travellers to write down their experiences, and you have the palpable exposition of the diverting contrast. In two respects, however, Messrs Neale and Nerval resemble each other. Both are very amusing; each is more or less of an egotist. The Frenchman is the *more*, the Englishman the *less*. Mr Neale's egotism is artless and inoffensive. His book is a collection of notes made for the amusement of himself and friends, and which in course of years grew to considerable bulk. Long a resident and Rambler in the country he writes about, he unites the advantages of an observant eye, an agreeable style, a happy discrimination of what is most likely to interest and prove novel to the public. His greatest fault is not

to have more carefully weeded his manuscript of trivial personal incidents, quite in place in a letter to a friend, but which have no claim to the honours of type. Forgive this defect, and there is little else to pardon in a book that gives us an excellent notion of the aspect and mode of life of a country with which, considering its proximity to Europe, and the all-important events in sacred and profane history that have occurred upon its soil, we can hardly say that our acquaintance is as intimate as it ought to be. Monsieur de Nerval is a gentleman of far different pretensions from Mr Neale, whose faults are the result of literary inexperience, not of conceit or affectation. There is more of malice pre-pense about the Frenchman's egotism. Quite as amusing as his English rival, he makes us laugh twice as much; but probably he would be the last man to suspect the chief motive of our mirth. Deeply sensible of the strong interest personally attaching to him, he keeps his most private feelings and proceedings constantly before the reader. Withdraw from his work all those passages in which Gerard de Nerval figures as the hero, and the corpulent octavos would shrink into pamphlets. As we read, fancy presents us with his portrait upon every page. It simpers at us out of a graceful vignette, or peeps through the fantastical wreaths of a

Eight Years in Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor, from 1842 to 1850. By F. A. NEALE, Esq., late attached to the Consular Service in Syria. 2 vols. London, 1851.

Scènes de la Vie Orientale. PAR GERARD DE NERVAL. 2 vols. Paris, 1851.

decorative capital; draped in Oriental robes, surmounted with a Turkish head-dress, the scalp despoiled by Mahomedan razor of all its flowing honours, save one tress upon its summit, the beard trimmed in conformity with the latest fashion of Stamboul. Turn the page and behold him galloping, with drawn yataghan, and glowing with military ardour, in the suite of a prince of Lebanon, out for a foray amongst the Maronites. A little farther he languishes at the feet of the lovely daughter of a Druse Sheik, or exerts his influence—far from inconsiderable—to obtain the release of her captive parent. But however occupied, whether martially, amorously, or philanthropically, Gerard de Nerval is always before us, the principal figure upon his own canvass. He is nothing if not egotistical. As to the value and extent of his information concerning the countries he visited, it is impossible to rate them highly, since he admits that his knowledge of Arabic was for some time limited to the single word *tayeb*—it is good—which conveys, he says, an infinity of meanings, according to the tone of its utterance, and which he takes to be the root of the Arabic tongue. It is quite clear, from various passages of his book, that he attained no great proficiency in his oriental studies, and that for the greater portion, if not for the whole period, of his stay in the East, he was at the mercy of roguish dragomans and casual acquaintances. He began his peregrinations farther south than did Mr Neale. After an introduction, somewhat pedantic and not much to the purpose, addressed, as well as the epilogue, to a mythic Hibernian, one *Timothy O'Neddy*, he abruptly opens his book at Cairo, by informing us that there the women are more hermetically veiled than in any other of the Levantine towns. The ladies, it must be observed, play a most important part in the narrative of this gallant and airy Frenchman, and have supplied subordinate titles to his volumes, the first of which is called *The Women of Cairo*, the second *The Women of Lebanon*. At the Egyptian city he had projected a residence of six months, and

truly disheartened by the

dull aspect of the place when, upon the first day of his arrival, he had passed some hours in wandering, mounted on a jackass and escorted by a dragoman, through its confused labyrinth of narrow dusty streets. The dragoman, whose name is Abdallah, is a character, and deserves better than to be passed over without a paragraph. M. de Nerval, who desired to husband his travelling purse, soon began to fear that he was too magnificent an attendant for so small a personage as himself.

"It was at Alexandria," says Abdallah's employer, "on the deck of the Leonidas steamer, that he first appeared to me in all his glory. He came alongside in a boat of his own, with a little black to carry his long pipe, and a younger dragoman to bear him company. A flowing white tunic covered his clothes, and contrasted with the colour of his face, in which the Nubian blood tinted features borrowed from the head of some Egyptian sphynx. Doubtless he was the offspring of two mixed races. Large golden rings weighed down his ears, and his indolent gait in his long garments completed to my imagination the ideal portrait of some freedman of the lower empire.

"There were no English amongst the passengers, and Abdallah, rather vexed at this, attached himself to me for want of a better. We disembarked; he hired four asses for himself, for his suite, and for me, and took me straight to the English hotel, where they were good enough to take me in, at the rate of sixty piastres a-day; as for himself, he limited his pretensions to half that sum, out of which he undertook to keep the second dragoman and the little black. After dragging this imposing escort at my heels for a whole day, I was struck by the inutility of the second dragoman, and even of the little boy. Abdallah made no objection to dismiss his young colleague; as to the little black, he kept him at his own charges, reducing, at the same time, his own salary to twenty piastres (about five francs) a-day. Arrived at Cairo, the asses carried us straight to the English hotel on the Esbekieh Square; but I checked their ardour on learning that the charges at this hotel were the same as at the one in Alexandria.

"You prefer, then, to go to the Waghorn hotel in the Frank quarter?" said honest Abdallah.

"I should prefer a hotel which was not English."

"Well! there is Domergue's French hotel."

"Let us go to it."

"Pardon me, I will accompany you thither, but I cannot remain there."

"Why not?"

"Because it is an hotel that only charges forty piastres a-day; I cannot go to it."

"But I find it quite good enough for me."

"You are unknown; I belong to the town; I am accustomed to attend English gentlemen; I must keep up my rank."

"Nevertheless, I considered the price of this hotel tolerably high for a country where everything is about six times less dear than in France, and where a piastre, or five sous of our money, is a labourer's daily wage."

"There is a way of arranging matters," said Abdallah. "You shall go to Domergue's for two or three days, and I will visit you as a friend; during that time I will take a house for you in the town, and then there will be no obstacle to my remaining in your service."

"On inquiry, I found that many Europeans take houses in Cairo if they propose remaining there any time, and, having ascertained this, I gave full powers to Abdallah."

Whilst this most dignified of dragomans was house-hunting, M. de Nerval passed his time as well as he could at the despised French hotel, which he found very comfortable, and which is built round a square white-washed court, covered with a light trellis-work, overgrown with vines. In an upper gallery of this court, a French artist, talented and amiable, but very deaf, had established his easel and his daguerreotype, and there he studied and sketched the forms of the principal Egyptian races. He had no difficulty in obtaining models amongst the lower classes of the Cairo women, most of whom, however, were exceedingly punctilious in veiling their features, however much of their persons they might be induced to expose to the artist's gaze. The face is the last refuge of Oriental modesty. Besides the resource of the painter's society, M. de Nerval found a very fair *table d'hôte* at the hôtel Domergue, several Anglo-Indians to laugh at, a piano, and a

billiard-table. He began to think he might almost as well have remained at Marseilles. Impatient to commence a more Oriental mode of life, he allowed Abdallah to conduct him to various houses that were to let. House-rent is almost nominal in Cairo. He found that he might have a palace for about three pounds a-year. Abdallah showed him several such—stately mansions many stories high, with marble-paved halls and cooling fountains, with galleries and staircases as in Genoese and Venetian palaces, with courts surrounded by columns, and gardens shaded by rare trees. An army of slaves and servants was all that was needed to make them fitting residences for a prince. The engagement of such a retinue not entering into M. de Nerval's calculations, he was glad to take a much smaller house, with glazed windows, (there was not a pane of glass in any of the palaces,) which had recently been occupied by an Englishman. Hiring a house in Cairo is rather a complicated operation. An act was drawn up in Arabic, and paid for; presents were made to the Sheikh of the quarter, to the lawyer, and to the chief of the nearest guard-house; the scribes and servants had also to be fed. When M. de Nerval had complied with all these forms, the Sheikh handed him the key. This was a piece of wood "like a baker's tally, at one end of which five or six nails were driven in as if at random; but there was no random in the matter: this strange key is introduced into a hole in the door, the nails correspond with little holes, invisible from without, pass through them, and raise a wooden bolt." In possession of the key, the next thing to be done was to furnish the house. Little money and less time sufficed to accomplish this. Some cotton and cloth were bought at a bazaar, and converted, in a few hours, into divan cushions, which served as mattresses at night. A basket-maker put together a sort of bed-frame of palm twigs; a little round table, some cups and pipes—and the house was furnished and fit to receive the best company in Cairo. M. de Nerval's first visitor was an officious

Jew, a breeder of silk-worms, who established himself on one of the divans, took coffee and a pipe, and undertook to prove that his host had been swindled by Abdallah and the merchant at the bazaar, and had paid twice too much for everything he had bought. The Jew was followed by the Sheik, who came early the next morning and waited in the opposite coffee-house till M. de Nerval was up. He was a venerable old man with a white beard, and was attended by his secretary and negro pipe-bearer. When he was installed upon a divan, and supplied with the inevitable pipe and coffee, he informed M. de Nerval, through the medium of Abdallah, that he had brought him back the money he had paid for the house. It was an intimation that he was not approved of as a tenant. Greatly astonished, the Frenchman asked the reason. "His morality was suspicious," was the reply; "he had no wife or female slave." This was quite contrary to the custom of the country. He must supply the deficiency or quit the premises. His neighbours, who were better provided, would be uneasy at the proximity of a bachelor resident. In short, he had the option given him to marry or move. For the latter he had no fancy, when he had just furnished a house that suited him well; he was averse to matrimony, and his European scruples opposed the purchase of a female slave. Doubting the Sheik's right to compel him to decamp or conjugate, he requested the functionary to take patience for a few days whilst he consulted his friends, to do which he at once sallied forth. We need hardly inform the discerning reader that this dilemma is the peg upon which the ingenious and facetious Frenchman contrives to hang a whole volume. On his way to seek advice from his countryman the painter, he falls in with a Turk, whose acquaintance he had made on board the steamboat, confides his difficulty to him, and the conversation that ensues fills a chapter. Then, whilst rambling about with the deaf artist, he gets into an adventure with two veiled ladies, whom he follows home, and who prove to be

Frenchwomen, wife and sister-in-law of a renegade French officer. But the most practical information he obtained on the knotty point of acquiring a harem was from Yusef, the Jew silk-grower, who came daily to take a pipe on his divan and improve himself in the French language. From him he ascertained that there are four ways of contracting marriage at Cairo. The first and least binding is with a Coptic woman before a Turkish santan; a union that, in fact, amounts exactly to nothing, the contracting parties being both Christians, and the officiating priest Mahometan. Then there is the marriage before a Coptic priest, which admits of divorce on payment of a small sum in compensation; a third sort is binding so long as the husband remains in the country; whilst the fourth (celebrated both at the Coptic church and Franciscan convent) gives the wife a right to follow him, and is a *bonâ fide* and permanent union—too permanent for M. de Nerval's taste; who, considering the other three modes as merely so many recognised forms of concubinage, ended by purchasing, for twenty-five pounds sterling, a yellow slave of Malay or Javanese origin, with a sun tattooed upon her breast and forehead, and a lance-head upon her chin, and who had a hole through her left nostril, intended to receive a nose-ring. Having made this precious acquisition, he found she had pretensions to be treated as a *cadine*, (lady,) and esteemed it quite below her dignity to attend to domestic matters; and, in short, the unlucky Frenchman's ill-advised acquiescence in Eastern customs brought upon him a host of troubles and annoyances, of which he makes the most for the benefit of his readers. The whole account of the author's Egyptian proceedings reads more like a fantastical tale, invented at leisure, than a narrative of actual events; but in a note at the end of his work he protests that all he has written down really occurred. He had reckoned on making a considerable stay at Cairo; but notwithstanding the extraordinary cheapness of that city, he soon found his purse getting very low, as a consequence of

the extravagance and caprices of the yellow woman, of his disorderly mode of housekeeping, and of the inexactness and roguery of most of those with whom he had any dealings. So he was obliged to shorten his term of residence, lest he should find himself without sufficient funds to reach Syria, which was his next destination. Having resolved on departure, he offered her liberty to the slave, whose name was Zeynab, if she chose to remain at Cairo. This proposal, instead of being gratefully received, excited the indignation of the *cadine*. What was she to do with her liberty? She requested him to sell her again to Abd-el-Kerim, the wealthy slave-dealer from whom he had bought her. But although he had not scrupled to buy her, he could not make up his mind to take money for human flesh and blood, and began to philosophise on the strange state of a country where slaves would not accept their freedom. Meanwhile Zeynab wept at the prospect of starvation, for she could do nothing to earn her bread, and was too proud to take service. The European, by aping the Turkish manner of life, had got himself into a perfect labyrinth of embarrassments. He had changed his dress and his diet, and had taken the first step towards the formation of a harem; but he would not change his religion, nor could he divest himself of certain civilised ideas, incompatible with the conditions of his new existence. He found all the inconveniences of his ambiguous manner of life, and evidently, although he does not care to confess it, wished he had abstained from his social experiments, and had followed the example of the sober-sided English, whom he laughs at for their constancy to roast-beef, porter, and potatoes, and whom he ludicrously sketches wandering about Cairo on donkeys, with long legs nearly touching the ground, with green veils fastened to their white hats, and blue spectacles protecting their eyes, with India-rubber overcoats, long sticks to keep off suspicious Arabs, and a groom and a dragoman on their right hand and on their left. The die was cast, however; he was too compassionate to leave the gold-coloured incubus to her fate; and the upshot was, that she was allowed to

follow him to Syria, causing him, upon the way, almost as many annoyances as she had occasioned him at Cairo. The voyage was accomplished on board of a Levantine vessel, the Santa Barbara, commanded by a Greek named Nicholas. This was a one-masted craft, with a black, collier-like hull, a long yard, and a single triangular sail, manned by Turks, and laden with rice. The deck was encumbered with boxes of poultry—provisions for the voyage. The little den known as the captain's cabin, for the use of which M. de Nerval had bargained, was infested with enormous red beetles, so that he was glad to resign his claim, and to establish himself in the longboat. This was suspended before the mast, and, with the help of cotton cushions and sail-cloth awning, it was converted into a very tolerable refuge, so long as the weather continued fine. A young Armenian scribe, who composed verses, and was in quest of employment, and to whom M. de Nerval had given a passage in his boat down the Nile, had also embarked in the Santa Barbara, and supplied the place of Abdallah as an interpreter. Captain Nicholas, an easy-going, hospitable, lubberly mariner, who had been half a pirate in the time of the Greek war, invited his passenger to partake of his pillau and Cyprus wine, and confided to him all his affairs. The indolent Greek passed his time in strumming one invariable tune on an old guitar, and in playing at chess with the pilot; his nautical talents were anything but brilliant, and his compass was out of order, so that it was hardly to be wondered at that, on the third day of the voyage, when they should have sighted Syria, Syria was nowhere to be seen. There was little or no wind; now and then a puff of air filled the sail, but soon died away, and the canvass flapped idly against the mast. Captain Nicholas troubled not his head about the matter: he had his chessmen and his guitar; they sufficed to occupy his attention. The Armenian was not quite so tranquil, and that evening he communicated to his French acquaintance the cause of his uneasiness. Although but three days from port, they were running short of

water. M. de Nerval could not credit this.

"'You have no notion of the carelessness of these people,' said the Armenian. 'To obtain fresh water, they must have sent a boat as far as Damietta, that at the mouth of the Nile being salt; and as the town was in quarantine, they dreaded the forms—at least, that is the reason they give; but the fact is, they never thought about it.'

"'Astonishing!' said I; 'and yonder is the captain, singing as if our situation were the most natural in the world;' and I went with the Armenian to question him on the subject.

"Captain Nicholas rose and showed me the water-casks, which were entirely empty, with the exception of one, which might still contain some five or six bottles of water; then he resumed his seat upon the poop, took up his guitar, and resumed his eternal song, lolling back his head against the bulwarks.

"The next morning I awoke early, and walked forward, thinking it might be possible to discern the shores of Palestine. But in vain did I polish the glasses of my telescope; the line of sea at the extreme horizon was as sharp and unbroken as the curved blade of a Damascus sabre. It was probable we had hardly changed our place since the previous evening. I returned towards the stern of the vessel. Everybody was fast asleep, with the exception of the cabin-boy, who was copiously washing his hands and face in water which he drew from our last cask of potable liquid!"

Fortunately a light westerly breeze sprang up in the evening. The next morning, so said Nicholas, the blue peaks of Mount Carmel would be visible in the horizon. Suddenly shouts of horror and consternation were heard. "A fowl overboard!" was the cry. M. de Nerval was disposed to treat this misfortune pretty lightly. Not so the owner, a Turkish sailor, who was in despair, and with whom his messmates warmly sympathised. The fowl floated astern, making signals of distress; the Turk had to be forcibly held, to prevent him jumping overboard; and, to M. de Nerval's astonishment and disgust, the captain, after a moment's hesitation, ordered the vessel to be brought to. After two days' calm, and when running short of water, this seemed a singular way of procuring by a favourable breeze. M. de

al hoped to accelerate matters

by giving the bereaved sailor a couple of piastres, a sum for which an Arab would at any time risk his life. The man's countenance brightened, he pocketed the coins, pulled off his clothes, jumped into the sea, swam a prodigious distance, and returned in half-an-hour, so exhausted, that he had to be lifted on board, but bringing back his chicken, which he rubbed and warmed with as much care as if it had been an only child, and which at last he had the satisfaction of seeing hop about the deck. Once more sail was made, and the ship advanced. "The devil take the hen!" quoth the exasperated Nerval, "we have lost an hour. I have plenty of fowls, and would have given him several for that one." The Armenian explained. It was a religious, or at least a superstitious question. The sailor had been on the point of cutting his fowl's throat, when it flew away over his left shoulder. According to Turkish belief, had it been drowned, its owner had not three days to live. M. de Nerval began to weary of ship and crew, and his weariness became anger when he discovered that one of the sailors, an elderly Turk who had great influence over the others, as being a *hadji* or pilgrim returned from Mecca, was endeavouring to persuade the yellow woman that a Christian had no right to own a Mahometan slave of white blood, (she was the colour of saffron.) Captain Nicholas, as a Greek Christian, had little real authority over his Turkish crew, and that little he showed himself indisposed to exercise. Some rather animated scenes ensued, which were near ending in a fight between the Frenchman and the *hadji*. A sort of sullen hollow truce was brought about, but M. de Nerval's position was not very agreeable, nor perhaps quite safe, when he suddenly remembered that he had in his pocket-book a letter of recommendation to Méhmed Réchid, pasha of Acre, from a Turkish friend of his who for some time had been member of the divan at Constantinople. He himself had been acquainted with the Pasha during his abode at Paris as member of the Turkish embassy, and, as luck would have it, all this was duly set forth in the letter, which was properly indited in Arabic, and which the Armenian, after placing it

on his head in token of respect, read aloud to the captain and crew. It so happened that the ship was now off Acre, where she was compelled to put in for water; and the bastinado which M. de Nerval had threatened to procure for the crew, on their arrival in that port, no longer appeared to them in the light of an empty menace. The hadji and his shipmates drew in their horns, and were all humility; the Greek master apologised for the little vigour he had shown in repressing their insolence; and as to the yellow slave—"since you are the friend of Méhmed Pasha, who shall say she is not lawfully yours; who would dare to contend against the favour of the great?" So spoke Captain Nicholas, a true modern Greek in falseness and servility. And Zeynab, who had been refractory and had called her master a *giaour*, was sent for a short space to keep company with the beetles in the captain's cabin.

However delightful may be a cruise in the Levant, on board a well-found vessel and with a competent crew, it is unpleasant, and at times almost perilous, in native craft, and with the deceitful and ignorant Greek and Arab captains. Mr Neale gives a shocking picture of his discomforts in an Arab felucca, on board which he coasted from Gaza to Caipha, and again from Caipha to Sidon. By special stipulation, he and his servant were to be the sole passengers. "*Allah Rassi* (by my head) it shall be as you desire," vowed the lying Reis, when entering into his agreement in presence of the quarantine authorities; but when the "only passenger" went on board, he found the little vessel crowded with men, women, and children, and passed a night of extreme discomfort and irritation. Most of his journeys were by land. Starting from Gaza, the southernmost port of Syria, he made excursions to Hebron, Jaffa, and Jerusalem, returned to Gaza, and then went northwards along the coast, branching off inland to visit Antioch, Aleppo, and other places, and concluding with a trip into Asia Minor. Some of the Syrian towns he appears to have visited repeatedly during the eight years he spent in the country, and in most of them he made some

stay. To any traveller proposing to visit Syria, his book will serve as a useful itinerary. He had, over M. de Nerval, the advantage of being well acquainted with Arabic. Like him, he has a fling at the eccentricities of English tourists, and exposes the rogueries of dragomans. He gives a ludicrous account of the proceedings of these worthies at Gaza, where he passed some months. The new Lazaretto and quarantine establishment at that place form a vast edifice, situated on a plain, about three hours' journey from the Egyptian frontier. The construction was completed in the spring of 1850, at great expense to the Turkish government. The apartments allotted to Europeans are airy and wholesome in summer, warm and comfortable in winter; the charges made are very trifling; and the term of detention is but five days, including the day of entry and that of *pratique*: so that, waiving the question of the expediency of quarantine against Egypt, travellers might fairly be expected to submit patiently, and with a good grace, to the brief incarceration within walls thirty feet high. And so they for the most part do. The refractory ones, almost without exception, are natives of the British isles. In 1850, the Nazir, or director of the quarantine, was Achmet Effendi, an affable Turkish gentleman who had been educated in Italy, spoke and wrote Italian fluently, was a good musician, and altogether a civilised and agreeable person, very different from the usual run of pompous pipe-smoking Syrian effendis. The medical officer was Doctor Esperon, from whose plan and under whose directions the Lazaretto had been built. These two gentlemen made heavy complaints of the trouble occasioned by the majority of their English visitors.

"Spanish grandees, Italian nobles, German barons, and Frenchmen, whose families had pedigrees more antediluvian than Noah, were wont to submit calmly to the rules and regulations of the establishment, and quitted it on an intimate footing of friendship with the authorities; but no sooner was the proximity of a caravan of Englishmen announced than every one was thrown into a state of excitement, and all the twenty soldiers, with their truculent lieutenant, were im-

mediately drawn up in battle array. The two hundred guardians looked hot and fierce; ferocious-looking camel-drivers were pressed into the service. The Nasir twirled his huge mustachios; and the doctor, to be prepared for an emergency, had a table placed in the gateway, on which he made a diabolical display of surgical instruments. After a great deal of excitement and impatience, a little cloud of dust proclaimed the arrival of the dreaded individuals. First came a couple of guardians, with drawn swords and very hoarse voices, having been wrangling with the dragoman all the way from the out-posts. Then one, or perhaps two, nondescript animals, in costumes hitherto unheard of, with sinister faces and mustachios nine inches from point to point. These were the dragomans, or interpreters, who always accompany 'milords' on their travels, speaking a little English, just sufficient to misunderstand what you say, and making themselves a little useful at times, in amends for which sacrifices they are exceedingly skilled in the art of fleecing or plucking their employers. After these, the milords themselves heave in sight, generally wearing large felt hats, covered with calico, the whiteness of which contrasts admirably with their own highly inflamed countenances. Once opposite the quarantine gates, a violent argument instantly ensues. The orator on these occasions is generally the dragoman, for the travellers are too weary and hot to take any active part. The first concession for which the fiery interpreter contends is, that they may be permitted to pitch their own tents in the vicinity of the quarantine, and be allowed to stroll as far as the beach (accompanied by guardians) for the sake of healthful recreation. This point is vainly combated by the authorities, who 'show cause why' such privileges should not be allowed them—viz., such as the wind accidentally blowing a bit of straw or a rag against some passenger, causing the said unhappy individual to be immediately arrested and incarcerated as impure. Finally, the camels on which the tents are laden are forcibly seized and dragged into the quarantine, which act settles this question eternally; but there are others to be arranged, and these are disputed step by step, and inch by inch. The first set of guardians who are placed to guard the separate apartments of the strangers are forthwith kicked out of their rooms. But the uproar that ensues when the travellers and their servants are disarmed, and their guns, pistols, and swords taken from them and lodged in the armoury—this, I was told, beggars all description. The interpreters on such

occasions become maniacs; they lie on the flat of their backs, and kick and bite like monkeys, until, overcome by numbers and their injured feelings, they go into fits, and come out of them again, the very points of their mustachios hanging down in despair, and then slink about like dogs in a strange street, 'effendi-ing' and cringing to every one they come across."

The riotous proceedings thus humorously described by Mr Neale were often the fault of the dragomans alone, whose employers, ignorant of any other language than English, and completely at their mercy, were unwittingly made accomplices of their turbulent and vexatious manœuvres. The helplessness of Englishmen abroad, when they get off those beaten tracks along which their language is considered the necessary accomplishment of hotel-waiters and railway-clerks, is notorious and laughable, and is not likely to diminish until a good practical knowledge of at least one foreign language is set down as an indispensable part of the most ordinary education. Both in purse and comfort, Englishmen pay dearly for their lingual deficiencies, and for the apparent stiffness and reserve which are their inevitable consequences. Travelling in the course of the year perhaps as much as all the rest of Europe put together, they are the helpless and often unsuspecting victims of guides, interpreters, *valets-de-place*, and innkeepers. It is notorious that in most parts of the Continent there are two tariffs—one for the English, and one for all other foreigners. The practice extends even to Syria. At Beyrout, M. de Nerval, attracted by savoury odours, walked one day into the *trattoria* of the Signor Battista, then the only Frank hotel-keeper in the place, which he had previously abstained from visiting, from a dread of exorbitant charges. Upon that occasion, however, he thought he would venture to try the *table d'hôte*, which was spread upon a terrace beneath a red and white awning. Upon an adjacent door he read the following inscription: *Qui si paga 60 piastres per giorno*. Sixty piastres, or fifteen francs, for every twenty-four hours' board and lodging at a Beyrout hotel, seemed to him rather a heavy price. He took

his seat, however, and ate his dinner, side by side with an English missionary, who had been on a converting expedition into the mountains, and who triumphantly exhibited to him a book full of the signatures of proselytes, one of the most brilliant of whom, a lad from the vicinity of Bagdad, he had with him in the double capacity of a servant and of a sample of his success. After dinner, on leaving the hotel, "I was surprised to have only ten piastres (two francs and a half) to pay for my meal. Signor Battista took me aside, and reproached me in a friendly manner for not having gone to stay at his hotel. I pointed to the inscription announcing sixty piastres a-day to be the price of admission, which was at the rate of eighteen hundred piastres a-month. '*Ah! corpo di me!*' cried he, 'that is for the English, who have a great deal of money, and are all heretics; but for the French, and other Romans, it is only five francs.'" "Beyrout," says Mr Neale, "is a very expensive place to live in, and a very easy one to die in." It is a most flourishing town, although an unpleasant residence. Mr Neale visited it many times during his stay in Syria, and always found it increasing in wealth, population, and dimensions. In a commercial point of view, it is the capital of Syria; it contains more European inhabitants than any other town, is the residence of the various consuls-general, and the place of adjustment of the oft-recurring disputes between the Druses and Maronites of the Lebanon. The scenery around it is beautiful. M. de Nerval was in raptures with the place. "A landscape all freshness, shade and silence; a view of the Alps taken from the bosom of a Swiss lake. Such," he says, "is Beyrout." Mr Neale says little about the surrounding scenery, but dwells at some length upon the creature-comforts of the place, its social resources and mercantile advantages, its hosts of fleas and mosquitoes, and horribly noisy barracks, the two greatest nuisances in the town, in whose very centre, close to the dwellings of some of the most respectable merchants, the latter are situated.

Released from quarantine, M. de Nerval engaged a lodging in the

house of a Maronite family, half a league from the town. During his brief residence beneath the shadow of the yellow flag, he had taken it into his head, or rather the blundering Greek Nicholas had made him believe, that an attachment had sprung up between the young Armenian scribe and the yellow slave. With a base affectation of magnanimity, but evidently with secret delight at the prospect of getting rid of the tattooed beauty whom he had so imprudently associated with his fortunes, he declared her emancipated, and told the Armenian to marry her. The poor scribe, whose only possessions were the clothes he stood in, and the copper inkhorn suspended at his girdle, had never dreamed of falling in love—far less of marrying; and as to Zeynab, she was monstrously offended at its being supposed she could bestow a thought upon a mere *raya*, the servant alternately of Turks and Franks. M. de Nerval found he had been misled by the officious Greek, and by his own very imperfect knowledge of the Oriental tongues. The Maronites with whom he went to lodge strongly advised him to sell his encumbrance, and proposed to fetch a Turk who would buy her; but he could not bring himself to do this, and ended by sending her to board with a Marseilles lady who kept a school at Beyrout, and who promised to treat her kindly, and convert her to Christianity. This matter settled, M. de Nerval started for the mountains. A few days previously, a young Emir, or Christian prince of a district of Lebanon, had come to lodge in the same house with himself—had sought his acquaintance, and had asked him to go and pass a few days with him in the interior of the country; an invitation which he eagerly accepted, and which consoled him in some measure for being compelled to abandon a tour in Palestine, marked upon his itinerary.

"For the five purses," he mournfully exclaims, "expended in the purchase of this gold-coloured daughter of the Malaccas, I could have visited Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, and the Dead Sea and the Jordan! Like the prophet whom God punished, I pause upon the frontier of the Promised Land, of which I can scarcely obtain, from the mountain's

summit, a distant and dejected view. Grave people will here say that it is always wrong to act differently from everybody else, and to attempt to play the Turk, when one is but a mere Nazarene from Europe. Are they perhaps in the right?—Who knows?"

And the eccentric Rambler, trying to persuade himself that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds, suggests the probability of his five purses becoming the spoil of Bedouins during his journey across the desert, talks of the fatality attaching to all things Eastern, mounts a hired nag purveyed for him by the conscientious Battista, and gallops off with his friend Abou Miran, Emir of Lebanon, belonging to the most illustrious family in the district of Kesrawan, and lord of ten villages, who smiles good-humouredly at the Frenchman's difficulty in riding Arab fashion, perched on a high saddle, with legs doubled up and brass stirrups as big as fire-shovels. "We had ridden about a league when they showed me the grotto whence had issued the famous dragon which was on the point of devouring the daughter of the King of Beyrouth, when St George pierced it with his lance. The place is held in great reverence by the Greeks, and even by the Turks, who have built a little mosque on the spot where the combat occurred." For its afternoon meal, the cavalcade halted in the village of Bethmeria, situated on a mountain platform. Here was evidence of the constant feuds between Maronites and Druses.

"We passed a large house, whose crumbling roof and blackened beams told of a recent conflagration. The prince informed me that the Druses had set fire to the building, whilst several Maronite families were celebrating a wedding within its walls. Fortunately, the inmates had time to escape, but the strangest circumstance was that the incendiaries were inhabitants of the same village. Bethmeria contains a mixed population of about a hundred and fifty Maronites and sixty Druses, with an interval of scarcely two hundred paces between the houses of the two sects. In consequence of the aggressions of the Druses, a bloody struggle took place, and the Pasha hastened to interpose between the hostile divisions of the village a little camp of Albanians, who lived at expense of the rival populations. We

had just finished our repast, consisting of curdled milk and fruit, when the Sheikh of the village returned home. After the first salutations, he began a long conversation with the prince, complaining bitterly of the presence of the Albanians, and of the general disarming that had been enforced in his district. He seemed to think that this measure should have been enforced upon the Druses only, as they had been guilty of the nocturnal attack and incendiarism. Whilst continuing our march, my guide informed me that the Maronite Christians of the province of El Garb, in which we were, had endeavoured to expel the Druses scattered through several villages, and that the latter had called to their assistance their co-religionists of the Anti-Lebanon. Hence one of those struggles which so often occur. The great strength of the Maronites is in the province of Kesrawan, situated behind Djebail and Tripoli, whilst the largest masses of the Druses inhabit the provinces that extend from Beyrouth to St Jean d'Acre. The Sheikh of Bethmeria complained to the prince that, in the recent circumstances I have spoken of, the people of Kesrawan had not stirred; but they had had no time, the Turks having set up the hue and cry with a promptitude very unusual on their part. The quarrel had occurred just at the moment of paying the *miri*. Pay first, said the Turks; afterwards you may fight as much as you please. It would certainly be rather difficult to collect tribute from people who were ruining themselves and cutting each other's throats at the very moment of the harvest."

M. de Nerval was invited to take coffee with the Turkish commandant, of whom he inquired whether he could safely visit the Druse portion of the village. "In all safety," was the reply. "These people are very peaceable since our arrival, otherwise you would have had to fight for the one or the other—for the white cross or the white hand;" the emblems that distinguish the banners of the two parties, both having red grounds. M. de Nerval's predilection is evidently for the Maronites, who acknowledge the spiritual authority of the Pope, and are particularly patronised by France and Austria. But he did the Druses less than justice if he anticipated other than a good reception at their hands, and soon he was compelled to admit and admire their patriarchal hospitality. He was kindly greeted as he passed, attended

only by a lad, before their gardens and houses; the women brought him fresh water and new milk, and positively refused reward. He was delighted with this "more than Scottish hospitality." At the further end of the village he sat down in the shadow of a wall. He was weary, and the sun was scorching hot.

"An old man came out of the house and pressed me to go in and rest myself. I thanked him, but declined, for it was growing late, and I feared my companions might be uneasy at my absence. Seeing that I also refused refreshment, he said I must not leave him without accepting something, and he went indoors, and fetched some little apricots and gave them me; then he insisted upon accompanying me to the end of the street. He appeared vexed to learn from Moussa that I had breakfasted with the Christian Sheik. "'Tis I who am the true Sheik," he said, "and I have a right to show hospitality to strangers." Moussa told me that this old man had been the Sheik or lord of the village in the time of the Emir Béchir; but having espoused the cause of the Egyptians, the Turkish authorities refused any longer to recognise him, and the election had fallen on a Maronite."

The day after his arrival at the Emir's castle—a Gothic pile with a vast internal court—M. de Nerval was presented to the ladies of the family. They were two in number, and were magnificently dressed for the occasion, with heavy girdles of jewellery, and ornaments of diamonds and rubies, a species of luxurious display carried to a great extent in Syria even amongst women of rank inferior to these.

"As to the horn which the mistress of the house balanced upon her forehead, and which made her movements resemble those of a swan, it was of chased enamel studded with turquoises; her hair flowed down upon her shoulders in tresses intermingled with clusters of sequins, according to the fashion prevalent in the Levant. The feet of these ladies, doubled up upon the divan, were stockingless, which is usual in this country, and gives to beauty an additional charm, very remote from our ideas. Women who hardly ever walk, who perform, several times a day, perfumed ablutions, and whose toes are uncramped by shoes, succeed, as may be imagined, in rendering their feet as charming as their hands. The henna dye, which reddens the nails, and

the ankle-rings, rich as bracelets, complete the grace and charm of this portion of the female person, in Europe rather too much sacrificed to the glory of shoemakers.

After the first day, etiquette and display were laid aside; the ladies resumed their ordinary attire, and superintended their household, then busy gathering in the silk-harvest. Hundreds of women and children were engaged in winding off the cocoons, which hung like golden olives upon sheaves of cut branches piled together in the huts. M. de Nerval soon found himself at home in the Emir's hospitable castle, and on friendly terms with the ladies, who asked him many questions about Europe, and spoke of several travellers who had visited them. The ideas of the Syrians concerning the state of France and other European countries are not generally very clear or correct. Mr Neale, when at Latachia, (a name of aromatic sound to smokers,) draws a lamentable picture of their geographical ignorance.

"The chart of the world," he says, "depicted in their mind's eye, consists of Constantinople, Egypt, Syria, Cyprus, and various remote islands, situated in the centre of a vast ocean. From these islands all Franks are presumed to come. They consider the nations of the earth to consist of the Jews, the Turks, the Egyptians, the Syrians, and the Franks, who, according to their notions, form one empire, speak one tongue, and are of one religion. As for the different flags, they ascribe this variety solely to the conflicting tastes of the different consular agents."

With respect to politics, the people of Lebanon have derived many contradictory ideas from their European visitors, a large proportion of whom are French Legitimists on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The feuds and divisions of the Franks can have no very strong interest for these Turk-governed Christians and Druses, engrossed as they are by their own dissensions. M. de Nerval had passed some time with his mountaineer friends, hawking, banqueting, and making excursions to convents and other objects of interest, when one evening, just as he was thinking of redescending into the plain, news came of an invasion of the Druses into

the districts which had been disarmed by orders of the Pasha of Beyrout. The province of Kesrawan, which belongs to the pashalik of Tripoli, had kept its arms, and Prince Abou Miran mustered his men to march to the assistance of his co-religionists. M. de Nerval accompanied him, planning exploits which were to immortalise his name. These reduced themselves, however, to a fierce onslaught upon a cactus-hedge, which he gallantly cut in pieces with his yataghan, thus opening a passage to some Maronite horsemen who accompanied him, and who, finding no enemy, began to wreak their vengeance upon mulberry and olive trees, the chief wealth of the unfortunate Druses. The Frenchman presently discovered, to his shame and regret, that the plantations thus ravaged were part of the very village in which he had been so hospitably treated on his first arrival in the mountains. The Emir came up and checked the work of brutal destruction; the alarm proved false; the Druses were quiet and had made no incursion, and M. de Nerval was defrauded of his anticipated glory. He returned to Beyrout, and went to call on Madame Carlès, in whose care he had left the yellow slave. Zeynab was gentle and contented, but would do little or nothing. She picked up a few words of French from the children of the school, but would learn nothing useful, for fear she should be made to work, and thus degraded to the rank of a servant. Her progress towards the religion of Rome was very slow. When shown a picture of the Virgin, she reminded her instructor that it had been written, "Thou shalt not worship images." M. de Nerval set it down as a hopeless case. Madame Carlès was still sanguine of success. The versatile traveller's attention, however, was quickly distracted from Zeynab by the fair-haired, taper-fingered daughter of a Druse Sheik, then in prison at Beyrout for refusing to recognise the Turkish government, and for non-payment of the tribute. His property had been sequestered, and all had abandoned him except the beautiful Saléma, who boarded with Madame Carlès, and went every day to see her father. M. de Nerval, whose imagination was excited by the romantic and unusual scenes he had

lately passed through, fell in love with this Arab damsel, went to visit her father, who was an *akhal*, a sort of sage and saint; and after much conversation, and receiving a long account of Hakem, the founder of the Druse religion, he embarked for Acre to obtain from the Pasha the pardon of his future father-in-law. For he had made up his mind to marry Saléma.

The Levantines are unable to comprehend the squirrel-like restlessness of the Franks, remarks M. de Nerval, whilst pacing to and fro the deck of the English brig on which he had taken his passage, and occasionally stumbling over the legs of a Turk or Bedouin who lay upon his mattress in the shadow of the bulwarks, and who removed his pipe from his lips to curse the clumsiness of the Christian. The English missionary was also a passenger; but M. de Nerval barely tolerates the English, and fancied that the evangelical gentleman treated him coldly because he consorted with a second-class passenger, a talkative bagman from Marseilles, who had got a curious theory, exaggerated but not unfounded, concerning the very small number of pure Turks remaining in Turkey.

"I have just come from Constantinople," he said: "one sees nothing there but Greeks, Armenians, Italians, Marseillaise. All the Turks they can find they make into cadis, ulemas, pashas, or they send them to Europe to show them. All their children die; it is a race that is becoming extinguished. People talk of the Sultan's armies—of what do they consist? Of Albanians, Bosniaks, Circassians, Kurds; the sailors are Greeks; only the officers are of Turkish race. You take them out to fight; they all run away at the first cannon-shot, as has often been seen—unless the English are behind them with their bayonets, as in the Syrian affair."

In Syrian waters, and with the shattered minarets of Acre looming in the distance, a Frenchman might be excused for showing a little irritability. M. de Nerval behaves very well upon the occasion, and spares the unfortunate English, doubtless thinking he is sufficiently hard upon them in other parts of his book, especially when he excludes them from the European family, as dwellers "upon an island apart;" a separation

upon which, considering the very turbulent and divided state of that family, they have certainly of late years had much reason to congratulate themselves. Fresh from the semi-feudal magnificence of the Lebanon Emir's castle, and dreaming of the proud battlements of the Templars' famous city, the last rampart of the crusades, M. de Nerval gazed mournfully on the heaps of ruins revealed to him by the rising sun a few hours after his arrival in the port of Acre. It may console him to learn from Mr Neale, who was there last year, that the fortifications are being rapidly repaired, and that soon there will remain but few traces of the ravages of British shot and shell. But the French traveller was too engrossed by the main object of his visit to Acre to dwell long upon such dry matters as broken battlements. He could not but feel moved, however, when at daybreak the Marseillaise awoke him and showed him the morning star shining just over the village of Nazareth, only eight leagues distant. He proposed to his new acquaintance to make an excursion thither, but the matter-of-fact bagman threw cold water upon the project. "It is a pity," he said, "that the Virgin's house is no longer there. Of course you know that angels transported it in a single night to Loretto, near Venice. Here they show its site—that is all. It is not worth while going so far to see a thing that is no longer there." Whilst thus damping his companion's enthusiasm, the prosaic child of Provence made himself very useful by his knowledge of Turkish habits. On learning that M. de Nerval had known the Pasha of Acre at Paris, and had a letter of recommendation to him, which he was about to present, he advised him to resume his European dress, as likely to procure him an earlier audience. In those latitudes, the bagman was as good as a court-guide. He had known the Pasha at Constantinople, where he went by the nickname of *Guesluk*, or the spectacle-wearer. And he begged M. de Nerval to tell him that he had for sale a musical clock, which played airs out of numerous Italian operas, and which had birds on the top of it,

who sang and flapped their wings. This was exactly the thing, he said, to delight the Turks. Duly black-coated, but retaining his Turkish tarbusch to cover his shaven head, M. de Nerval presented himself at the summer kiosk then occupied by the Pasha. His European garb drew all eyes upon him; by refusing to take off his boots at the door, he further increased his importance; his letter was taken in to the Pasha, and he was at once admitted in preference to a crowd of persons who were waiting for that honour.

"I expected a European reception, but the Pasha confined himself to making me sit down near him on a divan which extended round part of the saloon. He affected to speak only Italian, although I had heard him speak French at Paris; and, having addressed to me the customary phrase: 'Is your *kef* good?' that is to say, do you find yourself well? he ordered the chibouque and coffee to be brought to me. Some commonplace remarks composed our conversation. Then the Pasha repeated, 'Is your *kef* good?' and another cup of coffee was brought. I had been walking the streets of Acre all the morning, and had crossed the plain without falling in with anything like an eating-house; I had even refused a piece of bread and a slice of Arles sausage offered me by the Marseillaise, reckoning a little on Mussulman hospitality; but who shall depend upon the friendship of the great! Our conversation continued, without the Pasha's offering me anything more substantial than tobacco smoke and sugarless coffee. For the third time he repeated, 'Is your *kef* good?' I rose to take leave. Just then noon struck upon a clock suspended over my head, and which forthwith began to play a tune; almost immediately a second clock struck, and began a different air; a third and a fourth set off in their turn. The discordant effect may be imagined. Accustomed as I was to Turkish eccentricities, I could not understand the assemblage of so many clocks in one room. The Pasha seemed enchanted with the noise, and proud to show a European his love of progress and civilisation. The commission given to me by the Marseillaise occurred to me, but the negotiation appeared so much the more difficult that the four clocks were symmetrically placed, each on one of the four sides of the apartment. Where could a fifth be put? I said nothing about it. Neither did I deem it an opportune mo-

ment to breach the business of the captive Shaik, but kept this delicate matter for another visit, when the Pasha should perhaps receive me less coldly. Alleging business in the town, I took my leave. As I passed through the court, an officer came up to me, and said that the Pasha had ordered two *cavass* to accompany me whithersoever I went. I did not exaggerate to myself the value of this attention, which generally amounts to a heavy *bakshish* to be given to each of the said attendants."

Once more in the town, M. de Nerval, feeling ravenous, asked his guard of honour where he could get breakfast. They stared, and said it was not yet the hour, but, as he insisted, they asked him for a Spanish dollar to purchase fowls and rice, which they proposed cooking in the nearest guard-house. This appeared to him both an expensive and a complicated manner of obtaining a meal, and he went to the French Consulate; but the Consul lived on the other side of the bay, on the skirts of Mount Carmel.

"Acre, during the summer months," says Mr Neale, "is considered the most fatal residence for Europeans on the western coast of the Mediterranean. Its fevers are so pernicious that few survive an attack for a longer space than forty-eight hours. So trivial are the causes which give rise to this malignant disease, that the smallest deviation from a temperate regimen, or the slightest exposure to heat or cold, renders one liable to an immediate attack, and, as the doctor coolly told me, *ensuite vous succombez*."

To avoid which unpleasant eventuality, the European residents have country houses. Little disposed to go as far as Mount Carmel for a breakfast, M. de Nerval went to the bazaar, and hunted up the Marseillaise, whom he found in the act of selling to a Greek merchant an assortment of those old warming-pan watches, now out of fashion in Europe, but which the Turks greatly prefer to the modern flat ones. With them the value of a watch is estimated by its size. The Marseillaise produced the never-failing sausage, upon which, and upon unleavened bread, the only sort obtainable, the hungry Parisian made an indifferent repast. They offered some sausage to the two *ca-*

vass, who refused, from a religious scruple. "Poor devils!" said the bagman, contemptuously, "they think it is pork; they do not know that Aries sausage is made of mule's flesh." A fact which may also be rather novel to some of the English consumers of the monster sausages sold in Italian warehouses, into many of which not a morsel of pig enters. Rendered expansive by his meal, M. de Nerval confided to the Marseillaise the story of his love for the Druse maiden, and the object of his visit to Acre. The dealer in clocks and watches, who, for common sense, was worth ten of his companion, evidently thought him a fool for his pains, and, with a view to discourage his folly, told him curious anecdotes of the religious practices of certain Druse sects, practices certainly well calculated to scandalise a European. The day wore on, and when the hour of dinner approached, M. de Nerval was informed by his attendants that he was expected at the Pasha's table. This was unexpected by him, but a matter of course—so his bagman informed him—since the Pasha had given him an escort. When he reached the kiosk the levee had long been over. Passing through the clock-room, he found the Pasha smoking, seated upon the windowledge of the apartment beyond. The Turk rose on his approach, held out his hand, and asked him how he was, in excellent French. M. de Nerval could not conceal his surprise. "You must excuse me," said his host, "if I received you this morning *en pasha*. Those worthy people who were waiting for an audience would never have forgiven me had I been wanting in etiquette with a Frangi. At Constantinople, every one would understand it; but here we are in a country town." Méhmet Pasha had studied at the artillery school at Metz, and spoke French exceedingly well. He was amiable, affable, and courteous. He and his guest dined tête-à-tête, at a table, and seated on chairs, in the European fashion. M. de Nerval, in his passion for Orientalism, would rather have squatted on a cushion upon the floor. After dinner, instead of the introduction of dancing-girls, or some other Eastern amusement, he was taken down stairs to a bil-

liard-room, where the Pasha made him play till one in the morning.

"I let myself be beaten as much as I could, amidst the shouts of laughter of the Pasha, who was delighted at this return to the amusements of Metz. 'A Frenchman—a Frenchman who lets himself be beaten!' cried he. 'I admit,' said I, 'that St Jean d'Acre is not favourable to our arms; but here you fight alone, and the former Pasha of Acre had the cannons of England.' At last we separated. They conducted me into a very large apartment, lighted by a wax-candle, fixed in an enormous candlestick, and placed upon the ground in the centre of the room. This was a return to local customs. The slaves made me a bed with cushions upon the ground; upon which they spread sheets, sewn on one side to the blankets. I was moreover accommodated with a great nightcap of yellow quilted silk, with quarters like a melon."

Greatly diverted was the good natured Pasha on being made acquainted with his guest's matrimonial designs, and with the countless annoyances he had brought upon his head by the imprudent purchase of a yellow slave, whom he now scrupled to send away, to sell, or to abandon to her fate. To evade these scruples, the Pasha proposed a barter: he would give him a horse for Zeynab. Even this would not do. The fate of the Drüse Sheik depended more upon the governor of Beyrout than upon Méhmet Pasha, who, however, interposed his good offices, and the saintly father of Saléma was released and allowed to return to his country. He was informed, at the same time, that he owed his liberty to M. de Nerval's intercession with the Pasha of Acre. His manner of returning thanks struck his deliverer as strange. "If you wished to be useful," he said, "you have done but what is every man's duty; if you had an interested motive, why should I thank you?" This was grateful and encouraging. Nevertheless, M. de Nerval accompanied the old gentleman and his daughter to their abode, a village embowered in vines and mulberry trees, within a day's journey of Damascus. He is kind enough to suppress the history of his courtship, merely mentioning that the amiable Saléma presented him with a red tulip, and planted in her father's garden an acacia sapling,

which was to have some mysterious connection with their loves. The period of their marriage was fixed, and not very remote, when the future bridegroom was attacked by one of those Syrian fevers which, if they do not carry off the patient in less time, often last for months and even for years. In hopes of regaining his health, he went to Beyrout, which enjoys the reputation of one of the least feverish places in Syria, without on that account, according to Mr Neale, having much to boast of in the way of salubrity. It did not restore M. de Nerval, who with difficulty mustered sufficient strength to proceed, by an Austrian packet, to Smyrna and Constantinople. There he gradually recovered his health. Profiting by the opportunities for cool reflection afforded by a long convalescence, he weighed the advantages and disadvantages of his projected marriage, and finally wrote to the Sheik to declare off. A narrow escape, cheaply purchased at the price of a fever.

Whilst tracing the vagaries of this fantastical Frenchman, we have given less than his share of space to Mr Neale, whose experience of Syria is more recent, and his acquaintance with the country more general and complete. Travel in Syria is not without its perils and inconveniences, even for Englishmen, to whom the events of 1840 have secured, especially along the sea-board, a peculiar degree of civility and consideration.

"The general opinion of an English traveller," says Mr Neale, referring particularly to the lower classes, "is, that he is either a lunatic or a magician;—a lunatic, if on closely watching his movements, they discover that he pays little attention to anything around him;—a confirmed lunatic, if he goes out sketching, and spends his time in spilling good paper with scratches and hieroglyphics;—and a magician, when inquisitive about ruins, and given to picking up stones and shells, gathering sticks and leaves of bushes, or buying up old bits of copper, iron, and silver. In these cases he is supposed, by aid of his magical powers, to convert stones and shells into diamonds of immense price; and the leaves and sticks are charms, by looking at which he can bestow comforts upon his friends, and snakes and pestilence upon his luckless enemies. If a tra-

veller pick up a stone, and examine it carefully, he will be sure to have at his heels a host of malapert little boys deriding him, though keeping at a very respectful distance, in deference to his magical powers. Should he, indeed, turn round suddenly, and pursue them a few steps, they fly in an agony of fear, the very veins in their naked little legs almost bursting; and they never stop to look back till they have got well amongst the crowd again, where, panting for breath, they recount to their auditors the dreadful look that devil of a Frank gave them, making fire come out of his eyes, and adders out of his mouth."

There are places in Syria where Europeans are subject to far more serious annoyances than these. At Latachia, for instance, although it is a place of considerable intercourse with Europe, in the way both of trade and travellers, the Turkish inhabitants are furious fanatics, and have several times assembled in mobs, and attacked and maltreated European and native Christians, compelling them to seek safety in flight. Not more than three years ago, the Roman Catholic inhabitants were besieged within the walls of the Latin monastery, whilst hearing mass in its chapel, by a mob of bigoted Turks, who were escorting a renegade Christian to the mosque. At this fellow's instigation a plan was formed to storm the convent, and put to death all its inmates. The gates were not strong enough long to resist the desperate assault made upon them; so the congregation, by means of a ladder, got through a window of the adjacent French Consulate, and through a garden to the sea-side, where they took boat for the little island of Ruad, the usual refuge of the Latachia Christians when thus molested. Satisfaction was demanded and obtained by a French man-of-war, and the ringleaders of the riot were bastinadoed and sent into exile, which checked for a while the violence of the Turks; but they are still very insolent to Christians, and Mr Neale declares he should never feel altogether secure at Latachia, "so long as many of the Ayans and Effendis are permitted to carry on their intrigues and machinations with impunity." But for this drawback, Latachia would be one of the most desirable residences in Syria. The environs are extremely beautiful, and abound with delicious apricot

and peach trees. Mulberry plantations and vineyards are also very plentiful; and the melon and water-melon here attain great perfection. The dark-leaved pomegranate, with its deep vermilion blossoms, intertwines with its fairer neighbour, the orange-tree, and behind them rises the stately poplar, over which peeps the more stately minaret, making altogether a charming picture." Minarets abound. This little town, of about five thousand inhabitants, "contains upwards of a dozen mosques, each endeavouring to surpass the other in the beauty of its architecture and the quaint elegance of its cupolas and minarets. The other public buildings are also fine structures, and the gardens teem with rich-scented flowers and shrubs." Water is very scarce, and to get it pure the Latachians are compelled to send daily to a distance of six miles. The climate is excellent, and fever, so general in Syria, would there scarcely be known, but for the uncleanly ways of the people. The streets are the receptacle for skins of fruit, decayed vegetables, dead cats, rats, and dogs. The atmosphere thus generated may be imagined. In vain has the quarantine doctor endeavoured to work a reform by urgent representations to the governor of the town. "*Peki*," (very good,) says that dignity, touching the side of his turban with his hand; but that is the whole extent of his co-operation. The doctor is approved of, his wishes are acceded to, but the streets remain foul. Turkish activity seldom gets beyond *peki*. Once, however, some men really were set to play the scavenger. They swept all the offal into heaps at the street-crossings; and having thus stirred up the filth, and concentrated the nuisance, considered their duty done, and retired, proud of their exertions.

The tobacco commonly known in Europe as Latachia, is shipped at that port, but grown at or around the pretty little town of Gibili, a short distance to the south. The Gibili tobacco, and the Aboo Reah, or father of essences, are renowned all over the East, and esteemed the finest and most aromatic tobaccos in the world. The fields in which they are grown are manured with goats' dung, and more or less watered ac-

cording to the strength of tobacco required. The less the water, the stronger the flavour of the weed. When gathered, the leaves are exposed for three nights to the dew, then strung together, hung up to dry, packed in bales and sent in feluccas to Latachia, where they are stored in dry warehouses until exported. The port of Latachia, which retains the town's ancient name of Laodicea, was once of great capacity, and could contain, it is said, six hundred vessels; but time and earthquakes, warfare and neglect, have played havoc with it. Rocks and ruins have rolled into the basin; and although its surface is still spacious, its depths are treacherous; and it is not deemed safe and convenient for more than thirty vessels, averaging two hundred and fifty to three hundred tons each. The commercial importance of the town would be likely to increase considerably, were the road from Aleppo less steep and dangerous for camels, whose drivers consequently demand exorbitant rates for the carriage of goods to Latachia, and take them on much easier terms to the more northerly port of Scanderoon or Alexandretta, through which passes the whole commerce of northern Syria. Independently of the better road, Scanderoon is nearer than Latachia to Aleppo, and is its natural port; otherwise its abominable climate would alone suffice to make commercial residents prefer its rival.

"The first thing that strikes a stranger on arriving at Alexandretta is the complexion of the inhabitants, natives as well as Europeans. They have a strange unearthly yellow tinge, with deep sunken eyes and a shrivelled frame, facts which speak more than volumes for the pernicious effects of marsh miasma. Fever and ague have set their seal on every face; and with so indelible a mark, that a Scanderoon is easily distinguished in any other city, and immediately pointed out."

The wretched aspect of these "churchyard deserters," as an English merchant captain called them, is traceable to the most brutal Turkish folly and obstinacy. Alexandretta is encircled for miles with pestilential marshes. On approaching the port from Aleppo, an ancient Roman road,

infamously out of repair, brought Mr Neale and his guide to "a very rickety old bridge, spanning a canal, filled from a small but restless spring, whose waters, (which never cease trickling,) finding no adequate outlet, have created those baneful marshes which surround the town, extending over nearly the whole plain. The canal was originally cut by Ibrahim Pasha, at the instigation of an intelligent Italian, who acted as consul for several European states, Mr Martinelli, and it still retains his name." So long as the Egyptian viceroy was paramount in Syria, this canal was kept in good order, and duly cleansed of mud and weeds by an English machine. Then came the evacuation of Syria. Before marching away, the Egyptian soldiery destroyed the machine. The canal, which had already in great measure drained the marshes, and had proved a blessing to the fever-ridden population, was neglected by the Turks, is now choked up, and will soon altogether disappear. The merchants of Aleppo and the European consuls have done all in their power to get the Turkish government to resume the work of drainage. "Some *soi-disant* engineers were sent to form an estimate of what the cost would be: these *employés*, the bane of Turkey as far as useful works are concerned, estimated what ought to be their gains, and the sum frightened the authorities, who, as they always do upon like occasions, religiously concealed the estimate under the divan cushions, and there the matter rested." In 1844, the European residents in Scanderoon got up a subscription amongst themselves, and actually began to drain. What did the Turkish authorities? Threatened the labourers with the bastinado, which effectually stopped the good work. The motive assigned was that "the Franks, when the work was completed, would probably lay claim to the recovered land!" Thus are matters managed in Syria, and thus are replenished the graveyards of Scanderoon. The self-same Turks, whose parsimony and paltry jealousy prohibit the sanitary measure so greatly needed, are martyrs to fever and ague, whilst the poor peasants, thanks to unwholesome diet, damp

DAY-DREAMS OF AN EXILE.

LONGINGS. •

I.

TO ———

COME, love, and seat you here awhile,
 Cheer me with your happy smile;
 Fast the days of life slip by,
 Though each may now seem slow,
 Comes swift and irresistibly
 The last one, and we go.
 This I know, and do but crave
 (If I leave a word or two)
 After I am in my grave,
 They may speak of me to you.
 Far away from English things,
 Here my spirit folds her wings;
 Content if all she looks upon,
 Even if neither rare nor strange
 Speak of pleasures she has known,
 Or hopes that cannot change.

Ever, as I gaze around
 Our little chamber's hallowed ground,
 Each familiar sight I see
 Speaks aloud of Home to me,
 Here, and there beyond the Sea,
 And the fair Home that is to be.
 Familiar as their faces seem
 Do they not minister a dream
 Of pasture green, and cool hill-side,
 Waving wood and moorland wide,
 Distant meadows white with flocks,
 Streams that shine among their rocks,
 Stormy shadow broadly borne
 O'er yellow fields of bending corn,
 And sheeny sparklings of the sea
 Heaving and murmuring delightedly.

In the long dawn of vernal day
 How often have I burst away,—
 Fared gaily through the sleeping Town
 And wandered to the woods alone.
 The Bee hummed in the Eglantine,
 And the breeze swayed the curls of the young Woodbine;
 The May scented the hedges along,
 The Lark was above like a star of song;
 Through the hay-hung lanes we go
 Over the stile, across the meadow,
 Where the swift streams whispering flow,
 Where the black pools sleep in shadow.
 Where the angler seeks his sport,
 That Verdurer of Nature's Court,
 Who never lets his occupation
 Balk him of happy contemplation.

lodgings, and the ridiculously long and rigid fasts prescribed by the Greek church, are subject, in addition to those two maladies, to dropsy and various other diseases. The unwillingness of the local authorities to aid or even to sanction any amelioration of the wretched state of Scanderoon, arises partly from the blundering arrangement by which that port and Aleppo are in different Pashaliks. As the custom-dues are paid at Aleppo, the Pasha of Adana, under whose sway is Scanderoon, takes little interest in the welfare of a port from which he derives no revenue, great though its trade is. "The whole male population of Alexandretta are occupied in landing, weighing, and rolling to the warehouses the cargoes of Manchester bales brought by the different vessels. It is impossible to imagine a scene more bustling and discordant." Clamorous muleteers and camel-drivers load and unload their beasts, custom-house officers and factors continually dispute, masters of merchantmen are anxious to land their goods, or eager to settle and depart; "cadaverous Italian skippers, who have been three months 'on the berth' for Leghorn, and have as yet about as many bales of wool on board, make frantic inquiries about their Syrian consignee's intentions, and being pacified with stout promises, return on board, and catch fish for the crew till dinner-time." All are busy, and all foreigners long to get away from a place where, if they stop but a day too long, they may remain for ever, tenants of a grave in its marshy and feverish soil. The loading of the camels is an especially ticklish matter, and leads to much wrath amongst the drivers. "Two bales must be found of equal weight; these are not always to be secured, and the struggle that ensues amongst the cameliers for such a couple defies description." The Turkoman camel, a much finer animal than the Syrian, will carry, equally poised, two bales weighing together half a ton. "I have seen at times as many as one thousand camels leave Alexandretta for Aleppo in one day, bearing high aloft upon their backs two thousand Manchester

iron-bound bales of twist and manufactures." A sight to rejoice the heart of Cobden, and to reconcile even that peace-loving agitator to the bombardments and skirmishings by which so important a *débouché* was secured for the produce of the city of his affections. It might interest him to calculate at what rate per quarter, when a loaf of bread costs twopence at Alexandretta, (Neale's *Syria*, ii. 212,) Syrian wheat might be delivered in Liverpool by way of returns for the camel-borne Manchester cottons. If it is easy to die at Scanderoon, it is certainly cheap to live there. Mutton costs twopence the pound, fresh butter less than a penny, and other articles of food are at proportionably low prices. So says Mr F. A. Neale, who must be held excellent authority, since he was long resident at Scanderoon, where he was never entirely free from ague, but passed his time swallowing quinine, and thought himself the happiest of mortals when he enjoyed three weeks of uninterrupted health.

No book of the class of Mr Neale's ought to be issued to the public unaccompanied by a map. A small one would suffice, and it need comprise little more than the outline of the coast, the definition of boundaries, the course of large rivers and mountain ranges, and those towns and villages referred to in the text. Such means of reference and elucidation add greatly to the interest and value of a narrative of travel and description of a country. Only a minority of readers are likely to have an atlas always at hand, or to possess such great familiarity with geographical details as may render one unnecessary. Authors and publishers of books of travels are prone to expend upon lithographed landscapes and other embellishments—things glanced at for a moment, and regarded no more—money which might be laid out to the greater advantage of their readers and of themselves in the engraving of maps. We cannot make an exception to this general rule, even in favour of the two pretty sketches of Gaza and Nargheslik, which face the title-pages of Mr Neale's agreeable volumes.

DAY-DREAMS OF AN EXILE.

LONGINGS.

I.

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 The May scented the hedges along,
 The Lark was above like a star of song;
 Through the hay-hung lanes we go
 Over the stile, across the meadow,
 Where the swift streams whispering flow,
 Where the black pools sleep in shadow.
 Where the angler seeks his sport,
 That Verdurer of Nature's Court,
 Who never lets his occupation
 Balk him of happy contemplation.

Look down—the long straight Pike has past,
Like Death's keen arrow, flying fast,
Where Dace and Minnows, silver-coated fools,
Are playing on the surface of the Pools.

Look up—the thin-winged Dragon-fly
Is insolently gleaming by ;
Look up—the Oak-tree stirs, and in it
Floods of sweet song betray the linnet ;
Over all the dark blue sky
Overhangs us smilingly,
Flecked with many fleecy wreaths
As the Watery West wind breathes.

Look round—the Primrose peeps at you
From a nest of crumpled leaves ;
The Periwinkle, bathed in dew,
Is like a maiden's eye of blue
Turned to the Moon from under alien eaves.
The sword-grass, and the mimic rye,
The clover, and the lucerne sweet,
And the chamomiles, that die,
Spent in fragrance at your feet ;
Every herb, wind-stirred, or shaking
With some insect's tiny weight,
(Such as all around are making
Myriad noises delicate)
Swells the universal tone
That Summer sings—a music of her own.

False season ! she has brought the shower !
Away to yonder trellised bower
Of clematis and vine ;
The skies may weep ten times an hour,
As oft they'll smile and shine.
Here sit secure ; or, sweeter still,
Seek the hospitable mill,
Where the clattering cog-wheels ply,
And the clouds of white dust fly,
There, leaning at the casement, look
On the fresh and fragrant scene :
The drops flash in the eddying brook,
The grass puts on a tender green ;
The soft rain whispers to the leaves—
Ceases, the shower is done ;
The big drops hang upon the eaves,
And sparkle in the sun.

The images that Memory yields
Are crowding on my mind
Of ruined Abbeys, lone in fields
With purple hills behind.
Of Churchyards, with their tombs and yews,
Seen in a night of June,
What time the fertilising dews
Are falling in the Moon.

The little Church, five hundred years
Has seen the spring of hopes and fears
To all the lowly villagers ;

Who with ancestral tombs around
 Meet weekly on the holy ground.
 They seat them orderly within,
 Purging their hearts from taint of sin ;
 They see the tables of the Law,
 The Altar that their fathers saw,
 The war-worn banners, full of rents,
 The helmets with their stains and dents
 That hang above the monuments ;
 The squire's great pew, the lackeys tall,
 A stately, well-fed band,
 Who mock the manners of the Hall,
 Vicariously grand.
 They hear the minister's calm voice,
 The tinklings of a grazing flock,
 The whispering trees, the runnel's noise,
 The pulses of the ancient clock ;
 The which, like well according parts
 Sound harmony to happy hearts.

And even when the misery
 Of loved ones having ceased to be
 Had brought the black and hushed procession
 To see the friend they could not save
 Take imperturbable possession
 Of his last tenement—the grave—
 And when the Sun was dim and red
 That shone above that earthy bed,
 Throwing a watery noon and brief
 On autumn's worn and wind-beat leaf ;
 And, for the fog that wrapped the land,
 The trees were like a spectral band ;
 Even then the lichen-covered tower,
 The yew-trees and the monuments,
 Consoled them, howsoever the hour
 Heaped up their withering discontents ;
 Save that nor Hope nor Memory,
 Nor thought of " sure and certain trust,"
 Could quell the sob of Agony,
 As fell those handfuls audibly,
 Gross Earth, dead Ashes, kindred dust.

Ah come to me ! the dream is flown,
 Thank God, I am not all alone ;
 Thank God, no burthen on me lies,
 More than the homeless heart can bear ;
 For sadness, and tear-darkened eyes,
 And visions vague, and Memories,
 Are sweeter than oblivious Despair.

II.

Where Summer
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The poplar throws a quivering shade,
 The oak-tree sheds a broader gloom ;
 And in the hazel-thicket hangs
 The silence of a tomb.

A shade comes o'er the face of day,
 Tempering afresh the genial May ;
 The light air softly drops,
 And nestles in the tall tree-heads,
 And stirs the violets in the glades,
 The spraylets in the copse.

In such an hour as this,
 The earth-impered soul,
 Entranced with Nature's bliss,
 Surmounts the Bear-watched Pole,
 And the great space wherein the firm spheres roll ;
 Knows of a brighter Sun,
 Basks in his beams,
 Sees crystal waters run,
 And drinks their streams,
 And spreads her wings, and floats into the land of dreams—
 Dreams vague, uncomprehended.

Fold again

Those unfledged wings, poor Captive of the clay !
 The flesh has need of thee, thy moans are vain,
 Vain thy forebodings of the Coming Day ;
 Only the World's fair beauty bids thee hope
 That none more dark may lie beyond the Cope.

And the Beam, unsaddened
 Is on the wood,
 And the Soul is gladdened,
 And sways her mood
 Into a chastened mirth, the joy of Solitude.
 Now the hushed noon,
 Growing broad and bright,
 Like the painless swoon
 Of a deep delight,
 Slumbers as calmly as a moonlit Night.

The Memories of Childhood cannot pass
 The Joy of such an hour of Nature's Joy ;
 The brawling of the brook, the lisping grass
 Should charm the Man more than they charmed the Boy.
 They do, they do, I feel their influence
 With fresh delight to-day, and unpolluted sense.
 Sickness may bend the weak corporeal frame,
 And Grief anticipate the work of years :
 Beautiful Nature's sighs would still the same
 Delight mine eye, even through the mist of tears.
 The fountains of our pleasures need not change,
 —Though Inexperience cease to veil the Truth ;
 The Senses' strength not circumscribe their range
 Nor the Heart's impulses have Age and Youth.
 O Sun, Earth, Water, all-embracing sky,
 May it be mine to see you smiling when I die !

III.

"Death cannot be an evil, for it is universal."—*Last words of Schiller.*

Earth is the realm of Death, who reigns,
 —No King of Shadows he—
 O'er towers, and towns, and sacred fanes,
 On land, and ships at Sea.
 His subjects all avoid his Court,
 Small love they bear to him;
 For when he mingles in their sport,
 The business waxes grim.
 They make alliances with life,
 And fear to be alone;
 Flushed with the brilliancy and strife
 Which round their path is thrown.
 Yet some can wander up and down,
 Where daisies hide the sod;
 Far from the turmoil of the Town,
 They own that Death is God.
 Yes, without Death our Life were nought;
 Death consummates our hopes—
 The one bright Day-beam softly brought
 Above the misty slopes.

IV.

"God said, Let us make man in our own image."

Stand by the Ocean:
 Behold its undulating shelves,
 How they alternately uplift themselves—
 Their ceaseless motion!
 Turn to the Sky:
 Night after night, the golden-visaged crowds
 Peep at us through the clouds,
 Till royal Morning ope her dreaded eye.
 Earth's days and hours,
 Seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, remain,
 And bring forth fruit, by sunshine and by rain,
 After the flowers.
 Unchanging laws
 This brute Creation's pulses sway;
 Contented, they obey
 No self-originated cause.
 That power is given,
 Of all created things, to Man alone,
 Who is, if he will only take his own,
 Made free of Heaven.

H. G. K.

India, 1851.

A VOICE FROM THE DIGGINGS.

THE scapegrace Michael Lambourne, fresh from the Spanish Main, made the mouths of his uncle's guests to water by stories of lands where the precious metals grew, and might be had for the gathering; where the very pantiles were of purest gold, and the paving-stones of virgin silver. The smug mercer of Abingdon, greedily swallowing these traveller's tales, thought contemptuously of his moderate but certain gains, and dreamed of rich argosies and of sudden wealth, amassed at will upon a gold-encumbered shore. Many are the changes since Queen Elizabeth's day, but human nature is ever the same. Instead of the exaggerated reports of roving adventurers, a thousand newspapers trumpet authentic tidings of golden discoveries. The mine is on the farthest shore of a far distant continent; yet, whilst the marvel is still young, and the first ring of the metal still echoes in our ears, we obtain ocular confirmation of the scarcely credible intelligence. The pioneers of enterprise—those who, by accident or activity, were first upon the spot—come straggling, wealth-laden, from the glittering strand. Scarcely had the first shovelful of golden sand been thrown up from the bed of the mill-stream at Coloma, when these men, favoured by chance, and well suited to the work, were toiling, delving, washing. Now they are in our streets—rich, comparatively; for less than twelve months ago they were penniless. And see, in the refiners' windows are heaps of the precious dust, and lumps of the quartz-mingled metal. Forgetting past hardships in the excitement of success, the gold-seekers—their first-fruits safely bestowed—plan a return to El Dorado, and fire the imaginations of eager listeners by glowing accounts of a certain fortune to be made at small pains. No wonder if many snap at the bait—if husbandmen quit their plough, traders their till, publicans their tap-room, and if California suddenly be-

comes a word of daily occurrence upon English shipping-lists. Three thousand miles nearer to the golden vein dwells the most restless, ambitious, speculative, and aggressive of civilised nations; and soon there can be no doubt that to it will fall the lion's share of the newly-found treasure. Where hundreds sail from Europe, thousands quit the States, for California bound. By land and by sea, across the Isthmus and up the coast, or by the long and dangerous route over the Rocky Mountains, armies of energetic Yankees swarm to the *placeros*. Buoyant and confident, they quit their homes—many to leave their bones in the wide prairies and hungry solitudes of the Far West, others to perish of Californian fever and ague, a few, and but a few, to realise the wealth they so sanguinely anticipate.

Nearly two years ago* we noticed the proceedings of a member of the adventurous mob of gold-seekers. Mr Theodore Johnson, of New York, was pretty early in the field; but even in the spring of 1849 the cream had been taken off, and he returned home disheartened, disgusted, and poorer than when he started. Since then, California has filled countless newspaper columns and scores of books in many languages. The latest of these, proceeding from an English pen, has opportunely appeared at the very moment that, from the far south, intelligence has reached us of the discovery of another gold region. Intending gold-seekers, whether in California or Australia, will find much to interest and instruct them in Mr Shaw's eventful record.

The great majority of the emigrants to California, whether from Europe or from other parts of the globe, has been hitherto composed of needy and reckless adventurers. We trace one proof of this in the terrific amount of crime and immorality of which the new American State has been the constant

Golden Dreams and Waking Realities; being the Adventures of a Gold-Seeker in California and the Pacific Islands. By WILLIAM SHAW. London: 1851.

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. CCCCXI., for January 1850.

scene, up to the date of the most recent advices. Mr Shaw belongs to the respectable but exceedingly limited class who contrived to pass through the ordeal with clean hands and a good conscience, enduring much suffering, but preserving an unstained reputation. As a boy, he followed the sea, and sailed for India as a midshipman in 1845, but left the service three years later, and emigrated to Adelaide. Finding no suitable occupation there, he was about to return to England, when news reached South Australia of the golden harvest then reaping in California. He was still a lad—about nineteen, as we infer from his narrative; and in the distant colony where he found himself, he had friends to advise, but none to control him. Of a sanguine spirit, and lured by the hope of fortune, he disregarded remonstrances, dangers, and uncertainties, and embarked as a steerage passenger by the clipper-built ship *Mazeppa*, manned by a Malay crew, and chartered for San Francisco. This was the first vessel that left South Australia for the gold regions. She took one-and-twenty passengers—five in the cabin at sixty pounds, sixteen in the steerage, who paid but twenty, and included bushmen and blacksmiths, a carpenter and a shoemaker, and some Germans.

"The steerage measured only sixteen feet square by four feet ten inches high—close packing for sixteen passengers. Our scale of provisions, however, was exceedingly liberal—far superior to any given out of English ports—and no ship-regulations were imposed upon us: each one was left to his own discretion, and the greatest good feeling and harmony prevailed on board. In the steerage we were very social; and though, being for the first time in my life thrown amongst such a rough lot, I felt somewhat embarrassed, yet, being of a flexible disposition, I soon got accustomed to my companions, and found them a very good set of fellows."

On entering the tropics, things became rather less pleasant in the narrow crib, owing to cockroaches and other vermin, to the effluvia from the Malays, and to the visits of rats, who bit the passengers in their sleep, carrying their audacity so far as to browse upon an emigrant's eyebrows. So the occupants of the steerage were

driven to sleep upon deck. A narrow escape from a waterspout was the only incident worth noticing between the *Mazeppa's* departure from Adelaide and arrival at San Diego in Lower California, where she cast anchor for a few days, and took on board more passengers—

"Yankee backwoodsmen, some of whom had travelled over the Rocky Mountains, others through Central America. One of those who had come the latter route was half crazy from drink and dissipation; he had not shaved or washed for two months, and had altogether a most repulsive appearance. The other overlanders looked equally miserable; their cadaverous features bearing marks of recent suffering; their long beard and hair clotted into knots, and their clothes and boots tattered and wayworn. The only articles they possessed were blankets, wallets, and firearms."

The exhausting fatigues of a journey by land across the American continent are manifestly a bad prelude to labour in the diggings. Neither weariness, poverty, nor sickness could abate the indomitable national vanity of these Americans. Some of them had agreed only for a deck passage, but when the weather grew wet and squally, the inmates of the steerage were too compassionate to refuse them shelter. They requited the kindness by raising violent political discussions, and continually asserting the immeasurable inferiority of the Britishers to the free and enlightened citizens of the States. Were it only for the release from such ill-conditioned society, Mr Shaw might well rejoice when, at the beginning of September 1849, the *Mazeppa* dropped her anchor in the bay of San Francisco. Scarcely had she done so, when the anomalies entailed by the strange state of things in the gold regions became apparent to her passengers. The first boat that boarded her was rowed by the doctor and mate of a Sydney vessel, who were plying for hire as watermen, their usual occupations, we are left to infer, being gone in consequence of the desertion of the Sydneyman's crew. This example, then common enough, was quickly followed by the Malays of the *Mazeppa*. In the course of the very first night a party of them stole the gig, and ran from

the ship. The captain, as yet a novice in Californian ways, went ashore next morning, pulled by four of his men, "saying that he should pay his respects to the authorities, and bring back the deserters in irons." Authorities, indeed, at San Francisco, and in 1849, when, even in 1851, the only real authority is exercised by a revolver-bearing rabble! The captain returned on board in a waterman's boat, and in a towering passion, minus his four oarsmen, who had followed their comrades. The next night the ship's boats were hauled on board, but the rest of the crew attempted to float ashore on strong planks. Some were drowned, the remainder reached the land, and the Mazeppa was left to the guardianship of captain, mate, and supercargo.

The reports of visitors from the shore had already somewhat damped the ardour of the treasure-seekers from Adelaide, when they landed at Miller's Point. Above high-water mark the beach was strewn with quantities of baggage and merchandise, and hard by stood some three hundred fellows, unshaven and disreputable-looking, with knives in their belts, awaiting employment. It was Sunday; but nothing is sacred in California. No Sabbath stillness prevailed amidst the canvass booths and wooden framehouses of the infant city of San Francisco. Hammers sounded on all sides, and work of every description actively went on.

"Skirting the beach was a vast collection of tents, called the 'Happy Valley,' since more truly designated the 'Sickly Valley,' where filth of all kinds and stagnant pools beset one at every stride. In these tents congregated the refuse of all nations, crowded together—eight people occupying what was only space for two. Blankets, firearms, and cooking utensils were the only worldly property they possessed. Scenes of depravity, sickness, and wretchedness shocked the moral sense as much as filth and effluvia did the nerves; and such was the state of personal insecurity, that few 'citizens' slept without firearms at hand."

Of course, many fatal broils and accidents arose from the universal practice of carrying arms; but there, where law and justice were alike disregarded, a loaded revolver was the only security from personal outrage and oppression. The extraordinary

activity of all, and the immense amount of business transacted, were what chiefly struck Mr Shaw during his first day's ramble in San Francisco.

"Looking at the rude signboards inscribed in various languages, glancing at the chaos of articles exposed for sale, and listening to the various dialects spoken, the city seemed a complete Babel. Gold was evidently the mainspring of all this activity. Tables, piled with gold, were seen under tents, whence issued melodious strains of music; and the most exaggerated statements were current respecting the auriferous regions. But amid scenes of profusion and extravagance, no sign of order or comfort was perceptible, nor did any one appear happy: wan, anxious countenances, and restless, eager eyes, met you on every side. The aspect of personal neglect and discomfort, rags and squalor, combined with uneasiness, avidity, and recklessness of manner—an all-absorbing selfishness, as if each man were striving against his fellow-man—were characteristics of the gold-fever, at once repulsive and pitiable; and, notwithstanding the gold I saw on every side, a feeling of despondency crept insensibly over me."

An allowance made to Mr Shaw by his friends, and payable in Australia, had been lost by his departure from that colony. In the uncertainty of his movements, he had not written for remittances; and here he was, in California, cast entirely on his own resources. He could not afford to despond, unless he also made up his mind to perish. He had a hard battle to fight; and although little more than a boy, he fought it like a man—with temper, pluck, and judgment. His first move was to get rid of superfluous baggage. Superfluity in California means bare necessities anywhere else. Warehouse room was scarce and dear, and change of raiment little in vogue. As for luxuries—varnished boots, satin waistcoats, and the like—they strewed the beach. Mr Shaw realised seventy dollars by the sale of part of his kit. This done, one of his shipmates asked his assistance to retail a few barrels of spirits. A tent being unobtainable, they drove posts into the ground, nailed quilts over them, and opened their grog-store. At night his partner, who had been drinking overmuch, went to sleep with his pipe in his mouth, and set fire to the flimsy

edifice. Mr Shaw extinguished the flames, and dissolved the partnership in disgust. Thenceforward, until he started for the diggings, he often passed his nights in lodging-houses. Of these there were too few for the numerous lodgers, and sheds, stables, and skittle-alleys were put in requisition. Nasty dens the very best of them were.

"The one I sometimes resorted to was about sixty feet long by twenty in width; it had no windows, and the walls, roof, and floor were formed of planks, through the seams of which the rain dripped. Along the sides were two rows of 'bunks,' or wooden shelves, and at the end was some boarding, serving as a bar for liquors: here the proprietor slept. From about ten till twelve at night, men flocked in with their blankets round them, for no mattress or bedding was furnished by this establishment; and a dollar being paid, your sleeping-place was pointed out to you."

Out of consideration for the more squeamish of our readers, we abstain from transcribing Mr Shaw's vivid account of this abominable caravan-serai. On a wet night, the bunks and the floor would be crowded with lodgers of all nations—Yankees, Europeans, Chinese, South Americans—all sleeping in their clothes and boots, many smoking and chewing tobacco, and indulging in the Transatlantic practice which these two enjoyments provoke. The atmosphere was doubtless unfavourable to tranquil repose, for restless sleepers abounded, and kicks in the ribs, or on the head, were no uncommon occurrences. Sometimes, Mr Shaw relates, he awoke with the toe of a boot in his mouth; at others he was so oppressed with heat, that he was glad to rush out into the rain, to inhale fresh air at any price. When the night was fine, he much preferred a bivouac to a dollar's worth of plank in such company, and under such unpleasant circumstances. If he was disgusted at the sleeping accommodation, he was not much better pleased at meal-times. Plenty of good eating was there in San Francisco—for those who could pay the price. Food was cheaper than it had been a few months previously; but still ten dollars were easily spent by one person, if very hungry or rather dainty, at a Californian

eating-house. The *table d'hôtes* were more economical, varying from one to three dollars a head. Here less fault was to be found with the fare than with the manners of the guests.

"It is not uncommon to see your neighbour coolly abstract a quid from his jaw, placing it for the time being in his waistcoat pocket or hat, or sometimes beside his plate even: then commences, on all sides, a fierce attack on the eatables, and the contents of the dishes rapidly disappear. Lucky is the man who has a quick eye and a long arm; for every one helps himself indiscriminately, and attention is seldom paid to any request. The nature of the *fixing* (as a viand is called) is perfectly immaterial; whichever is nearest commonly has the preference; and as they generally confine themselves to one dish, it is difficult to get that from their grasp. Molasses is a favourite *fixing*, and eaten with almost everything."

Ten minutes sufficed for the Americans to gorge themselves. If slower feeders were behindhand, the worse for them, for it was customary for all to rise together, and the table was cleared and replenished for a second gang of gourmandisers. The "free and enlightened," who had eaten their dinner with their knives, then picked their teeth with their forks, resumed their quids, lit cigars or pipes, and rambled off to liquor and gamble.

"In almost every part of San Francisco there are gaming-houses, chiefly spacious 'frame-houses,' imported from the States. The interior is hung with coloured calico, and paintings and mirrors decorate the walls. There is usually a bar at the farther end. It is very exciting to enter these Pandemoniums: loud music resounds, amidst which is heard the chinking of money; and the place is redolent of the fumes of wines, spirits, and tobacco. From the twanging of guitars, and scraping of violins, to the clashing of cymbals and banging of drums, musical sounds of all kinds attract the ear of the passer-by. In the *Agua d'Oro*, a band of Ethiopian serenaders beat their banjos, rattled their bones, and shouted their melodies. In some gaming-houses, fascinating belles, theatrically dressed, take their stand at the roulette-tables, purposely to allure men to play; and, there being a scarcity of the fair sex in this country, these syrens too often prove irresistible."

In convenient and appropriate proximity to some of the principal bells was the "suicide shop," a hardware

stall, kept by a "Down-Easter," who sold pistols, bowie-knives, and other weapons. Self-murder was no uncommon occurrence. The desperate character of a large proportion of the crowd that continually thronged the gaming-houses rendered precautions necessary for the safety of the bank of doubloons and gold eagles heaped in the centre of the tables. "In some rooms loaded revolvers garnish the table on each side of the banker; he generally, however, secretes a small one in his breast. On the slightest disturbance, his rigid countenance becomes agitated, and without inquiring into the cause of tumult, the ring of a pistol-ball commonly suppresses the confusion." In California everything is managed by the trigger.

Mr Shaw cast in his lot with the second mate of the *Mazeppa*, whom he designates as Mac. Having provisioned themselves with biscuit, ham, and brandy, they embarked on board a small cutter, and sailed up the San Joachin to the new town of Stockton. Their suite consisted of two Chinese (Celestials they are called in California) and a Malay boy. Mac, who spoke Malay, had great influence over all three. Stockton, whatever it may since have become, was then a very primitive-looking place, with few wooden buildings, the stores and taverns being chiefly of canvass nailed on frames, whilst quantities of merchandise lay exposed to the weather. There was great bustle and activity: the gambling was even more extravagant than at San Francisco, and everything was awfully dear—Mac having to pay a dollar for a shave. Mr Shaw arrived just in time to witness two flagrant examples of Californian justice. An emancipated convict, from Van Diemen's Land, had stolen some trifles from a tent. The usual punishment for such petty offences was the loss of an ear. He was condemned to death and executed within twelve hours of the commission of the theft. The prejudice is strong against emigrants from Australia, who are all set down as convicts. A young man of respectable family, from the States, had shot a German dead with a revolver, for having made some severe remarks on America. An American jury acquit-

ted him of guilt, influenced partly by the feeling address of his counsel, who represented him as "a martyr, who endangered his life in defending the reputation of the republic," and partly by fear of a lawless mob assembled round the hulk of a superannuated brig, in which this curious and impartial tribunal held its sittings. Stockton was evidently an undesirable abode for Britishers, who might be pistoled without redress, or hung for a petty larceny. Shouldering their "possibles," Mr Shaw and Mac hastened to quit, with a party of twenty persons bound for the diggings.

"The company was composed mostly of Americans of different grades, two Chilians, a Frenchman, two Germans, and two Cornish miners. Our followers, the two Chinese and the Malay boy, stuck pertinaciously to us: one of them, the cook, we persuaded to return, which he very reluctantly did; the other two persisting in following us, we consented, thinking they might be useful. Mahomet, the Malay boy, carried, strapped to his back, a brass bowl for gold-washing—a utensil somewhat similar to the barber's basin that Don Quixote mistook for Mambrino's helmet, an appellation which it consequently bore."

Five mules, loaded with provisions for the store-keepers at some remote diggings, accompanied the party, in charge of two guides. The first day's march began late, and lasted but four hours. At seven in the evening they halted hard by a band of fifty Americans, who had just arrived at Stockton by the overland route. These emaciated, wayworn men were the remnant of a party of settlers from the backwoods of Illinois. A glance at the map of North America gives the best idea of the immense length of their pilgrimage to Mammon's new shrine. "The difficulties they had encountered were indescribable—ascending and descending mountains, and crossing rivers, dogged by Indians and wild beasts. Many had died on the way; and the latter part of the track, they said, resembled the route of a retreating army: the road was strewn with abandoned goods and broken-down waggons; funeral mounds were raised by the wayside; whilst carcasses of bullocks and skeletons of men bleached in the sun."

The next day the start was at sunrise, and until ten o'clock the road lay through woodlands. Then the party entered the plain. As far as they could see were sandhills, without a trace of vegetation; the ground, parched and fissured by the sun, glowed beneath their feet; gigantic columns of dust stalked majestically over the monotonous level. Wearily the travellers proceeded, sinking, at every step, ankle-deep in sand, their eyes inflamed and irritated by the glare and dust, with the thermometer at 120°. A scorching wind closed their pores, and excited intense and unquenchable thirst.

"Most of the party had water-kegs and bottles, which, as joint property, they carried alternately; the muleteers had skins of water for themselves and animals. Mac and I luckily had each an India-rubber bag, which contained a gallon of water, sparing us much suffering and no little peril: we drank from them very moderately, however, being uncertain when they would be again replenished."

This abstinence was most judicious. That day they came to no water. They were promised some for the next morning, but on reaching the water-hole it was found dry. Digging was in vain; not a drop was obtainable. Terrible now was the situation of those who, relying on a supply in the morning, had expended their store during the night. "I thought of the parable of the foolish virgins, as I looked on the flushed faces and glazing eyes of the unfortunates." But "Forward" was the word, and every man for himself. If any compassionate hearts there were amongst those who had husbanded the precious element, they had to repress their impulses, for generosity would have been suicidal; and resolution was necessary not to swallow at one eager gulp the small remaining supply. Even with occasional moistening of the lips and throat, "my vitals seemed on fire," says Mr Shaw. Those whose improvidence had forestalled that alleviation soon began to lag behind.

"By degrees they divested themselves of their burdens and their clothes, which they left strewed on the plain. Two of them actually licked the bodies of the mules, for the sake of the animal exudations, to

relieve their thirst; but a thick coating of dust prevented their deriving any beneficial effects. In vain they beseeched us to halt; our lives were at stake. One man, in his desperation, seized hold of the water-skin hanging to the mule. 'Avast there, stranger!' cried the muleteer, and a loaded pistol intimidated the sufferer."

Some had recourse to brandy, which made them almost delirious. At last, in the afternoon, four remained behind; keeping together, as their last slender chance of safety from wolves and Indians. It seemed barbarous to leave them, but what could be done? The life of all depended on their speed. The Stanislaus river was the nearest water, and when they halted, at nightfall, it still was twenty miles distant. That evening, at supper, the majority finished their water, and the muleteer hinted to the fortunate minority the possibility of theirs being forcibly taken from them. Too fatigued to keep watch, they slept together in a group, rolled in their blankets, with pistol in hand and the water-bags tied to them. Their rest was broken by the howling of wolves, and still more by the imploring cries and angry exclamations of the waterless. Before daybreak some of the party were afoot, striding forward at a desperate pace. On reaching the river, "the mules were disencumbered, and, throwing down our burthens, we ran to the banks, and, without doffing our clothes, eagerly rushed into the cooling stream, mules and men indiscriminately, up to the neck." One can imagine the luxury of such a bath, after such a journey. The river was wide but shallow, the water clear as crystal and full of salmon, the bank fringed with trees. Their bodies cooled, and their clothes washed in the current, the next impulse of the party, it might have been thought, would be to retrace their steps, with good store of water, in search of the companions they had left behind. With Arabs or Indians the expectation might be well founded, but not with gold-hunters. All the worse for stragglers if they could not keep up. Time was precious; the diggings were ahead. Forward! to gather gold!

That evening the camp was at the

foot of the Sierra Nevada, whose summits rose, snow-crowned, before the wanderers. Wood and water were plentiful; a blazing fire cheered the bivouac; the mules, luxuriating in abundant herbage, recovered from the exhaustion of the previous day. On the morrow a narrow river was crossed, and the steep ascent of the mountains began. The scenery grew wild and picturesque, and there was evidence of some great convulsion of nature having occurred there. The travellers passed cataracts, ravines, and water-courses, pyramids of rocks piled on each other, and chasms of unfathomable depth. At the extremity of a beautiful valley they came to a singular tumulus, which it was proposed to open, the Germans of the party being particularly desirous of its scientific investigation; but the guides scoffed at archæology. "You will have digging enough," said they, "when you get to the *placer*, without rummaging in old tombs." So the progress was uninterrupted; and, before noon upon the following day, the promised land, its golden river and clusters of tents, were in sight.

"The 'digging' was in a deep valley, having an abrupt mountain acclivity eight hundred feet high on one side, and on the other a plain bounded by mountains. On the evening of our arrival we walked along the bank of the river for two miles; on each side were diggers, working at distances apart, or congregated together, according to the richness of deposit. About twenty feet is the space generally allowed to a washing-machine. The majority of diggers excavated close to the bank; others partially diverted the river's course to get at its bed, which was considered the richest soil. At a bend of the river a company of eighty were digging a fresh channel to turn its course; on the sides of the mountain, in 'gulches' formed by torrents and water-courses, men were likewise at work."

After taking a survey of the diggings—"prospecting" as it is called in miner's phrase—Mr Shaw and his comrade Mac fixed upon a likely spot to commence operations. With the assistance of the Chinese, who was a carpenter by trade, they quickly constructed a bush hut, and slept in it the first night of their arrival. The settle-

ment consisted of numerous tents, accommodating from six to twelve men each, and of a few larger ones, serving as stores. At one of the latter, on the following morning, the partners opened an account for provisions and implements. Prices were exorbitant. A frying-pan, a saucepan, and two tin mugs, cost twelve dollars—L.2, 8s. Four-and-thirty pounds weight of coarse provisions (biscuit, salt-junk, &c.) cost fifty dollars! In short, twenty-two pounds sterling were expended for the merest necessities before they could begin work, which they did in the following manner:—

"Commencing within a few feet of the water's edge, I handled a pick and spade, shovelling out the earth to Mac, whose shoulders were best able to carry a burden; he delivered the soil to the Celestial, who stood in the water shaking to and fro the rocker; he then handed the auriferous sediment to the inspection of the sharp-eyed Malay boy, who washed it in Mambrino's helmet till nothing but pure gold dust remained. For the first few days the arduous labour very sensibly affected our limbs; but when we became more accustomed to our tools it wore off. Unremitting labour from sunrise to sunset was necessary, our very existence depending on the day's produce. Indeed, but for the excitement, and the hope of great gain, gold digging might be pronounced the severest and most monotonous of all labour. We changed our digging occasionally, but we generally obtained sufficient gold dust to procure us the necessities of life. Twenty-five dollars' worth was the most we ever secured in a day, and that only on one occasion: from fifteen to eighteen dollars seemed to be the usual average of daily findings, not only with us, but with most others; and our station seemed to be considered by old hands as prolific as any other."

This is surely a most suggestive quotation. Here are three able-bodied men and a boy toiling, from daybreak till dusk, as hard as any journeyman stone-mason or railway navigator, to earn—what? a bare subsistence. For the privilege of doing this they had performed an immense journey, undergone cruel hardships and sufferings, and risked themselves in a climate which, for part of the year at least, is most unwholesome and pernicious. No matter that the nominal

amount of their gains was ten times as much as they could have obtained in Europe, by digging or other unskilled labour; in a region where junk and biscuit averaged a dollar and a half a pound, this was of little advantage. "We generally obtained sufficient gold dust to procure us the necessities of life." Without care for the morrow, the Celestial and the Malay might have been sure of that much by sticking to their berths as carpenter and boy on board the *Mazeppa*. Was it for no better than this that Mac, the second mate, had abandoned his ship, to the astonishment and disgust of the skipper, when the cargo was but half discharged? As yet, however, there were no signs of regret for the rash step taken. "Excitement and hope of great gain" kept up the hearts of the gold-diggers. In defiance of experience, they persisted, expectant of some sudden stroke of good luck. Such things had been, certainly, but only when the gold store was first developed, and afterwards at very long intervals; and the few persons who have obtained what might be considered important amounts of the precious metal in California, have done so by barter with the Indians (who at first were willing enough to work and trade for gold) rather than by their own unassisted exertions. Mr Theodore Johnson and many other writers have deposed to this. Of course, there can be no doubt that large fortunes have been and will be amassed in California, but that is done by crafty and grasping traders, and by the unscrupulous keepers of the countless gambling-tables, who squeeze from the toiling miner his hard-earned dust and ingots. "The storekeeper, or the gaming-house keeper," says Mr Shaw, "is the ravenous shark who swallows up all. The majority of gold-finders, if they avoid the demon of the hells, are at the mercy of the ogre of the store, who crams them first and devours them afterwards." In a pamphlet now before us—the *Report on California*, dated from Washington, 22d March 1850, and addressed by the United States Government Agent, T. Butler King, to the Honourable John Clayton—we find statistics of the gains of the gold-diggers confirmatory of the

passages we have quoted from Mr Shaw. The first discovery of the gold took place late in May or early in June 1848; authentic intelligence of it did not reach the States till late in the autumn—too late for emigration that year. "The number of miners," says Mr King, "was consequently limited to the population of the territory—some five hundred men from Oregon, Mexicans or other foreigners who happened to be in the country, or came into it during the summer and autumn, and the Indians, who were employed by, or sold their gold to, the whites. It is supposed there were not far from five thousand men employed in collecting gold during that season." One thousand dollars a-head is considered a low estimate of what they amassed per man upon an average. The total amount—of about a million pounds sterling—which this would make, must, however, have been unequally divided. The Indians would take trifles in exchange for their gold, and no doubt many of the whites got together important sums. At the commencement of the dry season of 1849, foreigners came pouring in from all quarters, and by the month of July it is estimated that fifteen thousand men were at work in the mines—increased to twenty thousand by the beginning of September; that is to say, during the first half of that season which permits successful search for gold in the rivers. "Very particular and extensive inquiries respecting the daily earnings and acquisitions of the miners," says Mr King, "led to the opinion that they averaged an ounce a-day. This is believed by many to be a low estimate; but from the best information I was able to procure, I am of opinion it approaches very near actual results." With provisions, it must be borne in mind, at worse than famine prices, a slender breakfast—as recorded by Mr Johnson, who was there during this first half of the season of 1849—costing three dollars, and other things in proportion. During the last half of the same season, the American emigration had come in by land and sea, and Mr King calculates that there were forty or fifty thousand United States citizens in California, whose average gains, owing to their

inexperience in mining, did not exceed eight dollars a-day per man. This was the period of Mr Shaw's abode in the diggings, and the estimated rate very nearly tallies with the gains of himself and companions. A comparison of his narrative with that of other Californian adventurers inclines us to think that provisions, at least of some kinds, had rather fallen in price during the latter part of the 1849 season—at least in San Francisco and its vicinity, although up at the diggings, owing to monopoly and expense of carriage, there was probably but little difference. "Where I was," he says, "on the setting-in of the winter season, the storekeeper paid four shillings for every pound-weight of goods, these being transported on mules to the settlement. Retailing almost everything at the rate of from *six to twelve shillings a pound*, the storekeepers gave credit; but the digger, unless he had a continuous supply of gold, soon fell into arrears." As a specimen of the extravagant prices paid in particular cases, he mentions the arrival from the Sandwich Islands of two casks of potatoes, "a most welcome supply, as many, from eating salt provisions, were suffering from scurvy. These potatoes had a rapid sale *at four shillings a-piece*, and were eaten raw, like apples!" This is a match for Mr Johnson's story of the boxes of raisins which were sold, also as anti-scorbutics, for their weight in gold dust.

To revert, however, to Mr Shaw's adventures. Gradually were disclosed to him the various advantages of gold-digging, and he experienced the amenities of American enlightenment. "Prospecting" one morning for a likely spot, he and Mac had just pitched upon one, remote from any other diggers, when down came three Americans, and coolly took possession of the ground. "They were very indifferent about giving an explanation, merely saying that we were within their limits, and they 'guessed we had better remove.' As it would have been a matter of contest *ri et armis*, we beat a retreat." A small thing produced a deadly encounter at the diggings. The company of eighty men, already mentioned, who had been excavating a channel to divert

the river's course, and get at its bed, where they hoped to find a great accumulation of gold, at last completed their work. The stream, dammed up, and driven into the new cutting, overflowed the banks, and flooded other people's diggings.

"Indemnification was asked, but refused; the inundated diggers, therefore, commenced digging in the old river-bed, exclusively appropriated for those who belonged to the company; when a murderous attempt to eject them ensued: knives and picks, rifles and pistols, were freely used. The company, being strongest, were triumphant; though not before deadly wounds had been inflicted on both sides. I viewed the barbarous encounter from an eminence; at its termination, when I visited the field of battle, I was horror-struck at the sanguinary atrocities which had been committed. Some men lay with their entrails hanging out; others had their skulls smashed with the pickaxe, and bodies lopped with the axe; whilst a few lay breathing their last, seemingly unscathed, but shot to death with bullets."

The prospect of gain should be very great, to compensate civilised men for the disgust and many disagreeables inevitable from the proximity of Americans of a certain stamp. None appreciate the better qualities of our Transatlantic cousins more highly than ourselves. It has been our good fortune to meet with Americans who would do honour to any nation. We willingly believe that such men are numerous in the United States. But we regard with aversion a class of Americans which we much fear is both large and increasing—that restless, reckless, offensive class, who lay down for others laws which they themselves disregard; who use license and exact submission; and who, themselves childishly susceptible, affect astonishment when others take umbrage at their encroachments. These are the men who fill the ranks of usurping armies, to despoil feeble neighbours; who man piratical expeditions against the possessions of an allied and friendly country; and who, when the pirates have met their deserts—as richly earned as was the fate of any freebooter and murderer who ever hung in chains on bank of Thames or West Indian key—muster by twenties of thousands in the great

cities of the States, utter frantic yells for vengeance, set police and order at defiance, destroy the property of innocent traders, and drive diplomatic agents to seek safety for their lives within prison walls. To this disreputable class, and to its worst specimens, belonged, as will easily be imagined, a great majority of the American immigrants into California. Their two chief characteristics were the grossest selfishness and the most unwarrantable interference in their neighbours' concerns. A party of these men, including two of the three who had accused Shaw and Mac of trespassing, paid them a visit, fully armed, one night after dark, as the two Englishmen, weary with the day's work, lay smoking their pipes beneath their roof of leaves and branches. The Yankee diggers came to grumble and bully. Their pretext was, the presence of the Chinese and Malay, whom they either believed, or pretended to believe, were serfs to the others, working for their benefit.

"We assured the men that we exercised no compulsion over the blacks, who might leave us at pleasure; and, notwithstanding they had previously declared that coloured men were not privileged to work in a country intended only for American citizens, some of them were inconsistent enough to ask the Celestial and Malay to work for them for pay; but nothing would shake their allegiance to us. Some time afterwards, this feeling against the coloured races rose to a pitch of exasperation. . . . The mines becoming more thickly populated by Americans, these, relying on their numerical strength, commenced acts of hostility and aggression on any *placer* inhabited by coloured people, if it were worth appropriating, or excited their cupidity: ejectments constantly occurred, and thousands, driven from the *placers*, left the country, whilst others penetrated farther into the hill ranges."

The wet season in California is usually from November till March; but in 1849 it set in unusually early. Mr Shaw and his partner had been but three weeks at the diggings when a flood of rain descended. Their habitation was a delightful one for hot weather—a sort of sylvan bower in a clump of trees, with a park-like tract in the rear, and the bright stream

about a hundred paces in front. Now the rain poured in through their bower of foliage, soaking everything in an instant. They tried to keep it off with blankets, but in vain; the weight of the torrent overwhelmed everything. They continued their search after gold. The labour had been hard at first; it now was painful and desperate.

"At mid-day it was a July heat, of an evening and morning the chill of January. In the dry season we had not minded, when in a profuse perspiration, and oppressed with heat, taking a turn in the water; but, now that the river was filling, none liked standing long up to the waist in snow-water from the mountains. When we thought of former exposures, and contemplated our present position, the terrors of ague, rheumatism, fever, dysentery, and other accompaniments of a Californian winter, occurred to our minds."

Ominous forebodings, speedily to be fulfilled. As fast as they built up their hut, it was knocked down again, until at last they almost gave up hopes of shelter, wrapped themselves in their blankets, and cowered round the fire, the teeth of Mahomet and the Celestial chattering dismal duets. Again they tried to work, and again desisted, deterred by symptoms of sickness, which the Chinese was the first to feel. Anything more dreary and wretched than their situation, as described by Mr Shaw, can hardly be conceived. The whole country was becoming deluged; a chilly south-east wind blew through their hut, which resembled a shower-bath, and Mac, applying his nautical experience to the consideration of the Californian clouds, predicted much foul weather. In the midst of all this misery and discomfort, provisions ran low. Mr Shaw and the Malay volunteered to fetch a small supply, and, making their way through bush and swamp, at last reached the ford. This was hard by the place where the cutting had been made which had caused the desperate fight between the two parties of miners. Labour and blood had alike been fruitlessly expended; for want of due precaution, the mountain torrents had carried away the embankments. The waters at the ford were agitated and dangerous. "Mahomet looked sagaciously at the current, then, pick-

ing pebbles from the bank, sat himself down, and pitched them successively into different portions of the river, complacently watching the results: this, he told me, was his country fashion of finding out the depth of water, as, by the bubbles produced by the falling stones, the depth of water was ascertained."

Having at length got across, "we went to our customary store, kept by a knowing 'Down-East' youth, whom we found seated astride on the top of a sugar cask, chewing lustily at a plug of tobacco. He was a good-natured fellow, for when he saw the plight we were in, (both of us wet up to the waist, and Mahomet rueful and shivering,) he pulled from his pocket a brandy bottle, and handed it to us to drink." Most rare generosity at the diggings! Provisions procured, they returned to the hut; but next morning Mahomet awoke with spasms, and the Celestial was very bad. Brandy there was none: the poor fellows' funds were running low; and as the Malay's case was urgent, Mr Shaw went to the nearest tent where spirits were. "Christian men wanted liquor," was the reply of the humane and Christian-like Americans, "and they would be darned if they would give any to black cattle." So Mr Shaw made another trip to the store, and then he and Mac, defying the weather, went down to dig, and were so fortunate as to get a full ounce of gold. A little encouraged by this success, Mr Shaw took his gun and walked off "in search of something suitable for an invalid." After rambling far and finding nothing, he espied a flock of crows, clustered on the decayed carcasses of some oxen, and knocked over three. The very picking them out of the putrid mass amongst which they had fallen was a most disgusting task; but he bagged them with a shudder, and, on returning with his loathsome prize, so eager were the party to eat something that was fresh—or rather, not salt—that it was decided, *nem. con.*, to make a supper on the crows. "They actually smelt of carrion, but were very plump; and when plucked and boiled by the Celestial, they ate much better than I anticipated." After such a repast, no wonder that "the following day both Mac and myself experienced a shiver-

ing sensation; the Chinese and Mahomet were also worse." Indeed, it was the wretched condition into which the two Asiatics now fell that partly detained their masters at the diggings. As to remaining there in hope of profit, Mr Shaw and his messmate were getting daily more persuaded of the fallacy of any such expectation. Hard work, frugality and economy, had as yet done little towards enriching them; and here they were, with five or six months' rain before them, during which they would necessarily gain less and spend more. Themselves were now so poorly, and the pains in their limbs so severe, that it was all they could do to keep up the fire and dress their food. But the Malay and the Chinese were in a terrible state, and lay moaning dismally, to the consternation of the others. And all this time the party of sufferers may be said to have lived in water, for they had been refused admittance into a tent, and the roof of branches kept out no rain. "On one occasion, after an agitated sleep, the boy sprang up shrieking in a fit, and fell into the fire. *Luckily his clothes were too wet to catch a light,* and we pulled him out instantly; but after this occurrence we thought it prudent to bind him by the feet." When things are at the worst they must mend, says the proverb; and certainly it were difficult to imagine anything worse than the condition of the four unfortunates in the ruined hut. But one day a man was seen coming over the hill; they hailed him, and he approached them. It was the Down-Easter from the store. That jewel of a fellow, who deserved to be put under a glass case as an unparalleled specimen of a humane Yankee at the diggings, offered them shelter in his store. How joyfully they accepted it needs hardly to be said. Poor Mahomet could not walk; but he was by this time a mere skeleton, and easily carried. The two Englishmen were quartered in the store itself; their coloured dependants were sheltered in an adjoining tent. A German—self-dubbed a surgeon, but who in his own country had been more accustomed to dress hair than wounds—now came to see them, at the moderate rate of five dollars a visit, and insisted upon

bleeding Mac, who unwisely submitted, although already extremely weak, and in greater need of nourishment than blood-letting. Mr Shaw mistrusted the quack-salver, suffered no lancet to approach his veins, and his health rapidly mended. "In the morning I took a stroll round the tents: a most ominous silence prevailed; of the busy crowds not one was to be seen at work; all was as still as an hospital. We had not been the only sufferers; sickness universally prevailed, seeming as infectious as the plague. In every tent lay sufferers in various stages of disease; out of two hundred, at least twenty had died, and not more than sixty were able to move. Those convalescent would be seen gathered together in the stores," gambling the gold dust for which they had toiled all summer, knocking the necks off champagne bottles, devouring turtle, lobsters, and other delicacies, preserved in tins and sold at fabulous prices. Idleness and ostentation were the motives of this lavish expenditure of their hard-gotten wealth, and Mr Shaw believes "that the majority wished themselves again in the backwoods, preferring beef-broth and spruce-beer there to champagne and turtle in the diggings." Meanwhile, the sick "lay huddled together in tents, moaning and cursing, many of them dying, with no one to attend to their spiritual or bodily wants; and I cannot but think that many died from sheer starvation or mere want of attendance." California is the place for contrasts. In one tent revelry, gambling and drunkenness; in the next, disease, delirium, despair: a reckless life terminated by a godless death.

The monotony of the wet season at the diggings was presently varied by an exciting incident. A tent on the outskirts of the settlement was ransacked, and its two inmates speared, by a party of Indians. A dozen men assembled to follow and take vengeance, chiefly Yankee backwoodsmen, with two English hunters from Oregon for their leaders. Mr Shaw cleaned his gun and pistols, put a store of flour in his knapsack, slung his blanket, and accompanied them, in spite of the arguments of his two countrymen, who thought him physi-

cally unequal to the hardships of the expedition. On the second day they came upon the Indian camp, consisting of some thirty men and twenty women. The marauding party had just come in, and were narrating their exploits—their plunder displayed upon the ground. The Indians—who seem, for Indians, to have been extremely incautious, and to have dispensed altogether with vedettes or sentries—gathered together in a group to sup, when their repast was unpleasantly interrupted by the crack of the white men's rifles, immediately followed by a headlong charge with pistol and bowie-knife. Five were killed by the first volley, and a number wounded, most of whom were remorselessly put to death, whilst a few were saved by the intercession of Oregon Frank and others of the more humanely disposed. One old squaw had got a bullet in her leg, but as a string of scalps was amongst her personal ornaments, she excited little compassion. "Knowing the treachery of Indians," Mr Shaw artlessly remarks—meaning, we suppose, the possibility of an attack from the remnant of the party which he and his friends had so mercilessly decimated—"we loaded our firearms before sitting down to supper, keeping a watchful eye about us. The repast, of which we took possession, consisted of roots, venison, acorn-bread, boiled horse-chestnuts, and a dish of vermin: the former were very palatable after our fatiguing march, but the slugs and worms we declined tasting. When we first sat down, some arrows were shot with great precision into the midst of us: one stuck firm in a large piece of venison, which we were compelled to throw away for fear of the arrow being poisoned." A forced march of sixty miles in twenty-eight hours saved them from an attack by overwhelming numbers on their way homewards, and they reached the diggings without loss. These things were gloomy enough. During their absence a man had had his ear cut off for larceny; Mac was rather worse than better; the Malay and Celestial were on the brink of the grave. The overflow of the river had flooded most of the diggings; Mr Shaw's was completely inundated, and not a vestige remained

of his hut. "As I viewed," he says, "the desolation of all around, I thanked God that I had regained my health, and involuntarily shuddered at what might otherwise have been my fate, thinking with sadness upon the probable death of those who accompanied me hither." It now appeared that, owing to the rainy season having set in a month earlier than usual, the provisions in store were insufficient to pass the winter. Many of the diggers had their own tents and stock of food, and they might weather it out; others had gold wherewith to buy food, so long as food there was to buy: this latter class were not secure from starvation, which would be the almost certain fate of those who had but the labour of their arms to depend upon. The friendly storekeeper intended selling off and starting; the two Oregonians were about to quit—perhaps to try the dry diggings, perhaps to return home through the mountains—and wished Mr Shaw to accompany them. He had but thirty dollars left, and his digging was under water. In this perplexity he took council with Mac, who was in stout spirits, although still an invalid. He advised a retreat to Stockton. Mr Shaw acquiesced, and as he would only have expended his slender funds, without benefit to his friend, by awaiting Mac's convalescence, he resolved to set out alone upon the following day. As to Mahomet and the Chinaman, their case was utterly hopeless. They were dreadfully emaciated, and so delirious that they did not seem to recognise their old master and fellow-labourer when he paid them a farewell visit. With painful regret he parted from Mac, and set out upon his lonely journey across two hundred miles of wilderness. Here, as in other parts of the book, one cannot but admire the judgment and resolution of this young fellow, then not out of his teens, but who displayed, on many occasions, qualities that would do credit to a man of mature age and far greater experience.

In the midst of a storm of wind and rain, and encumbered by a heavy load, Mr Shaw took a last look at those diggings where his "golden dreams" had been so rudely dis-

pelled, and ascended the steep mountain which commenced his laborious march. His knapsack contained "twelve yards of jerked beef, dried in strips, six pounds of biscuits, one pound of beans, and two of flour." He was further loaded with his blankets and bag for water, his pistols, gun, and a huge bowie-knife. Road there was none; the track that there had been was obliterated by the rain; he steered his course by landmarks. The summer streamlets and mountain gullies were converted into deep and rapid rivers; cataracts roared down amongst the rocks, bringing with them avalanches of soil and trees; the whole surface of the earth was flooded. At dark he was compelled to halt, lest he should find a grave in some ravine. Establishing his bivouac beneath a tree, he at first hesitated to light a fire lest it should attract Indians; but this risk he was compelled to run, in order to deter wild beasts, for a couple of coyotes and a tiger-cat showed themselves; and although pretty well used to the howling of wolves, he could not think without trepidation of the certain results of an encounter with a grizzly bear, a monster by no means uncommon in those latitudes, and between which and the ursine specimens we have opportunities of observing in England there is as wide a difference, as between a lady's park palfrey and the mad charger that bore Mazeppa to the desert. "Their speed being almost equal to that of a horse, notwithstanding their clumsy appearance and gait, foot-travellers have no chance with them, as they can climb a tree or gnaw the trunk away with equal facility. The most marvellous accounts of their bulk are current amongst hunters. Some of these monsters are said to be the height of a jackass, and weigh fifteen hundred pounds." No wonder that, in hopes of scaring away carnivora of this magnitude, he lit a fire and risked his scalp. We were puzzled to think how, in the midst of the deluge he describes, he got his fire to burn. But here nature has been merciful, and there is a crumb of compensation and comfort for the drenched wayfarer in California. The gum-trees and firs of the country are his resource. However wet the weather, he has but

to strip the bark from the base of one of these; the wood underneath is perfectly dry; a few resinous chips, cut out with a hatchet, are easily persuaded to flame, and these set light to the foot of the tree, which, once kindled, burns steadily and gradually, without spreading or blazing, and gives out a genial heat. Mr Shaw usually selected a tree about three feet in diameter for his watch-fire, which seems to have been just the right size to last the night, for "on awaking in the morning," he says "agreeably surprised to find myself unmolested, the tree, being almost burnt through, fell with a crash." To avoid the risk, otherwise imminent, of being crushed by the remains of this sylvan fireplace, it is necessary to select a tree so inclined as to be certain to fall in a contrary direction to the wind, which serves to keep up the fire and to keep the embers from the sleeper, who of course lays himself down to windward.

At about noon on his third day's march, Mr Shaw found his progress barred by a swollen stream, nearly a quarter of a mile wide, whose current raced past at fully seven knots an hour. After patrolling its banks in quest of a shallower and narrower place, and finding none, he risked the passage. "Unbuckling the burden on my shoulders, holding it by a slender cord with one hand, my gun above my head with the other, and my knife between my teeth, I cautiously entered the water. On gaining the middle of the stream, I felt with painful anxiety the water rising higher and higher; and the current, nearly carrying me off my legs, compelled me reluctantly to use the gun as a support and sounding rod. The general depth averaged from my waist upwards to my neck; for a minute I was immersed over head, but regained a footing without sacrificing my pack, and succeeded in crossing safely." That night, the wolves, as if aware of the unserviceable state of his fire-arms, were unusually clamorous and daring, and he was awakened at midnight by their abominable serenade. "From rock to rock their dismal howls were echoed, responded to in the distance by the fiendish laugh of a jackall. Casting a look around,

a huge shaggy wolf stood within five yards, his eyes glaring at me like burning coals. Snatching up a fire-brand, I hurled it at him, which made him turn tail and beat a rapid retreat." By a very long march the next day he cleared the mountains and got to the Stanislaus, but not until after dark. "The moonlight was palely reflected on the silvery surface of the water, which sparkled with the leaping of salmon; the stream made a hollow murmuring sound, as it dashed over the rocky obstructions in its bed; and a grove of trees and shrubs, which overhung the edge, cast a deep shade around. As far as I could guess, it was at least three quarters of a mile in width." Near the ford, which he made correctly, but which, owing to the increase of the waters, was hardly recognisable, a party of Indians were salmon-spearing. To the hungry traveller, long unused to better food than dry biscuit and salt beef, the idea of a slice of fresh-broiled salmon was most captivating. But although pretty well convinced, from some Spanish exclamations he overheard, that these were Mission-Indians, belonging to a friendly and Christian tribe, he thought it as prudent not to accost them, and plunged into the stream. When about half-way across, he got out of his depth, was swept away by the current, and shouted for succour. He was got ashore insensible, but was brought to life by the exertions of a hideous squaw, who kneeled upon his chest to pump the water out at his mouth. At first doubtful whether humanity or hunger had prompted his rescue, and whether he was to be fed or fed upon, he was soon relieved from the unpleasant doubt by the kindness of the poor Indians, who wrapped him in blankets and gave him salmon and maize-cake for supper. A cross tattooed upon his arm (sailor fashion) increased their regard for him, by convincing them he was a Roman Catholic; and on learning he was an Englishman, they testified extreme satisfaction. "The two leading characteristics of the Mission-Indians are Catholic zeal, and an inherent detestation of Yankees." After leaving these hospitable savages, who were bound inland to winter-

quarters, Mr Shaw had to traverse the sandy plain which had been the scene of so much suffering on his march to the diggings. The weather was now cool, and he was plentifully supplied with water, so all that he had to put up with was the fatigue of walking through sand into which he sank ankle-deep at every step. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, he accomplished thirty-five miles the first day, proving himself a stout pedestrian. He passed a dead mule, laden with a pack of hosiery, and saw various skeletons, partly buried in sand-drifts; and the next morning his route took him by several recently-made graves. That evening he entered Stockton, heartily glad once more to find himself in a civilised settlement, but not without misgivings as to how he should manage to earn a living and get on to San Francisco. It was too late to hunt for his old shipmates, so he warmed his pot of coffee at a deserted fire, and then, creeping under a cart, lay down upon some rotten wood and rushes. Just as he was falling asleep, he was roused by a singular incident. A hale gigantic man of thirty, who was sleeping near him, was stung by a venomous insect peculiar to that country, whose sting he knew to be mortal.

"A convulsive tremor shook his frame, and the perspiration dropped from his brows, as he stood before a large fire with his hands clasped, exclaiming, 'The Lord have mercy on my soul!' Various remedies were proposed, but he shook his head: 'No,' said he; 'die I must,' and thus philosophically he resigned himself to his fate. Intelligence of this disaster had a startling effect on most of the sleepers. I, as well as others, from a morbid anxiety, watched the gradual working of the venom. The doomed man, with the equanimity of a Socrates, joined in the conversation, but kept drinking large draughts of brandy; violent spasms soon came on, and he shouted for more liquor; his features, seen by the lurid light of the fire, were horrible to contemplate; and it was not without violent struggles that he gave up the ghost."

This melancholy event so disturbed Mr Shaw that he quitted his sleeping-place beneath the cart, and, after some prowling about, took up his quarters in a dilapidated tent, containing a forge and anvil. There he

lay down under a bench, upon some iron rubbish, "arranged as comfortably as could be, for a mattress;" and there, in the morning, he was awakened by a kick in the ribs from the inhospitable smith who owned the "location," and who overwhelmed him with foul language for intruding into his shop. "As it is useless to expostulate with surly, ill-conditioned people, I merely made a brisk exit." In California, a man who is at all scrupulous about taking human life, and whom nature has not gifted with the thews and muscles of an athlete, or art endowed with the pugilistic science of a prize-fighter, must make up his mind to submit to occasional rough treatment. Not possessing sufficient bodily strength to pummel the brutal Vulcan who grudged him a nap upon his old iron, Mr Shaw—whose courage and resolution no one will doubt who reads his unassuming narrative, but who appears to be of active rather than of powerful frame—might, had it so pleased him, have had recourse to Colt, and sent half-a-dozen bullets in rapid succession through the vitals of his assailant. The chances are that, in the infant state, and with the provocation given, he would have escaped unpunished, unless, indeed, his quality of a Britisher had rendered him particularly obnoxious to Judge Lynch. To thrive in California, or even to hold his own—at least in the year 1849, and we have shrewd doubts about things having much mended since that date—a man must not be over-particular about defacing the image of his Maker, but prompt to revenge his own grievances, and act as judge and executioner in his own quarrel. There, ascendancy and impunity are too often accorded to brutal violence and cruelty, whilst fair-play is almost unknown. At San Francisco, soon after Mr Shaw's arrival there, the influx of thousands of sick and impoverished miners, come in from the diggings to winter, caused a glut in the labour market, and large nightly meetings were held—

"Ending in furious tirades, forbidding foreigners to seek employment, or people to hire them; accusing them of being the cause of a fall in wages, and holding out deadly threats to all who dared labour

under the fixed rate of payment, ten dollars a-day. These nocturnal assemblies had in them something appalling, being composed of from three hundred to a thousand cut-throats, armed with bowie-knives and firearms, and often intoxicated. The stump-orators and leading demagogues were usually notorious characters, celebrated not for mental superiority, but for their extreme democratic principles and physical powers. On one occasion, an orator, being interrupted in his harangue by certain remarks derogatory to his person, leaped off his tub into the midst of the crowd and seized the offender. Fierce was the struggle, a ring was formed, when, throwing his antagonist down, the orator jumped on him with his heavy boots! In vain were the victim's shrieks of agony—no one ventured to interpose. The demagogue's rage being satiated, he remounted the tub and continued his oration."

In default of protection from the laws, surely a bowie-knife could find no more appropriate sheath than between the ribs of such a ruffian.

During Mr Shaw's brief absence, the town of Stockton had greatly increased in size. Regular streets of wooden houses had been built; vessels were discharging cargo, steamers were puffing at the wharf, strings of mules stood in the streets, laden with goods for the interior. Dollars were plentiful, but the bakers had formed a league, and bread was six shillings a loaf. Unable to find any of his shipmates, Mr Shaw walked down to the quay in search of work. After numerous unsuccessful attempts, he obtained employment as a rough carpenter. Poor fellow! he knew little of the trade, and was discharged at night, with four dollars for his services. Next day he was hired by a sailmaker, to stitch canvass for tents. Again found inefficient, his services were dispensed with, but he received seven dollars. Then he turned cook—to a gang of carpenters who were constructing a foot-bridge. His duties were to hew wood for firing, to cook beefsteaks and damper, and boil coffee, five dollars a-day being the stipulated guerdon. His twelve masters were never satisfied: the steak was always voted tough, or the damper heavy; and seeing that some of them were determined to grumble till they got rid of him, he gave warning on the

third day, and left without a character. Once more his own master, he took a stroll through the town, and visited the hospital—"a silent and sombre tenement, eighty feet long by fifteen in width, made of tarred canvass, and lighted by two slush-lamps." The rain dripped through the roof; about thirty patients, of all countries, classes, and colours, lay on straw upon the ground, with only their blankets to cover them. Nurses there were none. Twice a-day a doctor came—such a doctor as one might expect to find in such a place. Here lay a man with a gaping wound in the abdomen, received from a bowie-knife in a drunken fray. When any died, they lay for days waiting removal—the dead amongst the living. Here Mr Shaw met one of his shipmates, a young man whom he had left at Stockton when he started for the diggings, and who had since been driven mad by disease, misfortune, and despondency. He was seated on the straw, busily untwisting the threads of his quilt. Mr Shaw hurried to the doctor, stated the respectability of the maniac's friends, and the certainty of a handsome recompense if his health were restored, and he were conveyed on board the *Mazeppa*. The humane *medico* calculated his recovery was considerable unlikely; and as for the promised reward, why, he was too far Down-East to trust to that. The poor fellow, who then had lucid intervals, became totally deranged, and subsequently died. "Insanity, as may be supposed, is very frequent in this country, where the mind is liable to very violent shocks, caused by sudden reverses of fortune, privation, and danger." Having expended his last dollar in bread for supper, Mr Shaw, when grievously at a loss for breakfast, was so lucky as to fall in with a party of sailors, recently paid off from the American man-of-war *Ohio*. They had come to Stockton in a whale-boat, intending to proceed to the diggings; but the narrative of Mr Shaw's mishaps made them abandon their project, in which they had already begun to waver, discouraged by the sight of so many sickly disappointed miners. Several of these men-of-war's-men were of English extraction, and one, Cockney Bill,

from the "New Cut, Lambeth," who was the leading character amongst them, made Mr Shaw heartily welcome to their mess and a seat in the whale-boat, in which, after a severe pull, they reached San Francisco. Here Mr Shaw was fortunate enough to find out the tent of a passenger by the Mazeppa, who gave him a kind welcome and the shelter he greatly needed. This was the same man who had got drunk, and set fire to the grog-store, when they first landed in California. He was now a steady fellow, and was making money by retailing spirits. Under his canvass roof, and partly by his assiduous attentions, Mr Shaw got through a bad attack of fever and ague; having recovered from which, he went out to look for work. Certainly he was just the lad to rough it, in any part of the world. Nothing came amiss to him. "My occupations were manifold," he says—"discharging cargoes, carrying merchants' goods, cutting roads, tent-making, vending fruit, and packing timber. Five was my usual hour of rising, and, however miserable and dark the morning, I was at the various 'points' in search of occupation, eager to seek, and willing to accept, any description of work. Having no settled abode, I lived according to the day's luck, sleeping wherever chance directed." Soon, owing to the mob of labourers and the prevailing agitation, it was not very safe for a foreigner to seek work, whilst it was decidedly dangerous to work under wages. "There was a high cliff near the rendezvous at Miller's Point, which I carefully avoided at night, as from this 'Tarpeian rock' three poor fellows were hurled who had worked under wages, or were suspected of having done so. The beach below was used as a burying-ground; those who perished from want or sickness were conveyed thither. The labour of digging graves was unnecessary, the bodies being either covered at high tide with a layer of sand, or carried out to sea. When digging sand for the masons, I exhumed several bodies in various places." He had made a contract to work for a mason for one hundred dollars a-month and his board, including sleeping-room in the fore-castle of a vessel, the driest lodg-

ing he had had since he left the Mazeppa. About this time (the latter autumn of 1849) occurred one of those terrible conflagrations to which San Francisco has been so liable. Several of the principal gambling-houses and largest buildings were blazing; from a distance the appearance was that of an immense burning crater: owing to the direction of the wind, the whole city was in danger of being burned down. But the mob would not stir a finger towards extinguishing the flames, until "the rate of compensation was decided upon." Highly characteristic is this of that greed and selfishness which are such prominent symptoms of the Californian gold-fever. Three dollars an hour was the rate of payment ultimately fixed. Water was very difficult to procure, and some of the merchants were said to have paid sixty dollars for a water-cart load. The loss was estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Some of the frame-houses destroyed were three stories high, contained a hundred rooms, and paid eight thousand dollars ground-rent. The part of the town burned down being notorious for its gambling-houses, "many regarded the fire as a visitation of Providence; opposite the scene of ruin, some zealous preachers were mounted on tubs, crying 'Woe unto Sodom and Gomorrah!' and exhorting the people to turn from the error of their ways, and erect places of worship. Nor was this calamity without its good effects, as funds for a church were raised; many calculating men paying the subscription as they would an insurance, not to promote the salvation of souls, but in the hope of thereby saving their goods and chattels."

His back nearly broken, and his hands cut to pieces by carrying huge blocks of coral rock, brought from the Sandwich Islands for building purposes, Mr Shaw, dreading a return of sickness, then very prevalent in San Francisco, resolved to quit "that city of sordid selfishness and heartless profligacy," and to seek shelter for the remainder of the bad season in some remote rancho. A few hours' walk brought him to the "Mission of Dolores." A wing of this old convent

had been converted into an inn, and was kept by a family of Yankee Mormons, in partnership with the superior. Here Mr Shaw obtained employment; and a laughable description he gives of his multifarious duties, of his bed upon a soft plank amongst the rats in the granary, of his breakfasts on brandy bitters—the favourite morning beverage of the Mormon hostess and her daughters—of his milking cows and mixing juleps, and of the gambling, cock-fighting, bullock-hunting, and other diversions of the frequenters of the tavern. His possession of a tooth-brush, and the use he made of it, were cause of great wonder to the primitive people amongst whom he now found himself. The Mormon ladies looked upon him as a superior being, and were immensely edified by his descriptions of European habits; his master treated him with confidence and consideration; and regular diet and freedom from anxiety renovated his strength, although he was still subject at intervals to a depression of spirits and weakness in the limbs peculiar to that country. His stay at the sign of the Bull's Head, however, was shorter than he had expected, and than his employers wished. Going into San Francisco to make some purchases, the captain of the *Mazeppa* offered him a free cabin passage to Sydney or the Sandwich Islands—an offer with which he

thankfully closed. Owing to the exorbitant price of labour, the captain, supercargo, and chief mate, had been obliged to discharge the cargo themselves. A portion of it, consisting of assortments of musical instruments, ladies' apparel, and other commodities useless in California, had not paid charges. "As no return-freight could be obtained, the *Mazeppa* was going back in ballast of sand and rum—this inferior spirit, which would not pay customs' duty, being cheaper to buy than stone ballast." Mr Shaw proposed recruiting his health at the Sandwich Islands, and returning to the diggings in the following spring; but he afterwards changed his mind, and went on to Sydney. His account of the voyage, of his visit to the Sandwich and Navigator's Islands, of Mr Pritchard the consul, and of the manners and customs of the Samoans, is very entertaining. From the first page to the last, his book is full of incident and interest; and although carelessly enough written upon the whole, the reader is struck at times by a sort of vivid simplicity of style, examples of which are afforded by some of our extracts. As regards California, Mr Shaw has unquestionably presented us with the black side of the picture; but we have no reason to think that he has tinted it one shade darker than the facts of the case fully warrant.

THE EXPERIMENT.

IN the moral and political sciences the friends of truth seem doomed to wage an incessant warfare with the advocates of error and the patrons of delusion. In these fields of inquiry no ground seems ever to be incontestably won, and no conquest so securely made as to defy hostile challenge. Errors that had been refuted to the satisfaction of all thinking men, and consigned to the limbo of oblivion, are prone to appear in vigorous rejuvenescence, and to demand, like the heads of the fabulous hydra, a second extermination. In physical science the progress may be slow; but, a step in advance being gained, it can neither be lost nor questioned. The law of gravitation once proved, the most daring Pyrrhonist could not deny it without raising a doubt of his sanity; and the moment Pythagoras offered his hecatomb to the gods, no geometer could ever be asked to redemonstrate that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle was equal to the squares of the sides. In morals, and the mixed science of politics, so much is the case reversed, that no one position can be held as settled beyond the chance of subsequent controversy. To repine at such a result would be ridiculous, and would imply an unpardonable ignorance of an elementary law regulating every moral and political inquiry. No evidence in favour of any one proposition in these branches of human knowledge can ever amount to scientific certainty; and, not amounting to scientific certainty, no proposition can be determined so that it may not be opened up for fresh adjudication and discussion. These, accordingly, have ever been the fields in which moonstruck speculators have delighted to disport; it being impossible to demonstrate that any experiments made in these metaphysical regions have resulted in disastrous failures.

The adoption of what, by a pleasant fiction, is called "Free Trade," was, at the time, described by some of our wisest statesmen as "an experiment." *This was the expression used by the*

Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Lansdowne in reference to free trade in corn; and the Earl of Aberdeen, at an agricultural meeting in Scotland, characterised it as a "problem." The language was ominous! To "experiment" on the largest interest in the kingdom, and that which admittedly forms the very basis of national prosperity—to experiment on the capital, industry, and welfare of millions of the most loyal and best conditioned of the people—was surely a very daring enterprise in the annals of modern statesmanship. And yet there was candour in the confession. Tremendous was the "problem;" but in describing it as such, the parties implied a readiness, in the event of failure, to retrace their steps, and to retrieve the injury they had been instrumental in inflicting. But, as an "experiment," is Free Trade to be ranged in the same category with one of those problems in morals or in politics to which allusion has been made, and which, from their very nature, never can admit of such a certain solution as to render the question at issue no longer doubtful or debatable? Assuredly not. It is certainly an experiment, the success or failure of which can be tested by its fruits. It is, in truth, an *experimentum crucis*, the results of which admit of ocular demonstration. It may be allowed, indeed, that the Free-Trade policy is a system so vast and complex in itself, and that the influences which contribute to eliminate its results, more especially in the department of agriculture, are so many and various, and so slow and operose in developing themselves, that it would require some time to elapse ere honest but inexperienced observers could be convinced of the actual effect of the change. There can be no doubt, for instance, that the unpreparedness of the Continental nations to avail themselves of the boon bestowed on them by the British Legislature with such cosmopolitan liberality, and the diminution of human food caused by the potato failure, contributed for three years to retard the full effect of Free Trade on

the agriculture of the kingdom.* After the natural consequences of the change began to appear, the depreciation of agricultural produce was alleged, by the admirers of the Free-Trade policy, to be temporary. This was a dishonest pleading upon the part of these gentlemen; for the avowed object of their own measure, in abolishing the Corn Laws, was permanently to cheapen agricultural produce. If it was not, they were duping the manufacturing world; and if it was, they were now deceiving the agricultural community, by asserting that the low price of corn was temporary and evanescent; and on one or other of the horns of this dilemma they impaled themselves. In such disingenuous and ambidexter see-saw it is lamentable to think that her Majesty's ministers have largely indulged. In the Royal Speech of 1850 the Ministry talked lightly of the "complaints" of the agriculturists;

"And, without sneering, taught the rest to sneer."

The organs of the Free-Trade press took the hint, and enjoyed a brilliant season of sneering at the Bæotian stupidity and ridiculous melancholy of the "agricultural mind." These were halcyon times for the wits; for then to call a farmer "a chawbacon," "a clodpole," "a horse-shoe idiot," was enough to prove you endowed with the *mens divinior*. The experiment, however, proceeds;—another year passes away and contributes its quota of evidence. A host of new facts have emerged in the interval; and the truth has assumed so prominent an aspect that Lord John Russell's courage, great as it is, begins to quail, and he feels it necessary to pitch his voice in a lower key. Accordingly, in the Queen's Speech of 1851,

he admits that "the owners and occupants of land are suffering," to the great consternation and manifest inconvenience of the Free-Trade press. To have allowed that the suffering was permanent in its nature, would have falsified predictions of his own but lately broached, and would have compelled him, at the very least, to devote the surplus revenue at his command to the relief of the agricultural suffering. He suggested, therefore, that the suffering was temporary, and incidental to the state of transition in which the agricultural interest was placed; and the other classes being prosperous, (so he thought,) he expressed his conviction that the agricultural community must soon participate in the general prosperity. The Minister has never propounded the reasons on which this conviction is based, and it may be presumptuous in us to divine what they may be. Probably he meant to imply that the prosperity of other classes would enable them to consume more bread and butcher-meat, and would thus increase the demand for the products of agriculture. According to the Free-Trade writers, the nation, during the past year, has consumed from nine to ten millions of quarters of bread-stuffs more than it ever did; but it would seem that John Bull's stomach is an abyss of measureless capacity; that his appetite is insatiable, and his powers of deglutition and digestion are unbounded. But if it were so, how would the national voracity benefit the British agriculturist, if unlimited supplies of corn and cattle, at the present prices, as is now proved, can be poured into our market? The logic of the Minister, too, seems not very conclusive or infallible. There are about eight millions in the United Kingdom directly dependent on agriculture for their support,

* The Continental nations, however, have perfectly appreciated "the experiment," and have earnestly set themselves to take advantage of our folly. Contrary to the ignorant expectations of our economic *pundits*, France has already shown what she can do in supplying us with flour; and from the private correspondence of the *Standard*, it appears that an unusual breadth of ground in the United States has, during the past season, been laid under cultivation, and with the especial view of meeting the demands of the British market.—(*Standard*, 1st Sept.) And while cultivation is rapidly advancing abroad, it is receding as rapidly at home. Upwards of a million of fertile acres in Ireland (the weak limb of the empire, where the effects of the experiment might naturally be expected first to appear) have gone out of cultivation under the desolating influence of our new commercial policy. The candle is thus burning at both ends!

and there may be about double that number whose prosperity is indissolubly associated with the prosperity of agriculture; and that might seem an inference somewhat more reasonable and natural than what the Prime Minister enunciated, which should suppose that the prosperous classes might ere long participate in the suffering of the agricultural community; that an epidemic so widely spread might communicate contagion to the healthy; that a disease infesting the vital function might extend itself to the extremities of the body politic. But the suffering is the concomitant of "a state of transition." The expression is happily vague and mysterious. A state of transition from what, to what? is the question which the experimenters are bound to consider and to answer. Infallibly it is a state of transition; but a state of transition from remunerative prices to prices ruinously low—to invested capital diminished and impaired—to profits obliterated and gone—to suffering severe and enduring. But in a little while a farther change seems to take place on the mind of our statesmen, whose opinions on the agricultural depression are plainly in a state of transition, and who seem to be watching, in blank ignorance, the evolutions of their own experiment. The Chancellor of the Exchequer intimated his intention to devote part of the surplus revenue to the relief of the occupants and owners of the soil. But if the calamity was temporary and evanescent, why prescribe a cure that was only admissible in the case of the suffering being constitutional and permanent? A temporary grant might, indeed, have been warrantable; but this was not the measure meditated. To alienate surplus revenue for the purpose of meeting any ephemeral evil, under which any portion of the community may for a time be labouring, is surely the merest financial charlatanism. Very true, Sir Charles Wood withdrew his proffered boon; and for a reason so exquisitely ludicrous, that the nation for a

moment was convulsed with laughter. He withdrew it because the gratitude of the agriculturists was not sufficiently intense, and because they had not proclaimed his generosity in poems of praise sufficiently enthusiastic! But even after Sir Charles Wood's ridiculous recalcitration, Parliament has passed two measures, trivial in themselves, but implying that the sufferings of the agriculturists are permanent, and intended to minister to them some modicum of relief.* Upon the whole, we may now take it for granted, that the present Parliament at last allow that the agricultural depression is enduring—that the price of grain is permanently lowered. It is of consequence to fix and determine this position in the discussion. The manifold delusions long circulated on this subject will not now avail. The low price of grain was at one time ascribed to an abundant harvest; at another, the potato failure—the universal solvent of every agricultural anomaly—was the cause; now it was temporary and would pass away; and now it is the concomitant of a state of transition. The period for such poor drivel is gone. On the part of the Free-Trade press it was essentially dishonest and uncandid; the avowed object of their policy being to cheapen the loaf, and—permanently to lower the price of agricultural produce. The Free-Trade writers, however, seem now unanimously to admit the permanency of the change effected on the price of grain by the Free-Trade measures. The agricultural editorials of the *Times* are based upon this change as an admitted fact. A late writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, in commenting upon Sir E. Bulwer's *Letters*, proceeds upon the same hypothesis. Our Free-Trade pamphleteers manfully speculate upon the present low prices of grain, not only as that which is undeniable, but as what must permanently continue. "The experiment," then, has proceeded so far as to develop one result so clearly, as to admit neither of debate nor denial. The value of grain grown in the

* The expense of certain criminal prosecutions, by one of these measures, has been transferred from the owners of land in Scotland to the Crown. This is a boon to the landlords. By the other, a tenant is now liberated from paying income-tax when he has no income. This is a boon to the tenants!

United Kingdom is permanently reduced by the compulsion of an Act of Parliament; and the permanency of the reduction is as certain as anything can be that is dependent upon the seasons.

The permanency of the fall being admitted, there fortunately is no room for mystifying the extent of that fall. The fiars prices of grain, judicially determined every year in the several counties of Scotland, and the averages struck in the great grain markets of England, furnish unchallengeable data, whereby the amount of the fall may be certainly estimated. Without encumbering the reader with statistics, we may mention, that after a careful collation of the prices, it would seem that the prices of grain during the last two years of unmodified Free Trade have fallen about one-third, when contrasted with its average price during the twenty preceding years of Protection. In several of the counties of Scotland, which we have compared, the fall ranges from 30 to 35 per cent. In the great county of Perth, the Yorkshire of Scotland, and which may be quoted as a fair sample of the Scottish corn market, the reduction amounts to a fraction more than 33 per cent. It is unnecessary to dwell upon this part of the case, because we are not aware that the amount of the fall in the price of grain has ever been questioned. Indeed, it is scarcely possible that it could be so. It was the permanency of the reduction that the Free Trade theorists so long and so strenuously denied—thus repudiating, with reckless effrontery, the promised blessing of their own policy.

The vital question immediately arises, "Can our national agriculture withstand such a tremendous diminution of its annual income? The husbandman, from the very nature of his art, cannot be speedily ruined, but can he ultimately survive such an abstraction of his means?" The high-farming fraternity were the first to volunteer a remedy, and to solve the question. With flippant confidence they propounded their panacea as the substitute for Protection; but in what high farming consisted, not two of the teachers were agreed. One summoned the farmer to grow more

corn, another enjoined him to make green crop his sheet-anchor, and the recreant knight of Netherby avows his partiality for pasturage. Bullocks were "ungrateful fellows," but pigs would do it. Sheep on pasture were profitless, but sheep on "boards" would pay. The mysterious powers of "ammonia" promised to meet the emergency, when, lo! Porcius interposed, and converted the subtle agent into laughing-gas! One wonders how such idle puerilities, such quackish nostrums, could have deluded, even for a day, any portion of the community, however ignorant of rural affairs; and yet it is undeniable that they served to mystify the question, and to prolong for a little while the reign of delusion. The high farming prescriptions, as a remedy and compensation for the 35 per cent of loss on the value of agricultural produce, were most effectually exposed, and they have passed away as entirely as Cobbet's crochets about locust-trees, or the cow-cabbage mania of 1836. The high farming friends of an injured agriculture have either retired from public notice, discomfited and abashed, or are totally neglected. The sufferings of the patient are too poignant to allow him to be even amused with their fantastic recreations. The lucubrations of Mr Mechi fail even to awaken a momentary interest, and the farmer of Tiptree Hall has sunk into a *Mechior insipidus*. It is impossible, however, not to admire the brave enterprise and manly candour of Mr Mechi. Robbing no tenant, and experimenting at the expense of his own pocket, he is quite an experimenter to our mind, and worthy of all approbation. Were, however, his agricultural adventure to prove profitable, of which there is an entire lack of evidence, it would be utterly chimerical to suppose that Mr Mechi's system could be introduced into the general agriculture of the country. Mr Mechi's capital and genius are alike awanting. His schemes can only be contemplated as curious and interesting, and likely in their progress to evolve principles which, in better times, may be made available in improving the art of husbandry. In the mean time, so far from high farming being in the

ascendant, we believe that the progress of good farming is arrested.

The question how the reduction in the price of grain is to be met, remains still to be answered. The current and popular answer with the Free-Trade press seems now unanimously to be *by a reduction of rent*. It is a question, say they, that concerns the landlord alone. The incidence of the evil can affect him only. In the end he must be the sole and exclusive sufferer. This doctrine is advanced as an undeniable truth by one of the latest Free-Trade pamphleteers, who has rushed into the agricultural arena with a juvenile confidence that nothing but the profoundest ignorance of the subject can explain. The writer in the *Edinburgh Review* speaks with more timidity and hesitation, as if aware of the result to which such a position must conduct. Sometimes he seems half inclined to deny the extent of the evil. He apparently fancies that his readers are so stupid as to forget, or so ignorant as not to know, that the price of wheat, under Free Trade, has been 40s., while under Protection it was 56s. He admits, however, although reluctantly, the necessity of a readjustment of rent. This question has been frequently discussed in our pages; but, as the received solution of the agricultural difficulty, it may be well to look at it again. The capital and fatal blunder which such writers fall into, is by supposing that the rent is the only payment which the tenant-farmers have to make. But on a grain farm he has other two payments to make, each of them equal to the rent. The usual allocation of the total farm-income is tripartite—one-third is the landlord's rent, and the other two-thirds meets the farm expenditure, &c. But if the value of the cereal produce is reduced 30 per cent, and if the landlord is to be the *sole sufferer*, then the reduction of rent must be 90 per cent! Is this the readjustment of rent meditated? If it is meant that the rent should be reduced 30 per cent, and that this only is the proportion of the loss that properly falls upon the owner of the soil, then most certainly the landlord is not the only sufferer. There is still a loss of 60 per cent entailed upon the farmer and his dependants. It would

be a cruel delusion, were it not utterly folly, in Free-Trade writers to attempt to deceive practical men on such a subject. The idea that the landlord should suffer the whole loss inflicted upon the gross annual income of the farm by Free Trade is not only visionary, but to us it would seem to be unjust. Before landlords generally can be brought to consent to sacrifice the 30 per cent even, what suffering and misery will overtake the tenant-farmers. Suppose the rent of the farm was £500, then £1500 is the gross sum to be realised from the farm. The loss entailed on each of the three parties, the landlord, the tenant, and his dependants, is £150. Suppose the landlord has relinquished his £150, the farmer has first to consider whether his profits in the past have been such as to enable him to bear an annual loss of £150; and if he is satisfied that he can meet such a defalcation, then the next question he has to dispose of is, who is to bear the loss of the other £150? Is he sure that he will be successful in lowering the wages of his ploughmen from £15 to £10—of his female workers from 9d. a-day to 6d. Will he be able to reduce the accounts of his manure-merchant, saddler, smith, wright, grocer, tailor, &c. one-third. The farmer is the paymaster; and if he cannot bring about such an equalisation of the loss as this over all the parties implicated, he will continue to be, as he has been, the great sufferer. If, indeed, there is such an agricultural phenomenon as a Free-Trade farmer who says that he is able to bear the *whole loss*—that Protection is and was unnecessary—then that man must evidently have been coining money in the past, and must be now a *Cresus* of wealth. But he convicts himself, too, of having been guilty of unfair dealing. He has been defrauding the landlord of his just share of the farm-income; and he has done that on which a curse is pronounced—he has been keeping back the hire of his labourers. He has paid them with a third less wages than they ought to have received; and before he can be rehabilitated as a witness on the question, he must disgorge his ill-gotten gains. The Free-Trade press anxiously conceal the consequences of their measure to the poor

from the observation of their readers; and they know the reason why. Did they venture to enter into details, the tendency of their policy to trench deeply upon the hard-won wages of honest industry would be instantly seen, and their odious confiscation would expose them to national reprobation. They content themselves with vaguely asserting that the landlord must bear the whole loss. This is the solatium which they administer to the suffering tenant; and they fancy him such an idiot, and so profoundly ignorant of his own business, as to believe them. If the owner of the soil is to be the sole sufferer, then it is certain that, in his position as a proprietor, there must be some economic anomaly. The principle would not apply to any other owner of property. If the gross income of a cotton-spinner is reduced 30 per cent, then who believes that the owner of the mill who has let the building will alone suffer? Infallibly the spinner and his workpeople will suffer a depreciation of income. If, however, the landlord is to bear the whole loss, we conceive that it would be an exaggeration of that loss to state it in every case at 90 per cent. That may be in reality the amount of the depreciation accomplished by Free-Trade legislation in the gross income of the farm; but from the great improvements that have of late years been made in the culture of the soil, and from the advantages generally enjoyed by the tenant-farmer from the new manures, and from railway communication—which enables him to transport not only his grain, but his root-crops, to markets formerly inaccessible—we conceive that he is able to bear some portion of the loss. In other words,

we conceive, had Parliament not forcibly lowered the price of agricultural produce, that the farmer, from the causes mentioned, would have been able to give some rise of wages to the agricultural labourer, and some rise of rent to the owner of the soil. Upon this subject, very probably, the reviewer of Sir E. L. Bulwer's *Letters* may be near the mark. The landlord may ponder the following pregnant sentence:—"The necessity must then be put up with of returning to the rents, or nearly so, which he drew previous to the war, and before the successive Corn Laws which followed had enabled him to occupy, at the general expense, a higher position in society than is the lot of the landowner in other countries, or than was the lot of his own father or grandfather."* But since the period referred to by the reviewer, the rent of land has been doubled, and in many cases there has been a threefold increase. Any one may satisfy himself of this fact, as far as this part of the kingdom is concerned, by comparing the rental as given in Sir John Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland*, 1796, with the rental given in the *New Statistical Account*, 1844.† So the consummation of the experiment which the candid critic points out as awaiting the landlord, is the confiscation of half his income at the very least. The reviewer, however, forgets that at the era to which he looks back the wages of agricultural labour, and the price of the implements of husbandry, were about a third less than they are now. How, then, are the labourers and implement-makers not likewise to fall back to the condition of their fathers and grandfathers? Ah! it would be unpopular—dangerous, to

* *Edinburgh Review*, July 1850, p. 163.

† The following table of comparative statistics, taken from the *New Statistical Account* of a parish in Perthshire, is instructive.—See Perthshire, pp. 1191-2.

In 1843.
Total rent of parish, £7087, 0s. 8d.
Ploughman's wages, £12; 6½ bolls oatmeal per annum; and 1 Scotch pint sweet milk per day.
Woman's wages, with board, £6.
Price of new cart, £10.
Harness for do., £3, 10s.
New plough wood, £3.
New harrow, 10s.

In 1796.
Total rent of parish, £2460, 14s. 0d.
Ploughman's wages, with board, per annum, £10.
Woman's wages, with board, £4 per annum.
Price of new cart, £6.
Harness for do., £3, 10s.
New plough, £2.
New harrow, 7s.

mention such a contingency. The friend of the poor, the advocate of the cheap loaf, cannot afford to reveal so much of the truth! It is false to say that the Corn Laws raised the landlord's rent at the general expense. On the contrary, they likewise greatly increased the wages, and multiplied the comforts of the industrious classes.

One of the stale and commonplace fallacies repeated *usque ad nauseam* by the Free-Trade economists, and greatly relied on by them, is the following. Farmers, say they, are inveterate grumblers. They have always grumbled. They grumbled in 1815, when the price of wheat was 80s.;—and they give copious quotations from the evidence of practical agriculturists, taken by Parliamentary Committees, to prove their charge. The statement, and the intended inference from it, are based, however, upon an inexcusable ignorance, or a most criminal concealment of the facts. The unparalleled taxation and other expenses of the *peculiar* period referred to, rendered even the 80s. a poor remuneration to the home-grower. In 1815 the annual expenditure of the nation amounted to £100,000,000, while the population was only 13,000,000—the rate of contribution being thus about £7, 15s. per head. At present, the national expenditure is about £52,000,000, and the population about 20,000,000, (Census 1841)—that is, £2, 12s. per head. The truth is, with wheat at 56s., we believe that the farmer of the present day would be better able to maintain his position than the farmer of 1815 was with wheat at 80s. It is marvellous to consider what unconscionable drafts the Free-Trade sophists make upon the ignorance of their readers. Abolish taxation and lower wages to the Continental rate, and the energy and enterprise of the British farmer will enable him, even with his inferior climate, to compete with the agriculturists of more favoured climes.

There is another enigma involved in the greatest experiment of modern times, requiring elucidation. The rent of land is maintained; in some cases even there is a rise of rent, it is said; it is triumphantly added, this the question irrevocably, and debate. This position is by individualising vacant

farms that have been re-let at the former rents, or for which the new tenant has promised a rise of rent. This has been an admirable instrument of delusion in the hands of the Free-Trade press, and we believe that many honest observers of the experiment, but totally ignorant of rural affairs, have held it as quite conclusive of the question at issue. Free-Trade landlords are willing to be deluded, and they have greedily swallowed the anodyne, while the circumstance has contributed to conceal from others the true state of the case. It seems certainly inexplicable how, with the value of agricultural produce reduced thirty per cent, there can be any good reason for a rise of rent, or how, in such circumstances, the old rent even can be paid, without impairing grievously the income of the farmer and the wages of the labourer. Is it not the fact, too, that very generally landlords have been granting reductions of from ten to thirty per cent to their tenantry? Upon the theory that the rent of land is rising, this must seem a very Quixotic liberality, and argues a singular blindness to their own interests. According to the Parliamentary Returns, the estimated rental of land is £45,755,610. Mr Villiers stated, in his place in Parliament last year, on unquestionable authority, that the depreciation in the value of agricultural produce, effected by Free Trade, amounted to £91,000,000; and yet rent of land is rising! It may be remarked that it is in Scotland only that we hear of any rise of rent; and we venture to assert that only a few isolated cases of this kind in peculiar localities, each one of which is characterised by specialties of its own, can be pointed out. It is an immense leap that the Free-Trade logician makes, when he concludes from such premises that the rent of land is rising generally over the kingdom. If a man is content to reason in this fashion, he may certainly be able to satisfy himself of the flourishing position of any one branch of trade, which, nevertheless, is notoriously going to rack and ruin. The duration of the lease in Scotland is generally for nineteen years. The farm may have been greatly under-rented, and it may have been greatly improved during

the currency of the lease ; and in such a case it is conceivable, even with present prices, that it may bear some rise of rent. This is not all. In agriculture, as in other departments of trade, there are wild speculators who will promise any rent. Whether they will pay it, remains to be seen. Most probably, too, a few farmers have been imposed upon by the fallacies of the Free-Trade press. They have been confidently told that the depression was temporary, and would pass away. They may have believed the philosophers, and acted upon their doctrine. Sometimes, too, a penniless adventurer, without character or skill, gives the rise of rent, which an experienced tenant with abundant capital feels unable to offer. A new tenant was lately asked how he expected to be able to continue to pay his rent, which he had somewhat raised. His answer was prompt and full of meaning. "I do not expect to be able to pay it at present prices. There must be a sweeping reduction of rent over the country, or there must be a rise in the value of grain from some cause or other. In either event, I will share in the general benefit. If neither of these things occur, my farm being in high order, I will tide over a season or two, and then, whatever be the case with the farm, I will not be in a worse condition than I at present am." We do not hazard these statements at random, but as the result of patient investigation. They will be found to explain the cases where there has been an alleged rise of rent ; but they do not fully exhibit the present position of British agriculture. During the last nineteen years an immense amount of capital has been expended by the tenant-farmers of the nation in the permanent improvement of the soil. Since 1849, £2,500,000 of the public money has been granted for the purposes of drainage. It is impossible to ascertain accurately what money from private sources has been expended for the same purpose. We may safely state it at £1,500,000, so that £4,000,000 have been lately expended in the drainage of the soil. It would not be easy to state the exact amount of the increased value which thorough drainage gives the land ; but that it adds

greatly to its productive powers is undeniable. The cost of such drainage has been from £4 to £8 per imperial acre ; the higher price being incurred until the cost of making tiles was reduced by improved machinery and the multiplication of tile-works. Taking the average cost of thorough drainage at £5 per acre, this, at four per cent interest, burdens the land with 4s. per acre. The £4,000,000, at the same rate, must have drained 800,000 acres ; and these acres, at 4s. per acre, must give an additional annual rent of £160,000 to meet the *expense of the drainage alone*. If the old rent, then, is merely maintained, the four millions have vanished. They have been consumed on the altar of Free Trade. Besides, however, the fertilising effects of drainage, flowing from the altered condition of the soil, both mechanically and chemically, the soil has likewise been enriched by the application of extraneous manures. Not less than £200,000 worth of bone-dust, and £800,000 of guano, have been annually applied to it. Guano is supposed to be evanescent in its action, from its abundance of ammonia ; but it contains fifteen per cent of phosphates, while bone-dust contains twenty-five per cent, and the fertilising properties of phosphates continue. The effect of these agencies, not only in themselves, but in adding to the quantity, and in developing the virtues of the ordinary farm-yard manure, cannot be estimated at less than 3s. per acre ; so that, unless a farm that has been so drained and so manured for years realises a rise of 7s. per acre of rent at the present date, the rent virtually has largely declined. We have only adduced two kinds of expenditure, but more might be stated whereby the value of the soil has been greatly enhanced. This is the true light in which to contemplate this specious delusion. Even if it were possible to maintain the old rent, we see what an immense amount of money has already been expended in the most extravagant experiment ever indulged in by any nation, and the folly of which continues to excite the wonder of the greatest statesmen in Europe and the western continent. We have considered only the value of soil that has lately received the

advantage of thorough drainage; but in the case of old arable soils, that have not required drainage, the loss will come out more clearly and observably. Nobody now, saving, perhaps, Sir James Graham and a few more Free-Trade landowners, believes that the present rents can be maintained; and the Free-Trade press with one voice loudly demand from landowners a "readjustment," which, when explained, means the loss of half their income, and degradation from their present position to the comparative poverty and barbarism of their "grandfathers." The owners of the soil have not been more elevated by the tide of national advancement than the other classes of society: the very reverse is the case. But in the midst of an alleged national prosperity, they must retrograde to the position held by their ancestors a century ago! Will they fall, or, indeed, can they, without dragging along with them the occupants of the soil, and the millions of others immediately dependant on its cultivation?

But the Free-Trade philosophers are quite disposed to sacrifice the agricultural community in one vast holocaust at the shrine of their idol, in order that their experiment may be fairly wrought out; and they give us the vaunted proof of the undoubted success of their measure, the immense importation of bread-stuffs into the kingdom, and the consumption of these by the people. The people have eaten upwards of nine million quarters of bread-stuffs more than they did before. The additional supplies are the undeniable measure of the dreadful privations they suffered in former years! The plausible sophism has been sported by Parliamentary orators, and expatiated upon by the experimenters, as an unanswerable vindication of their policy; and, with a tender care of the poor, they say that with them it is a sacred moral duty to continue to uphold a measure that for the first time has furnished the people of this country with a sufficiency of food. Most laudable and amiable would such benevolence be, were it not indulged at other people's expense. The hypothesis is itself sufficiently startling. It implies that the industrious poor of the kingdom

have hitherto been only half-fed. It implies that the labourer and the mechanic were wont to rise up from every meal hungry, with their appetite unsated, having had only half a diet. Does any sane man, not besotted with the prejudices and passions of the Free-Trade experimenters, believe this? Is it only now that John Bull has had a bellyful? He never had enough to eat before, it seems; but now he is waxing fat. The idea is certainly original, and as certainly visionary. We believe that the quality of the food of the labouring poor has been changed—not its quantity. Wheaten bread is much more largely consumed over the kingdom than it was; but whether the oaten-meal cake or porridge, and the occasional dish of "flowery" potatoes, were not as nutritious and salubrious food as the imported substitutes, may admit of serious doubt. Cheap bread must be an undoubted boon to the labourer, provided he continues to be fully employed, and provided his wages are not lowered. This latter process is rapidly taking place among the agricultural labourers of England. Earl Fitzhardinge, a Free-Trade peer, tells us that in his county "the wages of agricultural labourers are already lower by at least £5 per annum," (*Times*, April 1851); and it is notorious that the manufacturing capitalists, with grinding rapacity, are screwing down, bit by bit, the wages of their workpeople; so that immediately the cheap loaf will be to them a mockery, as it has been a delusion and a snare. In Scotland, saving where they are paid in *kind*, the agricultural labourers have as yet scarcely experienced the effects of Free Trade. It is curious, however, to observe with what stealthy steps the pressure approaches them. Very many farmers are trying to labour their land with fewer servants, or are substituting raw lads, at half wages, for the experienced ploughmen they formerly employed. We have noticed, too, during the harvest which has just closed under such auspicious circumstances, that, in many districts where it was not formerly used, the scythe has suddenly usurped the place of the sickle. Murderous has been the havoc which the unskilful workmen, unac-

customed to wield the implement, have in many instances made in the corn-fields. But thus the farmer has largely abridged his harvest expenditure—and thus, too, very many labourers have been driven from the harvest-field. To our certain knowledge, a vast number of female workers in our rural villages and hamlets have, for the first time this season, wanted employment in cutting down the corn, who formerly with their harvest earnings paid the rent of their cottages, or provided themselves with warm clothing against the inclemency of the season. Our parochial boards may probably hear more of this during the approaching winter. To postpone his own impoverishment, the agriculturist is compelled to adopt every parsimonious expedient; and nothing can be more certain than that foreign labour, in the shape of foreign produce, will eventually lower to the Continental level the wages of British labour. Reaping machines and improved implements are not necessary to effect this result. The introduction of new and improved implements, instead of diminishing, rather diverts labour into new channels; but at present, the diminution of employment arises from the straitened circumstances of the agriculturist. Before the full effects, however, of the experiment in this direction can be exhibited, more time must elapse. If, again, we descend to the unhappy class below the industrious poor, who win and eat their own bread, do we find fewer begging their bread, and fewer perishing of inanition and want? How, then, it may be asked, do we dispose of the immense importation of foreign corn? The answer to this query may be easily found by any impartial inquirer. We have only to look to the agricultural condition of Ireland for the past two years to discover almost the complete solution of the supposed difficulty. From the agricultural returns it is undeniable that nearly 250,000 acres have been thrown out of wheat cultivation in Ireland, and it is certain that in many districts of that country a large extent of acreage formerly in cultivation has been lying waste. We speak of the years 1849–50. The *Edinburgh Review* makes a most feeble and disingenuous attempt to deny, or rather to explain away the fact, while

that sage *Economist*, Mr Wilson, is at the very time contending in Parliament for the undoubted existence of the phenomenon, and quotes it as a sufficient explanation of the depression under which the Irish millers are now labouring. But, in fact, the position can be demonstrated on grounds independent of the agricultural returns. Formerly agricultural produce used to be imported into Liverpool from Ireland in very large quantities; now, with the exception of live stock, the importation is trivial. Formerly Ireland used to send both flour and wheat to Glasgow; now the Glasgow market is supplied with foreign wheat from Leith—quite a new trade. Formerly large quantities of oats—to the extent, we believe, of 2,000,000 quarters annually—were shipped from the western ports of Ireland, Galway, and Limerick, for the London market. Now this trade has dwindled down almost to nothing, and London is chiefly supplied with feed-oats direct from Denmark and the Baltic. Formerly Ireland used to export largely—now that country imports as largely. With an immensely diminished population, how can this fact be otherwise explained but upon the supposition that there has been a greatly diminished cultivation? The conclusion, apart from authoritative statistics, is inevitable. The potato failure in Ireland would naturally have led to an increased cultivation of wheat; but Free Trade intervenes, and the Irish and English markets are inundated with French and American flour; and thus the Irish millers and grain-growers are depressed and impoverished. To this solution of the imagined dilemma other considerations may be added. From the extremely low price of grain, it has of late been largely used in the feeding of stock. In this way there has undoubtedly been a greatly increased consumption of grain. In the cotton manufactures a great deal of starch is required. This article used chiefly to be extracted from the potato; but the potato being scarce and dear, and grain plentiful and cheap, it is now manufactured from wheat. Some years ago Porter stated the quantity required for this purpose at 200,000 quarters; the quantity at present needed, we have heard estimated at 500,000 quarters.

For this and similar purposes there has no doubt been a large additional employment of wheat. By means of these explanatory causes, we are enabled clearly to see how the enormous importations of foreign corn have been disposed of, without credulously fancying that the labouring poor have been eating a third more food, and that until now they have been always under-fed. But the additional supplies have been consumed, and therefore they have been needed, it is contended. These supplies, however, would not have been wholly required, had Free Trade not paralysed the agriculture of Ireland, and depopulated her shores; and even if they had, Continental nations would have abundantly supplied our wants, and paid at the same time a reasonable import duty; thus adding to our revenue, mitigating our intolerable taxation, and maintaining such a price for our home-grown corn as would have offered fair remuneration to the cultivators of our soil. The sole difference seems to be, that we have paid away to the cultivators of foreign lands, and to the enslaved serfs and degraded labourers of Continental nations, what we formerly paid to our own people.

But still the cry of the Free-Trade philanthropists against what they call "a bread-tax," is clamorously proclaimed. There never was a happier phrase to serve the ends of faction! The compendious watchword suffices for argument and proof, and appeals directly, as intended, to the angry passions of the masses. What a horrid thing, say these gentlemen, is a tax on the bread of the poor! How iniquitous, how cruel, what a sin! And, their benevolence warming, they launch out into a flood of grandiloquent indignation at all who venture to gainsay them. They write and speak as if it were a matter of high principle—a thing as sacred as the holiest article of their creed, and as soon to be abandoned. Can these men be honest? They forget, or affect to forget, that by their own one-shilling duty they are at this moment taxing the bread of the poor to the amount of some £700,000 per annum. A bread-tax, then, cannot be a question of such holy import—a matter so vital to their consciences as they represent it to be. But, in their histrionic horror of a

bread-tax, they are quite callous about taxing the beer of the poor, the butter and cheese of the poor, the boots and shoes of the poor, the tea and tobacco of the poor, the knowledge of the poor! What precious morality is this, and what tender-conscienced gentlemen are these! Never in our memory was there a more hollow or unprincipled piece of cant palmed upon a great nation than this hypocritical cry about a bread-tax. In determining to hold their cheap loaf, it might become these parties to remember, what they do not now deny, that they are thereby impoverishing ten thousands of tenant-farmers and their families; that even now in many localities they are entailing deep injury on the industrious classes, which, if their policy is persevered in, will grow and extend itself until the whole rural population are environed in want and misery. In this recollection, can such kind-hearted politicians eat their "big loaf" pleasantly and with quiet consciences? In men so kind and good, it is a marvel that such a morsel has not stuck in their throat long ago. One principal object of the tax, so odiously nicknamed, was to protect the poor. It defended them against competition with the serf labour of Continental countries; and it kept them from the physical, intellectual, and moral degradation in which the toil-worn sons of labour in many other lands are so deeply sunk. It gave them employment, and it secured them "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work." "To buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest," is the stereotyped dogma of the new experimental philosophy. Labour is the commodity which the workman has to sell, and it must be bought at the cheapest cost—at the Russian rate of 4½d. a-day. This is the pleasant prospect held out by the new friends of the poor to the industrious classes. The maxim is a selfish and self-destructive sophism. To buy in the cheapest market cannot be good to the seller, and selling in the dearest market cannot be good to the buyer. According to this sapient principle of commerce, the business of one half of the industrious community is to ruin the other half. It is playing at the old and pleasant

game of "beggar my neighbour." One limb of the aphorism cripples the other, and sends it forth a deformed monster of political immorality. With one class, indeed—the idle, moneyed, and non-producing class—the maxim ought to be in especial favour. It suits them precisely, and for them it has been evidently coined. They have nothing to sell, and they cleave to the first clause of the rubric, and buy in the cheapest market—a most agreeable prescription to those who think it immaterial whether the industrious classes of the nation shall be allowed to live comfortably upon the fruit of their labour. It requires remarkable courage in the Free Trade press to uphold the practical wisdom of this theorem. Do they practise it? Why should we not have our newspapers as cheap as our American cousins? Did the *Times*, in proof of his sincerity, volunteer to sell his journal at 3d. when the cry of a cheap press was raised? No: he saw that that would destroy his profits and his capital, and with admirable ability he exposed the fallacious clamour. Cheap newspapers, like many other cheap things, are trashy and noxious, and he demonstrated that, with the taxes and wages which he paid, he could not, without certain ruin, furnish the public with cheap editorials. It is the very case and argument of the agricultural community. With the enormous load of taxation lying on them, and the wages which they have at present to disburse, they cannot continue to grow the cheap loaf without ultimate ruin. The *Times* itself seems to concede this. In April last, the *Times* said of farmers, "If their payments and receipts continue long at the present rate, they must be utterly ruined;" and more lately (7th July) it adds, "For nearly two years and a half, agricultural prices have been below a remunerative level."

If we had Free Trade in reality, which we cannot have without national bankruptcy and the destruction of the empire, instead of the selfish and one-sided legislation called Free Trade, skilfully contrived to impoverish the many, and to aggrandise a select few, there would have been no ground for peculiar complaint. Even if rent and wages were so reduced as to meet the present prices, it must not be forgot-

ten, that, under the potent influence of the great experiment, an immense amount of agricultural capital has disappeared. We have seen how the drainage money has evaporated; and according to a Free-Trade authority—Earl Fitzhardinge, formerly quoted—"in stocking a farm, £600 will buy about as much stock as £1000 used to do!" That is to say, the existing tenant-farmers of the nation have been plundered of two-fifths of the capital which they had invested in stock! And yet Sir J. Graham fancies that he does a fair and generous thing in refusing all reduction of rent, and in offering sixty-six of his tenants twenty days to make up their mind to displease and depart, (See *Carlisle Patriot*, 12th July 1851,) two-fifths of their means being likely to disappear in the displeasing process. Sir J. Graham had a prime hand in planning the experiment. Without the consent of his tenantry, he interpolated and altered the terms of their agreement. By an Act of Parliament he lowered prices thirty per cent, and destroyed two-fifths of their invested capital; and when his tenantry, under a calamity brought about by himself, ask some relief, he coldly refuses it, and gives them twenty days to resolve whether they shall remain and undergo a gradual impoverishment, or get out of the way with their wives and children, and their goods and chattels, as far as these are recoverable. Was there ever such bitter mockery—such insulting cruelty? He tells us in a heroic ecstasy, that he has girded on his armour, and is prepared for a great "struggle"—(*Times*, 10th February 1851.) He has determined to be a patriot of the first water, and to defend, at all hazards, the poor man's cheap loaf; but lo! he has determined, too, to cheapen it at the sole expense of his tenantry, and out of the pockets of his neighbours. This is the magnanimous struggle in which he has embarked; and to aid him in this he treasonably invoked the British army to rebellion, and summoned the soldiery to mutiny. We have reason for heartfelt gratitude that the renegade statesman has exhibited himself in his true colours; and that all the world now knows the value of his cheap loaf, and of his fine speeches

about the labouring poor. If the Free-Trade journalists are sincere in believing that the only possible remedy of agricultural distress is a reduction of rent, why have they not exposed the selfish rapacity of Sir J. Graham, and gibbeted this mock friend of the poor to the detestation of all honourable and fair-dealing Free-traders? Are they not aware that their silence suggests the suspicion that, in spite of their benevolent professions, they, too, care not for the poor, but only for themselves? Is Sir J. Graham a true type of the Free-Trade landlords of the kingdom? It is a remarkable fact, when compared with Conservative and Protectionist landlords, that very few of them have conceded any relief to their suffering tenantry; and yet the former class have fewer motives on the grounds of equity and honour to grant relief. They did not, by agitation and interference, alter the terms of their tenants' bargains, and deteriorate their property, and they are innocent of the ruin which has followed in the wake of the experiment. If Sir J. Graham is a fair representative of his class, then the Free-Trade lairds have resolved, in patriotic generosity, to cheapen the loaf, but not at their own personal expense, but exclusively and altogether out of the pockets of their tenantry and neighbours. Cheap loaf, and cheaper patriotism, and happy illustration of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest! With the progress of the experiment the ruin of the tenant-farmers will proceed with rapid acceleration. But they are not the only parties who can be demonstrated to be suffering deeply. On one section of land-owners the blow has fallen with unbroken effect. We mean those who farm their own properties. They constitute a very numerous and influential class of society. They lead the way in the path of agricultural improvement, and perform many important duties to the country, such as those of parochial boards and of the magistracy; they reside on their properties, and shed oftentimes around them the amenities of hospitality, and the light of cultivated life; at least they spend their income at home, and are the friends or counsellors of their
bours. The experiment

has gone straight to the vitals of this interesting class, and they feel the full measure of its evil. It might be well of any of our landed potentates, who may fancy that the complaining farmer is an impostor, to ask a land-owner, who farms his own soil, the effect of Free Trade on agriculture. He should be a competent and an impartial witness. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in his unanswered and unanswerable *Letters*, states the case of the parochial clergy of England, and makes a graceful appeal on their behalf. When the next septennial commutation of their tithes is fixed, there will be a large infringement on their income, and the day of their impoverishment approaches. But the parochial clergy of Scotland were at once seized upon by the experiment, as its immediate victims, and enclosed incontinently in its remorseless gripe. It may be necessary to inform our southern readers that the parochial clergy of this part of the kingdom are almost universally paid in grain: so many quarters are allocated by the Teind Court, and these are paid, not in kind, but according to the fiars prices of grain and meal annually struck in the several counties. The consequence is, that the Scotch clergyman has in the experiment lost nearly one-third of his stipend. This seems to us an act of unmitigated confiscation. Heretofore, when Parliament, for the general good, has thought meet to effect, by statute, some great fiscal change, they have scrupulously kept inviolate the rights of existing beneficiaries. If it is determined to reduce the emolument attached to a judgeship, the salary of the incumbent judge is held sacred. Why was this principle, at the very least, not acted upon in reference to the ministers of religion? By an expensive and prolonged curriculum of education they qualified themselves for the duties of their office, and they entered on the enjoyment of its meagre emoluments on the faith of Acts of Parliament as solemn and binding, they believed, as those that keep the State from bankruptcy, and give the fundholder his annuity. There are in the Scotch Church what are called small livings. These were cases in which there was a lack of teind, and by an annual grant from

the Exchequer they are made up to £150 per annum; but, under the fatal pressure of Free Trade, many stipends not in this class have sunk far below £150—so low even as £100. It is most painful to hear, as we have heard, of the penury and difficulty into which many educated men have thus been plunged. The case of the parochial clergy is clear and disencumbered, and cannot be concealed or mystified by the specious plausibilities of the Free-Trade press. It is very well for the Free-Trade pamphleteer to attempt to palm upon the tenant-farmer what we believe to be a pernicious delusion—namely, that the landlord must be the sole sufferer, and that a reduction of rent will completely meet his loss; or for the shallow quack to call upon him to farm high, and to take to science. These remedies at least cannot reach the case we are now considering. What is the cheap loaf to the clergyman of a parish? His glebe acres provide the household with that. The wages of his domestic servants—his contribution to the Ministers' Widows' Fund—his life insurance—his doctor's bill—the expense of educating his children—his taxes, are all undiminished; and how, with an income always small, but now so grievously dilapidated, any frugality can meet the unavoidable expenditure of his position, seems inexplicable. And, to quote language as justly applicable to the clergy of Scotland as of England, "When we remember how the income of these men is for the most part devoted, the unostentatious charity which they practise, the popular education they so liberally help to elevate and diffuse—compelled, by their residence in the country, to spend what they require for their wants chiefly among the neighbouring traders—I can conceive nothing more calculated to retard the prosperity and wellbeing of the rural districts than the impoverishment of that class of gentlemen, which applies means the most moderate to services the most useful."—(Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's *Letters*, p. 88.)

We have pleasure in directing attention to the case of the Scotch clergy, as affected by the Free-Trade experiment; and not the less so, that not a syllable of complaint has as yet

been uttered by them. The cause of their silence is to us not unintelligible. Were they to publish their suffering, they know that the Free-Trade journals, in one harmonious howl, would denounce them as mercenary wolves, and as the enemies of the poor—an imputation painful to every generous nature, and one which, however false, Christian ministers must have felt an anxiety to avoid, as likely to prove injurious to the success of their pastoral duties. In silence, therefore, have they suffered; and the right of a plundered party to complain is with elaborate cruelty denied them. And will the respectable gentlemen who minister to our Dissenting congregations not soon be made to feel the pressure? In rural districts, especially, can the agricultural community be expected to pay their religious instructors as they did in more prosperous times? The Scottish people have proverbially a warm regard for their clergymen, and an earnest effort will be made not to abate their offering; but the insidious drain upon their resources which Free Trade has opened must ere long extinguish their means. There is another class, too, whose meritorious labours have proved of scarcely less value to the commonwealth, who will speedily be in the fangs of the Free-Trade experimenters. The parochial schoolmasters of Scotland have their salaries paid according to the average value of oatmeal. By the Act 43 Geo. III. c. 54, the average price over all Scotland is struck once every twenty-five years, and by that average they are paid. The next average for the preceding twenty-five years falls to be taken in 1856; and it appears, from an interesting report on education laid before the last meeting of the General Assembly of the National Church, that if prices continue at their present rate, the maximum salary of £34—a miserable maximum, and disgraceful to the State that doles out such a dribble of pay to its public teachers—will be reduced in 1856 to £26 sterling! And thus it appears that the religious instructors and teachers of the people of this kingdom are to be crushed under the chariot-wheels of the Juggernaut of Free Trade. We believe that there are very many men who love their country

Free Trade which can be proved now to have taken place, and have still less contemplated the coming and future results of the experiment. If they saw that the impoverishment of the farmer, the clergyman, and the teacher, had already been certainly accomplished, they would revolt at the legalised plunder.

The evil has not reached them, and they may have been bewildered by the mischievous statistics and specious sophistry of the Free-Trade press, and, with heedless indifference to the ruin of others, they conclude that the cheap loaf is an excellent thing. The lawyer's fee and the doctor's are as yet unimpaired, and intact themselves, they may not have taken time to consider that they are eating their cheap loaf at the expense of the roofless agriculturalist, and to the impoverishment of the members of the two other learned professions. The sleek citizen, with his snug money income, approves of the wisdom of the cheap loaf, and marvels that there should be any difference on a question so plain. In the mean time, this may be all very well. But if the laird and the farmer, the parson and the teacher, are to be compelled to retrograde to the primitive habits and diminished income of their grandfathers, they will certainly refuse to proceed alone in the backward path. They are of too kindly a nature to think for a moment of parting with their friends. They will insist upon going arm in arm in this journey of declension with their legal and medical advisers—with the agreeable axizians and the comfortable owners of house property. The plaintive morality and music of the old song must find a response in every bosom:—

"John Anderson my jo, John,
We daun'd the hill together,
And merrily a merry day, John,
We've had with aye anither;
Nae mair we mean to part, John,
But hand in hand we'll gae,
John Anderson my jo."

If the cheap loaf is indispensable, then, for its production, we must have an impartial and equitable confiscation of all property and of all income. If it is a national boon, then, in the

production of it, we must require just compensation to be paid for it. But while we believe that many benevolent and just men, from sheer inconsiderateness, remain blind to the bitter fruits of Free Trade, there are some for whom even such a poor apology cannot be offered. There are many burning with a hatred, not only of what is called liberalism, but of the institutions of the country. They are wise in their generation, and they see that the experiment is insidiously but surely sapping the foundations of the empire. To the liberal laird, too, who repudiates the idea of readjustment, and who extracts from his tenant an undiminished rental, and pays to his parish minister a third less stipend, Free Trade has brought clear and unequivocal gain. The day, however, of his retribution draws near. Nor do we despair of his conversion to sound views regarding the protection due to our native industry. Sequestered tenants, deteriorated farms, and a diminished rental, will purge his "visual orb," and dispel the delusive mist in which he has fondly enveloped himself. We believe that he will not remain insensible to the potent influence of that text which the great master of satire has thus celebrated—

"What makes all decisions plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a-year.
And that which was proved true before,
Prove him again? I've heard more."

The experiment proceeds, but not without falsifying every promise held out by its authors. We have had the curiosity to re-peruse the debates in Parliament when the Corn Laws were abolished: and not only has not one of their predictions been verified, but, to the consternation of the speakers, the very reverse of every one of them has been realised. The other nations would follow our example, another golden age of reciprocity would commence, said Sir R. Peel. Our folly has only confirmed France and America in a course of equitable protection: and, by the mouths of their greatest statesmen, they have told us that we are madmen, and are "digging our own graves." In Prussia, the government of Bismarck, looking upon Free-Trade agitators apparently as

enemies of the country, has lately performed summary justice on some of them, by committing them to the mercy of the minister of justice. The nation was to enjoy universal prosperity. The prices of grain would not fall, and landlords and tenants would not suffer—(Sir R. Peel, Sir J. Graham, Messrs Villiers, Milner Gibson, Cobden, and Bright.) The fulfilment of the promise is thus recorded in the Queen's Speech of 1851: "I have to lament, however, the difficulties which are still felt by that important body among my people who are owners and occupants of soil." And are the other industrious classes prospering? The income-tax returns, according to the *Times*, are the infallible test of national prosperity, and they give the lie to the alleged prosperity. Since the commencement of Free Trade, the taxable profits of the nation have decreased about one and a half millions. The labouring poor were promised more abundant employment and better wages—(Sir R. Peel, Mr Sydney Herbert, and Sir C. Wood.) The labouring poor are rushing in shiploads from the shores of their native land, as if it were infested with pestilence and plague. Infatuated men, thus to flee from prosperity! "The necessity for emigration altogether is created by the landlords and their Corn Laws," said the *Anti-Bread-Tax Circular*, (No. 27, Dec. 1841.) And again, in a subsequent number: "But, apart from individual suffering, this is a subject of high and serious import to the State; it betokens a disease which threatens to end in the permanent weakness, if not destruction, of the State. We have a remarkable expression on this point in the writings of John Milton. That great man says, 'I shall believe there cannot be a more ill-boding sign to a nation, (God turn the omen from us,) than when the inhabitants, to avoid insufferable grievances at home, are forced, by heaps, to forsake their native country,'"—(No. 87, April 1842.) The divine Milton quoted in the *Anti-Bread-Tax Circular*! Horrid profanation! But the disastrous portent which "the old man eloquent" so devoutly deprecated, Free Trade has shed upon the nation.

During the four years immediately preceding Free Trade, the annual average number of emigrants was 87,000, and the annual average of the last four years of Free Trade has been 271,000! Nor, since the experiment was originated, have the seers been more happy in their vaticinations. So adverse is fortune to the soothsayers, and so unpropitious the stars to the Free-Trade astrologers, that they cannot now venture upon a prediction without being startled with its prompt refutation. The Industrial Exhibition in Hyde Park was to be the inaugurating festival of Free Trade, according to the *Morning Chronicle*; and the *Times* is constrained to confess that there is scarcely an article exhibited that does not enjoy the benefit of protection. Sir J. Graham quotes, as a proof of the agricultural prosperity, the thriving condition of his tenantry, and the punctual payment of his rents; and forthwith his tenantry publish their suffering to the world, and ask a reduction of rent. The time seems to have arrived when the Free-Trade sages should doff the prophet's mantle. 'Tis a pity they did not think of prefacing their prophecies as good old Tiresias did—*Quid dico, aut erit aut non*.

It seems undeniable, then—and indeed, according to their own confession, this is in a great measure admitted—that the planners and promoters of the experiment were originally in a state of the profoundest ignorance regarding its effects, and have been most signally mistaken regarding its results. If there is any patriotism in them, or any sense of honour, one course only is open to them—to do justice, namely, to the victims of their temerity, and to retrace their steps. To talk of a mere fiscal arrangement as unalterable, as an irrevocable finality—an arrangement, too, ruinous to agriculture and other branches of home trade—that is pauperising the educational and religious instructors of the nation, and expatriating the poor, is a ridiculous mockery, and is contradicted by all our Parliamentary history. The only measure of importance passed in last session of Parliament—the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill—was the retracing of a false

step, and the correction of a grave blunder. In his speech on the bill, the Duke of Wellington, with heroic magnanimity, admitted this; and the great majority of the Liberal journals have in this matter retraced their steps, and are writing, and many of them with great power, in the teeth of the opinions and policy which they advocated in 1829.

It may be necessary to wait a little longer, that all reasonable men, who have their country's welfare at heart, may see more fully the failure of the experiment. Our past patience has not been without its reward. The millers of England and Ireland, once enthusiastically Free-Traders, have seen reason to alter their opinions. The shipowners, once greatly indifferent to the encroachments of Free Trade, have changed their mind, and have proclaimed the change in no uncertain accents at Scarborough. The glowing editorials of the great journalist of Free Trade are pointedly refuted by his income-tax returns, his trade reports, and his import tables. Intimidation, the last refuge of baffled demagogues, is now resorted to. Free Trade, it seems, cannot be trusted to the care of the present electoral body, (humiliating confession!) and the agricultural constituencies and the electors of our maritime towns are to be swamped by a new reform bill, that the experiment may proceed undisturbed. The trumpet of terror was first blown by that false knight who proposed rebellion to the British soldier, and the smaller terrorists have taken the key-note from Netherby. The Edinburgh Reviewer of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton with laughable solemnity mutters dark threats in the ears of the owners of land. Their apathetic indifference has doubtless encouraged the strain, and suggested to him that they must be men of a craven spirit. Our yeomen at least are not cowards, and suffering gives courage even to timid men.

There are venerated names which once were a tower of strength in the land. We wait for an avowal from them that an experiment, to the sup-

port of which unparalleled treachery may have originally seduced them, has totally disappointed their just expectations. With trembling anxiety we wait for their return to their natural and rightful position, for delay may be continued until retraction becomes worthless, and until character and influence are alike shipwrecked. The Newark election, and, more lately, the conduct of the Suffolk farmers rushing blindfold, in the bitterness of intolerable suffering and blighted hope, into the arms of democracy, should teach Conservative landlords a lesson which, if not bereft of reason, they will speedily improve. But there are some for whom we cannot wait. We may wait to the Greek Kalends ere the economists of the Cobden school shall be satisfied of the undeniable and intolerable suffering of the agricultural community. If the tenant-farmers of the nation fancy that these men may yet relent, and extend to them some measure of justice, they are indulging in a fond imagination. With as much hope of being heard may the sailor sue the angry surge for safety, or the bleating lamb bespeak the butcher's pity. This class of experimenters has so mastered the weakness of humanity, that they will cut and carve upon their patient until the last drop of blood has oozed from his tortured body. For the conversion of these ardent devotees to experimental science, who will proceed until their victim drops exhausted from the operator's table, we cannot wait. Nor can we wait for him who once told us* "that the Corn Laws would never be abolished;" that, if they were, "this was the last country he would wish to inhabit;" that "despotism itself could not inflict a greater cruelty on the poor than the system of Free Trade;" and who, nevertheless, did repeal the Corn Laws, and does now inhabit the country, and did lately despotically inflict cruelty on his tenantry at Netherby. For the arch-experimenter we cannot wait. The traitorous presence would poison even the pleasure of recovered prosperity.

* See *Hansard*, 3d series, vol. xlv.

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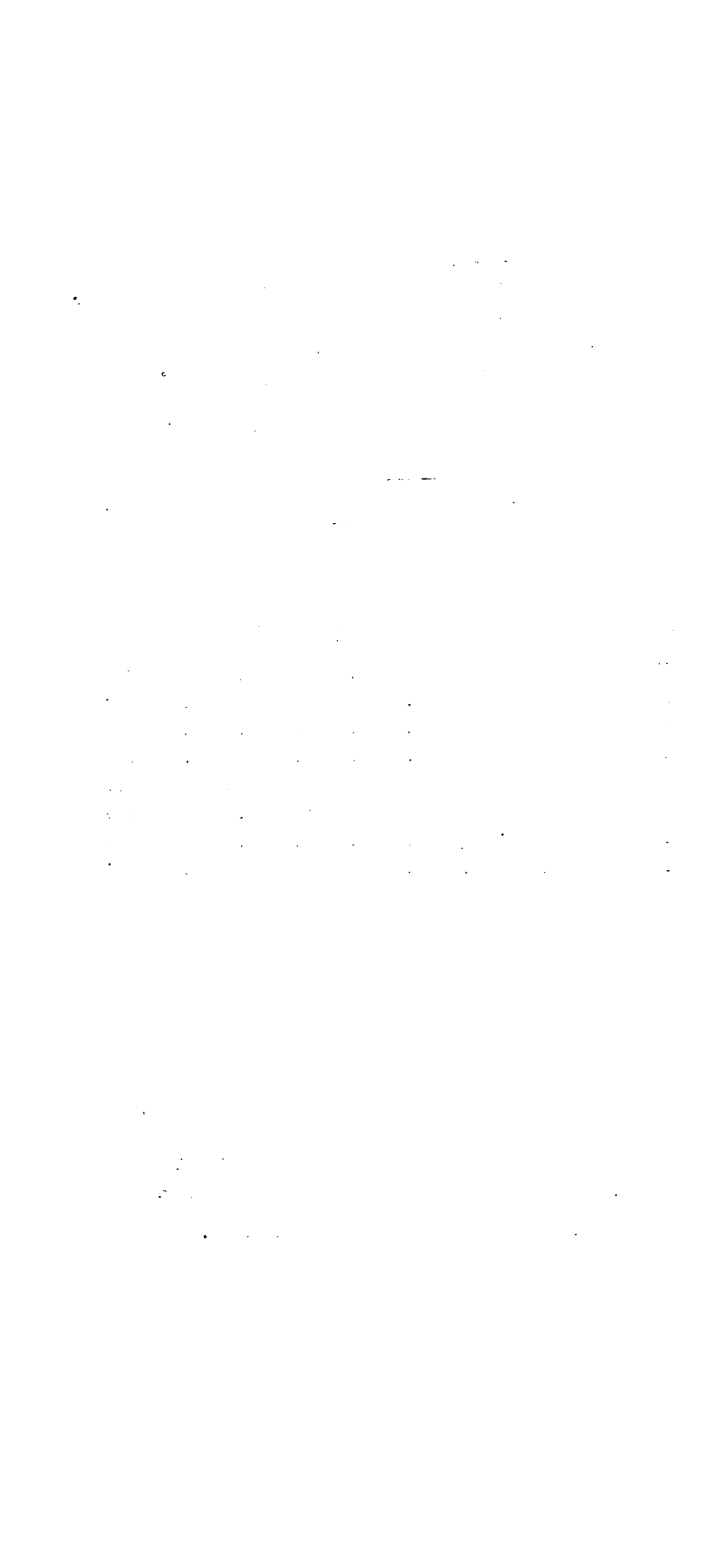
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THE DRAMAS OF HENRY TAYLOR.

THERE is no living writer whose rank in literature appears to be more accurately determined, or more permanently secured to him, than the author of *Philip Van Artevelde*. Not gifted with the ardent temperament, the very vivid imagination, or the warmth of passion which are supposed necessary to carry a poet to the highest eminences of his art, he has, nevertheless, that intense reflection, that large insight into human life, that severe taste, binding him always to a most select, accurate, and admirable style, which must secure him a lofty and impregnable position amongst the class of writers who come next in order to the very highest.

There have been greater poems, but in modern times we do not think there has appeared any dramatic composition which can be pronounced superior to the masterpiece of Henry Taylor. Neither of the *Sardanapalus* of Lord Byron, nor the *Remorse* of Coleridge, nor the *Cenci* of Shelley, could this be said. We are far from asserting that Taylor is a greater poet than Byron, or Coleridge, or Shelley; but we say that no dramatic composition of these poets surpasses, as a whole, *Philip Van Artevelde*. These writers have displayed, on

various occasions, more passion and more pathos, and a command of more beautiful imagery, but they have none of them produced a more complete dramatic work; nor do any of them manifest a profounder insight, or a wider view of human nature, or more frequently enunciate that *pathetic wisdom*, that mixture of feeling and sagacity, which we look upon as holding the highest place in eloquence of every description, whether prose or verse. The last act of Shelley's drama of the *Cenci* has left a more vivid impression upon our mind than any single portion of the modern drama; but one act does not constitute a play, and this drama of the *Cenci* is so odious from its plot, and the chief character portrayed in it is, in every sense of the word, so utterly monstrous, (for Shelley has combined, for purposes of his own, a spirit of piety with the other ingredients of that diabolical character, which could not have co-existed with them,) that, notwithstanding all its beauty, we would willingly efface this poem from English literature. If one of those creatures, half beautiful woman and half scaly fish, which artists seem, with a traditional depravity of taste, to delight in, were really to be alive, and to present

Philip Van Artevelde: A Dramatic Romance.—*Edwin the Fair: An Historical Drama*; and *Isaac Commensal: A Play*—*The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems.* By HENRY TAYLOR.

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itself before us, it would hardly excite greater disgust than this beautifully foul drama of the *Cenci*.

The very fact of our author having won so distinct and undisputed a place in public estimation, must be accepted as an excuse for our prolonged delay in noticing his writings. The public very rapidly passed its verdict upon them: it was a sound one. The voice of encouragement was not needed to the author; nor did the reading world require to be informed of the fresh accession made to its stores. If we now propose to ourselves some critical observations on the dramas of Mr Taylor, we enter upon the task in exactly the same spirit that we should bring to the examination of any old writer, any veritable ancient, of established celebrity. We are too late to assist in creating a reputation for these dramas, but we may possibly throw out some critical suggestions which may contribute to their more accurate appreciation.

In *Philip Van Artevelde*, the great object of the author appears to have been to exhibit, in perfect union, the man of thought and the man of action. The hero is meditative as Hamlet, and as swift to act as Coriolanus. He is pensive as the Dane, and with something of the like cause for his melancholy; but so far from wasting all his energies in moody reflection, he has an equal share for a most enterprising career of real life. He throws his glance as freely and as widely over all this perplexing world, but every footstep of his own is planted with a sure and certain knowledge, and with a firm will. His thoughts may seem to play as loose as the air above him, but his standing-place is always stable as the rock. Such a character, we need not say, could hardly have been selected, and certainly could not have been portrayed with success, by any but a deeply meditative mind.

It is often remarked that the hero is the reflection of the writer. This could not be very correctly said in instances like the present. A writer still lives only in his writings, lives only in his thoughts, whatever martial feats or bold enterprises he may depict. We could not prophesy how

the poet himself would act if he had been the citizen of Ghent. It is more accurate to content ourselves with saying that the delineation of his hero has given full scope to the intellectual character of the author, and to his own peculiar habits of thought. For if the great citizen of Ghent combines in an extraordinary degree the reflective and the energetic character, our author unites, in a manner almost as peculiar, two modes of thinking which at first appear to be opposed: he unites that practical sagacity which gives grave, and serious, and useful counsels upon human conduct, with that sad and profound irony—that reasoned despondency—which so generally besets the speculative mind. All life is—vanity. Yet it will not do to resign ourselves to this general conclusion, from which so little, it is plain, can be extracted. From nothing, nothing comes. We must go back, and estimate by comparison each form and department of this human life—which, as a whole, is so nugatory. Thus, practical sagacity is reinvigorated in full vigour, and has its fair scope of action, though ever and anon a philosophic despondency will throw its shadow over the scene.

As it is a complete man, so it is a whole life, that we have portrayed in the drama of *Philip Van Artevelde*. The second part is not what is understood by a "continuation" of the first, but an essential portion of the work. In the one we watch the hero rise to his culminating point; in the other we see him sink—not in crime, and not in glory, but in a sort of dim and disastrous twilight. We take up the hero from his student days; we take him from his philosophy and his fishing-line, and that obstinate pondering on unsolvable problems, which is as much a characteristic of youth as the ardent passions with which it is more generally accredited; we take him from the quiet stream which he torments, far more by the thoughts he throws upon it, than by his rod and line.

"He is a man of singular address
In catching river-fish,"

says a sarcastic enemy, who knew nothing of the trains of thought for

which that angling was often a convenient disguise. A hint given in the drama will go far to explain what their hue and complexion must have been. The father of Philip had headed the patriotic cause of the citizens of Ghent; it had triumphed in his person; the same citizens of Ghent had murdered him on the threshold of his door. When he was a boy, the stains of his father's blood were still visible on that threshold: the widowed mother would not suffer them to be removed, and, nursing her revenge, loved to show them to the child. There was something here to colour the thoughts of the young fisherman.

But passion and the world are now knocking at the heart of the meditative student. Love and ambition are there, and, moreover, the turbulent condition of the city of Ghent seems to forbid the continuance of this life of quietude. The passions of the world crave admittance. Shall he admit them? The great theatre of life claims its new actor. Shall he go? Shall he commit himself once and for ever to the turmoil and delusions of that scene—delusions that will not delude, but which will exercise as great a tyranny over him as if they did? Yes; he will go. As well do battle with the world without, as eternally with his own thoughts; for this is the only alternative youth presents to us. Yes, he will go; but deliberately: he will not be borne along, he will govern his own footsteps, and, come what may, will be always master of himself.

Launoy, one of Ghent's bravest patriots, has been killed. The first reflection we hear from the lips of Artevelde is called forth by this intelligence. It does not surprise him.

"I never looked that he should live so long. He was a man of that unsleeping spirit, He seemed to live by miracle: his food Was glory, which was poison to his mind And peril to his body. He was one Of many thousand such that die betimes, Whose story is a fragment, known to few. Then comes the man who has the luck to live, And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances, And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times

Who wins the race of glory, but than him A thousand men more gloriously endowed Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others

Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,
Whilst lighter barks pushed past them; to whom add
A smaller tally, of the singular few
Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.
The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

If ambition wears this ambiguous aspect to his mind, it is not because he is disposed to regard the love of woman too enthusiastically.

"It may be I have deemed or dreamed of such.
But what know I? We figure to ourselves
The thing we like, and then we build it up
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand:
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,
And home-bound fancy runs her bark ashore."

Yet Artevelde is at this time on his way to Adriana to make that declaration which the Lady Adriana is so solicitous to hear. This a lover! Yes; only one of that order who hang over and count the beatings of their own heart.

Launoy being destroyed, and the people of Ghent having lost others of their leaders, and growing discontented with the stern rule of Van Den Bosch, some new captain or ruler of the town is looked for. The eyes of men are turned to Philip Van Artevelde. He shall be captain of the Whitehoods, and come to the rescue of the falling cause; for, of late, the Earl of Flanders has been everywhere victorious. Van Den Bosch himself makes the proposal. It is evident, from hints that follow, that Artevelde had already made his choice; he saw that the time was come when, even if he desired it, there was no maintaining a peaceful neutrality. But Van Den Bosch meets with no eager spirit ready to snatch at the perilous prize held out to him. He is no dupe to the nature of the offer, nor very willing that others should fancy him to be one—

"Not so fast.

Your vessel, Van Den Bosch, hath felt the storm:
She rolls dismayed in an ugly swell,
And you would make a jury-mast of me,
Whereon to spread the tatters of your canvass."

It is worth noticing how the passion of revenge, like the others, is

admitted to its post; admitted, yet coldly looked upon. He will revenge his father. Two knights, Sir Guisebert Grutt and Simon Bette, (we wish they had better names,) were mainly instrumental in his murder. These men have been playing false, by making treacherous overtures to the Earl of Flanders; they will be in his power. But they cannot, he reflects, render back the life they have destroyed—

—— “Life for life, vile bankrupts as they are,
Their worthless lives for his of countless price,
Is their whole wherewithal to pay the debt.
Yet retribution is a goodly thing,
And it were well to wring the payment from them,
Even to the utmost drop of their heart's blood.”

Still less does the patriotic harangue of Van Den Bosch find an enthusiastic response. He was already too much a statesman to be a demagogue; not to mention that his father's career had taught him a bitter estimate of popularity, and of all tumultuary enthusiasm:—

Van Den Bosch. Times are sore changed, I see. There's none in Ghent
That answers to the name of Artevelde.
Thy father did not carp or question thus
When Ghent invoked his aid. The days
have been
When not a citizen drew breath in Ghent
But freely would have died in Freedom's cause.
Artevelde. With a good name thou christenest
the cause.
True, to make choice of despots is some
freedom,
The only freedom for this turbulent town,
Rule her who may. And in my father's
time
We still were independent, if not free;
And wealth from independence, and from
wealth
Enfranchisement will partially proceed.
The cause, I grant thee, Van Den Bosch, is
good;
And were I linked to earth no otherwise
But that my whole heart centred in myself,
I could have tossed you this poor life to play
with,
Taking no second thought. But as things
are,
I will resolve the matter warily,
And send thee word betimes of my conclusion.
Van Den Bosch. Betimes it must be; for
some two hours hence
I meet the Deans, and ere we separate
Our course must be determined.
Artevelde. In two hours,
If I be for you, I will send this ring
In token I have so resolved.”

He had already resolved. Such a man would not have suffered himself to be hemmed in within the space of two hours to make so great a decision; but he would not rush precipitately forward; he would feel his own *will* at each step. He had already resolved; but his love to Adriana troubles him at heart: he must first make all plain and intelligible there, before he becomes captain of the Whitehoods. From this interview he goes to Adriana; and then follows a dialogue, every sentence of which, if we were looking out for admirable passages for quotation, would offer itself as a candidate. We quote only, from a drama so well known, for the purpose of illustrating the analytic view we would present of its chief hero; but the passages selected for this purpose can hardly fail of being also amongst the most beautiful in themselves. Artevelde is alone, waiting for the appearance of Adriana—

“There is but one thing that still harks me back.

To bring a cloud upon the summer day
Of one so happy and so beautiful,—
It is a hard condition. For myself,
I know not that the circumstance of life
In all its changes can so far afflict me
As makes anticipation much worth while.

Oh she is fair!
As fair as Heaven to look upon! as fair
As ever vision of the Virgin blest
That weary pilgrim, resting by the fount
Beneath the palm, and dreaming to the tune
Of flowing waters, duped his soul withal.
It was permitted in my pilgrimage
To rest beside the fount, beneath the tree,
Beholding there no vision, but a maid
Whose form was light and graceful as the
palm,
Whose heart was pure and jocund as the
fount,
And spread a freshness and a verdure round.”

Adriana appears, and in the course of the dialogue he addresses her thus:—

“Be calm;
And let me warn thee, ere thy choice be
fixed,
What fate thou may'st be wedded to with
me.
Thou hast beheld me living heretofore
As one retired in staid tranquillity:
The dweller in the mountains, on whose ear
The accustomed cataract thunders unobserved;
The seaman, who sleeps sound upon the deck,
Nor hears the loud lamenting of the blast,
Nor heeds the weltering of the plangent
wave,—
These have not lived more undisturbed
than I:

But build not upon this; the swollen stream
May shake the cottage of the mountaineer,
And drive him forth; the seaman, roused at
length,
Leaps from his slumber on the wave-washed
deck:

And now the time comes fast when here, in
Ghent,

He who would live exempt from injuries
Of armed men, must be himself in arms.

This time is near for all,—nearer for me:

I will not wait upon necessity,

And leave myself no choice of vantage-
ground,

But rather meet the times where best I
may,

And mould and fashion them as best I can.

Reflect then that I soon may be embarked

In all the hazards of these troublesome

times,

And in your own free choice take or resign

me.

Adri. Oh, Artevelde, my choice is free no
more."

And now he is open to hear Van
Den Bosch. That veteran in war and
insurrection brings him news that the
people are ready to elect him for their
captain or ruler.

"*Arte.* Good! when they come I'll speak
to them.

Van Den B. 'Twere well.

Canst learn to bear thee high amongst the
commons?

Canst thou be cruel? To be esteemed of
them,

Thou must not set more store by lives of men
Than lives of larks in season.

Arte. Be it so.

I can do what is needful."

The time of action is at hand. We
now see Van Artevelde in a suit of
armour; he is reclining on a window-
seat in his own house, looking out
upon the street. There is treason in
the town; of those who flock to the
market-place, some have already de-
serted his cause.

"*Arte.* Not to be feared—Give me my
sword! Go forth,
And see what folk be these that throng the
street. [*Exit the page.*]

Not to be feared is to be nothing here.

And wherefore have I taken up this office,

If I be nothing in it? There they go.

(*Shouts are heard.*)

Of them that pass my house some shout my
name,

But the most part pass silently; and once
I heard the cry of 'Flanders and the Lion!'

That cry again!

Sir knights, ye drive me close upon the
rocks,

And of my cargo you're the vilest bales,

So overboard with you! What, men of
blood!

Can the son better auspicate his arms
Than by the slaying of who slew the father?
Some blood may flow because that it needs
must,

But yours by choice—I'll slay you, and thank
God.

(*Enter Van Den Bosch.*)

Van Den B. The common bell has rung!
the knights are there;

Thou must come instantly.

Arte. I come, I come.

Van Den B. Now, Master Philip, if thou
miss thy way

Through this affair we're lost. For Jesus'
sake

Be counselled now by me; have thou in
mind—

Arte. Go to, I need not counsel; I'm re-
solved.

Take thou thy stand beside Sir Simon Bette,
As I by Grutt; take note of all I do,

And do thyself accordingly. Come on."

They join the assembly; they take
their stand each by one of the traitor
knights; the debate on the proposal
of the Earl proceeds; three hundred
citizens are to be given up to him,
and on this, and other conditions,
peace is to be granted. Artevelde
addresses the assembly, and then
turning to these knights, he con-
tinues:—

"Your pardon, sirs, again!

(*To Grutt and Bette.*)

You are the pickers and the choosers here,
And doubtless you're all safe, ye think—
ha! ha!

But we have picked and chosen, too, sir
knights—

What was the law for I made yesterday—

What! is it you that would deliver up

Three hundred citizens to certain death?

Ho! Van Den Bosch! have at these traitors

—ha!—

(*Stabs Grutt, who falls.*)

Van Den B. Die, treasonable dog!—

(*Stabs Bette.*)"

He can do "what is needful." It is
admirable; everything that is said
and done is admirable; but an in-
voluntary suspicion at times creeps
into the mind, that such a man as
Phillip Van Artevelde never lived, or
could live. No man could move along
such a line of enterprise with such a
weight of reflection on all the springs
of action. We see the calm states-
man at the head of a tumultuary
movement; and the meditative man,
to whom revenge is the poorest of our
passions, striking a blow from which
an old warrior might shrink. Could
a man be really impelled along a path

of life like this by passions that are admitted, indeed, into the bosom, but watched like prisoners? The suspicion, we say, creeps involuntarily into the mind; but we will not entertain it—we will not yield to it. That the reflective and energetic characters are, in certain degrees, combined together, we all know; and who shall say within what degrees only this is possible? And why may not an ideal perfection of this kind be portrayed as well as an ideal patriot, or an ideal monk, or an ideal warrior? We throw the suspicion aside, and continue our analysis.

There is a passage which is often quoted for its great beauty: we quote it also for its great appropriateness. Philip Van Artevelde is master of the city; he is contemplating it at night-time from the tower of St Nicholas. The reflection here put into the mouth of the anxious captain brings back to us, in the midst of war and the cares of government, the meditative man:—

“There lies a sleeping city. God of dreams!
What an unreal and fantastic world
Is going on below!
Within the sweep of yon encircling wall
How many a large creation of the night,
Wide wilderness and mountain, rock and sea,
Peopled with busy transitory groups,
Finds room to rise, and never feels the crowd!”

The famous scene, which has for its place the summit of this tower, between Artevelde and Van Den Bosch, is fresh in the recollection of every reader: we must pass it by, and the admirable and pathetic description of the famine that is raging in Ghent, and proceed to the last act of this part of the drama. Artevelde has stimulated the citizens to make one brave effort more—to sally from the walls, and meet the Earl in battle before Bruges. He has arranged in order of battle his lean and famine-stricken, but desperate little army. He knows the extreme peril in which they stand: no food in the camp; fearful odds to be encountered; yet the only hope lying in immediate battle. He does not delude himself for a moment; he sees the danger, and entertains it with a certain icy levity. He does not hope, acts as if he did. He is not a given to hope, but he has a

tempered despondency, which sits with him at the council-board, and rides with him to the field, and which he compels to do the services of hope.

“*Artev.* I would to God
The sun might not go down upon us here
Without a battle fought!
Van Den B. If so it should,
We pass a perilous night,
And wake a wasted few the morrow morn.
Van Muck. We have a supper left.
Artev. My lady’s page,
If he got ne’er a better, would be wroth,
And burn in effigy my lady’s steward.

Van Den B. We’ll hope the best;
But if there be a knave in power unchanged,
And in his head a grain of sense undrowned,
He’ll be their caution not to—
Artev. Van Den Bosch,
Talk we of battle and survey the field,
For I will fight.”

We like this last expression. What in another man would have been a mere petulance, is in Artevelde an assumed confidence—consciously assumed, as the only tone of mind in which to pass through the present crisis. Nor can we omit to notice the following passage, which, to our apprehension, is very characteristic of our contemplative politician and warrior; it shows the sardonic vein running through his grave and serious thoughts:—

Art. (to Van Ryk.) I tell thee, eat,
Eat and be fresh. I’ll send a priest to shrive thee.
Van Muck, thou tak’st small comfort in thy prayers,
Put thou thy muzzle to yon tub of wine.”

The battle is fought and a victory won. Justice is executed with stern and considerate resolve on the villains of the piece, and we leave Van Artevelde triumphant in his great contest, and happy in the love of Adriana.

The subordinate characters who are introduced into this first part of the drama, we have no space to examine minutely. The canvass is well filled, though the chief figure stands forward with due prominence. Adriana is all that an amiable and loving woman should be. The lighter-hearted Clara is intended as a sort of contrast and relief. Her levity and wit are not always graceful; they are not so in the early scene where she jests with the page: afterwards, when in presence of her lover, she has a fitter and more genial subject

for her playful wit, and succeeds much better. In the course of the drama, when the famine is raging in Ghent, she appears as the true sister of Philip Van Artevelde. At her first introduction she is somewhat too hoydenish for the mistress of the noble D'Arlon. D'Arlon is all that a knight should be, and Gilbert Matthew is a consummate villain.

Between the first and second parts is a poem in rhyme, called "The Lay of Elena." This introduces us to the lady who is to be the heroine of the second part of the drama. All the information it gives, might, we think, have been better conveyed in a few lines of blank verse, added to that vindication of herself which Elena pours forth in the first act, when Sir Fleureant of Henrlée comes to reclaim her on the part of the Duke of Bourbon. This poem is no favourite of ours; but the worst compliment we would pay it implies, in one point of view, a certain fitness and propriety—we were glad to return to the blank verse of our author, in which we find both more music and more pathos than in these rhymes.

If we are tempted to suspect, whilst reading the first part of this drama, that the character of Philip Van Artevelde combines in a quite ideal perfection the man of thought with the man of action, we, at all events, cannot accuse the author, in this second part, of representing an ideal or superhuman happiness as the result of this perfect combination. It is a very truthful sad-coloured destiny that he portrays. The gloomy passionate sunset of life has been a favourite subject with poets; but what other author has chosen the clouded afternoon of life, the cheerless twilight, and the sun setting behind cold and dark clouds? It was a bold attempt. It has been successfully achieved. But no amount of talent legitimately expended on it could make this second part as attractive as the first. When the heroic man has accomplished his heroic action, life assumes to him, more than to any other, a most ordinary aspect: his later years bring dwarfish hopes and projects, or none at all; they bring desires no longer "gay," and welcomed only for such poor life as they may have in them.

Philip Van Artevelde is now the Regent of Flanders, and, like other regents, has to hold his own: Adriana he has lost; her place is supplied by one still fair but faded, and who, though she deserved a better fate, must still be described as lately the mistress of the Duke of Bourbon. It is the hero still, but he has descended into the commonplace of courts and politics.

That it is the same Philip Van Artevelde we are in company with, the manner in which he enters into this new love will abundantly testify. He has been describing to Elena his former wife, Adriana. The description is very beautiful and touching. He then proceeds with his wooing thus:—

Artev. . . . Well, well—she's gone, And I have tamed my sorrow. Pain and grief Are transitory things no less than joy, And though they leave us not the men we were,

Yet they do leave us. You behold me here A man bereaved, with something of a blight Upon the early blossoms of his life And its first verdure, having not the less A living root, drawing from the earth Its vital juices, from the air its powers: And surely as man's health and strength are whole,

His appetites regerminate, his heart Reopens, and his objects and desires Shoot up renewed. What blank I found before me,

From what is said you partly may surmise; How I have hoped to fill it, may I tell?

Elena. I fear, my lord, that cannot be.

Artev. . . . Indeed!

Then am I doubly hopeless.

Elena. I said I feared another could not fill The place of her you lost, being so fair And perfect as you give her out."

In fine, Elena is conquered, or rather led to confess a conquest already achieved.

Elena. . . . I cannot—no—

I cannot give you what you've had so long; Nor need I tell you what you know so well. I must be gone.

Artev. . . . Nay, sweetest, why these tears?

Elena. No, let me go—I cannot tell—no—

no—

I want to be alone—

Oh! Artevelde, for God's love let me go!

[*Exit.*]

Artev. (after a pause.) The night is far advanced upon the morrow.

—Yes, I have wasted half a summer's night.

Was it well spent? Successfully it was.

How little flattering is a woman's love!

Worth to the heart, come how it may, a world;

Worth to men's measures of their own desire.

If weighed in wisdom's balance, merely nothing.
 The few hours left are precious—who is there?
 Ho! Nieuwerkerchen!—when we think upon it,
 How little flattering is a woman's love!
 (Given commonly to whosoe'er is nearest
 And propped with most advantage; outward grace
 Nor inward light is needful; day by day
 Men wanting both are mated with the best
 And loftiest of God's feminine creation.
 Ho! Nieuwerkerchen!—what, then, do we sleep?
 Are none of you awake?—and as for me,
 The world says Philip is a famous man—
 What is there woman will not love, so taught?
 Ho! Ellert! by your leave though, you must wake.

(*Enter an officer.*)

Have me a gallows built upon the mount,
 And let Van Kortz be hung at break of day."

It is worth noticing, as a characteristic trait, that Philip Van Artevelde speaks more like the patriot, harangues more on the cause of freedom, now that he is Regent of Flanders, opposed to the feudal nobility, and to the monarchy of France, and soliciting aid from England, than when he headed the people of Ghent, strong only in their own love of independence. "Bear in mind," he says, answering the herald who brings a hostile message from France and Burgundy—

"Bear in mind
 Against what rule my father and myself
 Have been insurgent: whom did we supplant?
 There was a time, so ancient records tell,
 There were communities, scarce known by name
 In these degenerate days, but once far famed,
 Where liberty and justice, hand in hand,
 Ordered the common weal; where great men grew
 Up to their natural eminence, and none,
 Saving the wise, just, eloquent, were great.
 But now, I ask,
 Where is there on God's earth that polity
 Which it is not, by consequence converse,
 A treason against nature to uphold?
 Whom may we now call free? whom great?
 Whom wise?
 Whom innocent?—the free are only they
 Whom power makes free to execute all ills
 Their hearts imagine; they alone are great
 Whose passions nurse them from their cradles up
 In luxury and lewdness,—whom to see
 Is to despise, whose aspects put to scorn
 Their station's eminence.
 What then remains
 But in the cause of nature to stand forth,
 And turn this frame of things the right side up?"

For this the hour is come, the sword is drawn,
 And tell your masters vainly they resist."

We regret to be compelled to garble in our extract so fine a passage of writing. Meanwhile our patriot Regent sends Father John to England to solicit aid—most assuredly not to overthrow feudalism, but to support the Regent against France. His ambition is dragging, willingly or unwillingly, in the old rut of politics. When Father John returns from this embassy, he is scandalised at the union formed between Artevelde and Elena. Here, too, is another sad descent. Our hero has to hear rebuke, and, with a half-confession, submit to be told by the good friar of his "sins." He answers bravely, yet with a consciousness that he stands not where he did, and cannot challenge the same respect from the friar that he could formerly have done.

"*Artev.* You, Father John,
 I blame not, nor myself will justify;
 But call my weakness what you will, the time
 Is past for reparation. Now to cast off
 The partner of my sin were further sin;
 'Twere with her first to sin, and then against her.
 And for the army, if their trust in me
 Be sliding, let it go: I know my course;
 And be it armies, cities, people, priests,
 That quarrel with my love—wise men or fools,
 Friends, foes, or factions—they may swear
 their oaths,
 And make their murmur—rave and fret and fear,
 Suspect, admonish—they but waste their rage,
 Their wits, their words, their counsel: here I stand,
 Upon the deep foundations of my faith
 To this fair outcast plighted; and the storm
 That princes from their palaces shake out,
 Though it should turn and head me, should not strain
 The seeming silken texture of this tie."

And now disaster follows disaster; town after town manifests symptoms of treachery to his cause. His temper no longer retains its wonted calmness, and the quick glance and rapid government of affairs seems about to desert him. Note this little trait:—

"*Artev.* Whither away, Vauclaire?
Vauclaire. You'll wish, my lord, to have the
 scouts, and others
 That are informed, before you.
Artev. "Twere well."

It is something new that another should anticipate the necessary orders to be given. The decisive battle approaches, and is fought. This time it is lost. Our hero does not even fall in the field; an assassin stabs him in the back. The career of Artevelde ends thus; and that public cause with which his life was connected has at the same time an inglorious termination: "the wheel has come full circle."

The catastrophe is brought about by Sir Fleureant of Heurlée. This man's character undergoes, in the course of the drama, a complete transformation. We do not say that the change is unnatural, or that it is not accounted for; but the circumstances which bring it about are only vaguely and incidentally narrated, so that the reader is not prepared for this change. A gay, thoughtless, reckless young knight, who rather gains upon us at his first introduction, is converted into a dark, revengeful assassin. It would, we think, have improved the effect of the *plot*, if we had been able to trace out more distinctly the workings of the mind of one who was destined to take so prominent a part in the drama.

The character of *Lestovet* is admirably sustained, and is manifestly a favourite with the author. But we must now break away from *Philip Van Artevelde*, to notice the other dramas of Mr Taylor. *Edwin the Fair* next claims our attention. Here also we shall make no quotations merely for the sake of their beauty; and we shall limit ourselves to an analysis of the principal character, Dunstan, on which, perhaps, a word or two of explanation may not be superfluous.

Let us suppose a dramatic writer sitting down before such a character as this of Dunstan, and contemplating the various aspects it assumes, with the view of selecting one for the subject of his portraiture. In the first place, he is aware that, although, as a historical student, he may, and perhaps must, continue to doubt as to the real character of this man—how much is to be given to pride, to folly, to fanaticism, to genuine piety, or to the love of power—yet that, the moment he assumes the office of dra-

matic poet, he must throw all doubt entirely aside. The student of history may hesitate to the last; the poet is presumed to have from the beginning the clearest insight into the recesses of the mind, and the most unquestionable authority for all that he asserts. A sort of mimic omniscience is ascribed to the poet. Has he not been gifted, from of old, with an *inspiration*, by means of which he sees the whole character and every thought of his hero, and depicts and reveals them to the world? To him doubt would be fatal. If he carries into his drama the spirit of historical criticism, he will raise the same spirit in his reader, and all faith in the imaginary creation he offers them is gone for ever. Manifest an error as this may be, we think we could mention some instances, both in the drama and the novel, in which it has been committed.

But such a character as Dunstan's is left uncertain in the light of history, and our dramatist has to choose between uncertainties. He will be guided in his selection partly by what he esteems the preponderating weight of evidence, and partly, and perhaps still more, by the superior fitness of any one phase of the character for the purpose he has in view, or the development of his own peculiar powers. In this case, three interpretations present themselves. The first, which has little historical or moral probability, and offers little attraction to the artist, is, that Dunstan was a hypocrite, seeking by show of piety to compass some ambitious end, or win the applause of the vulgar. Undoubted hypocrites history assuredly presents us with—as where the ecclesiastical maguate degenerates into the merely secular prince. There have been luxurious and criminal popes and cardinals, intriguing bishops and lordly abbots, whom the most charitable of men, and the most pious of Catholics, must pronounce to have been utterly insincere in their professions of piety. But a hypocrite who starves and scourges himself—who digs a damp hole in the earth, and lives in it—seems to us a mere creature of the imagination. Such men, at all events, either begin or end with fanaticism. The second and

more usual interpretation is, that Dunstan was a veritable enthusiast, and a genuine churchman after the order of Hildebrand, capable, perhaps, of practising deceit or cruelty for his great purpose, but entirely devoted to that purpose—one of those men who sincerely believe that the salvation of the world and the predominance of their order are inseparably combined. There would be no error in supposing a certain mixture of pride and ambition. Nor, in following this interpretation, would there be any great violation of probability in attributing to Dunstan, though he lived in so rude an age, all those arguments by which the philosopher-priest is accustomed to uphold the domination of his order. The thinking men of every age more nearly resemble each other in these great lines of thought and argument, than is generally supposed. The third interpretation is that which the historical student would probably favour. It is that Dunstan was, in truth, *partially insane*—a man of fervent zeal, and of great natural powers, but of diseased mind. The very ability and knowledge which he possessed, combined with the strange forms which his asceticism took, lead to this supposition. Such men, we know, exist, and sometimes pass through a long career before they are accurately understood. Exhibiting itself in the form of fanaticism, and in a most ignorant and superstitious age, a partial insanity might easily escape detection, or even add to the reputation of the saint.

This last is the rendering of the character which Mr Taylor has selected. It is evidently the most difficult to treat. Perhaps the difficulty and novelty of the task it presented, as well as its greater fidelity to history, induced him to accept this interpretation. That second and more popular one which we have mentioned would appear, to a mind like Mr Taylor's, too facile and too trite. Any high-churchman of almost any age—any bishop, if you inflate the lawn sleeves, or even any young curate, whose mind dwells too intensely on the *power of the keys*—would present the rudiments of the character. However that may be,

Mr Taylor undertook the bold and difficult task of depicting the strong, shrewd, fervent mind, saint and politician both, but acting with the wild and irregular force of insanity. How, we may ask ourselves, would such a mind display itself? Not, we may be sure, in a tissue of weakness or of wildness. We should often see the ingenious reasoner, more cunning than wise, the subtle politician, or even the deep moraliser upon human life; but whenever the fatal chords were touched—the priestly power, the priestly mission, the intercourse with the world of spirits—there we should see symptoms of insanity and delusion. Such is the character which Mr Taylor has portrayed.

Earl Leolf, calm and intelligent, and the perfect *gentleman* (those who remember the play will feel the truth of this last expression,) gives us at the very commencement the necessary explanation—

“*Leolf.* How found you the mid-counties?
Athulf. Oh! monk-ridden;
 Raving of Dunstan.
Leolf. ‘Tis a raving time:
 Mad monks, mad peasants; *Dunstan* is not
sane,
 And *madness* that doth least declare itself
 Endangers most, and ever most infects
 The unsound many. See where stands the
 man,
 And where this people: thus compute the
 peril
 To one and all. When force and cunning
 meet
 Upon the confines of one cloudy mind,
 When ignorance and knowledge halve the
 mass,
 When night and day stand at an equinox,
 Then storms are rife.”

No justice, it is plain, can be done to Mr Taylor's drama, unless the intimation here given us be kept in view. Yet we suspect, from the remarks sometimes made upon this play, that it has been overlooked, or not sufficiently attended to. Passages have been censured as crude or extravagant which, in themselves, could be no otherwise, since they were intended to portray this half-latent and half-revealed insanity. The arrogance of Dunstan, and his communings with the spiritual world, not often have the air of sublimity, for they arise from the disorder and hallucination of his mind. When he tells the Queen Mother not to sit in

his presence, as well as when he boasts of his intercourse with angels and demons, we see the workings of a perturbed spirit:—

Queen Mother. Father, I am faint,
For a strange terror seized me by the way.
I pray you let me sit.

Dunstan. I say, forbear!
Thou art in a Presence that thou wot'st not
of,
Wherein no mortal may presume to sit.
If stand thou canst not, kneel.

(*She falls on her knees.*)

Queen Mother. Oh, merciful Heaven!

Oh, sinner that I am!

Dunstan. Dismiss thy fears;
Thine errand is acceptable to Him
Who rules the hour, and thou art safer here
Than in thy palace. Quake not, but be calm.
And tell me of the wretched king, thy son.
This black, incestuous, unnatural love
Of his blood-relative—yes, worse, a seed
That ever was at enmity with God—
His cousin of the house of Antichrist!
It is as I surmised?

Queen Mother. Alas! lost boy!

Dunstan. Yes, lost for time and for eternity,
The alphabet of Heaven is o'er thy head.
Something more lofty than a boy's wild love
Governs the course of kingdoms. From beneath

This arching umbrage step aside; look up;
If he should wed her. But that shall not be.
The starry literal multitude. To few,
And not in mercy, is it given to read
The mixed celestial cipher."

How skilfully the last passage awakes in the reader a feeling of sympathy with Dunstan! When he has given his instructions to the Queen Mother, the scene closes thus:—

Queen Mother. Oh, man of God!

Command me always.

Dunstan. Hist! I hear a spirit!

Another—and a third. They're trooping up.

Queen Mother. St Magnus shield us!

Dunstan. Thou art safe; but go;

The wood will soon be populous with spirits.
The path thou can'st retread. Who laughs
in the air?"

Dunstan believes all along that he is marked out from the ordinary roll of men—that he has a peculiar intercourse with, and a peculiar mission from, Heaven; but he nevertheless practises on the credulity of others. This mixture of superstition and cunning does not need insanity to explain, but it is seen here in very appropriate company. He says to Grumo—

"Go, get thee to the hollow of yon tree,
And bellow there as is thy wont.
Grumo.

How long?

Dunstan. Till thy lungs crack. Get hence.

[*Exit Grumo.*]

And if thou bellowest otherwise than Satan,
It is not for the lack of Satan's sway
Established within thee.

(*Strange howls are heard from the tree.*)"

With the same crafty spirit, and by a trick as gross, he imposes on the Synod, contriving that a voice shall appear to issue from the crucifix. These frauds, however, would have availed nothing of themselves; it is the spirit of fanaticism bearing down all opposition by which he works his way. This spirit sustains him in his solitude—

"I hear your call!

A radiance and a resonance from Heaven
Surrounds me, and my soul is breaking forth
In strength, as did the new-created Sun
When Earth beheld it first on the fourth day.
God spake not then more plainly to that orb
Than to my spirit now."

It sustains him in his solitude, and mark how triumphantly it carries him through in the hour of action. Odo the archbishop, Ricola the king's chaplain, as well as king and courtiers, all give way before this inexorable, unreasoning fanaticism, a fanaticism which is as complete a stranger to fear as it is to reason—

Dunstan (to Elgiva.) Fly hence,
Pale prostitute! Avaunt, rebellious fiend,
Which speakest through her.

Elgiva. I am thy sovereign mistress and thy queen.

Dunstan. Who art thou?

I see thee, and I know thee—yes, I smell thee!

Again, 'tis Satan meets me front to front;
Again I triumph! Where, and by what rite,
And by what miscreant minister of God,
And rotten member, was this mockery,
That was no marriage, made to seem a marriage?

Ricola. Lord Abbot, by no—

Dunstan. What then, was it thou?

The Church doth cut thee off and pluck thee out!

A Synod shall be summoned! *Chains for both!*

Chains for that harlot, and for this dog-priest!
Oh wall of Jezreel!"

And forthwith Elgiva, in spite of the king's resistance, is carried out a captive. The king, too, is imprisoned in the Tower, and here ensues a scene which brings out another aspect of the mind of Dunstan. It was the object of the crafty priest to induce Edwin to resign the crown; he had, therefore, made his imprisonment as painful as possible. He now visits

him in the Tower, and in this interview we see, underneath the mad zealot and the subtle politician, something of the genuine *man*. Dunstan had not been always, and only, the priest; he understood the human life he trampled on—

Dunstan. What makes you weak? Do you not like your food?

Or have you not enough?

Edwin. Enough is brought;
But he that brings it drops what seems to say
That it is mixed with poison—some slow
drug;

No that I scarce dare eat, and hunger always.

Dunstan. Your food is poisoned by your own
suspicions.

'Tis your own fault.—

But thus it is with kings; suspicions haunt,
And dangers press around them all their
days;

Ambition galls them, luxury corrupts,
And wars and treasons are their talk at table.

Edwin. This homily you should read to prosperous
kings;

It is not needed for a king like me.

Dunstan. Who shall read homilies to a prosperous
king!

 To thy credulous ears

The world, or what is to a king the world,
The triflers of thy court, have imaged me
As cruel, and insensible to joy,

Austere, and ignorant of all delights

That arts can minister. Far from the truth

They wander who say thus. I but denounce

Loaves on a throne, and pleasures out of place.

I am not old; not twenty years have fled

Since I was young as thou; and in my youth

I was not by those pleasures unapproached

Which youth converses with.

Edwin. No! wast thou not?

How came they in thy sight?

Dunstan. When Satan first

Attempted me, 'twas in a woman's shape;

Such shape as may have erst misled mankind,

When Greece or Rome upreared with Pagan
rites

Temples to Venus.

 'Twas Satan sang,

Because 'twas sung to me, whom God had
called

To other pastime and severer joys.

But were it not for this, God's strict behest

Enjoined upon me—had I not been vowed

To holiest service rigorously required,

I should have owned it for an angel's voice,

Nor ever could an earthly crown, or toys

And childishness of vain ambition, gauds

And tinsels of the world, have lured my heart

Into the tangle of those mortal cares

That gather round a throne. What call is
thine

From God or man, what voice within bids
thee

Such pleasures to forego, such cares confront?

 Unless thou by an instant act

Renounce the crown, Elgiva shall not live.

The deed is ready, to which thy name affixed

Discharges from restraint both her and thee.

Say wilt thou sign?

Edwin. I will not.

Dunstan. Be advised.

What hast thou to surrender? I look round;

This chamber is thy palace court, and realm.

I do not see the crown—where is it hidden?

Is that thy throne?—why, 'tis a base joint-
stool;

Or this thy sceptre?—'tis an ashen stick

Notched with the days of thy captivity.

Such royalties to abdicate, methinks,

Should hardly hold thee long. Nay, I myself,

That love not ladies greatly, would give these

To ransom whom I loved."

These feelings of humanity, in part indeed simulated, do not long keep at bay the cruelty and insane rage of the priest. Edwin persists in his refusal; Dunstan leaves him for a moment, but shortly after returns holding the deed in his hand, and followed by his tool Grumo.

"*Dunstan.* Thy signature to this.

Edwin. I will not sign.

Dunstan. Thou wilt not! wilt thou that thy
mistress die?

Edwin. Insulting abbot! she is not my
mistress;

She is my wife, my queen.

Dunstan. Predestinate pair!

He knoweth who is the Searcher of our hearts,

That I was ever backward to take life,

Albeit at His command. Still have I striven

To put aside that service, seeking still

All ways and shifts that wit of man could
scheme,

To spare the cutting off your wretched souls

In unrepented sin. But tendering here

Terms of redemption, it is thou, not I,

The sentence that deliverest.

Edwin. Our lives

Are in God's hands.

Dunstan. Sot, liar, miscreant, No!

God puts them into mine! and may my soul

In tortures howl away eternity,

If ever again it yield to that false fear

That turned me from the shedding of thy
blood!

Thy blood, rash traitor to thy God, thy blood!

Thou delicate Agag, I will spill thy blood!"

We believe we have done justice to all the aspects in which the character of Dunstan is here represented to us, but it would require a much larger space than we have at command to do justice to the whole drama of *Edwin the Fair*. The canvass is crowded with figures, almost every one of which has been a careful study, and will repay the study of a critical reader; and if the passages of eloquent writing are not so numerous as in his previous work, there is no deficiency of them, and many are the

pungent, if not witty sayings, that might be extracted. The chief fault which seems to us to prevade this drama, is, indeed, that there is too much apparent study—that too much is seen of the artist. Speaking generally of Mr Taylor, and regarding him as a dramatic poet, we could desire more life and passion, more abandonment of himself to the characters he is portraying. But we feel this more particularly in *Edwin the Fair*. We seem to see the artist sorting and putting together again the elements of human nature. His Wulfstan, the ever absent sage, his tricky Emma, and her very silly lover, Ernway, are dramatic creations which may probably be defended point by point; but, for all that, they do not look like real men and women. As to his monks, the satellites of Dunstan, it may be said that they could not have been correctly drawn if they had borne the appearance of being real men. We do not like them notwithstanding.

In the edition which lies before us, bound up with *Edwin the Fair* is the republication of an early drama, *Isaac Comnenus*. It excited, we are told in the preface, little attention in its first appearance. We ourselves never saw it till very lately. Though inferior to his subsequent productions, it is not without considerable merit, but it will probably gather its chief interest as the forerunner of *Philip Van Artevelde*, and from the place it will occupy in the history of the author's mind. A first performance, which was allowed to pass unnoticed by the public, might be expected to be altogether different in kind from its fortunate successors. The author, in his advance out of obscurity into the full light of success, might be supposed to have thrown aside his first habits of thought and expression. It is not so here. We have much the same style, and there is the same combination of shrewd observation with a philosophic melancholy, the same gravity, and the same sarcasm. It is curious to notice how plainly there is the germ of *Philip Van Artevelde* in *Isaac Comnenus*. The hero of Ghent is far more sagacious, more serious, and more tender; but he looks on life with a lingering irony, and a calm cyni-

cism: to him it is a sad and disenchanted vision. In *Isaac Comnenus* the same elements are combined in a somewhat different proportion: there is more of the irony and a more bitter cynicism; less of the grave tenderness and the practical sagacity. Artevelde is Isaac Comnenus living over life again—the same man, but with the advantage of a life's experience. Indeed Artevelde, if we may venture to jest with so grave a personage, has something of the air of one who had been in the world before, who was not walking along its paths for the first time: he treads with so sure a footstep, and seems to have no questions to ask, and nothing to learn of experience.

Happily it has not been necessary hitherto to say a word about the plot of Mr Taylor's dramas. This of *Isaac Comnenus*, being less known, may require a word of preliminary introduction. The scene is laid at Constantinople, at the close of the eleventh century; Nicephorus is the reigning emperor. We may call to mind that the government of the Byzantine monarchy, for a long time, maintained this honourable peculiarity, that, though in form a despotism, the emperor was expected to administer the law as it had descended to it from the genius of Rome. Dynasties changed, but the government remained substantially the same. It was an Oriental despotism with a European administration. Whilst, therefore, we have in the play before us a prince dethroned, and a revolution accomplished, we hear nothing of liberty and oppression, the cause of freedom, and the usual topics of patriotic conspiracy. The brothers Isaac and Alexius Comnenus are simply too powerful to be trusted as subjects; an attempt has been already made to poison the elder brother Isaac, the hero of the drama. He finds himself in a manner constrained to push forward to the throne, as his only place of safety. This ambitious course is thrust upon him. Meanwhile he enters on it with no soft-heartedness. He takes up his part, and goes bravely through with it; bravely, but coldly—with a sneer ever on his lip. With the church, too, he has contrived to make himself extremely unpopular,

and the Patriarch is still more rancorously opposed to him than the Emperor.

Before we become acquainted with him, he has loved and lost by death his gentle *Irene*. This renders the game of ambition still more contemptible in his eyes. It renders him cold also to the love of a certain fair cousin, Anna Comnena. Love, or ambition, approaches him also in the person of Theodora, the daughter of the emperor. She is willing to desert her father's cause, and ally herself and all her hopes to Isaac Comnenus. Comnenus declines her love. The rejected Theodora brings about the catastrophe of the piece. The Emperor Nicephorus is deposed; Isaac is conqueror in the strife, but he gives over the crown he has won to his brother Alexius. Then does Theodora present herself disguised as some humble petitioner to Isaac Comnenus. Armed with a dagger, she forces her way into an inner chamber where he is; a groan is heard, and the following stage direction closes the play—*"All rush into the inner chamber, whilst Theodora, passing out from it, crosses the stage, holding in her hand a dagger covered with blood. The curtain falls."*

This scanty outline will be sufficient to make the following characteristic quotations intelligible to those who may not have read the play. Eudocia, his sister, thus describes Comnenus:—

—“He
Is nothing new to dangers nor to life—
His thirty years on him have nigh told double,
Being doubly laden with the unlightsome
stuff

That life is made of. I have often thought
How nature cheats this world in keeping
count:

There's some men pass for old men who
ne'er lived—

These monks, to wit: they count the time,
not spend it;

They reckon moments by the tick of beads,
And ring the hours with psalmody: clocks,
clocks;

If one of these had gone a century,
I would not say he'd lived. My brother's age
Has spanned the matter of too many lives;
He's full of years though young.”

Comnenus, we have said, is on ill terms with the church. Speaking of the sanctuary he says:—

“I have a safer refuge. Mother church
Hath no such holy precinct that my blood

Would not redeem all sin and sacrilege
Of slaughter therewithin. But there's a spot
Within the circle my good sword describes,
Which by God's grace is sanctified for me.”

On quitting his cousin Anna, she says:—

“Go, and good angels guard thee is my
prayer.

Comnenus.—Good soldiers, Anna. In the
arm of flesh

Are we to trust. The Mother of the Gods,
Prolific Mother, holiest Mother church,
Hath banded heaven upon the side opposed.
No matter; when such supplicants as thou
Pray for us, other angels need we none.”

It is plain that we have no dutiful son of the Church here; and that her hostility, in this instance, is not altogether without cause. We find that his scepticism has gone farther than to dispute the miraculous virtues of the holy image of St Basil, the eye of which he is reputed to have knocked out with his lance:—

“Just as you came
I moralised the matter of that change
Which theologians call—how aptly, say—
The quitting of a tament.”

And his moralising is overcast with the shadow of doubt. The addresses, for such they are, of Theodora, the daughter of the emperor, he receives and declines with the greatest calmness, though they are of that order which it is manifestly as dangerous to reject as to accept.

“Germanus. My noble lord, the Caesarism
waits

With infinite impatience to behold you:
She bids me say so. Ah! most noble count!
A fortunate man—the sunshine is upon you—
Comnenus. Ay, sir, and wonderfully warm
it makes me.

Tell her I'm coming, sir, with speed.”

With speed, however, he does not go, nor makes a better excuse for his delay than that he was “sleeping out the noontide.” In the first interview he escapes from her confidence, and when subsequently she will not be misunderstood, he says—

“Nor now, nor ever,
Will I make bargains for a lady's love.”

In a dialogue with his brother Alexius, his temper and way of thinking, and the circumstance which has mainly produced them, are more fully developed. We make a few extracts without attempting very closely to connect them. Alexius has been

remarking the change in Comnenus since they last met.

Comnenus. Change is youth's wonder :
Such transmutations have I seen on man
That fortune seemed a slow and stedfast power
Compared with nature.

Alexius. There is nought thou'st seen
More altered than art thou.
I speak not of thy change in outward favour,
But thou art changed in heart.

Comnenus. Ay, hearts change too :
Mine has grown sprightly, has it not, and
hard ?

I ride it now with spurs ; else, else, *Alexius*—
Well is it said the best of life is childhood.
Life is a banquet where the best's first served,
And when the guest is cloyed comes oil and
garlick.

Alexius. Hast thou forgotten how it was thy
wont

To muse the hours away along this shore—
These very rippled sands ?

Comnenus. The sands are here,
But not the foot-prints. Wouldst thou trace
them now ?

A thousand tides and storms have dashed
them out.

..... I have no care for beauty.
Sest thou yon rainbow based and glassed on
ocean ?

I look on that as on a lovely thing,
But not a thing of promise."

Comnenus has wandered with his
brother unawares to a spot which of
all others on earth was the most dear
or the most painful to him—the spot
where his Irene had been buried.
He recognises it whilst he is in the
full tide of his cynicism :—

Alexius. What is this carved upon the
rock ?

Comnenus. I know not ;
But Time has ta'en it for a lover's scrawl ;
He's razed it, razed it.

Alexius. No, not quite ; look here.
I take it for a lover's.

Comnenus. What ! there's some talk
Of balmy breath, and hearts pierced through
and through

With eyes' miraculous brightness—vows ne'er
broken,

Until the church had sealed them—charms
loved madly,

Until it be a sin to love them not—
And kisses ever sweet, till they be innocent—
But that your lover's not put down ?

Alexius. No, none of it.
There are but two words.

Comnenus. That's succinct ; what are they ?

Alexius. "Alas, Irene ! " Why thy looks
are now—

Comnenus parries the question of
his brother, contrives to dismiss him,
and remains alone upon the spot.

"This is the very earth that covers her,
And lo ! we trample it like common clay !

..... When I last stood here
Disguised, to see a lowly girl laid down
Into her early grave, there was such light
As now doth show it, but a bleaker air,
Seeing it was December. 'Tis most strange ;
I can remember now each circumstance
Which then I scarce was conscious of ; like
words

That leave upon the still susceptible sense
A message undelivered till the mind

Awakes to apprehensiveness and takes it.

'Twas o'er—the muttered unattended rite,
And the few friends she had beside myself
Had risen and gone ; I had not knelt, but
stood

With a dull gaze of stupor as the mould
Was shovelled over, and the broken sods

Fitted together. Then some idle boys,
Who had assisted at the covering in,

Ran off in sport, trailing the shovels with
them,

Rattling upon the gravel ; and the sexton
Flattened the last sods down, and knocked
his spade

Against a neighbouring tombstone to shake off
The clinging soil,—with a contented air,
Even as a ditcher who has done his work.

..... Oh Christ !

How that which was the life's life of our
being

Can pass away, and we recall it thus ! "

Whilst reading this play of *Isaac Comnenus* we seemed to perceive a certain *Byronian* vein, which came upon us rather unexpectedly. Not that there is any very close resemblance between Comnenus and the heroes of Lord Byron ; but there is a desperate wilfulness, a tone of scepticism, and a caustic view of human life, which occasionally recall them to mind. We turned to the preface to *Philip Van Artevelde*, where there is a criticism upon the poetry of Byron, not unjust in the faults it detects, but cold and severe, as it seems to us, in the praise that it awards ; and we found there an intimation which confirmed our suspicion that *Isaac Comnenus* had been written whilst still partially under the influence of that poetry—written in what we may describe as a transition state. He says there of Lord Byron's poetry, "It will always produce a powerful impression upon very young readers, and I scarcely think that it can have been more admired by any than myself, when I was included in that category." And have we not here some explanation of the severity and coldness of that criticism itself ? Did not the maturer intellect a little resent in that critical judgment the hallucinations of the youth ?

Perhaps we are hardly correct in calling the temper and spirit we have here alluded to *Byronic*; they are common to all ages and to many minds, though signally developed by that poet, and in our own epoch. Probably the future historian of this period of our literature will attribute much of this peculiar exhibition of bitterness and despondency to the sanguine hopes first excited and then disappointed by the French Revolution. He will probably say of certain regions of our literature, that the whole bears manifest traces of volcanic origin. Pointing to some noble eminence, which seems to have been eternally calm, he will conjecture that it owed its elevation to the same force which raised the neighbouring *Ætna*. Applying the not very happy language of geology, he may describe it as "a crater of elevation;" which, being interpreted, means no crater at all, but an elevation produced by the like volcanic agency: the crater itself is higher up in the same mountain range.

There still remains one other small volume of Mr Taylor's poetry, which we must not pass over entirely without mentioning. *The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems*. The chief piece here is of the nature of a dramatic scene. Harold, the night before the battle of Hastings, converses with his daughter, unfolds some passages of his past life, and vindicates himself in his quarrel with that William the Norman who, on the morrow, was to add the title of Conqueror to his name. But as it will be more agreeable to vary the nature of our quotations, we shall make the few extracts we have space for from the lyric poems which follow.

The "Lago Varese" will be, we suspect, the favourite with most readers. The image of the Italian girl is almost as distinctly reflected in the verse as it would have been in her own native lake.

"And sauntering up a circling cove,
I found upon the strand
A hallop, and a girl who strove
To drag it to dry land.

I stood to see— the girl looked round—her
face

Had all her country's clear and definite grace.

"She rested with the air of rest
So seldom seen, of those
Whose toil remitted gives a zest,
Not languor, to repose.
Her form was poised, yet buoyant, firm,
though free,
And liberal of her bright black eyes was she.

"The sunshine of the Southern face,
At home we have it not;
And if they be a reckless race,
These Southerners, yet a lot
More favoured, on the chequered earth is
theirs;
They have life's sorrows, but escape its cares.

"There is a smile which wit extorts
From grave and learned men,
In whose austere and servile sports
The plaything is a pen;
And there are smiles by shallow worldlings
worn,
To grace a lie or laugh a truth to scorn:

"And there are smiles with less alloy
Of those who, for the sake
Of some they loved, would kindle joy
Which they cannot partake;
But hers was of the kind which simply say,
They came from hearts ungovernably gay."

The "Lago Lugano" is a companion picture, written "sixteen summers" after, and on a second visit to Italy. One thing we notice, that in this second poem almost all that is beautiful is brought from the social or political reflections of the writer: it is not the outward scene that lies reflected in the verse. He is thinking more of England than of Italy.

"Sore pains
They take to set Ambition free, and bind
The heart of man in chains."

And the best stanza in the poem is that which is directly devoted to his own country:—

"Oh, England! 'Merry England,' styled of
yore!

Where is thy mirth? Thy jocund
laughter, where?

The sweat of labour on the brow of care
Make a mute answer—driven from every
door!

The May-pole cheers the village green no
more,

Nor harvest-home, nor Christmas mum-
mers rare.

The tired mechanic at his lecture sighs;
And of the learned, which, with all his lore,
Has leisure to be wise?"

With some verses from a poem called "St Helen's-Auckland" we close our extracts. The author revisits the home of his boyhood:—

"How much is changed of what I see,
How much more changed am I,
And yet how much is left—to me
How is the distant nigh !

"The walks are overgrown and wild,
The terrace flags are green—
But I am once again a child,
I am what I have been.

"The sounds that round about me rise
Are what none other hears;
I see what meets no other eyes,
Though mine are dim with tears.

"In every change of man's estate
Are lights and guides allowed;
The fiery pillar will not wait,
But, parting, sends the cloud.

"Nor mourn I the less manly part
Of life to leave behind;
My loss is but the lighter heart,
My gain the graver mind."

Poetry is no longer the most popular form of literature amongst us, and the drama is understood to be the least popular form of poetry. If this be the case, Mr Taylor has the additional merit of having won his way to celebrity under singular disadvantages. But, in truth, such poetry as Mr Taylor's could never appeal to the multitude. Literature of any kind which requires of the reader himself to think in order to enjoy, can never be popular. It is impossible to deny that the dramas we have been reviewing demand an effort, in the first instance, on the part of the reader: he must sit down to them with something of the spirit of the student. But, having done this, he will find himself amply repaid. As he advances in the work, he will read with increased pleasure; he will read it the second time with greater delight than the first; and if he were to live twenty years, and were to read such a drama as *Philip Van Artevelde* every year of his life, he would find in it some fresh source of interest to the last.

As we have not contented ourselves with selecting beautiful passages of writing from Mr Taylor's dramas, but have attempted such an analysis of the three principal characters they portray

as may send the reader to their reperusal with additional zest, so neither have we paused to dispute the propriety of particular parts, or to notice blemishes and defects. We would not have it understood that we admire all that Mr Taylor has written. Of whom could we say this? We think, for instance, that, throughout his dramas, from the first to the last, he treats the monks too coarsely. His portraiture borders upon farce. His Father John shows that he can do justice to the character of the intelligent and pious monk. Admitting that this character is rare, we believe that the extremely gross portraiture which we have elsewhere is almost equally rare. This last, however, is so frequently introduced, that it will pass with the reader as Mr Taylor's type of the monkish order. The monks could never have been more ignorant than the surrounding laity, and they were always something better in morals and in true piety. We are quite at a loss, too, to understand Mr Taylor's fondness for the introduction into his dramas of certain songs or ballads, which are not even intended to be poetical. To have made them so, he would probably contend, would have been a dramatic impropriety. Very well; but let us have as few of such things as may be, and as short as possible. In *Edwin the Fair* they are very numerous; and those which are introduced in *Philip Van Artevelde* we could gladly dispense with. We could also very willingly have dispensed with the conversation of those burghesses of Bruges who entertained the Earl of Flanders with some of these ballads. We agree with the Earl, that their hospitalities are a sore affliction. Tediousness may be very dramatic, but it is tediousness still—a truth which our writer, intent on the delineations of his character, sometimes forgets. But defects like these it is sufficient merely to have hinted at. That criticism must be very long and ample indeed, of the dramas of Mr Taylor, in which they ought to occupy any considerable space.

A LEGEND OF GIBRALTAR.

CHAPTER I.

THE Governor's residence at Gibraltar was, in days of Spanish domination, a religious house, and still retains the name of the Convent. Two sides of a long quadrangular gallery, traversing the interior of the building, are hung with portraits of officers present at the great siege in 1779-83, executed in a style which proves that Pre-Raphaelite painters existed in those days. One of these portraits represents my grandfather. To judge from a painting of him by Sir Joshua, and a small miniature likeness, both still in possession of the family, he must have been rather a good-looking old gentleman, with an affable, soldier-like air, and very respectable features. The portrait at the Convent is doubtless a strong likeness, but by no means so flattering; it represents him much as he might have appeared in life, if looked at through a cheap opera-glass. A full inch has been abstracted from his forehead, and added to his chin; the bold nose has become a great promontory in the midst of the level countenance; the eyes have gained in ferocity what they have lost in speculation, and would, indeed, go far to convey a disagreeable impression of my ancestor's character, but for the inflexible smile of the mouth. Altogether, the grimness of the air, the buckram rigidity of figure, and the uncompromising hardness of his shirt-frill and the curls of his wig, are such as are to be met with in few works of art, besides the figure-heads of vessels, the signboards of country inns, and the happiest efforts of Messrs Millais and Hunt.

However, my grandfather is no worse off than his compeers. Not far from this one is another larger painting, representing a council of officers held during the siege, where, notwithstanding the gravity of the occasion and the imminence of the danger, not a single face in the intrepid assembly wears the slightest expression of anxiety or fear, or, indeed, of

anything else; and though my progenitor, in addition to the graces of the other portrait, is here depicted with a squint, yet he is by no means the most ill-looking individual present. But the illustrious governor, Elliott, has suffered more than anybody at the hands of the artist. Besides figuring in the production aforesaid, a statue of him stands in the Alameda, carved in some sort of wood, unluckily for him, of a durable nature. The features are of a very elevated cast, especially the nose; the little legs seem by no means equal to the task of sustaining the enormous cocked-hat; and the bearing is so excessively military, that it has been found necessary to prop the great commander from behind to prevent him from falling backwards.

My grandfather, John Flinders, joined the garrison of Gibraltar as a major of infantry a few years before the siege. He was then forty-seven years of age, and up to that time had remained one of the most determined old bachelors that ever existed. Not that he ever declaimed against matrimony in the style of some of our young moderns, who fancy themselves too strong-minded to marry; the truth being that they remain single either because they have not been gifted by nature with tastes sufficiently strong to like one woman better than another, or else, because no woman ever took the trouble to lay siege to them. My grandfather had never married, simply, I believe, because matrimony had never entered his head. He seldom ventured, of his own choice, into ladies' society, but, when he did, no man was more emphatically gallant to the sex. One after one, he saw his old friends abandoning the irresponsible ease of bachelorhood for the cares of wedded life; but while he duly congratulated them on their felicity, and officiated as godfather to their progeny, he never seemed to anticipate a similar destiny for himself. All his habits showed that he had been too long

accustomed to single harness to go cleverly as one of a pair. He had particular hours of rising, and going to bed; of riding out and returning; of settling himself down for the evening to a book and pipe, which the presence of a helpmate would have materially deranged. And therefore, without holding any Malthusian tenets, without pitying his Benedick acquaintances, or entertaining a thought of the sex which would have been in the least degree derogatory to the character of a De Coverley, his castles in the air were never tenanted by any of his own posterity.

It was fortunate for my grandfather that in his time people did not suffer so much as now from that chronic inflammation of the conscience, which renders them perfectly miserable unless they are engaged in some tangible pursuit—"improving their minds," or "adding to the general stock of information." A more useless, contented person never existed. He never made even a show of employing himself profitably, and never complained of weariness in maintaining the monotonous jog-trot of his simple daily life. He read a good deal, certainly, but it was not to improve his mind, only to amuse himself. Strong-minded books, to stimulate his thinking faculties, would have had no charms for him; he would as soon have thought of getting galvanised for the pleasure of looking at his muscles. And I don't know whether it was not just as well. In systematically cultivating his mind, he would merely have been laying a top-dressing on a thin soil—manuring where there would never have been a crop—and some pleasant old weeds would have been pulled up in the process. A green thistle common, even though a goose could hardly find sustenance there, is nature still, which can hardly be said of a patch of earth covered with guano.

So my grandfather went on enjoying himself without remorse after his own fashion, and never troubled himself to think—an operation that would have been inconvenient to himself, and productive of no great results to the world. He transplanted his English habits to Gibraltar; and, after being two years there, knew nothing

more of Spain or Spaniards than the view of the Andalusian hills from the Rock, and a short constitutional daily ride along the beach beyond the Spanish lines, to promote appetite and digestion, afforded him. And so he might have continued to vegetate during the remainder of his service there, but for a new acquaintance that he made about this time.

Frank Owen, commonly called Garry Owen by his familiars, was one of those joyous spirits whose pleasant faces and engaging manners serve as a perpetual act of indemnity for all breaches of decorum, and trespasses over social and conventional fences, committed by them in the gaiety of their hearts. In reproving his many derelictions of military duty, the grim colonel of the regiment would insensibly exchange his habitual tone of severe displeasure for one of mild remonstrance—influenced, probably, quite as much, in secret, by the popularity of the unrepentant offender, as by any personal regard for him. Captain Hedgehog, who had shot a man through the heart for corking his face one night when he was drunk, and all contact with whose detonating points of honour was as carefully avoided by his acquaintance as if they had been the wires of a spring-gun, sustained Garry's reckless personalities with a sort of warning growl utterly thrown away upon the imperturbable wag, who would still persist, in the innocence of his heart, in playing round the den of this military cockatrice. And three months after his arrival in Gibraltar, being one day detected by a fierce old Spanish lady in the very act of kissing her daughter behind the little señorita's great painted fan, his good-humoured impudence converted the impending storm into a mild drizzle of reproof, ending in his complete restoration to favour.

This youth had brought with him from England a letter from his mother, a widow lady, an old friend of my grandfather, who had some thirty years before held with her a juvenile flirtation. It recommended to his protection her son Frank, about to join the regiment as an ensign, pathetically enlarging on the various excellencies, domestic and religious, which

shone forth conspicuously in the youth's character, and of the comfort of contemplating and superintending which she was about to be deprived. In fact, it had led my grandfather to expect a youth of extreme docility and modesty, requiring a protector rather to embolden than to restrain him. After in vain attempting to espy in his young acquaintance any of the characteristics ascribed to him in his mother's letter, the Major, naturally good-natured and accessible to his youthful comrades, very soon suffered himself to be influenced by the good-humour, vigorous vitality, and careless cleverness of the Ensign, to an extent that caused him sometimes to wonder secretly at his own transformation. His retired habits were broken in upon, one after the other, till he had scarcely a secluded hour in his sixteen waking ones to enjoy alone his book and his pipe. His peaceful quarters, silent, in general, as a monk's cell, would now be invaded at all sorts of hours by the jovial Garry, followed by the admiring satellites who usually revolved around him; and the Major, with a sound between a groan and a chuckle, would close his well-beloved volume to listen to the facetious details of, and sometimes to participate in, the uncongenial freaks of the humorous subaltern. Once he had actually consented, at about the hour he usually went to bed, to accompany the youth to a Carnival ball—one of a series of entertainments at which the Catholic youth of the city are wont to idemnify themselves for the mortifications of Lent, and where masks, dominoes, and fancy dresses lend their aid to defeat the vigilance of the lynx-eyed dueñas and mammas who look anxiously on, perfectly aware, in general, that their own watchfulness is more to be relied on for nipping in the bud an indiscreet amour, than any innate iciness of temperament or austere propriety in the objects of their care. Not only did the Major mingle in the scene, but he actually, about midnight, found himself figuring in a cotillon with a well-developed señorita of thirteen years, whose glances and deportment showed a precocious proficiency in the arts of flirtation. At this ball Garry had become enamoured

beyond all former passions (and they were numerous and inconstant, in general, as if he had been a Grand Turk) of one of his partners, a young Spanish lady. Her graceful figure and motions in the dance had at first captivated him—and when, after dancing with her himself, his eloquent entreaties, delivered in indifferent Spanish, had prevailed on her to lift her mask for one coy moment, the vision of eyes and eyebrows, the common beauties of a Spanish countenance, and the clear rosy complexion, a much more rare perfection, then revealed, had accomplished the utter subjugation of his errant fancy. She had vanished from the ball silently and irremediably, as a houri of Paradise from the awakening eyes of an opium-eating Pacha; and all his attempts to trace her, continued unceasingly for a couple of months afterwards, had proved in vain.

One morning my grandfather was seated at breakfast in the verandah of his quarters, situated high up the rock above the town. Below him lay the roofs, terraced and balconied, and populous with cats, for whose convenience the little flat stone squares at the top of most of the houses appeared to have been devised. Tall towers called mirandas shot up at intervals, from whose summits the half-baked inhabitants, pent within close walls and streets, might catch refreshing glimpses of the blue sea and the hills of Spain—conveniences destined soon afterwards to be ruined by the enemy's fire, or pulled down to avoid attracting it, and never rebuilt. Beyond the white sunny ridge of the line wall came the sharp edge of the bay, rising in high perspective to the purple coast of Spain opposite, which was sprinkled with buildings white as the sails that dotted the water. My grandfather was in a state of great sensual enjoyment, sniffing up the odour of the large geranium bushes that grew in clumps in the little garden in front, and the roses that twined thickly round the trellis of the vine-roofed verandah; sipping thick creamy Spanish chocolate between the mouthfuls of red mullet, broiled in white paper, the flavour of which he was diligently comparing with that of some specimens of the same fish which

he remembered to have eaten in his youth in Devonshire; and glancing sideways over the cup at an open volume of Shakspeare, leaned slopingly on the edge of a plate of black figs bursting with ripeness, like trunk hose slashed with crimson. The Major was none of your skimming readers, who glance through a work of art as if it were a newspaper—measure, weigh it, and deliver a critical opinion on it, before the more reverential student has extricated himself from the toils of the first act or opening chapter: not he; he read every word, and affixed a meaning, right or wrong, to all the hard, obsolete ones. The dramatic fitness of the characters was not to be questioned by him, any more than that of the authentic personages of history. He would reason on their acts and proceedings as on those of his own intimate acquaintances. He never could account for Hamlet's madness otherwise than by supposing the Prince must have, some time or other, got an ugly rap on the head—let fall, perhaps, when a baby, by a gin-drinking nurse—producing, as in some persons he had himself from time to time been acquainted with, a temporary aberration of the wits; a piece of original criticism that has not occurred to any of the other commentators on this much-discussed point. Of Iago he has recorded an opinion in an old note-book still extant, where his observations appear in indifferent orthography, and ink yellow with age, that he was a cursed scoundrel—an opinion delivered with all the emphasis of an original detector of crime, anxious that full though tardy justice should be done to the delinquent's memory. But his great favourite was Falstaff: "A wonderful clever fellow, sir," he would say, "and no more a coward than you or I, sir."

My grandfather proceeded slowly with his meal, holding the cup to his lips with one hand and turning a leaf with the other—an operation which he was delaying till a great mosquito-hawk, (a beautiful brown moth mottled like a pheasant,) that had settled on the page, should think proper to take flight. He had lately come from a parade, as was evidenced by his regimental leather breeches and laced red waistcoat; but a chintz dressing-gown

and a pair of yellow Moorish slippers softened down the warlike tone of these garments to one more congenial with his peaceable and festive pursuits. Presently the garden door opened, and a well-known step ascended to the verandah. Frank Owen, dressed in a cool Spanish costume, advanced, and stopping three paces from the Major, took off his tufted sombrero and made a low bow.

"You are the picture, my dear sir," he said, "of serene enjoyment slightly tinged with sensuality. But how long, may I ask, have you taken to breakfasting on spiders?"—pointing, as he took a chair opposite the Major, at an immense red-spotted one that had dropt from the ceiling on the morsel my grandfather was in the act of conveying to his mouth.

The Major tenderly removed the insect by a leg.

"'Tis the worst of these al-fresco meals, Frank," said he. "Yesterday I cut a green lizard in two that had got on my plate, mistaking him for a bit of salad—being, as usual, more intent on my book than my food—and had very near swallowed the tail-half of the unfortunate animal."

"There are worse things than lizards in the world," quoth Garry. "Ants, I should say, were certainly less wholesome"—and he directed the Major's attention to a long black line of those interesting creatures issuing from a hole in the pavement, passing in an unbroken series up my ancestor's left leg, the foot of which rested on the ground, then traversing the cloth, and terminating at the loaf, the object of their expedition.

"Bless me," said the Major, as he rose and shook his breeches gently free from the marauders, "I must be more careful, or I shall chance to do myself a mischief. But they're worst at night. I've been obliged to leave off reading here in the evenings, for it went to my heart to see the moths scorching their pretty gauzy wings in the candle till the wicks were half-choked with them."

"Do you know, Major," said Owen, gravely, "that either this insect diet, or the sedentary life you lead, is making you quite fat, and utterly destroying the symmetry of your figure? In another week there will be one

unbroken line of rotundity from your chin to your knees."

My grandfather glanced downward at his waistcoat. "No, my boy, no," said he; "if there had been any difference, I should have known it by my clothes. I don't think I've gained a pound this twelvemonth."

"More than a stone," quoth Garry. "We all remarked it on parade to-day—and remarked it with sorrow. Now, look you, a sea voyage is the very thing to restore your true proportions, and I propose that we shall take a short one together."

"A sea voyage!" quoth my grandfather; "the boy is mad! Not if all the wonders seen by Sinbad the Sailor lay within a day's sail. Did I not suffer enough coming here from England? I don't think," said my grandfather with considerable pathos, "that my digestion has ever been quite right to this day."

"Sick of a calm," eh?—Like your friend Mistress Tearsheet," said the youngster. "But I've settled it all, and count on you. Look here," he continued, drawing from his pocket a large printed bill, and unfolding it before my ancestor. At the top appeared in large capitals the words, "Plaza de Toros;" and underneath was a woodcut representing a bull, of whose sex there could be no doubt, gazing, with his tail in the air, and an approving smile on his countenance, on the matadore about to transfix him. Then followed a glowing account in Spanish of the delights of a great bull-fight shortly to take place at Cadiz, setting forth the ferocity of the bulls, the number of horses that might be expected to die in the arena, and the fame of the picadores and espadas who were then and there to exhibit.

The Major shook his head—the captivating prospectus had no charms for him: he had not, as I have before said, an inquiring mind, and habit was so strong in him that a change was like the dislocation of a joint. The Ensign proceeded to paint the delights of the excursion in the brightest colours he could command. They were to go to Cadiz in a boat which he had lately bought—she was a capital sailer—there was a half-deck forward, under which the Major might sleep as comfortably as

in his own bed—a cooking apparatus, (and here, as he expatiated on the grills and stews and devils that were to be cooked and eaten, with the additional stimulus to appetite afforded by sea air, there was a spark of relenting in my grandfather's eye.) "You shall return," said the tempter, "with a digestion so completely renovated, that my name shall rise to your tongue at each meal as a grace before meat, and a thanksgiving after it; and as to sea-sickness, why, this Levanter will take us there in twelve hours, so smoothly that you may balance a straw upon your nose the whole way." Finally, the cunning Ensign laid before him an application for leave already made out, and only awaiting his signature.

My grandfather made some feeble objections, which Owen pooh-poohed in his usual off-hand fashion. There was no standing against the youngster's strong will, that, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all opposition, and at five o'clock that same evening the Major found himself proceeding through the town towards the Waterport for embarkation, by no means fully reconciled to the abandonment of his beloved Lares. My luckless grandfather! did no presentiment warn you of a consequence then hanging in the clouds, that was to change utterly for you the untroubled aspect of those household gods?

Owen had attired himself for the trip in a half-nautical costume—a shirt of light-blue flannel, fastened at the collar with a smart bandana, a blue jacket, loose duck trousers, and a montero cap, which costume became the puppy well enough. He seemed of this opinion himself, as he walked gaily along beside the Major: so did the black-eyed occupants of many houses on each side, who peeped forth smilingly from behind their green lattices, sometimes nodding and kissing their hands—for the Ensign had an incredible acquaintance with the budding and full-blown portion of the population of Gibraltar. The Major had stuck to his buckskins, (which stuck to him in return,) over which he had drawn a pair of jack-boots, and wore his red-laced coat and regimental hat—for in those days that passion for mufti, now so

prevalent in the army, did not exist. Whenever he caught sight of any of the greetings bestowed from the windows, he would take off his laced hat, and, fixing his eyes on the tittering señorita, who generally let fall the lattice with a slam, would make her a low bow—and, after each of these acts of courtesy, my grandfather walked on more elated than before.

They passed the drawbridge at Waterport, and, struggling through the crowd of Turks, Jews, infidels, and heretics, who usually throng the quay, entered a shore-boat that was to row them out to where Owen's vessel—the *Fair Unknown*, as he had christened her, in memory of his forgotten partner at the Carnival ball—lay moored. In her they found a sailor who was to accompany them on their voyage—a noted contrabandista, called Francisco, whose friendship Owen had lately acquired, and who acted as his lieutenant on his marine excursions. The boat was a neat affair—a small cutter, smartly painted, well found, and capable of holding several persons comfortably; and Francisco was a ruddy, portly, dark-skinned, large-whiskered son of the sea, the picture of good-humour. My grandfather stepped in, in his jack-boots. There was much settling of carpet-bags and stowing of provisions in the lockers, and then they hoisted sail, and glided smoothly out from among the shipping into the bay.

The breeze was light and fair, and they went on, as Frank had promised, pleasantly enough. My grandfather for the first time surveyed the scene of his two years' residence from the sea. The grey old rock looked mellow in the evening light, as an elderly gentleman over his wine—the window-panes glanced ruddily, the walls gleamed whitely, and the trees were tinted with a yellower green; behind, in the eastern sky, floated one single purple cloud. As the objects became confused in the distance, the sharp rugged outline of the rock assumed the appearance that has caused the Spaniards to call it *El Cuerpo*—the appearance of a vast human body laid out on its back, and covered with a winding-sheet, like a dead Titan on his funeral pile—the head towards Spain, the chest arched at Middle

Hill, the legs rising gently upward to the knees at O'Hara's Tower, and then sloping down till the feet rest on Europa. The sun went down as they rounded Cabrita Point, and the breeze, freshening, took them swiftly along under the huge hills that rise abruptly upward from the Spanish coast. Then Francisco, lighting a charcoal fire, placed thereon, in a frying-pan, tender steaks thickly strewn with sliced tomatas and onions, from whence arose a steam that brought tears of gratitude and delight into my grandfather's eyes. He anxiously watched the cooking—even threw out slight suggestions, such as another pinch of pepper, an additional onion, a slight dash of cayenne, and the like; and then, settling a plate firmly on the knees of his jack-boots, with a piece of bread and a cup by his side, and a knife and fork pointing upwards in his hands like lightning conductors, gazed cheerfully around him. And when Francisco, rising from his knees, where he had been blowing the charcoal fire, removed the hissing pan towards my grandfather's plate, transferring to it a liberal portion of the contents, the good man, gazing on the white and red streaks of vegetable relieved by the brown background of steak, and the whole picture swimming in a juicy atmosphere of gravy, felt sentiments of positive friendship towards that lawless individual, and, filling a bumper of Xerez, drank success to the voyage.

Three times was my grandfather's plate replenished from the thrice-filled pan. Afterwards he dallied a little with a cold pie, followed by a bit of cheese for digestion. Then, folding his hands across his stomach, he expressed his sincere opinion, that he had never tasted anything so good as that steak; and when Owen placed in his hand a smoking can of grog, he looked on the young man with a truly paternal eye. He talked complacently and benevolently, as men do who have dined well—praised the weather, the boat, the scene—and wondered where a man was going who rode slowly along a mountain-path above them, within hail, following him, in imagination, to his home, in a sort of dreamy contentment.

After a second can he began to grow drowsy, and, just aware that Owen said the breeze was still freshening, retired to the soft mattress spread for him under the half-deck, and replacing his cocked hat by a red nightcap, slept till morning.

It was broad daylight when he woke, conscious that for an hour or two past he had been sleeping most uneasily. There was a violent swinging motion, a rushing of wind and of water, that confused him extremely; and, forgetting where he was, he nearly fractured his skull by rising suddenly into a sitting posture. Steadying himself on his hands, in the posture of the Dying Gladiator, he slewed himself round on the pivot of his stern, and protruded his powdered head, like an old beaver, out of his hole. Owen and Francisco were sitting in a pool of water, trying to shelter themselves under the weather-side of the boat—dripping wet, and breakfasting on cold potatoes and fragments of meat left from last night's meal. My grandfather did not like the appearance of things at all. Rent in twain by horrible qualms, he inquired feebly of Owen if they were near Cadiz? Frank, in reply, shook his head, and said they were at anchor. Then my grandfather, making a vigorous effort, emerged completely from his place of repose, and, rising to his feet, looked over the gunwale. The scene he beheld was in dreary contrast to that of the evening before. Ridges of white foam were all around—ahead was a long low line of sandy coast, terminating in a point of rock whereon stood a lighthouse; and to leeward the bay was enclosed by steep hills. Over the low coast-line the wind blew with steady violence. A bright sun rather increased the dreariness of the prospect, which was suddenly closed to my grandfather by a shower of spray, that blinded him, and drenched him to the skin, converting his jack-boots into buckets. The wind had increased to a gale during the night, and they had been forced to take precarious shelter in the harbour of Tarifa. The Major did not venture on a second peep, but sat, dismally wet and sea-sick, the whole morning, trying to shelter himself as he best could. Once, a man came down to the beach,

and gesticulated like a scaramouch, screaming also at the same time; but what his gestures and screams signified nobody on board could tell. At length, as the gale did not moderate, while their position increased in discomfort, and was also becoming precarious, (for one of their anchors was gone, and great fears were entertained for the other,) Owen and Francisco decided to weigh, and stand in for the shore, trusting to the smuggler's seamanship for a safe run. The Major, in spite of his sickness, stood up and pulled gallantly at the cable, the wind blowing his pigtail and skirts perpendicularly out from his person. At last, after tremendous tugging, the anchor came up. The jib was hoisted with a reef in it, Owen holding the sheet, while the smuggler ran aft and took the helm. They bent over to the gale, till the Major stood almost perpendicularly on the lee gunwale, with his back against the weather-side, and ran in till he thought they were going to bump ashore; then tacking, they stood up along the coast, close to the wind, till Francisco gave the word. Owen let go the sheet, and the jib fluttered loosely out as they ran through a narrow passage into smooth water behind the sea-wall, and made fast to a flight of steps.

Presently some functionary appertaining to the harbour appeared, and with him an emissary from the Governor of the place, who, aware of their plight, had civilly sent to offer assistance. The messenger was the same man who had made signals to them from the beach in the morning; and he seemed to think it advisable that they should wait on the Governor in person, saying that he was always disposed to be civil to British officers. This advice they resolved to act upon at once, before it should grow dark, foreseeing that, in case of their detention from bad weather in Tarifa, the Governor might prove a potent auxiliary. The Major would have wished to make some little alterations in his toilette, after his late disasters; but, after trying in vain to pull off his jack-boots, which clung to him like his skin, he was obliged to abandon the idea, and contented himself with standing on his head to let the water run out of them. As they advanced

along the canseway leading to the town, (the point where they landed is connected with the town by a long narrow sandy isthmus,) the gale swept over them volumes of sand, which, sticking to my grandfather's wet uniform, gave him somewhat the appearance of a brick-wall partially rough-cast. His beard was of two days' growth—his hair-powder was converted into green paste by the seawater—and his whole appearance travel-stained and deplorable. Nevertheless his dignity by no means forsook him, as they traversed the narrow alleys of the ancient town of Tarifa, on their way to the approaching interview.

His excellency Don Pablo Dotto, a wonderfully fat little man, received them very courteously. He was a Spaniard of the old school, and returned the stately greeting of my grandfather, and the easy one of the Ensign, with such a profusion of bows, that for the space of a minute they saw little more of his person than the shining baldness on the top of his head. Then they were presented to his wife, a good-natured, motherly sort of old lady, who seemed to compassionate them much. But, while Owen was explaining to her the object of their trip, and its disastrous interruption, he suddenly stopped, open-mouthed, and blushing violently, with his gaze directed towards the open door of a neighbouring apartment. There he beheld, advancing towards him, the Beauty of the Carnival ball.

The Governor's lady named her as "her daughter, the Señorita Juana." Spite of the different dress and circumstances, she, too, recognised Frank, and coloured slightly as she came forward to receive his greeting. The Ensign, an impudent scamp enough in general, was, however, the more confused of the two; and his embarrassed salutation was entirely thrown

into the shade by the magnificence of my grandfather's bow. However, he presently recovered his assurance, and explained to the elder lady how he had previously enjoyed the pleasure (with a great stress upon the word) of making her daughter's acquaintance. Then he recounted to Juana the manner in which they had been driven in here, when on their way to Cadiz to see the bull-fight.

"We also are going to ride thither to-morrow," said the Señorita, softly.

"Ah, then, we shall meet there," said Frank, who presently after was seized with a fit of absence, and made incoherent replies. He was considering how they might travel together, and had almost resolved to offer to take the whole family to Cadiz in his boat—a proposal that would probably have somewhat astonished the little Governor, especially if he had seen the dimensions of the craft thus destined to accommodate himself and retinue. But Garry was an adept in manœuvring, and marched skilfully upon the point he had in view. He drew such a pathetic picture of the hardships they had endured on the voyage—their probable detention here for most of their short leave—their friendless condition, and their desire to see something of the country—that the little Governor was in a manner impelled (fancying all the time that the impulse sprung altogether from his own native benevolence,) to desire that the two forlorn Englishmen would travel to Cadiz under his escort. So it being settled entirely to Garry's satisfaction that they were to start next morning at break of day on horseback—an arrangement which my grandfather's total ignorance of Spanish prevented him from knowing anything about—they retired to the principal fonda, where the Major speedily forgot, over a tolerable dinner, the toils and perils of the voyage.

CHAPTER II.

Daybreak the next morning found them issuing forth from the ancient city of Tarifa on a couple of respectable-looking hacks, hired from the innkeeper. Frank had, with his accustomed generalship, managed to secure a position

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deeply. From the throat-lash of the bridle hung a long tassel, as an artificial auxiliary to the barb's tail in the task of keeping the flies off, further assisted by a tuft of white horse-hair attached to the butt of her whip. She wore a looped hat and white plume, a riding-skirt, and an embroidered jacket of blue cloth, fastened, as was the wrought bosom of her chemise, with small gold buttons. Frank could not keep his eyes off her, now riding off to the further side of the road to take in at once the whole of the beautiful vision, now coming close up to study it in its delightful details.

In front of the pair rode the little Governor, side by side with a Spaniard of about thirty, the long-betrothed lover of Juana—so long, in fact, that he did not trouble himself to secure his authority in a territory so undeniably his own, but smoked his cigar as coolly as if there were no good-looking Englishman within fifty miles of his mistress. He wore garments of the Spanish cut, made of nankeen—the jacket frogged with silver cords, tagged with little silver fishes—the latter appended, perhaps, as suitable companions to the frogs. A hundred yards ahead was an escort of four horse-soldiers with carbines on their thighs, their steel accoutrements flashing ruddily in the level sunlight. Behind Frank came Major Flinders, clean shaved, and with jack-boots and regimental coat restored to something like their pristine splendour; by his side rode another lady, the Señorita Carlota, Juana's aunt, somewhere about thirty years old, plump and merry, her upper lip fringed at the corners with a line of dark down, quite decided enough for a cornet of eighteen to be proud of—a feminine embellishment too common for remark in these southern regions, and, in the opinion of some connoisseurs, rather enhancing the beauty of the fair wearers. She talked incessantly, at first, to my grandfather, who did not understand a word she said, but whose native politeness prompted him to say, "Si, Señorita," to everything—sometimes laying at the same moment his hand on his heart, and bowing with considerable grace. Behind this pair came another interesting couple—viz., *two servants on mules, with great*

saddle-bags stuffed to extreme corpulence with provisions.

It was a glorious morning—a gentle breeze sweeping on their faces as they mounted the hills, but dying into silence in the deep valleys, fresh, and glistening with dew. Sometimes they rode along a rocky common, yellowed with a flowering shrub like furze—sometimes through unfenced fields—sometimes along broad plains, where patches of blossoming beans made the air rich with scent, and along which they galloped full speed, the Governor standing high in the stirrups of his demi-pique, the Señorita's white barb arching his neck till his muzzle touched his chest under the pressure of the long bit, and my grandfather prancing somewhat uneasily on his hard-mouthed Spanish entero, whose nose was, for the most part, projected horizontally in the air. The Major was not a first-rate seat—he rode with a long stirrup, his heel well down, his leg straight, and slanting a little forward, body upright, and elbows back, as may be seen in the plates to ancient works on equitation—a posture imposing enough, but not safe across country: galloping deranged it materially, for the steed was hard-mouthed, and required a long, strong pull, with the body back, and a good purchase on the stirrups. The animal had a most voracious appetite, quite overcoming his sense of what was due to his rider; and, on seeing a tuft of juicy grass, down went his nose, drawing my grandfather, by means of the tight reins, well over the pummel. On these occasions, the Major, feeling resistance to be in vain, would sit looking easily about him, feigning to be absorbed in admiration of the prospect—which was all very well, where there was a prospect to look at, but wore a less plausible appearance when the animal paused in a hollow between two hedges, or ran his nose into a barn-door. But whenever this happened, Carlota, instead of half-smothering a laugh, as a mischievous English girl would, ten to one, have done, sat most patiently till the Major and his steed came to an understanding, and would greet him, as they moved on again, with a good-natured smile, that won her, each time, a higher place in his estimation.

Thus they proceeded till the sun rose high in the heavens, when, on reaching a grove on the edge of one of the plains, they halted under a huge cork-tree, near which ran a rivulet. The cavalcade dismounted—the horses were tethered, the mules disburthened of the saddle-bags, and the contents displayed under the tree; horse-cloths and cloaks were spread around on the ground and a fire of dry sticks was lit on the edge of the stream with such marvellous celerity that, before my grandfather had time to take more than a hasty survey of the eatables, after seating himself on the root of a tree, a cup of steaming chocolate was placed in his hand.

"Confess, Major," said Garry, speaking with his mouth full of sausage, "that a man may lose some of the pleasures of existence by leading the life of a hermit. Don't you feel grateful to me for dragging you out of your cobweb to such a pleasant place as this?"

"Tis an excellent breakfast," said my grandfather, who had just assisted the Señorita Carlota to a slice of turkey's breast, and himself to an entire leg and thigh—dividing with her, at the same time, a crisp white loaf, having a handle like a teapot or smoothing-iron—"and my appetite is really very good. I should be perfectly easy if I could only understand the remarks of this very agreeable lady, and make suitable replies."

"Let me interpret your sentiments," said Garry; "and though I may not succeed in conveying them in their original force and poetry, yet they shall lose as little as possible in transmission. Just try me—what would you wish to say?"

"Why, really," said my grandfather, pondering, "I had a great many things to say as we came along, but they've gone out of my head. Do you think she ever read Shakespeare?"

"Not a chance of it," said Owen.

Here the Señorita laughingly appealed to Frank to know what my grandfather was saying about her.

"Ah," quoth my grandfather, quoting his friend Shakespeare—

"I understand thy looks—the pretty Spanish
Which thou poarest down from these swelling heavens
I am not perfect in —"

She's an extremely agreeable woman, Frank, I'll be sworn, if one only understood her," quoth my grandfather, casting on her a glance full of gallantry.

The Ensign was not so entirely occupied in prosecuting his own love affair as to be insensible to the facilities afforded him for amusing himself at the Major's expense. Accordingly, he made a speech in Spanish to Carlota, purporting to be a faithful translation of my grandfather's, but teeming, in fact, with the most romantic expressions of chivalrous admiration, as was apparent from the frequent recurrence of the words "ojos," (eyes,) "corazon," (heart,) and the like amatory currency.

"There, Major," said the interpreter, as he finished; "I've told her what you said of her."

The Major endorsed the compliments by laying his hand upon his heart, and bowing with a tender air. Whereupon Carlota, laughing, and blushing a deeper red, made her acknowledgments.

"She says," quoth Frank, "that she knew the English before to be a gallant nation; but that if all the caballeros (that's gentlemen) of that favoured race are equal to the present specimen, her own countrymen must be thrown entirely into the shade."

"Delightful!" cried my grandfather; but it is doubtful whether this expression of pleasure was called forth by the sentiments attributed to the Señorita, or by the crisp succulent tenderness of a mouthful of sucking-pig which was at that moment spreading itself over his palate.

Following up his idea, the mischievous Ensign continued to diversify the graver pursuit of prosecuting his own suit with Juana, by impressing Carlota and the Major with the idea that each was favourably impressed with the other. In this he was tolerably successful—the speeches he made to Carlota, supposed to originate with my grandfather, had a very genuine warmth about them, being, in fact, very often identical with those he had just been making, under immediate inspiration, to his own divinity; while as for the Major, it would have been an insult to the simplicity of that worthy man's nature to exert any

great ingenuity in deceiving him; it would have been like setting a trap for a snail. So they journeyed on, highly pleased with each other, and occasionally, in the absence of their faithful interpreter, conversed by

means of smiles and courteous gesticulations, till my grandfather felt entirely at his ease, and was almost sorry when on the evening of the second day they got to Cadiz.

CHAPTER III.

A whole city full of people condensed into one broad amphitheatre, all bearing a national resemblance to each other in countenance and costume, all apparently animated by the same spirit—for nothing could be more unanimous than the applause which greeted a favourite smilingly crossing the arena, the abuse which overwhelmed an object offensive to the eye of the many-headed, or the ridicule which descended in a joyous uproarious flood on the hapless individual in whose appearance, dress, or manner, anything was detected calculated to appeal to the highly-sensitive risible faculty of a Spanish assembly;—a gay and picturesque mixture of colours, waving and tossing like a garden in a breeze, as the masses of white mantillas, heads black as coal, decorated with flowers and green leaves, red sashes, tufted sombreros, and yellow gaiters, with here and there a blue-and-white soldier standing stiffly up, were agitated by each new emotion—such was the scene that met the eyes of our travellers on entering the bull-ring at Cadiz before the sport commenced.

My grandfather had made his entry in spectacles—appendages highly provocative of the public mirth—and had looked wonderingly for a minute or two through the obnoxious glasses on a sea of faces upturned, sideturned, and downturned, all looking at him, and all shouting some indistinguishable chorus; while the men beat time, each with the long, forked, painted stick, without which no Spaniard possessing sentiments of propriety ever comes to a bull-fight, in a manner most embarrassing to a somewhat bashful stranger, till their attention was luckily diverted to an unhappy man in a white hat, in derision of whom they immediately sang a song, the burden of which was “*El de sombrero blanco*,” (he of the white

hat.) the multitude conducting itself throughout like one man.

My grandfather and his friends occupied a distinguished position in a box high above the multitude, and near that of the *alcalde*. The *Señorita Juana* looked more lovely than ever in a white dress, over which flowed a white gauzy mantilla, giving a kind of misty indistinctness to the wavy outlines of her figure, and the warm tint of her neck and arms. From her masses of black hair peeped one spot of vivid white, a rosebud; and a green plummy leaf, a favourite ornament with Spanish girls, drooped, bending, and soft as a feather, on one side of her gold-and-tortoiseshell comb. The Major sat beside *Carlota*, who, naturally frank, and looking upon him now as an old acquaintance, would tap his arm most bewitchingly with her fan, when she wanted to direct his attention to any object of interest. So the Major sat by her, all gallantry and smiles, gazing about him with wonder through the double gold eyeglass, which still, in spite of the late expression of popular feeling, bestrid his nose. He looked with the interest of a child at everything—at the faces and dresses around him, distinct in their proximity, and at those, confused in their details by distance, on the opposite side of the arena. He shared in the distress of an unfortunate person (a contractor for bulls, who had palmed some bad ones on the public) who tried, as he walked conspicuously across the ring, to smile off a torrent of popular execration about as successfully as a lady might attempt to ward off Niagara with her parasol, and who was, as it were, washed out at an opposite door, drenched and sodden with jeers. And when the folding-gates were opened, and the gay procession entered, my grandfather gazed on it with delight, and shouted

"Bravo!" as enthusiastically as if he had been a habitual frequenter of bull-rings from his earliest youth. First came the espadas or matadores, their hair clubbed behind like a woman's, dressed in bright-coloured jackets, and breeches seamed with broad silver lace, white stockings, shoes fastened with immense rosettes, and having their waists girt with silk sashes, bearing on their arms the blood-coloured cloaks that were to lure the bull upon the sword-point. Next followed the chulos, similarly attired; then the picadores, riding stiffly, with padded legs, on their doomed steeds; and mules, whose office it was to drag off the dead bulls and horses, harnessed three abreast as in classic chariots, and almost hidden under a mass of gay housings, closed the procession. Marching across the middle of the ring to the alcalde's box, they requested permission to begin, and, it being granted, the picadores stationed themselves at equal distances from each other round the circumference of the arena. Then, at a signal from the alcalde, two trumpeters in scarlet, behind him, stood up and sounded—a man, standing with his hand ready on a bolt in a door underneath, drew it, and pulled the door swiftly back, shutting himself into a niche, as the dark space thus opened was filled by the formidable figure of a bull, who, with glancing horns and tail erect, bounded out, and, looking around during one fierce brief pause, made straight at the first picador. The cavalier, standing straight in his stirrups, his lance tucked firmly under his arm, fixed the point fairly in the shoulder of the brute, who, never pausing for that, straightway upset man and horse. Then my grandfather might be seen stretching far over the front of his box, his eyes staring on the prostrate picador, and his hands clenched above his head, while he shouted, "By the Lord, sir, he'll be killed!" And when a chulo, darting alongside, waved his cloak before the bull's eyes and lured him away, the Major, drawing a long breath, turned to a calm Spaniard beside him, and said, "By heaven, sir, 'twas the mercy of Providence!"—but the Spaniard, taking his cigar from his mouth, and expel-

ling the smoke through his nostrils, merely said, "Bien está," ('tis very well.) Meanwhile, the bull (who, like his predecessor in the china-shop, seemed to have it all his own way) had run his horn into the heart of a second horse, and the picador, perceiving from the shivering of the wounded creature that the hurt was mortal, dismounted in all haste, while the horse, giving one long, blundering stagger, fell over and died, and was immediately stript of his accoutrements. This my grandfather didn't like at all; but, seeing no kindred disgust in the faces round him, he nerved himself, considering that it was a soldier's business to look on wounds and death. He even beheld, with tolerable firmness, the spectacle of a horse dashing blindfold and riderless, and mad with fear and pain, against the barrier—rebounding whence to the earth with a broken shoulder, it was forced again on its three legs, and led stumbling from the ring. But when he saw another horse raised to its feet, and, all ript open as it was, spurred to a second assault, the Major, who hadn't the heart himself to hurt a fly, could stand it no longer, but, feeling unwell, retired precipitately from the scene. On reaching the door, he wrote over the same, with a bit of chalk, part of the speech of Henry V., "the royal imp of fame," to his soldiers at Agincourt:—

"He that hath not stomach for the fight,
Let him depart——"

to the great astonishment of the two Spanish sentries, who gazed on the words as if they contained a magical spell.

Frank sat till it was over—"out the play." Not that he much of the fight, however; he eyes and each nothi Juana and pencil lit lit and the and a C and I and e with g it and y. and

got on quite as well, probably, as you or I might have done in his place.

Leaving Cadiz next morning, they resumed the order of march they had adopted in coming—Don Pablo riding, as before, in front with the knight of the silver fishes, discussing with him the incidents of the bull-ring. The old gentleman, though very courteous when addressing the two Englishmen, had but little to say to them—neither did he trouble himself to talk much to the ladies; and when he did, a sharp expression would sometimes slip out, convincing Owen that he was something of a domestic tyrant in private—a character by no means inconsistent with the blindest demeanour in public. The Ensign was at great pains to encourage the Major to be gracious to Carlota. “Get a little more tropical in your looks, Major,” he would say; “these Spanish ladies are not accustomed to frigid glances. She’s desperately in love with you—pity she can’t express what she feels; and she mightn’t like to trust an interpreter with her sentiments.”

“Pooh, nonsense, boy,” said the Major, colouring with pleasure, “she doesn’t care for an old fellow like me.”

“Doesn’t she?—see what her eyes say—that’s what I call ocular demonstration,” quoth the Ensign. “If you don’t return it, you’re a stock, a stone.” Then he would say something to Carlota, causing her eyes to sparkle, and canter on to rejoin Juana.

It was genial summer-time with Carlota—she had passed the age of maiden diffidence, without having attained that of soured and faded spinsterhood. She had a sort of jovial confidence in herself, and an easy demeanour towards the male sex, such as is seen in widows. These supposed advances of the Major were accordingly met by her rather more than half-way. None but the Major was permitted to assist her into the saddle, or to receive her plump form descending from it. None but the Major was beckoned to her rein when the path was broken and perilous, or caught on his protecting arm the pressure of her outstretched hand, when her steed stumbled over the loose pebbles. None was repaid for a slight courtesy by so *—any warm, confiding smiles as he.*

These, following fast one on another, began to penetrate the rusty casing of the Major’s heart. On his own ground—that is, in his own quarters—he could have given battle, successfully, to a score of such insidious enemies: his books, his flowers, his pipe, his slippers, and a hundred other Penates would have encircled him; but here, with all his strong palisading of habit torn up and scattered, all his wonted trains of ideas upset and routed by the novelty of situation and scenery, he lay totally defenceless, and open to attack. The circumstance of himself and Carlota being ignorant of each other’s language, far from being an obstacle to their mutual good-will, rather favoured its progress. In company with an Englishwoman, in similar circumstances, my grandfather would have considered himself bound to entertain her with his conversation, and, perhaps, have spoiled all by trying to make himself agreeable—it would have been a tax on the patience of both: but being absolved from any such duty in the present instance, he could without awkwardness ride onward in full and silent communion with his own thoughts, and enjoy the pleasure of being smiled upon without being at any pains to earn it.

His note-book, containing an account of the expedition, which I have seen—and whence, indeed, the greater part of this chronicle is gathered—exhibits, at this period of the journey, sufficient proof that the Major enjoyed this new state of being extremely, and felt his intellect, his heart, and his stomach at once stimulated.

“Spain,” says my grandfather, in a compendious descriptive sentence, “is a country of garlicky odours, of dirty contentment, of overburthened donkeys, and of excellent pork; but a fine air in the hills, and the country much sweeter than the towns. The people don’t seem to know what comfort is, or cleanliness, but are nevertheless very contented in their ignorance. My saddle is bad, I think, for I dismounted very sore to-day. The Señorita mighty pleasant and gracious. I entertain a great regard for her—no doubt a sensible woman, as well as a handsome. A pig to-day at breakfast, the best I have tasted in Spain.”

The desultory style of the composition of these notes prevents me from quoting largely from them. Statistics, incidents of travel, philosophic reflections, and the state of his digestive organs, are all chronicled indiscriminately. But, from the above mixture of sentiments, it will be perceived that the Major's admiration for Carlota was of a sober nature, by no means ardent or Quixotic, and pretty much on a par with his passion for pig.

This was far from being the case with Garry, who became more and more enamoured every hour. The Spanish lover continued to conduct himself as if he had been married to Juana for twenty years, never troubling himself to be particularly agreeable or attentive, for which obliging conduct Garry felt very grateful to him. The Major had been too long accustomed to witness Owen's philanderings to see anything peculiar in the present case, till his attention was attracted by a little incident he accidentally witnessed. After the last halt they made before reaching Tarifa, Garry was, as usual,

at hand, to assist Juana to her saddle. The strings of her hat were untied, and he volunteered to fasten them; and, having done so, still retaining his hold of the strings, he glanced quickly around, and then drew her blooming face towards his own till their lips met—for which piece of impudence he only suffered the slight penalty of a gentle tap with her whip. My grandfather discreetly and modestly withdrew his eyes, but he was not the only observer. He of the silver fishes was regarding them with a fixed look from among some neighbouring trees, where he had tethered his horse. Probably the Spaniard, with all his indifference, thought this was carrying matters a little too far, for, after conversing a moment with the Governor, he took his place at Juana's side, and did not again quit it till they arrived at Tarifa. Then both he and the Governor took leave of our travellers with a cold civility, defying all Garry's attempts to thaw it, and seeming to forbid all prospect of a speedy renewal of the acquaintance.

CHAPTER IV.

At the inn, that night, the Major betook himself to rest early, that he might be ready to start for Gibraltar betimes in the morning, for on the following day their leave was to expire.

He had slept soundly for several hours, when he was awoken by Owen, who entered with a candle in his hand. The Major sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes.

"Time's up, my boy, eh?" said he, with a cavernous yawn. "I should have liked another hour of it, but it can't be helped," (preparing to turn out.)

"I didn't want to spoil your rest last night," said Owen, seating himself on the edge of the bed, "so I said nothing about a mishap that has occurred. That smuggling villain, Francisco, took advantage of our absence to fetch a contraband cargo in the boat from Gibraltar, and has been caught in attempting to run it here."

"Good bless me," said my grandfather, "who would have thought it!—and he such a capital cook! But what's to be done? where's the boat?"

"The boat is, for the present, confiscated," said Garry; "but I daresay the Governor would let us have it in the morning, on explaining, and perhaps release Francisco, with the loss of his cargo; but—but—in fact, Major, I don't want the Governor to know anything about our departure."

My grandfather stared at him, awaiting further explanation.

"Juana looked pale last night," said the Ensign after a pause.

The Major did not dispute the fact, though he could not, for the life of him, see what it had to do with the subject.

"She never liked that dingy Spanish lover of hers," said the Ensign, "and her father intends she shall marry him in a month. 'Twould make her miserable for life."

"Dear me," said my grandfather, "how do you know that?"

"She told me so. You see," said Owen, shading the candle with his hand, so that my grandfather couldn't see his face, and speaking hurriedly,

"I didn't intend we should start alone—in fact—that is—Juana has agreed to fly with me to Gibraltar."

"Agreed!—fly!"—gasped my grandsire: "what an extraordinary young fellow!"

"She's waiting for us now," resumed Garry, gathering courage after the first plunge into the subject; "we ought to be off before daylight. Oblige me, my dear sir," (smiling irresistibly,) "by getting up immediately."

"And how are we to get away," asked my grandfather, "supposing this insane scheme of yours to be attempted?"

"I've bribed the sentry at Francisco's place of durance," returned the Ensign. "We shall get out of the town the instant the gates are opened; and the boat is tied to the steps, as before, only under the charge of a sentry whom we can easily evade. Every guarda costa in the place was sent out last night to blockade a noted smuggler who has taken refuge in Tangier; so, once out, we are safe from pursuit: I found it all out after you had gone to bed."

The disposition of Major Flinders, as the reader knows, was the reverse of enterprising—he wouldn't have given a straw to be concerned in the finest adventure that ever happened in romance. He paused with one stocking on, inclined, like the little woman whose garments had been curtailed by the licentious shears of the pedlar, to doubt his own identity, and wondering if it could be really he, John Flinders, to whom such a proposition was broached, requiring him to assist in invading the peace of a family. As soon as he recovered his powers of speech, of which astonishment had for a moment deprived him, he began earnestly to dissuade the Ensign from the enterprise; but Owen knew his man too well, and had too much youthful vivacity of will to allow much time for remonstrance.

"Look you, Major," said he, "I'm positive I can't live without Juana. I'll make a bold stroke for a wife. The thing's settled—no going back now for me; and I shall go through with it with or without you. But you're not the man, I'm sure, to desert a fellow in extremity, at a time, too, when the ad-

vantages of your experience and coolness are so peculiarly needed. 'Call you that backing of your friends?'"

The compliment, or the quotation, or both, softened the Major. "'Would it were night, Hal, and all well,'" said he, half mechanically following the Falstaffian train of ideas Owen had artfully conjured up, and at the same time drawing on the breeches which that astute youth obsequiously handed to him.

It was still dark when they issued forth into the narrow and dingy streets of Tarifa. My grandfather, totally unaccustomed to visit the glimpses of the moon in this adventurous fashion, was full of strange fears—heard as many imaginary suspicious noises and voices as Bunyan's Pilgrim in the dark valley—and once or twice stopt abruptly and grasped Owen's arm, while he pointed to a spy dogging them in the distant gloom, who turned out to be a door-post. But Owen was now in his element; no tom-cat in Tarifa was more familiar with house-tops and balconies at the witching hour than he, and he stepped gaily on. Presently they were challenged by a sentry, to whom Owen promptly advanced and slipped into his itching palm a doubloon, when the trust-worthy warrior immediately turned upon his heel, and, walking to the extremity of his post, looked with great vigilance in the opposite direction.

Owen advanced to a grated window and tapped. Immediately the burly face of Francisco showed itself thereat, his white teeth glancing merrily in a glimmer of moonshine. A bar, previously filed through, was removed from the window, and Owen, taking him by the collar to assist his egress, drew him through as far as the third button of his waistcoat, where he stuck for a moment; but the substance was elastic, and a lusty tug landed him in the middle of the narrow street. Receiving Frank's instructions, given in a hurried whisper, to go at once to where the boat lay, and cast her off, ready to shove off on the instant, he nodded and disappeared in the darkness, while Owen and the Major made for the Governor's house.

Arrived near it, Owen gave a low whistle—a peculiar one, that my grandfather remembered to have

heard him practising to Juana on the previous day—when, to the unutterable surprise of the Major, two veiled figures appeared on the balcony.

"Why, Owen, boy, d'ye see!" quoth the Major, stuttering with anxiety, "who can the other be?—her maid, eh?"—indistinct stage recollections of intriguing waiting-women dawning on him.

"Ahem!—why, you see, Major," whispered Owen, "she wouldn't come alone—couldn't manage it at all, in fact, without the knowledge of her aunt, who sleeps in the next room; so I persuaded Carlota to come too, and gave her a sort of half promise that you would take care of her." Here, wishing to cut short a rather awkward explanation, he ran under the balcony—one of the ladies dropped a cord—and Owen producing from under his coat a rope ladder, (he had sat up all night making it,) attached it, and, as soon as it was drawn up, ascended, motioning to my astounded grandfather to keep it steady below. The Major, after a moment's desperate half-resolve to make a hasty retreat from the perilous incidents which seemed momentarily to thicken round him, and leave his reckless friend to his fate, yielded to the force of circumstances, and did what was required of him. Then Owen lifted the ladies, one after the other, over the railing of the balcony, and they swiftly descended. First came Juana, who, scarcely touching the Major's offered hand, lit on the pavement like gossamer; then Carlota descended, and making, in her trepidation, a false step near the bottom, came so heavily on the Major, that they rolled together on the stones. By the time they were on their feet again, Owen had slipped down the ladder, and, taking Juana under his arm, set off rapidly towards the bay.

If anything could have added to the Major's discomfiture and embarrassment, it would have been the pressure of Carlota's arm on his, as she hung confidingly on him—a pressure not proceeding from her weight only, but active, and with a meaning in it; but he was in that state of mental numbness from the successive shocks of astonishment, that, as with a soldier after the first two dozen, any

additional laceration passed unheeded. He was embarked in an adventure of which he could by no means see the end; all was strange and dark in the foreground of his future; and if he had been at that moment tried, cast, and condemned for an imaginary crime, he would have been too apathetic to say anything in arrest of judgment.

Silently and swiftly, as a forlorn hope, they passed through the town and along the sandy causeway. The succession of white rolling waves on their left, where extended the full breadth of the Straits, while the bay on their right was almost smooth, showed the wind to be still against them; but it was now so moderate that they might safely beat up for the Rock. Arrived at the head of the stairs leading to the water, they paused in the angle of the wall to reconnoitre. Francisco was lying coiled up in the head of the boat, his hand on the rope, ready to cast her loose, and the boat-hook projecting over the bow. Above them, and behind the wall, at a little distance, they could hear the measured tread of the sentry, and catch the gleam of his bayonet as he turned upon his walk: a few vigorous strokes would carry them outside the sea-wall and beyond his ken. All depended on their silence; and like two stealthy cats did Owen and Juana descend to the boat—the Major and Carlota watching the success of their attempt with protruded necks. Cautiously did Owen stride from the last stair to the deck—cautiously did he transfer Juana to the bark, and guide her aft. The Major was just preparing to follow, when a noise from the boat startled him: Juana had upset an unlucky wine-jar which Francisco had left there. The sentry put his head over the wall, and challenged; Francisco, starting up, shoved hastily off; the sentry fired his piece, his bullet shattering the wine-jar that had caused the mischief. Juana screamed, Owen swore in English, and Francisco surpassed him in Spanish. There was no time to return or wait for the other pair, for the guard was alarmed by the sentry's shot, and their accoutrements might be heard rattling near at hand, as they turned hastily out. Before they reached the

wall, however, the boat had disappeared.

Major Flinders watched it till it was out of sight, and, at first, experienced a feeling of despair at being thus deprived of the aid of Garry's boldness and promptitude, and left to his own resources. Presently, however, a gleam of comfort dawned upon him — perhaps Carlota would now abandon the enterprise, and he should thus, at any rate, be freed from the embarrassment her presence occasioned him. In this hope he was shortly undeceived. To have added the shame of failure and exposure to her present disappointment, while an opening to persevere still remained, did not suit that lady's ardent spirit; and whether it was that the unscrupulous Garry had really represented the Major as very much in love, or whether such an impression resulted from her own lively imagination, she certainly thought her companion would be as much chagrined at such a denouement as herself. She displayed a prompt decision in this emergency, being, indeed, as remarkable for presence as the Major was for absence of mind. Taking the Major's arm, she caused him swiftly to retrace his steps with her to the inn where he had slept. As they retreated, they heard the boom of a gun behind them, fired, doubtless, from the Point, at the Fair Unknown. At Carlota's orders, a couple of horses, one with a side-saddle, were speedily at the inn-door; they mounted, and, before the sun was yet risen, had issued forth from the gate of Tarifa, on the road to Gibraltar.

The Major rode beside her like a man in a dream—in fact, he was partly asleep, having been deprived of a large portion of his natural and accustomed rest, and partly bewildered. A few days before he had been the most methodical, unromantic, not to say humdrum, old bachelor in his Majesty's service; and here he was, how or why he did not well know, galloping away at daybreak with a foreign lady, of whose existence he had been ignorant a week before, with the prospect of being apprehended by her relatives for her abduction, and by the Government for assisting in the escape of, a smuggler.

When at length roused to complete consciousness by the rapidity of their motion, he positively groaned in anguish of spirit, and vowed internally that, once within the shelter of his own quiet quarters, nothing on earth should again tempt him forth on such harum-scarum expeditions.

It was near noon when they reached Algeciras, where they stopped to breakfast, both of them rather exhausted with fatigue and hunger. This town stands just opposite Gibraltar, across the bay—the road they had come by forms the base of a triangle, of which Cabrita Point is the apex, the bay washing one side of the projecting coast, the Straits the other. The Major was reserved and embarrassed; there was a tenderness about Carlota's manner that frightened him out of his usual gallantry, and, to avoid meeting her glance, he looked steadily out of the window at the rock of Gibraltar, casting wistful glances at the spot where his quarters lay hidden in a little clump of foliage. Immediately after the meal he quitted the room, on pretence of looking after the horses. He determined to protract their stay in Algeciras till late in the afternoon, that they might enter Gibraltar in the dusk, and thus avoid awkward meetings with equestrian parties from the garrison, who would then be hastening homewards, in order to be in before gun-fire, when the gates are shut.

On returning, still out of temper, to the room where he had left Carlota, he found her, quite overcome with fatigue, asleep on the sofa. Her head was thrown a little back on the cushion; her lips were just parted, and she looked in her sleep like a weary child. The Major approached on tiptoe, and stood regarding her. His ill-humour melted fast into pity. He thought of all her kindness to him, and, by a sudden soft-hearted impulse, took gently one of her hands projecting over the side of the sofa. Carlota opened her eyes, and squeezed the hand that held hers; whereupon the Major suddenly quitted his hold, and, retreating with great discomposure to the window, did not venture to look at her again till it was time to resume their journey.

At a little distance from Algeciras

is the river Palmones, called by the English the Second River. This was crossed by a floating bridge, pulled from shore to shore by a ferryman warping on a rope extended across. They had just reached the opposite bank of the stream, when Carlota noticed two horsemen galloping fast along the road they had just traversed. A second glance showed them to be Don Pablo and the lover of Juana. The first inquiries of the Governor had led him to suppose that all had escaped in the boat, and it was not till some time after that he had learned the true state of affairs.

The fugitives now hastened on in earnest, and roused their horses to a steady gallop, never pausing till they reached the Guadarranque, or First River, about a mile nearer Gibraltar than the other, and furnished with a similar bridge. The delay of the pursuers at the former ferry had thrown them far in rear; and my grandfather, inspired by the imminence of the peril, now conceived a bright idea—the brightest, probably, that ever flashed upon him—by executing which they might effectually distance their pursuers. Dropping his glove at a little distance from the shore, he sent the ferryman to fetch it, and then pushed off, (Carlota having already embarked,) and warped the bridge to the opposite bank, heedless of the frantic gesticulations of the proprietor, who screamed furiously after them to stop. When he reached the opposite side, he took out his pocket-knife and deliberately cut the rope. Having thus, as it were, blown up the communication in his rear, my grand-

father, without the loss of his baggage, continued his retreat to the fortress; while the little Governor, who galloped up just as they were disappearing, was, like Lord Ullin, left lamenting.

The sun was already declining, and threw their shadows far before them on the sands, as they rode along the beach close to the water. The bay at this inner extremity makes a great circular sweep—radii drawn from the rock to different distant points of the arc would be almost equal; and for half an hour they continued to see Gibraltar at nearly the same distance to the right and in front of them, holding itself aloof most provokingly. Twilight descended as they passed the Spanish lines and entered on the Neutral Ground. The Major glanced anxiously at his watch—in a few minutes the gun from Middle Hill would give the signal for shutting the gates, and doom them irretrievably to return into Spain for the night. For the first time in his life Major Flinders really punished his horse, lifting the tired beast along with whip and rein. Carlota's kept easily beside him under her lighter weight, and they rapidly neared the barrier. Just as they passed it, a stream of flame shot from the rock, illumining objects like a flash of lightning;—then came the heavy report of the gun—another minute and the drawbridge at Landport would be lifted; but they were upon it. They dashed across somewhat in the style of Marmion quitting Douglas's castle, "just as it trembled on the rise," and were safe in Gibraltar.

CHAPTER V.

After life's fitful fever, the Major did not sleep well. He had left Carlota comfortably established at the inn; and he now lay nervously thinking how his embarrassment with regard to her was to terminate, especially if Owen did not shortly make his appearance. Then he was worried by doubts as to the fate of the Fair Unknown and her passengers. They might have been recaptured, as escaped smugglers, by a guarda costa—they might be detained in the

Straits by adverse winds or calms—they might have run ashore into some bay, and come on land. This last supposition haunted him most pertinaciously, and he resolved to go up the rock as soon as it should be daylight to look out for them along the road from Spain. He lay tossing restlessly till the morning gun gave the signal of the approach of dawn, and before the echoes died away he had his breeches on.

Night was at odds with morning

when my grandfather, with a telescope under his arm, sallied forth and began the ascent. Silence was over the rock, except an occasional sighing of a remnant of night wind that had lost itself among the crags. At first, the only clear outline visible was that of the rugged edge of the rock above against the colourless sky; but as he toiled up the steep zig-zag path, the day kept pace with him—each moment threw a broader light on the scene—blots of shadow became bushes or deep fissures, and new shapes of stone glided into view. The only symptoms of animal life that he beheld were a rabbit that fled silently to his hole, and a great white vulture that, startled from his perch on a grey crag, sailed slowly upward on his black-tipped wings, circling higher and higher, till his breast was crimsoned by the yet unrisen sun.

The path led diagonally to the summit; and, turning a sharp level corner, my grandfather looked perpendicularly down on the Mediterranean, whose lazy waves, sending up a gentle murmur, rippled far below him. On his left, also steep down below him, was the Neutral Ground, level as the sea itself, extending northward into sandy plains, abruptly crossed by tumbled heaps of brown mountains. A reddening of the sky showed that the sun was at hand; and presently the glowing disk came swiftly up from behind the eastern hills; the pale earth shared in the ruddiness of the sky, and a long rosy gleam swept gradually over the breadth of the grey sea, like an unwilling smile spreading itself from a man's lips to his eyes and forehead.

Conspicuous on the highest point in the landscape stood my grandfather, panting with his exertions as he wiped his forehead. After standing for a moment, bronzed in front like a smith at the furnace, face to face with the sun, he turned and swept with his telescope the road into Spain. Early peasants, microscopic as ants, were bringing their fruits and vegetables into the fortress—a laden mule or two advanced along the beach over which the Major had last night galloped—but nothing resembling what he sought was in sight. Then turning completely round, with his face to the

he gave a
aits; and
which had
t towards
new gently on his face. A
no was discernible in the dis-
outward bound, but nothing
ng the cutter. As the Major
a signal was made from
and directly two feluccas
l their station at Algeciras, and
ned out, like two white birds, as
if we except some bark yet hidden
by the point. Again my grandfather
looked out to the Strait, and pre-
sently a small white sail came in
sight near Cabrita. For a quarter
of an hour he stood steadily, with
levelled telescope, and then he was
sure—yes, he could swear—
that he saw the small English ensign
on against the sail; and above,
ast-head, the yellow-striped
flag. Francisco hoisted before as
the mark of a yacht. It was the
Fair Unknown—and my grandfather
at once comprehended that the per-
sners, whom he had escaped the night
before, had, on returning to Algeciras,
made arrangements for her capture as
soon as she should appear.

The breeze was on her beam, and
much fresher with her than farther in
the bay, so that the feluccas steered
slantingly across her course as she
made for the rock. They held on
thus, the pursuers and pursued, till
within a mile of each other, when the
cutter suddenly altered her course to
one nearly parallel with that of the
feluccas. The latter, however, now
gained ast upon her, and presently a
puff of smoke from the bow of the
fo was followed by the report
of a gun. My grandfather could look
no longer through his glass, for his
hand shook like a reed, but began,
with huge strides more resembling
those of a kangaroo than a quiet
middle-aged gentleman, to descend
the rock. Breathless, he reached his
quarters, had his horse saddled and
brought out, and galloped off towards
Europa.

Europa Point is at the southern ex-
tremity of the rock, and commands
at once the entrance of the bay and
the passage of the Straits. The road
to it from the north, where the Major
was quartered, affords, for the most

part, a view of the bay. Many an anxious glance did he cast, as he sped along, at the state of affairs on the water. The feluccas fired several shots, but all seemed to fall wide, and were probably intended only to frighten the chase, out of consideration for her fair freight. Still, however, the English colours floated, and still the cutter held her course.

Some artillerymen and an officer were assembled at the Point as the Major galloped up.

"Can't you fire at 'em," said he, as he drew up beside the battery.

"Too far off," said the Lieutenant, rising from the parapet on which he was leaning, and showing a drowsy unshaven countenance; "we should only frighten them."

"By heavens!" said my grandfather, "'tis horrible. I shall see the boy taken before my eyes!"

"Boy!" quoth the Lieutenant, wondering what particular interest the Major could take in the smuggler. "What boy?"

"Why, Owen of ours—he's running away with a Spanish lady."

"The devil!" cried the Lieutenant, jumping down. "What, Garry Owen!—we must try a long shot. Pull those quoin's out," (to a gunner.)

"Corporal, lay that gun; a dollar if you hit the felucca. I'll try a shot with this one." So saying, he laid the thirty-two pounder next him with great care.

"Fire!" said he, jumping on the parapet to see the effect of the shot. At the second rebound it splashed under the bows of the leading felucca, which still held on. She was now scarcely three hundred yards from the cutter.

"Why, d—n their impudence!" muttered the Lieutenant, on seeing his warning pass unheeded, "they won't take a hint. Corporal, let drive at 'em."

The Corporal earned his dollar. The shot went through the side of the felucca, on board of which all was presently confusion; in a few minutes it was apparent she was sinking. The other, abandoning the chase, went to the assistance of her consort, lifting the crew out, some of whom were evidently hurt.

"A blessed shot!" cried my grand-

father, giving the lucky Corporal a bit of gold; "but I'm glad they're picking up the crew."

The cutter instantly stood in for the harbour, and half an hour afterwards the Major bade his young friend and Juana welcome to Gibraltar.

Carlota was beside herself with joy at seeing the wanderers safe. She first cast herself upon Juana, and cried over her; then embraced the Ensign, who made no scruple of kissing her; lastly, threw herself tenderly upon the Major, who gazed over her head as it lay on his shoulder with a dismayed expression, moving his arms uneasily, as if he didn't know what he was expected to do with them. Every moment it was becoming clearer to him that he was a compromised man, no longer his own property. On his way through the streets that morning he had passed a knot of officers, one of whom he overheard describing "Old Flinders" as "a sly old boy," for that he "had run away with a devilish handsome Spaniard—who would have thought it?" "Ay, who indeed!" groaned the Major, internally. But the seal was put to his doom by the Colonel, who, when he went to report himself, slapped him on the shoulder, and congratulated him on his happiness. "Fine woman, I hear, Flinders—didn't give you credit for such spirit—hope you'll be happy together." The Major, muttering an inarticulate denial, hastily retreated, and from that moment surrendered himself to his fate an unresisting victim.

About dusk that night, Owen came to!

"Heaven!" he began, "I'm No—"
"What with?"
"—Alas!"
"Inquired his pipe"

grandfather winced;) "talked, in fact, like an angel who had been bred a special pleader—yet it was all of no use."

"Deliberating about marriage!" said the Major, "after leaving her father and lover for you! What gnat can she be straining at, after swallowing a camel of such magnitude?"

"A piece of female Quixotry," returned Owen. "She says she can't think of such selfishness as being comfortably married herself, while Carlota is so unhappy, and her fate so unsettled." Here he made a significant pause; but my grandfather was immovably silent, only glancing nervously at him, and smoking very hard.

"In fact, she protests she won't hear of marrying me, till you have settled when you will marry Carlota."

"Marry Carlota!" gasped the Major in an agonised whisper.

"Why, you don't mean to say you're not going to marry her!" exclaimed the Ensign, throwing a vast quantity of surprise into his expressive countenance.

"Why—why, what should I marry her for?" stammered the Major.

"Oh, Lord!" said Garry, "here will be pleasant news for her! Curse me if I break it to her."

"But really, now, Frank," the Major repeated—"marriage, you know—why, I never thought of such a thing."

"You're the only person that hasn't then," rejoined Owen. "Why, what can the garrison think, after the way you smuggled her in; what can she herself think, after all your attentions?"

"Attentions, my dear boy;—the merest civility."

"Oh,—ah! 'twas civility, I suppose, to squeeze her hand in the inn at Algeciras, in the way she told Juana of—and heaven knows what else you may have done during the flight. Juana is outrageous against you—actually called you a vile deceiver; but Carlota's feeling is more of sorrow than of anger. She is persuaded that nothing but your ignorance of Spanish has prevented your tongue from confirming what your looks have so faithfully promised. I was really quite affected to-day at the appealing look she cast on me

after you left the room; she evidently expected me to communicate her destiny."

My grandfather smoked hard.

"Lots of fellows would give their ears for such a wife," pursued the Ensign. "Lovelace, the Governor's aide-de-camp, bribed the waiter of the hotel to lend him his apron to-day, at dinner, that he might come in and look at her—swears she's a splendid woman, and that he'd run away with such another to-morrow."

Still my grandfather smoked hard, but said nothing, though there was a slight gleam of pride in his countenance.

"Poor thing!" sighed Garry. "All her prospects blighted for ever. Swears she never can love another."

At this my grandfather's eyes grew moist, and he coughed as if he had swallowed some tobacco-smoke.

"And as for me, to have Juana at my lips, as it were, and yet not mine—for she's as inflexible as if she'd been born a Mede and Persian—to know that you are coming between me and happiness as surely as if you were an inexorable father or a cruel guardian—worse, indeed; for those might be evaded. Major, major, have you no compassion!—two days of this will drive me crazy."

The Major changed his pipe from his right hand to his left, and, stretching the former across the table, sympathetically pressed that of the Ensign.

"Do, Major," quoth Garry, changing his flank movement for a direct attack—"do consent to make yourself and me happy; do empower me to negotiate for our all going to church to-morrow." (My grandfather gave a little jump in his chair at this, as if he were sitting on a pin.) "I'll manage it all; you shan't have the least trouble in the matter."

My grandfather spoke not.

"Silence gives consent," said the Ensign, rising. "Come, now, if you don't forbid me, I'll depart on my embassy at once; you needn't speak, I'll spare your blushes. I see this delay has only been from modesty, or perhaps a little ruse on your part. Once, twice, thrice,—I go." And he vanished.

The Major remained in his chair, in the same posture. His pipe was

smoked out, but he continued to suck absently at the empty tube. His bewilderment and perturbation were so great that, though he sat up till two in the morning, during which time he smoked eleven pipes, and increased the two glasses of grog with which he was accustomed to prepare for his pillow to four, he was still, when he went to bed, as agitated as ever.

In this state of mind he went to the altar, for next day a double ceremony was performed, making Owen happy with Juana, and giving Carlota a husband and me a grandfather. The Major was more like a proxy than a principal in the affair; for Owen, taking the entire management upon himself, left him little more to do than to make the necessary responses.

Carlota made a very good-tempered, quiet, inobtrusive helpmate, and continued to be fond of her spouse even after he was a gray-headed colonel. My grandfather, though credulous in most matters, could with difficulty be brought to consider himself married. He would sometimes seem to forget the circumstance for a whole day together, till it came to be forced on his recollection at bed-time. And when, about a year after his marriage, a new-born female Flinders (now my venerable aunt) was brought one morning by the nurse for his inspection and approval, he gazed at it with

a puzzled air, and could not be convinced that he was actually in the presence of his own flesh and blood, till he had touched the cheek of his first-born with the point of his tobacco-pipe, removed from his mouth for that purpose, making on the infant's countenance a small indentation.

The little Governor, Don Pablo, was subsequently induced to forgive his relatives, and frequent visits and attentions were interchanged, till the commencement of the siege put a stop to all intercourse between Gibraltar and Spain.

I have often, on a summer's evening, sat looking across the bay at a gorgeous sunset, and retracing in imagination the incidents I have related. My grandfather's establishment was broken up during the siege by the enemy's shells, but a similar one now stands on what I think must have been about the site of it. The world has changed since then; but Spain is no land of change; and, looking on the imperishable outline of the Andalusian hills, unaltered, probably, since a time to which the period of my tale is but as yesterday, it is easy for me to "daff aside" the noisy world without, and, dropping quietly behind the age, to picture to myself my old-fashioned grandfather issuing forth from yonder white-walled town of Algeciras with his future bride.

GERMAN LETTERS FROM PARIS.

GERMAN Professors are altered men since those joyous days when we drank chopines and swang the schlaeger in the thirsty and venerable University of Saxenhausen. We remember them studious bookworms, uneasy when removed from library and lecture-room, their meerschau their only passion, knowledge their sole ambition, beholding the external world through "the loopholes of retreat,"—the said embrasures being considerably obscured by tobacco-smoke and misty philosophy. Such is the portrait our memory has preserved of them; and we doubt not

that its fidelity will be recognised by our brother-baracken of bygone days. But great has been the change. The quality of a German professor now suggests the idea of a red-hot democrat, fanning revolution, pining in prison, or fugitive in foreign lands. The smoking-cap is exchanged for the bonnet rouge, and the silence of the sage for the clamour of the demagogue. This may not be true of all, perhaps not even of a majority, but it is true of a pretensions and prominent minority. The busy, bustling multitude knows nothing of the others.

Zwei Monate in Paris. Von ADOLPH STARR. Two Vols. Oldenburg: Schulzenchen Buchhandlung. London: Williams and Norgate, 1851.

Professor Stahr, of the University of Oldenburg, is a gentleman chiefly remarkable for his democratic tendencies, and for the fluent correctness of his literary style. Few men write better German, or profess doctrines more revolutionary. His reputation as a literary man rests principally upon a work on Italy, published after a twelvemonth's residence in that country.* As a critic of fine art, he is not without merit. As a politician he is wild and speculative. The revolutionary coterie to which he belongs reckons amongst its members Fanny Lewald, the lively Hebrew socialist, and Moritz Hartmann, the bitter radical. Both of these, especially the former, are his intimate friends, and appear to have been his constant companions during two months of last autumn, spent by him in Paris, and which have given occasion and a title to his latest book. With Mr Hartmann he forgathered at Brussels, early in the month of September, and together they proceeded southwards. In consideration of Professor Stahr's acknowledged abilities, we will not apply to him a common rule, and judge him by the company he keeps. But, in spite of his well-turned periods and general moderation of expression, his book is not pleasant to read. There is an ill-conditioned tone about writers of his political class, extremely trying to the patience and temper of the reader. Convinced of the general unfitness of existing human institutions, and of the necessity for radical changes, they inevitably fall into a cavilling and censorious strain. Viewing the condition of society with a jaundiced eye, they adopt the maxim that whatever is, is wrong. Mr Stahr has hardly entered the railway carriage that is to transport him to Paris, when he shows himself querulous and a grumbler. He hoisted his colours before leaving Brussels. Had we never before heard either of him or his principles, we yet should have been at no loss to discover the latter by certain passages in his very first chapter. Sitting in his inn at eventide, after visiting the monument to the slain of 1830, he reads an

account of the Belgian revolution. The Dutch troops, he finds, made but one hundred and twenty-two prisoners, whilst the insurgents captured four hundred and ninety-five. On the other hand, the Belgian killed and wounded exceeded by three hundred those of their opponents. Mr Stahr is ready with an inference from these statistics. It takes the form of a slur upon the soldiers who were doing their duty to their king and country. "The inequality in the number of prisoners may well arise from the circumstance that the Dutch, as fighters for loyal tranquillity and order, were least disposed to give quarter. And soldiers against men without uniform—one knows that!" Then he falls foul of the writer of the narrative, for attributing to Providence the preservation of the royal palace, and other public buildings, to which the Dutch attempted to set fire; and, gliding thence into religious speculations, he gets very profound, and rather profane, so that we are not sorry when the current of his ideas is diverted into a more commonplace channel, by the visit, at Valenciennes, of the French customhouse officers, on the look-out for Belgian cigars and reprints. He is sore at this irksome visitation—wonders that powerful France so long endures the literary piracies of her little neighbour—and finally prophesies the abolition of all customhouses. "A time will come," he says, "when this system of legally privileged waylaying will appear just as fabulous to the people of Europe, as do now to us the highway depredations of the robber-knights." Pending the advent of that desirable state of things, he revenges himself on a fellow-traveller for his customhouse annoyances. A German book which he had left in the carriage on alighting had disappeared, and could not be recovered. A *douanier* had perhaps taken it for a contraband commodity. He should have declared it, opined a fat Frenchman in the same carriage. Mr Stahr was indignant. It was a German book, he tartly replied, and was not printed at Brussels, but at Leipzig—a place, he added, which must still be pretty well re-

* *Ein Jahr in Italien*. Three Vols., 8vo. Oldenburg: 1850.

membered in France! A polite and tasteful allusion which did the German radical infinite credit, and to which the fat Frenchman might fairly have retorted, "Jena," and half a dozen other significant names, instead of holding his tongue, and leaving his fellow-traveller to digest at leisure his loss and his ill-humour.

Mr Stahr's volumes, composed of letters to friends, are desultory, and for the most part slight. Picture galleries are favourite haunts of his: now he criticises a pamphlet, now a play; he moralises, after his own peculiar fashion, in deserted palaces, assists at a banquet of workmen, witnesses extravagant dances at Mabilly, sits by the bedside of the infirm and suffering Heine. His first walk in Paris was to the Palais Royal, after nightfall. "Stahr," said his companion to him suddenly, on the way, "this is the Place de Grève!"—"Were I to live a century," exclaims the impressionable professor, "I should never forget the shudder that came over me at these words." And he breaks into a tumid rhapsody about the lava-streams of the great European volcano, talks of the guillotine, tells the well-known story of Favras, and proceeds to the Palais Royal, where, at ten o'clock at night, he is unable to obtain a beef-steak for supper, and whose glory he accordingly declares departed. Returning to their quarters, at a hotel beyond the Seine, the two Germans get bewildered in the labyrinth of the Quartier Latin, and are indebted for guidance to some artisans, whose "Good night, *citoyens!*" at parting, again thrills the sensitive Stahr. The historical and fanciful associations that crowd upon his mind are of a less practical nature than the reflection suggested to his companion by the Republican mode of address—"We must exchange our grey Calabrian hats" (the sort of bandit sombreros affected by travelling students and red republicans) "for the loyal hats of order, or soon we shall have Louis Napoleon's police at our heels." Thus spoke Mr Hartmann—who has a natural aversion to all police, and who gladly sneers at the party of Order, and at Louis Napoleon as its representative. Mr Stahr professes

no great liking or tenderness for the chief of the Republic—the first gendarme in France, as he calls him, meaning thereby to cast opprobrium on the President, gentlemen of his political complexion having an instinctive detestation of gendarmes. He saw him for the first time at the celebrated review held at Satory, on the 10th October 1850. On his way thither, Mr Stahr joined in conversation with peasants, who were flocking from all the country round to see the President and the military pageant. Many of them had sons in the regiments that were to be reviewed. They made no mystery of their political creed. It was simple enough: "Peace and moderate taxation," said they, "is what we want. He who gives us those two things is our man, whether as King or President matters not." The review over, the throng of spectators drew up to see Louis Napoleon. After the Minister of War, d'Hautpoul, and the then-all-powerful Changarnier, had passed, each with his staff, "there came by, mounted on a tall gray horse, the elect of six millions of voters. Judiciously-distributed adherents waved their hats and shouted, at the top of their voices, 'Long live the Emperor! Vive Napoleon!' The people were mute. It was a laughable farce. The hero of Strasburg and Boulogne, mounted on a tall charger, in a brilliant general's uniform, the broad riband of the Legion of Honour over his shoulder, in plumed hat and jackboots, was the very model of a circus equestrian." An air of helplessness and exhaustion, according to Mr Stahr, was the main characteristic of the President's appearance. "I stood near enough," he continues, "to see him well, and never did I behold a more unmeaning countenance. An unwholesome grey-brown is its prevailing tint. Of likeness to the great Emperor there is scarcely a trace." There is no chance, Mr Stahr declares, of such a person as Louis Napoleon putting the republic in his pocket. Having given his opinion of the President's exterior, he proceeds in the next chapter to sketch his character, as described by a person who had known him from his youth. "He is naturally goodtempered and harmless," said

this anonymous informant, "and by no means without ability. But he is tainted with the moral corruption of all European societies, Italian, French, and English. He has the *pourriture* of the drawing-room education of all nations. Still he is not devoid of sense, nor of a certain goodness of disposition. He can weep, unaffectedly weep, over a touching case of wretchedness and misery, and he willingly shows clemency, when asked, even to political opponents. But no reliance can be placed in him. In a word, his character is that of a woman. As a result of his wandering and adventurous existence, he appears to-day as a German, to-morrow as a Frenchman, and the day after to-morrow as an Englishman or Italian. He is wholly without fixed principles, and without moral stay. If one represents to him the immorality of an act, he will laugh and say, '*Bah!* what is that to me?' But the very next day you shall find him as much oppressed with moral scruples as any German candidate. He has the physical strength—*corporis robore stolidè ferax*—supported by a fatalist belief in his star; and this belief, which has lately acquired increased strength by his extraordinary vicissitude of fortune, blinds him to his real position, and renders him deaf to the warning voices of his few honest friends. In this respect his mother, who unceasingly stimulated his ambition, did him much harm. Personally he is modest and unassuming, but he is madly vain of his name and of his legitimate claims. That he has done and continues to do himself grievous harm, as it is universally said, by excesses of the most unrefined description, and by opium-smoking, seems unfortunately to be only too true. For the change in him since his youth has been altogether too great. Nevertheless, he is much less the tool of others than might be supposed. He has a way of half-closing his inexpressive light-blue eyes, which he has adopted to prevent persons from reading his thoughts. His chief delusion is that the army is unconditionally devoted to him. This is by no means the case." We give this

curious sketch, in which truth and malignity are ingeniously blended, for no more than it is worth. The reader will have little difficulty in sifting the grain from the chaff, the idle or malicious gossip from the well-founded observations. Mr Stahr supports the assertion of the indifference of the French army to the commonplace nephew of their great idol, by anecdotes derived from personal experience. After the review, he dined for some days in company with three hussar officers, quartered in the house he lived in. His account of them hardly agrees with the popular notion of French officers. "They are modest, reserved, and serious in manner. Nowhere in Paris have I found a trace of that overweening presumption by which German officers, especially cavalymen, seek to give themselves importance at *tables d'hôte* and other public places. We spoke of yesterday's manoeuvres, and I paid them a compliment on the really splendid bearing of the troops and the capital equipments. There are no longer grounds to depreciate the French cavalry. Africa has been an excellent school for them. 'But there was one thing wanting,' I remarked—namely, enthusiasm.' 'You are quite right, sir,' replied one of the officers; 'but there is not much to be enthusiastic about in the position in which we are.' The speaker was a thorough soldier, and anything but an upholder of revolutionary or socialist-democratic ideas. The supporters of the latter he invariably spoke of as '*les Voraces*,' and bitterly complained that for years past he and his comrades had had nothing else to do than to '*faire la chasse aux voraces*!' But with the 'Nephew of the Uncle' none of the officers showed the least sympathy. Concerning him they all observed a very eloquent silence." In contrast to the ridicule and censure levelled by Mr Stahr at the more recent portion of Louis Napoleon's career, are some anecdotes he tells us of his earlier years. "In his youth," he says, "he must have been very amiable. I have had opportunity to look through a collection of letters written by him to a friend of his family, and extending over more than twenty years. It included even notes

written when he was a boy of eleven, some of them in the German language and character. Louis Napoleon is known to be a perfect master of German. The most pleasing and amiable of these letters were a series written from his prison at Ham. Good feeling, hearty gratitude for proofs of faithful adherence and for affectionate little services, and a deep dejection at his lot, were the characteristics of these letters. He read and studied a great deal at Ham, especially military science, but also poetry and literature. Within those prison-walls he now and then began to distrust the 'star' of his destiny." These letters were doubtless the same spoken of elsewhere by Mr Stahr as filling several volumes, and as having been addressed to Madame Hortense Cornu, a well-known writer on fine art, who was long attached to the household of Queen Hortense. She had known Louis Napoleon from his childhood, and retained sufficient influence over him to obtain the rescue from the hands of the Roman priesthood of the Italian republican Cernuschi. The letters, says Mr Stahr, abound in evidence of the esteem and gratitude entertained by the French President for the staunch and trusty friend of his youth. "This correspondence, fragments of which I was favoured with permission to read, includes all the epochs of his adventurous life. It ceases with the day when the infatuated man, having attained to power, laid hands upon the right of universal suffrage which had raised him from the dust. Madame Cornu's last letter was a solemn exhortation to abstain from that step. She laboured in vain, for fate is stronger than humanity. But it is an honourable testimony to the originally good disposition of the blinded man that he did not withdraw his favour from his tried friend. A proof of this is to be found in Cernuschi's deliverance."

During a visit paid by Mr Stahr to Alexander Dumas, the French romance-writer told the German professor an anecdote of Louis Napoleon and the late Duke of Orleans, which is curious, if true. Perhaps it is as well to bear in mind, whilst reading it, that its narrator is a story-teller by profession, and the most imaginative

and decorative of historians. Dumas, it appears, had been long acquainted with the imperial pretender and his mother; was aware of the rash schemes of the Prince, then meditating the Strasburg expedition; and advised him, by letter, to abandon them, or at least to adopt a totally different mode of carrying them out. If he would uproot (*deraciner*) the dynasty of Louis Philippe, wrote Dumas, he must try very different means. He must endeavour to obtain the revocation of his sentence of exile, get himself elected member of the French Chamber of Deputies, and so follow up his plans in opposition to the ruling dynasty. Deaf to this advice, which was certainly sensible enough, Louis Napoleon made his ridiculous attempt at Strasburg, and was taken prisoner. Thereupon his mother, Queen Hortense, hurried to the neighbourhood of Paris under an assumed name, and with one confidential attendant. This person she sent to Dumas, to entreat him to apply to his patron, the Duke of Orleans, to know what the Court had decided with respect to the prisoner's fate. Dumas wrote forthwith for an audience; the Duke received him with a smile. "Well!" he said, "so your protégé has not succeeded in uprooting us?" "Prince, you know —?" stammered the terrified novelist. "Do you suppose we are so badly served for our money as not to know what brings you here, and where Queen Hortense is at this very moment?" After a short pause, during which he enjoyed the embarrassment of Dumas, the Duke continued, "Tell Madame Hortense," he said, "that the Orleans do not yet feel themselves strong enough to have their Duke d'Enghien."

"It is a bitter answer, your royal highness," replied Dumas, taking his leave, "but still it will console the mother's heart."

"And now," muses Mr Stahr, "the shattered bones of the unfortunate young Duke of Orleans have long been mouldering in the grave, his statue in the court of the Louvre has been dragged down and stowed away in a corner of the Versailles Museum, and the Adventurer of Strasburg rules France as a republic, with power

more unlimited than the wily Louis Philippe ever possessed over it as a monarchy! For so long as it lasts, that is to say; for methinks the feet of those who shall carry him out are already before the door. But how did he ever get in? How was it that even his candidature for the presidency was not overwhelmed and rendered impossible by that most dangerous of all opponents in France, the curse of the Ridiculous, which had already decorated with cap and bells the hero of the blunders of Strasburg and Boulogne, the trainer of the tame eagle, the special constable of London?" It has puzzled acuter politicians than Mr Stahr to reply to this question, which millions have asked. The riddle interests him, and he runs about on all sides seeking its solution. He has little success, and evidently himself mistrusts the ingenious and original conclusion to which he at last comes, that the election of Louis Napoleon was a homage to the hereditary principle. "When I recently, on my way across the plain of Satory, asked a countryman if he had given his vote to the President, his reply was, 'Of course! was he not the rightful heir, his uncle's legitimate successor?' This may sound ill for the republican education of the people of the French republic; but it is the truth. The principle of hereditary rule may be perfectly incompatible with that of 'liberty and equality,' but it is, or was, (at the time of Louis Napoleon's election,) the prevailing principle in the heads of the French rural population. 'One must know the French peasantry as I know them, who have grown up amongst them,' lately said to me the representative De Flotte, 'to find their conduct in this matter quite natural. The French peasant has only one fundamental idea in politics, and that is derived from his own family relations. That fundamental idea is the sacredness and necessity of hereditary right. That the territorial property of the father should descend to the son, or next of kin, seems to him the main condition of all human existence.'" Admitting, for argument's sake, the soundness of this statement, and that the French peasant is thus devoted to the hereditary principle,

the natural inference is that, when he perceived his country to be in a state of transition, ruled by provisional intruders, and anxiously looking out for a more permanent chief of the state, he should have hoisted the white cockade, and tossed up his beaver for the Fifth Henry. Messrs Stahr and De Flotte explain why he did not do this. "The French peasant has no longer any sort of sympathy with the elder Bourbons. For him the glory of Louis XIV. is far too remote. What else he knows of them is, that they brought the foreigner into his country, and on that account he curses them." In this there is some truth. The old royalist spirit still lingers in certain departments of France, but in the country generally the Count de Chambord's partisans are rather intelligent and influential than numerous. Should he ascend the throne, it will not be in virtue of zeal for the principle of legitimacy or of personal attachment to himself, but because the nation will see in his accession the best guarantee of order and economical administration. These two things are the real wants and desires of the mass of the population. The peasant who told Mr Stahr he wished for peace and light taxation, spoke the feeling of a great majority of Frenchmen. "The dynasty of Orleans," says the professor's informant, continuing his explanation of the concurrence of circumstances which raised Louis Napoleon to the president's chair, "never enjoyed much prestige amongst the rural population, who did not forgive old Louis Philippe for having violated the principle of hereditary right." This is rather far-fetched. If the provinces cared little for Louis Philippe, it was because he had troubled himself little about them. True to his system of centralisation, Paris, to him, was France, and ungrateful Paris it was that finally abandoned and expelled him. It is unnecessary to go out of one's way to seek reasons for the fact, that when, in December 1848, the French, exhausted by nine months' anarchy and misery, and ashamed of those February follies into which a few deluded and designing men had led them, cast about for a ruler under whom they might hope for respite and breathing

time, none turned a wishful or expectant eye to any member of the house of Orleans. The family had been weighed and found wanting. From the astute politician, "whose word no man relied on," and who reaped in his latter days those bitter fruits of usurpation and anarchy whose seeds he had sown in his prime, down to the youngest of the sons to whose advancement he had sacrificed his conscience and his country, and who, in the supreme hour of peril and confusion, were found utterly deficient in princely and manly qualities, in self-possession, energy, and resource, there was not one of the line whom France would trust. The time was too short that had elapsed since the picture of selfishness and incapacity had been exhibited to wondering Europe: the cause had been unable to revive from the grievous and self-inflicted shock; it lay supine and seemingly dead, awaiting the day when intrigue and hypocrisy should galvanise it into a precarious vitality. When the crisis of May 1852 arrives, we shall see what has been the effect of the complicated manœuvres of the house of Orleans, which, in December 1848, stood so low in public estimation. Then, according to Mr Stahr, Buonapartism was the only political creed that appealed to the prejudices and feelings of the French peasant, and it required no great skill to get him to write upon his election-ticket the name of the prince whom he looked upon as the rightful heir of the Emperor. "He did it of his own accord, out of a conviction that he was performing an act of justice, and that hereditary right demanded it. Other motives concurred. The forty-five-centime impost had embittered the countryman against the Republic, which had increased instead of lightening his load. Upon the Democrat-Socialists he looked distrustfully. He would have nought to say to those '*partageux*' (dividers.) He cared nothing for the fine speeches of parliamentary orators. The peasant is by nature taciturn, and has little confidence in assemblies of great talkers. He was not disposed to make a stir about the freedom of the press, of which he makes no use. His political understanding did not extend beyond one wish, and that

wish was, a strong government, which should secure to him the enjoyment and inheritance of his property. And who could do that better than a Napoleon—Napoleon himself, the Emperor of Béranger?—for there are many places where the country people have never believed the Emperor dead." The clever author of *Jerome Paturot* has expressed a similar opinion as regards the prevalence of this scarcely credible delusion amongst the uneducated classes in certain districts of France. It does not appear to be entirely confined to that country. "I myself am witness," says Mr Stahr, "that, in the year 1848, a peasant of a province of Northern Germany, on hearing of the new French revolution, and of its first consequences in Germany, remarked that, 'without doubt old Buonaparte had a finger in the pie.'" It is Mr Stahr's belief that Louis Napoleon is destined to dispel, by his inability to fulfil the expectations of the ignorant portion of his constituents, that Buonapartist prestige to which he partly owed his election, and that attachment to the hereditary principle which the professor assumes still to exist in France. "The nephew of the great Emperor," he says, "is selected by fate to disturb, if not to destroy, the idolatry with which a large portion of the French nation has hitherto regarded the name and memory of its greatest tyrant. Napoleon the Second throws a grey shadow over Napoleon the First."

If the French President receives but rude handling from the German republican, the Orleans family cannot congratulate themselves on much better treatment. His first reference to that fallen dynasty is suggested by a little book, which, at the time of its appearance, attracted some attention both in England and France. M. Louis Tiré's *La République dans les Carrosses du Roi* was neither calculated nor intended to please the democrats. Mr Stahr, however, is pretty fair in his appreciation of it, sneering a little at the author for taking what he calls a valet-de-chambre's view of the February revolution, but doing justice to the interest and instruction to be found in his pages, which show up the *parties honteuses* of that most

disastrous and ill-advised political convulsion; the scandalous greed, vanity, and egotism of the adventurers and knaves who alone profited by the storm they had contributed to raise. M. Tirel, although to all appearance honest and truthful, certainly wrote like a partisan. His position and attachments were incompatible with a just estimate of circumstances. Whilst accurately describing events, he deluded himself as to the causes that led to them, and, above all, he could see no wrong in his master; could not for the life of him comprehend how it was that Louis Philippe, "who had so faithfully observed his oath to maintain the charter, and who had a majority in the Chambers," should have been ejected from his throne and kingdom. The worthy keeper of the royal carriages never attains to more than a glimmering and confused notion that the nation could scarcely be said to be represented by the majority in question, and that a moderate extension of the suffrage, accorded with a good grace, would probably have maintained the July dynasty at the helm of French affairs to this day, and for years to come. His admiration of Louis Philippe's wisdom and skill is unlimited, as is also his indignation at the ingratitude of the people. Mr Stahr loses patience at the affectionate manner in which the *ex-controlleur des equipages* lauds the virtues of the old "Jesuit-King," as the German irreverently styles the defunct monarch; and, provoked by Tirel's exaggerated encomiums, he retorts by the following severe but too true remarks with reference to the oft-repeated accusation of miserly hoarding, brought against Louis Philippe by Republican and Legitimist writers:—"Louis Philippe," he says, "was no *avare* such as Molière has drawn—no comedy-miser—but yet he was immoderately avaricious. There was no end to his demands of money for the princes of his house. He knew, or thought he knew, that *money is power*; and as he could not obtain enough of the latter, he restlessly strove after the former as the means to an object. He was

a good father of a family, in the *bourgeois* sense of the word; but he had no conception of that which makes a king the father of his people. His defenders celebrate the care which this prince, denounced as grasping, expended upon the conservation of the royal palaces, the great sums which he laid out upon rich furniture, numerous attendants, brilliant equipages, and luxurious festivals—to which latter often three or four thousand guests were invited. 'How,' it is said, 'could the people tax such a sovereign with niggardliness and greed of gold?' But the people had no part or share in these enjoyments. It suffered hunger and want, whilst the higher and middle classes of the *bourgeoisie* revelled in these feasts, and grew rich by supplying their materials." Raised to the throne by the suffrages of the middle classes, Louis Philippe relied on them for support. He was bitterly disappointed. Scandalous and cowardly was the manner in which the men of July—those whom he had fed, pampered and decorated, favoured and preferred—deserted him in the hour of danger. The very national guards of Neuilly, who had lived and flourished in the shadow of the château walls, refused to turn out, when, in February 1848, the intendant of the castle appealed to them to protect from plunder the property of their patron and king. They had caught the contagion of that intense selfishness which was Louis Philippe's most striking characteristic. "Let those who choose go out to be shot," said the burghers of Neuilly; "we shall stop at home and take care of our houses." And assuredly the inert and unsympathising attitude of the Paris national guard contributed more than anything else to deter Louis Philippe from resisting by force the progress of the February revolutionists. The burghers were disgusted by the dilapidation of the finances, and the venality of the administration—they were disgusted with Guizot for not daring to resist the headstrong will of the old king—and they cried out for electoral reform. With a little more patience they would have achieved their desire;—over-hasty,

they suddenly beheld themselves plunged into revolution. They had not foreseen it; they lacked presence of mind to repel its first inroads. And they also lacked, there can be no question, that feeling of personal attachment to the sovereign which would have prevented their standing by, tame witnesses of his dethronement. "Louis Philippe," says Mr Stahr, "never knew how to inspire an earnest and cordial attachment even in those nearest his person. The circumstances of his fall are the most speaking proof of this. His own panegyrist tells us that Louis Philippe himself had a misgiving that none loved him for his own sake. He often said to his most confidential attendants: 'You serve me faithfully, but not with the zeal and warmth which distinguished the servants of Napoleon. Their devotion to his person was unbounded.' If such was the case in the French king's prosperous days, what could he expect in the hour of adversity? M. Tirel himself proves, beyond the possibility of refutation, that, when the moment of danger arrived, the nearest personal attendants of the king thought, almost without exception, only of themselves. Not one of them troubled himself about the safety of the immense sums contained in the treasury of the Tuileries. None thought of holding in readiness the necessary means of travelling, in the possible case of the departure or flight of the king and his family; and even M. Tirel exclaims, with reference to this—'It is difficult to credit such utter want of foresight, when they knew they were standing on a volcano.'" At Neuilly, as already mentioned, the national guard refused to turn out; whilst the servants of the royal residence busied themselves in saving their own things, leaving their master's property to be pillaged and burned by the rabble, with whose disgusting and disgraceful depredations the troops of the line did not interfere. Regulars and militia, domestics and mob, the same want of feeling was manifest in all; none showed attachment or devotion to the prince, whose star was on the decline. Mr Stahr made

a pilgrimage to Neuilly, and devoted a letter to it. It was a grey, sad-looking autumn afternoon, and the road was silent and deserted along which he took his way to the favourite residence of the departed king. The impression made upon him was most melancholy. "*Vous verrez de belles choses*," said the porter at the lodge, as he pointed out to the Germans the way to the ruins. "Up to this time," says Mr Stahr, "nothing in Paris had reminded me that here had raged, but a very few years before, the hurricane of a revolution that shook the world, and that had swept a dynasty from the soil of France like chaff from the thrashing-floor. At Neuilly I first received this impression. They made clean work of it, those bands of incendiaries of the 28th February 1848. A single night sufficed to convert that stately building, and all its splendour, into a heap of hideous ruins. . . . High grass now grows upon the floors of the state apartments of the destroyed king's home. Bushes spring up around the columns, over which creepers luxuriantly twine; and the red poppy and the yellow king-cup wave their blossoms in the chambers and saloons in which, so short a time ago, the ruler of proud France paced his Persian carpets, revolving plans for the eternal consolidation of his dynasty! On the ravaged foot-paths before the windows, the melted glass of the magnificent panes has flowed down and formed a brilliant flooring. At the foot of a balcony, whose pillars still supported the remains of broken beams, a flush of pale pink harvest roses exhaled their delicate fragrance. It was an incredibly melancholy sight. The closely-locked doors and shattered windows of the wing that was saved increased the gloom of the whole impression. Everywhere the tall iron lattice-work, and the iron posts supporting lamps, are rent and broken; the statues on the flights of steps are shivered to pieces; there remains but a couple of colossal sphinxes, which gaze inquiringly out of the dark green of the shrubbery. Who shall solve their riddle—the riddle of the history

of France and of mankind? Louis Philippe, wise amongst the wise, thought he had done so. Where is he now? His weary bones sleep the eternal sleep in the country of the banished kings of France."

Neuilly has become a place of pilgrimage for the friends of the fallen dynasty. A host of inscriptions, mostly in an anti-republican sense, were to be read upon the walls and pillars at the period of Mr Stahr's visit. Of several which he took the trouble to copy, one only is superior in tone and significance to the usual average of such scribblings. "High upon a broken column a firm hand had inscribed with charcoal, and in gigantic characters, these three words:

DRÖIT DU TALION. 1830. 1848.

Other hands had tried to obliterate the writing, but in vain. The revengeful word 'RETALIATION' was still quite legible. And this word best expresses the feeling with which plain-dealing probity contemplates the fate of the overthrown July monarch. For here at Neuilly was it that he, a modern Richard III., played the hypocritical part of rejecting power, when the blood of the July revolution still reddened the streets of Paris. Here was it that he wrote the letter to Charles X. in which he assured him of his fidelity and devotion, when he was already extending a lustful hand towards the crown of the rightful heir. Here too, in Neuilly, was it that he spun that Spanish web, whose most secret documents Lord Palmerston carefully preserves, and which gave the world a glimpse into an abyss of moral foulness at which the soul shudders. And here, in presence of this funeral pile of his happiness and his splendour—here, before the memorial of his disgraceful and ignominious fall—here, when I called to mind his acts, I felt no touch of pity for the fallen King. But the *man* I did indeed pity, the husband and the father. He had loved this Neuilly. Here had he enjoyed such a measure of domestic happiness as is rarely vouchsafed to a monarch. This house had he, for many a long year, built up and decorated with that fine feeling for art and architecture which was proper to him.

To this green retirement and solitude, to this remote dwelling, hidden from all eyes, he loved to withdraw. Here, where all was his own creation—where no stone was added, no tree planted, no path cut, but under his eye—exactly here, in the most sensitive spot, the blow struck him. The destruction of this house was more deeply felt by the *man* than was the loss of his throne by the *king*! Before the Count of Neuilly had left French ground, the building had ceased to exist from which he had borrowed the name. And all his wiles and stratagems, all his cunning, were as insufficient to avert, from the man and from the king, this last fated climax, as were the fortifications and bastilles with which he had surrounded the dreaded Paris."

Quitting Neuilly, Mr Stahr was startled, as well he might be, by the terms of a bill stuck upon the park-gates—

"House of Orleans, (thus it ran,) château and domain of Neuilly to let for three years with immediate possession; about one hundred and eighty acres, meadows, forest-land, &c., bordering on the fortifications!"

Wandering through the endless galleries of Versailles, Mr Stahr is naturally enough led to reflect how strange it is that Louis Philippe, the Napoleon of Peace, as his flatterers called him, and as he loved to hear himself called—the man whose motto, as his enemies constantly asserted, was "Peace at any price," and who avowedly and upon principle disliked war—should have devised and carried out the plan of a national gallery of French military fame. A merciless analyser of the citizen king's secret thoughts and motives, Mr Stahr declares this gallery to have been a speculation of "the crowned shop-keeper,"—a speculation by which his dynasty was to gain strength at the expense of a national weakness. There is truth in this; but, at the same time, the professor's opinion must not here be accepted as impartial evidence. He is evidently led into unusual fervour by his holy horror of war. We suspect him of being a member of the Peace Congress—to which he in one place kindly alludes, as the humble commencement of a great movement. Like many other

adherents of the political sect which proposes to itself an aim that could never possibly be attained without terrible convulsions and sanguinary conflicts, he cannot abide the sight of blood, shudders at wounds, and recoils in terror and dismay from the "slaying and murdering, singeing and burning, cutting and stabbing," depicted upon the walls of the Versailles gallery. He looks not lovingly upon this pictorial history of France, sketched from her battle-fields, and including the exploits of her innumerable warriors, from Clodwig down to Bugeaud. On the other hand, he curiously and eagerly examines the pictures illustrating the events of 1830 and Louis Philippe's accession. Of the battle-pieces he has set down some (and not altogether without reason) as mere daubs, which no one would glance at twice but for the sake of the subject. When surveying the illustrations of the July revolution, he forgets artistic criticism in his satirical account of the personages that fill the canvass, and especially of the chief actor in those scenes, Louis Philippe himself. "His arrival at the Palais Royal," says the raucous professor, "has something sneaking about it." He is profusely adorned with tricolor ribbons, wears white trousers, a brown coat, and a round hat. He looks like a rogue who has just crept into another man's estate. But characteristic above all is the picture in which he signs the proclamation naming him Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom (July 31, 1830.) The figures are the size of life, all in plain clothes, and decorated with the tricolor. They sit round a green council-table, the coming Citizen-King in the midst of them, dressed in a brown coat with a black velvet collar and a black satin waistcoat, a large fine shirt-frill, a neatly tied white cravat, his hair carefully curled, his eyes half closed, the corners of his mouth lugubriously drawn down. He holds up the momentous sheet of paper, close above which the pen in his right hand hovers, and seems to ask those around him—'Ought I then?—must I?' All eyes are fixed trustingly upon him, especially those of honest Laffitte, in the corner on the left. Sebastiani looks somewhat

keener and shrewder. Never in my life did I see a picture that so perfectly represents an assemblage of Jew bankers, gathered round their leader to advise on a 'bull' or 'bear' speculation. The whole party have this Jewish calculating expression—Louis Philippe more than any of them. And this is the countenance the man has himself had perpetuated! It is a strange historical irony. All the old Bourbons, even the two last Louises and Charles X. looked noble, or at least like noblemen, in the expression of their features, compared with this essentially common physiognomy. Their faces, at any rate, expressed the decided and undeniable consciousness of high descent, whilst the predominating expression in Louis Philippe's countenance is that of a cunning shop-keeper. And this expression is everywhere the same, in all the pictures, &c. &c." There is more in the same strain. Some may be disposed to quarrel with Mr Stahr for pressing so hard upon a dead man; but, living or dead, kings are fair subjects of criticism; and, unsparing and savage as are often the professor's strictures on the character and policy of Louis Philippe, they yet are the most truthful and just of all the political portions of his book. Messrs Montalivet and Miraflores, and the other unscrupulous panegyrists of the late King of the French, would have too good a game left them if it were forbidden to reply by more exact and impartial statements to their exaggerated encomiums.

Passing from the deceased sovereign to his family, we are led to an apparently remote subject—namely, Mr Stahr's visit to Alexander Dumas, who, as is well known, was a favourite and intimate of the dukes of Orleans and Montpensier. When reviewing, a few years ago, the Paris diary of a countryman of Mr Stahr's—a gentleman of similar politics and equal discretion—we noticed an offensive practice common amongst modern German writers, many of whom, on return from foreign travel, scruple not to commit to print the most confidential conversation and minute domestic details of persons who have hospitably welcomed them, and imprudently admitted them to intimacy.

No consideration of propriety checks these impudent scribblers. Delicacy and reserve are things unknown to them. The persons concerning whom they flippantly babble may dwell within a day's railroad of them, and be sure to see their books—may be equally sure to feel vexed or disgusted by their unwarrantable revelations and offensive inferences; no matter, they speak of them as though Pekin were their domicile. As regards the radical professor from Oldenburg, we sincerely trust that he may fall in, at an early day, with the martial author of the *Mousquetaires*, and receive from him, as guerdon for his gossip, a delicately administered *estocade*. We never heard whether Janin chastised Mr Carl Gutzkow, either with pen or pistol, for his slipshod and indecent chatter concerning him and Madame Janin; but we remember somebody doing it for him in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, where we suspect Mr Stahr has a fair chance of being in his turn gibbeted. Here is the German professor's account of Dumas's personal appearance and private residence. It is a curious bit of miniature-painting. "In person he is tall and powerful; his movements, once unquestionably very flexible, are now characterised by an easy negligence. His bright complexion and large prominent light-blue eyes contrast with the mouth and nose, which betray his African origin. Good-nature, and a combination of intellectuality with a keen relish of life, are the most prominent characteristics of his broad round face. His thick woolly hair, now all but grey, seems to have been formerly light-coloured. He sits in a very large room on the first floor of the last house in the Avenue Frochot. His apartment is reached through a dark corridor. On the side that looks out upon the very quiet street, is a glass gallery, which serves as a greenhouse. There was nothing remarkable in it. Mignonette and heliotropes were growing in the tubs in which a few large oleander bushes were planted. Of the magnificent tropical vegetation of which report has spoken, there was no sign. The room was decorated, and divided into two parts, with brown woollen hangings. In the largest division, into

which visitors are conducted, and in front of the greenhouse windows, stands a vast writing-table. Ancient and modern arms deck the walls. But of Oriental luxury there was not the least appearance. And some other apartments through which he afterwards took me, to show me his winter reception-room, were by no means so luxuriously fitted up as has been reported in Germany."

"I found his bookseller with him. 'Look well at the man,' said Dumas, 'who pays to one author a hundred thousand francs a-year. Such men are not to be seen every day.' Notwithstanding this little bit of brag, I hear that his finances are in no very brilliant state, and that the failure of his *Théâtre Historique*, especially, threatens him with heavy losses. In the course of conversation, he humourously complained of the total absence of repose in his laborious existence, of which we easy-going, comfortable, German authors could scarcely form an idea. So many newspapers, a theatre of his own, the contract-romances, and the stipulated dramas—truly, it amounts to a considerable total. On subsequent visits, I never found his room and antechamber free from a throng of visitors—booksellers, printers, managers, actors, secretaries, and others—all of whom he knew how to despatch with great rapidity, and without interrupting the thread of our conversation for more than a few moments at a time." Conversations with so lively and versatile a genius as M. Dumas, turned, as may be supposed, on a vast variety of subjects, but that of which Mr Stahr has given us most details related to the ex-royal family of France. "In a side-room he showed us some very pretty pen-and-ink drawings—hunting subjects, by the late Duke of Orleans. This gave him opportunity to speak of his high respect for the mental endowments of the prince, with whom it is well known that he was on a footing of intimacy. 'He had wit enough for ten,' said Dumas. 'When we were five or six *hommes d'esprit de Paris* together,' added he, with amusing naïveté, 'it was quite impossible to distinguish which was the prince and which the wit. The prince was the incarnation of French

esprit, and of the Parisian-French *esprit*, which includes all possible qualities. Her inability to understand and appreciate this *esprit Parisien* was a drawback upon the domestic happiness of the Duchess of Orleans, notwithstanding her many excellent qualities. Her heavier German nature did not harmonise with her husband's light elastic disposition. It put her beside herself when he transgressed in the presence of a third person the rules prescribed by the etiquette of little German courts.' Dumas told some interesting examples of this—examples, however, not adapted for publication, as they related to the prince's private life. The Duke of Orleans foresaw a revolution, in a republican sense, as a consequence of his father's system. His testamentary arrangements with respect to the education of his son were all made in anticipation of such an event coming to pass. In any case, he wished his wife to have nothing to do with the government of the country. The passage of his will relating to this point is conceived quite in the spirit of the words with which Homer's Telemachus consigns his mother Penelope to the society of her women. 'If, unhappily, the king's authority could not watch over my son until his majority, Helen should prevent her name being pronounced for the regency. Leaving, as it is her duty and her interest, all the cares of government to virile hands, accustomed to handle the sword, Helen should devote herself entirely to the education of our children.' The Duke of Orleans' death was pregnant with fatal consequences for the dynasty, because he, the most highly gifted of all the old king's sons, was perhaps the only one who would have been capable of giving things a different turn in the event of a conflict like the February revolution. He knew his brothers too well not to be convinced that they were unequal to such an emergency. 'Nemours,' said he to one of his confidants, 'is the man of rule and etiquette: he keeps step well, and keeps himself behind me with scrupulous attention. He will never assume the initiative.' He held the Dukes of Nemours and Aumale to be brave soldiers. Of the

Prince de Joinville he said: 'He has a passion for danger: he will commit a thousand acts of brilliant imprudence, and will receive a ball in his breast at the assault of a barricade,'—a fate which Joinville escaped in February probably only by his absence from Paris. 'Now that younger sons are no longer made *abbés*,' continued the Duke of Orleans, referring to little Montpensier, 'I am at a loss to imagine what is to be done with them.'

"Of none of his sons was the old king more jealous," says Mr Stahr, "than of the heir to the crown. Letters found in the Tuileries in February 1848 show that he kept him in the strictest dependence, and had spies observing him wherever he was. In the year 1839 the duke complained 'that he had less power than any private citizen who had a vote at elections; that he did nothing but the commissions of the ministers; that everything was in danger, nothing gave promise of durability, and that it was impossible to say what might happen from one day to the other.' The prince expressed himself thus whilst upon a journey, in a confidential circle of officers of rank. Two days later his words, set down in writing, were in the hands of the king. The surprising irresolution and want of presence of mind displayed by the other princes in the hour of danger, can only be accounted for by the slavish dependence in which the old monarch had kept them."

Although easy and affable in his intercourse with his friends, a certain jealous vigilance with regard to the respect due to his rank formed a feature in the character of the Duke of Orleans. The anecdote told to Mr Stahr by Dumas, as an illustration of this trait, can hardly, however, be admitted to prove undue susceptibility, but rather the prince's consciousness that his house stood upon an unstable foundation. It was at a hunting-party at Fontainebleau. The chase was very unsuccessful. The Duke of Orleans turned to an Italian nobleman, to whose family Louis Philippe had obligations of ancient date, and who on that account was on a friendly footing at court. "Well! Monsieur de—," said the duke, "how are we hunting to-day?" "Like

pigs, Monseigneur, (*comme les cochons*)," was the Italian's coarse reply. The duke, evidently annoyed, said to Dumas: "And you believe our monarchy possible, when a *De . . .* dares thus to answer the heir to the throne?" Mr Stahr was interested to find that Dumas, notwithstanding his monarchical friendships and associations, believed in the necessity and durability of the republic. "It seems," said the ingenious and versatile author of *Monte Christo*, "as if Providence had resolved to let us try all manner of monarchies, in order to convince us that not one of them is adapted to our character and condition." Then he gave his auditors a detailed sketch of all the French monarchies previous to the Revolution of 1789. "Since that Revolution," he went on, "we have had the monarchy of Genius: it lasted ten years. We have had the restoration of the monarchy of *esprit* and chivalrous gallantry: it lasted fifteen years: and was succeeded by the citizen-monarchy, which lasted eighteen. What would you have us try now? This republic is bad. But a child in swaddling-clothes matures into a man." Sensibly enough spoken for a romance-writer, indulgently remarks Mr Stahr, who is always glad to obtain a suffrage in favour of republican institutions. We attach the same degree of value to M. Dumas's political vaticinations as to his Frenchified *rifuccimenti* of Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare in French, as Mr Ford remarks in his Spanish Handbook, "is like Niagara passed through a jelly-bag." A miracle of degradation which reminds us to turn to a scornful and indignant chapter suggested to Mr Stahr by a certain Monsieur Michel Carré's version of Goethe's *Faust*, performed at the *Gymnase* theatre. "Goethe is unknown in France," says the Countess d'Agoult, one of the few competent French appreciators of German literature, in her *Esquisses Morales et Politiques*. Nothing, according to Mr Stahr, could be better fitted to confirm and perpetuate French ignorance of the great German than such dramas as that which he painfully endured at the *Gymnase*. According to Madame d'Agoult, her countrymen will not take the trouble to study Goethe. To do

so they must first learn a language. "Why did he not write in French? He has only what he deserves, after all. How is it possible to be a German?—(*comment est on Allemand?*)" "If this is not exactly out-spoken," says Madame d'Agoult, "it is at least privately thought in a country where the arrogance of ignorance attains proportions unknown to other nations." "*La superbe de l'ignorance*," "*der Uebermuth der Unwissenheit!*" cries Mr Stahr in an ecstasy: "I kiss the fair lady's hand who wrote the word, for, without it, I should never have hit upon the appropriate term for this newest French atrocity of M. Michel Carré, perpetrated upon the most profound work of German genius. I am not without experience of the theatrical sufferings of our day: but such torture as was yesterday inflicted, at the *Gymnase* theatre, upon every German fibre in our frames, I never before in my whole life witnessed or underwent. I was prepared for little that was good, and for much that was laughable; but my expectations and fears were surpassed to an extent it was impossible to anticipate. Marsyas flayed by Apollo is no very pleasing picture, but the Belvidere Apollo flayed by a Marsyas is a spectacle which it takes all the nerve of German critical observation to endure." Mr Stahr then proceeds to dissect the drama, act by act, and almost scene by scene, with considerable acuteness and humour. The specimens of fustian he gives, the execrable French taste he exposes, fully justify the intensity of his disgust. The *Gymnase* drama is evidently worse than a tame translation; it is an obscene parody of Goethe's great poem. It is a compound, as Mr Stahr expresses it, of "dirt and fire—that sort of fire, namely, which is lighted by the brandy-bottle." We believe it impossible that *Faust* should ever be done justice to in a French version. But if translators, owing to the want of power of the French language, and to the utter absence of affinity and sympathy between it and the German, must ever fail to a certain extent, they at least may avoid degrading and distorting the tone and sentiments of the original. This M. Carré, of

whom we now hear for the first time, seems to have cultivated his taste and sought his inspirations in the worst school of modern French literature, and in the orgies of Parisian rakes. The inference is inevitable from the scenes and passages described and quoted by Mr Stahr. As to the verbal spirit and fidelity of the translation, the following may serve as a specimen. "In the church-going scene, the lines, so charming in the original:—

'Mein schönes Fräulein, darf ich wagen,
Arm und Geleite anzutragen?'

are thus rendered in M. Carré's French: *Oserai-je, Mademoiselle, vous offrir mon bras, pour vous conduire jusqu'à chez vous?* For Gretchen's exquisitely graceful and saucy reply—

'Bin weder Fräulein, weder schön,
Kann ungeleitet nach Hause gehn!'

which so completely captivates Goethe's Faust, this Frenchman has been able to discover no better equivalent than, '*Pardon, Monsieur, je puis fort bien rentrer seule à la maison*'—an answer too flat and insipid even for a Paris *Lorette* of the present day." Mr Stahr was tolerably well pleased with the bearing of the audience who had come to partake of this pitiable French hash. They may have felt a natural curiosity to know something about the Faust and Margaret whose acquaintance they had made in the print-shop windows, but their sympathy with the piece went no farther. Even the Rose of the Gymnase, the Rose Chéri, so cherished by the Parisian public, failed to extract applause as M. Carré's Margaret. "It is very romantic," Mr Stahr heard some of his neighbours remark, "but it is a little too German; Monsieur Goethe's poetry does not suit the French taste." Poor public! Poor Goethe! introduced to each other under such dismal auspices. It must have been a relief to Mr Stahr to quit this miserable travesty, and turn to the native drama; although even by this, judging from a letter on theatrical subjects addressed to his friend Julius Moser, he does not appear to have been much gratified. "I know not," he says, "whether my taste for theatres is gone by, or

what is the reason, but as yet I have been scarcely half-a-dozen times to the play. Beginning with the *Théâtre Français*, I might place as a motto at the beginning of this letter the words of Courier: 'The fact is that the *Théâtre Français*, and all the old theatres of Paris, the Opera included, are excessively wearisome.' To be sure, Rachel is not here. She is gathering laurels in Germany; and when I complained confidentially to an acquaintance that the tragedy of the *Théâtre Français* did not move me, he endeavoured to console me by telling me of Madlle. Rachel, and of her speedy return to Paris. She stands alone, incomparable, a phenomenon. But the phenomenon is absent; and the Paris stage is consequently darkened. It is always a bad sign for the condition of an art when it thus entirely depends upon one of its professors." Mr Stahr was better pleased with the lively performances at the four *Vaudeville* theatres, and gives an amusing analysis of *La Fille bien gardée*, the little one-act piece which, for many weeks of last year, nightly drew crowds to the *Théâtre Montansier*. It belongs to a class of dramatic trifles in which French playwrights and actors are perfect and inimitable; trifles which only grow upon French soil, and will not bear transplanting.

After his savage attacks upon Louis Philippe and the French President, it would be quite out of character if Mr Stahr—who evidently bears monarchy a grudge, and will tolerate no government that can possibly be identified with the cause of order—had not a fling at Henri Cinq. Perhaps it is because he deems the Legitimist interest less formidable to his views than the Orleanist or Buonapartist, that he adopts a different mode of attack; and exchanges ferocity for raillery. The German tongue being but indifferently adapted to the lighter manner of warfare, he glides into French, in which language he writes nearly a whole chapter. Stepping one day into a hair-dresser's rooms, he was so fortunate as to come under the hands of the master of the establishment, an eager politician and a red-hot Legitimist, voluble and communicative as only a Frenchman

and a barber can be. With the very first clip of the scissors an animated conversation began, which Mr Stahr has set down so far as his memory serves him, although he much doubts that his pen has conveyed all the minuter comical touches of the dialogue. This began with the usual exordium of Frenchmen of all classes since the revolution — "You, Monsieur," said the man of wigs, "are a foreigner, and consequently uninterested in our quarrels. Tell me what you think of our situation?"

"I think," replied I, "that the President will never willingly resign power."

"But, Monsieur, what is to be hoped for from such an *imbécile*?"

"I do not say he will succeed; I say he will make the attempt."

"And I say that he will fail. Henry the Fifth for me! *à la bonne heure*! There is a man for you."

"What do you know about him? You are very anxious, then, to make tonsures?"

"What do I know about him? But, Monsieur, I have seen him, I am acquainted with him, I have spoken to him, and I tell you he is a charming man!"

"Where did you see him?"

"Did I not go to see him at Wiesbaden! Sir, there were thirty-nine of us—workmen, we called ourselves, though we were all masters—who went of our own accord to pay our respects to Henry V. The thing was briskly done, I beg you to believe. I spoke to him as I speak to you, sir, at this moment. At first I was received by M. de la Ferronnaye, his aide-de-camp. 'Good morning, Monsieur R.,' said he, 'how do you do?' — 'Very well, sir, I thank you,' answered I; and far from making me wait whole hours at the door, like those republicans of the *Ville*, he made me sit down beside him on the sofa, as affable as could be."

Mr Stahr inquired of the worthy coiffeur what had been the motive of his journey to Wiesbaden, which he seemed to look upon as a sort of North Pole expedition, and of whose fatigues and privations he drew a vivid picture. He wished to

judge for himself, he said; to see whether the rightful heir to the throne was as ill-favoured as his enemies represented him to be. He found him, on the contrary, full of amiable qualities. He was a little lame, but his smile was irresistible. Warming with his subject, the enthusiastic Henriquinist asked his customer's permission to relate all the particulars of his reception at Wiesbaden. This was just what Mr Stahr wished, and he duly encouraged his interlocutor.

"On our arrival," continued the hairdresser, "we presented ourselves to the aide-de-camp, as I have had the honour of informing you. He took down our names, and gave us each a number of rotation, according to which we were arranged in the afternoon at the general audience. We were formed in three ranks. The prince was informed beforehand of the name and trade of each number, so that he was able to address a few well-chosen words to everybody. When we were all drawn up in order, he came in, placed himself in the midst of us, at a few paces distance, and addressed us. 'Good day to you, my friends,' he said: 'believe me when I say that I am most sensible of the mark of sympathy you have so spontaneously given me, by quitting your families and occupations, and undertaking a journey into a foreign country to see and console me in my exile. Be sure that I will never forget what you have done for me.' Then he said, 'Come nearer, my friends!' We advanced a step. 'Nearer yet, my friends. You come from too far not to come nearer! I hope to see you all at eight o'clock to-night!'"

The hairdresser acted this scene as he related it, addressing himself and Mr Stahr alternately as the prince, by whose mandate to draw a step nearer he was evidently vastly flattered. The professor, immensely amused by the performance, still fancied he saw that the main cause of the fascination which Henry V. had exercised upon his devoted adherent was still undivulged. The sequel showed that he was not mistaken.

"In the evening," continued the coiffeur, "we returned to the Prince's

residence; there we partook of refreshments, and the Prince had an amiable word for each and all of us. He talked about the state of affairs in France, and wished to know all our opinions of it. The next day some of us were received in private audience. I was of the number. But as we were numerous, and the Prince was very busy, I could not have much conversation with him. However, he gave me a silver medal, and—"Mr R.," said he, "have you a comfortable bed at your hotel?" "Monseigneur," I replied, "since you deign to ask the question, I am accustomed to sleep between two sheets, and as I do not understand a word of German, I have been unable to make them understand this at my hotel. They put the sheet sometimes over and sometimes under the blanket, but never more than one." Sir," continued the delighted barber, addressing himself to Mr Stahr, whilst his face beamed with triumph, "*that night I had two sheets upon my bed.* Could anything be more amiable? Ah, sir, I have seen them from very near, those republicans of the Mountain, those members of the Provisional Government!—what blockheads! what bores! They aspired to command, and in their whole lives scarcely one of them had had as much as a servant at his orders! Sir, it was pitiable to behold."

Mr Stahr observed to the loyal hair-curler that he had seen the persons in question only *after* they had attained power, and that there are few more amiable people in the world than a pretender, *before* he has gained his object. He thought it possible that, once at the Tuileries, Henry V. might show himself in a less agreeable light, and trouble himself less about his adherent's bed-linen. The barber's sensible reply did him honour. But barbers, from Don Quixote's day downwards, have been men of good counsel.

"Monsieur," said the coiffeur, "I am not a fool. Do you suppose I shall go and plague him, when he is king? He will have other matters to mind then. I have no pretensions to be made minister or prefect, when there are people who have studied

those things all their lives. I am a hairdresser, and I shall remain one. But *I want to dress a great deal of hair,* and under the republic I dress none."

"But," remarked Mr Stahr, "you dress more under the President."

The barber, however, was no admirer of the President, whom he had also been to see, before his election, and upon the appearance of whose head he passed a most unfavourable opinion. He was sulky, he said, and not conversable. The affairs of France could never go on well under a man who knew not how to talk. Moreover, nothing could suit him but Henry V. He was neither Bonapartist nor Republican. But when things were at the worst, he said, his cry had always been "*Vive la France!*" "Stick to that!" said a customer who just then stepped in. "France has a tough existence, and will outlive your Henri Diédonné and all his kin, and the President to boot. And now have the goodness to curl my hair."

Whether fact or invention, this sketch has one truthful point: it gives a sound enough notion of the manner of reasoning of the French shopkeeper and *petit bourgeois*—a numerous and weighty class, without whose concurrence no state of things can long be permanent in France. With them the whole question, since they first awoke from the shock and folly of the February revolution, has been one of *two sheets on their bed and more hair to dress*. They will support any government under which they can sleep in peace and drive a good trade. Some of our readers will not have forgotten the sufferings and fate of poor *Monsieur Bonardin*.* The disasters and commercial depression of 1848 were a severe but perhaps a wholesome and necessary lesson to many thousands of Frenchmen. Unfortunately, as illustrated in M. Bonardin's case, the lesson was given to many who neither required nor deserved it. Wandering near Versailles, in the pleasant valley of Jouy, Mr Stahr and his companions were invited by a friendly dame, whose acquaintance they had made in the omnibus, to walk into her house

* *Blackwood's Magazine* for December 1845.

and taste her grapes. She perhaps thought the object of the foreigners' pedestrian stroll was to purchase one of the pleasant country houses, surrounded by vineyards and orchards, which there abound; for she took them all through her kitchen-garden and vineyard, and through the copse of chestnuts and hazel bushes, to the fish-pond, and to the pleasant grotto, fitted up as a chapel, and even to the vine-dresser's cottage, from whose windows a lovely view repaid the ascent of the numerous terraces. During this tour of inspection the good lady's tongue was not altogether idle, and a melancholy page out of a Paris citizen's life was laid open to the Germans' eyes. The pleasant little domain they were rambling over was the fruit of five-and-twenty years' toil. "Monsieur Cendrell, a skilful gilder, had bought it a few years before the last revolution, and had laid out considerable sums in building and embellishment. The revolution broke out just as he had given up his business to a friend and assistant. He suffered heavy losses, and was now compelled, in spite of the general depreciation of all landed property, to part with his little estate. It was to be had for only thirty thousand francs, as it stood—garden and vineyard, dwelling-house and garden-cottage, shady copse, and pond well stocked with carp, and right of shooting over I know not how many acres. And how neatly and comfortably arranged was the house, with its bath and billiard-rooms, and its library with portraits of Louis Philippe and the Count de Paris—how cleanly kept was every room from the kitchen to the attics, the gardener's house and the stable included! There was nothing wanting, but—thirty thousand francs to buy it with, and as much more to live there quietly till the end of one's days. We sat full half-an-hour in the cottage on the hill, refreshing ourselves with the sweet grapes that clustered round the windows of the rush-matted room, whilst the kindly Frenchwoman told us her story. It is that of thousands of her class in Paris since the February revolution. Truly it grieved us, both for her sake and our own, that we could not purchase the pleasant coun-

try house." This, it will be said, is a common-place incident. There is certainly nothing in it very striking or dramatic. Every day somebody or other suffers losses, and is compelled to reduce his establishment, or to put it down altogether; to sell his last acre of sunny meadow and vineyard, and toil in an obscure lodging for daily bread. But there will be found in the picture something deeply affecting, if we suffer the mind to dwell upon it for a moment, recalling, at the same time, the well-known fact referred to by Mr Stahr, that, since the dreary days of 1848, the fate of the frame-gilder of Jony has been that of multitudes of others who, like him, had passed a laborious manhood in earning, for their old age, a competency and a right to repose. Thus we obtain a glimpse of a mass of misery, of domestic happiness broken up, if not destroyed, of hallowed associations rudely ruptured—by no fault of the victims, but as a melancholy effect of the obstinacy of a selfish king, and of the rashness and precipitancy of a section of his subjects. But these material evils, deplorable as they are, sink, in our opinion, into insignificance, contrasted with the moral results of the last most ill-omened French revolution. These strike Mr Stahr in a very different light. The early part of the month of October was passed by him at the pretty village of Loges, near Versailles, whither he went to enjoy the beautiful scenery and the mellow autumnal weather, and to escape for a few days from the whirl and rattle of Paris. In the course of his walks, he and his friends not unfrequently visited a little rural inn on the way to Jony, kept by a corpulent but active dame, who usually favoured them with her society and conversation, whilst they consumed a glass of her country wine and a slice of her *fromage de Brie*. She read no newspapers—none were received in her modest tavern—and knew but little of the intricacies of her country's dissensions; but she had political notions of her own, and was a warm republican. "We French," said she to Mr Stahr, "soon get tired of governments. They have driven away all that have been chosen since Napoleon; and when they were

driven away the consequence always was a terrible shock, affecting all kinds of property. Now, in a republic, there is no one person to drive away with so much clatter, and that is why, for my part, I desire neither a Napoleon nor a king." "Query," exclaims Mr Stahr, "whether the woman is so much in the wrong? For my part, from no French politician have I yet heard a more striking remark with respect to the present circumstances of France. That France has no longer any king, any family ruling her by right divine, that is the chief thing won by the February revolution. The dynastic and monarchical illusion is completely eradicated from the people's mind, never again to take firm root." This prospect, in which the German radical exults, we, as staunch upholders of the monarchical principle, should of course deplore, did we attach any value to his predictions. But, after what has passed, we think anything possible in France, and should be no more astonished at a Bourbon restoration, than at a consolidation of the republic; at Joinville's presidency, than at Louis Napoleon's re-election. It needs more temerity than judgment to hazard a prophecy concerning what will or will not take place in a country which, as far as politics go, has become, above all others, *le pays de l'imprévu*. The title used to belong to Spain; and in the years of Continental tranquillity that preceded 1848, it was amusement for unoccupied politicians to watch the unforeseen crises constantly occurring in the Peninsula. It is infinitely more exciting to wait upon the caprices of a great and powerful country, whose decisions, however unreasonable, may influence the state of all Europe.

They can but be waited upon, they cannot be foretold. Since the memorable 10th of December 1848, this has been our conviction. Before that date there was at least a certain logical sequence in the conduct of the French nation. Although often impossible to approve, it had always been possible to account for it. But the common sense of Europe certainly stood aghast when Louis Napoleon Buonaparte was elected ruler of France, by a majority so great as to attach a sort of ridicule to the petty minorities obtained by men who, in ability and energy, and, as far as two of them were concerned, in respectability, were infinitely his superiors. At that period, Louis Napoleon had never given one proof of talent, or rendered the slightest service, civil or military, to the nation that thus elected him its head. Twice he had violated, by armed and unjustifiable aggression, resulting in bloodshed and disgrace, the laws of his country. Pardoned the first time, on a pledge of future good conduct, he took an early opportunity of forfeiting his word. Notwithstanding the stigma thus incurred, four districts, when universal suffrage became the law of France, elected him their representative to the National Assembly. This may not be worth dwelling upon. There were stranger elections to the Assembly than that, after the February revolution. But when, out of seven millions of voters, five and a half millions gave their voices to a man whose sole recommendation was a name,—then did wonder reach its perigee. And thenceforward bold indeed must be the politician who attempts to foreshadow the possible whims of the fickle people of France.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

WHO will venture to make catalogue of the possible results of the "Submarine Electric Telegraph?" The more we meditate, the more new wonders open before us. We are running a race with Time; we outstrip the sun, with the round world for the race-course.—Yet, let us not boast: we do not run the race, but that more than a hundred million horse-power invisible to us, which was created with the sun. We are but the atoms involved, and borne about in the secrets of nature. And the secrets—what know we of them?—The facts only of a few of them: the main-springs of their action are, and perhaps ever will be, hidden. The world progresses; it has its infant state, its manhood state, and its old age—in what state are we now? and what is the world's age? Madame de Stael considered it quite in its youth—only fifteen—scarcely responsible! It seems, however, making rapid growth. Is it past the conceited epoch, and now cutting its wise teeth? We stand like spectators at the old fair-show; we see the motley, the ever busy, ever running harlequin and columbine; we are astonished at the fooleries, and are amazed at the wit, the practical wisdom, the magical wand power of the fantastic descendants of Adam and Eve, the masculine, and the feminine; and we laugh to behold the shuffling step of old Grandfather Time, as—

"Panting Time toiled after them in vain."

It is through the agency of mind that a few secrets are disclosed to us, and for our use. We call the recipient and the inventor Genius. It is given, as it is wanted, at the right time, and for the preordained purpose. We are sceptical as to "mute inglorious Miltons." Where the gift is bestowed it is used; and if it appear to be partially used, it is where partially given, that one man may advance one step, his successor another—and thus invention leads to invention. Genius for one thing arises in one age, and sleeps after his deed is done; genius

for another thing succeeds him. Who shall dare to limit the number? One thing only we pause to admire—how seldom does the gift fall upon bad men!

There have been, perhaps, those who have had thrown in upon their minds a wondrous vision of things to come, which they were not allowed, themselves, to put forth in manifest action to the world. There have been seers of knowledge; and, perhaps, prophets in facts. No one will credit the assertion, therefore we make it not, that thousands of years ago steam was known, and applied to the purposes of life. We call, then, certain records the prophecies of Facts; that is, there was a certain practical knowledge, which in its description is prophetic of a new knowledge to be developed. Semiramis set up a pillar on which it was written, "I, Semiramis, by means of iron made roads over impassable mountains, where no beasts [of burthen] come." Did Semiramis prophecy a railroad—or were there Brunells and Stephensons then? When Homer spake of the ships of the Phæcians, how they go direct to the place of their venture, "knowing the mind" of the navigator, "covered with cloud and vapour," had the old blind bard a mind's-eye vision of our steam-ships? Many more may be the prophecies of Facts; for in these cases doubtless there were facts, the prophecy being in the telling.

But there have been visions also without facts—that is, without the practical visions of an inward knowledge—wherein nature had given a mirror and bade genius look into it. Friar Bacon's prophecy is an example.

"Bridges," says he, "unsupported by arches, can be made to span the foaming current; man shall descend to the bottom of the ocean safely breathing, and treading with firm step on the golden sands never brightened by the light of day. Call but the secret powers of Sol and Luna into action, and behold a single steersman, sitting at the helm, guiding the vessel which divides the waves with greater rapidity than if she had been filled with a crew of

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Here is poetry and philosophy wound together, making a wondrous chain of prophecy. Who shall adventure upon a solution of that golden chain, which the oldest of poets told us descended from heaven to earth, linking them as it were together? Was it an electric fluid in which mind and matter were in indissoluble union?

What prophetic truths may yet be extracted from myth and fable, and come blazing like comets we know not whence, into the world's field! Hermes "the inventor," what is his wand, serpent-twined, and its meaning, brought into vulgar translation, and seen in the buffoonery of harlequinade? of what new power may it not be the poetical prototype? Who shall contemplate the multiplicity of nature's facts, and the myriads of multiplicities in their combination? Knowing that all that has ever been written or spoken, in all languages, is but the combination of a few sounds transferred to the alphabet of twenty-four letters, or even less, are we not lost in the contemplation of the possibilities of the myriads of facts, in their interchangings, combinations, and wonderful dove-tailings?

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culty that should take altogether a new line, so have we what we may term false lines, that yet, nevertheless, lead into the true. Science may walk in an apparently unnecessary labyrinth, and awhile be lost in the wildest mazes, and yet come out into day at last, and have picked up more than it sought by the way. Wisdom herself may have been seen sometimes wearing the fool's cap. The child's play of tossing up an apple has ended in establishing the law of gravitation. The boy Watt amused himself in watching a kettle on the fire: his genius touched it, and it grew and grew into a steam-engine; and, like the giant in the show, that shook off his limbs, and each became another giant, myriads of gigantic machines, of enormous power, hundred armed Briareuses, are running to and fro in the earth, doing the bidding of the boy-observant at his grandam's hearth. Is there an Arabian tale, with all its magic wonders, that can equal this? We said that Wisdom has worn the fool's cap; true, and Foolery was the object—the philosopher's stone; but in the wildest vagaries of her thought, there were wise things said and done, and her secretary, Common Sense, made notes of the good; and all was put down together in a strange shorthand, intelligible to the initiated; and the facts of value were culled, in time, and sifted from the follies, and from the disguises—for there were disguises, that strangers should not pry into them before the allowed hour. Alchemy has been the parent of chemistry—that “*ἐπιστημὴ*,” and its great mysteries, to reveal which was once death!! Secrets were hidden under numbers, letters, signs of the zodiac, animals, plants, and organic substances. Thus in the vocabulary of the alchemists, the basilisk, the dragon, the red and green lions, were the sulphates of copper and of iron; the salamander, the fire; milk of the black cow, mercury; the egg, gold; the red dragon, cinnabar. There is a curious specimen, in the work of the monk Theophilus, translated by Mr Hendrie, how to make Spanish gold:—

“The Gentiles, whose skilfulness in this art is probable, make basilisks in this manner: They have underground a house, walled with stones

everywhere, above and below, with two very small windows, so narrow that scarcely any light can appear through them: in this house they place two old cocks, of twelve or fifteen years, and they give them plenty of food. When these have become fat, through the heat of their good condition, they agree together, and lay eggs. Which being laid, the cocks are taken out, and toads are placed in, which may hatch the eggs, and to which bread is given for food. The eggs being hatched, chickens issue out like hens' chickens, to which, after seven days, grow the tails of serpents, and immediately, if there were not a stone pavement, they would enter the earth,” &c. &c.—“After this, they uncover them, and apply a copious fire, until the animals' insides are completely burnt. Which done, when they have become cold, they are taken out, and carefully ground, adding to them a third part of the blood of a Red Man, which blood has been dried and ground.”

Doubtless it was the discovery of some such language as this which led to the popular belief that the Jews, who were great goldsmiths and alchemists, made sacrifices with the blood of children; and many a poor Jew suffered for the sin of mistifying knowledge. “The toads of Theophilus,” says Mr Hendrie, “are probably fragments of the mineral salt, nitrate of potash, which would yield one of the elements for the solvent of gold; the blood of the Red Man, which had been dried and ground, probably a muriate of ammonia,” &c. Such were the secrets of the “*Ars Hermetica*,” and their like may have been hidden in the wand of Hermes. Dragons, serpents, and toads! Awful the vocabulary, to scare the profane; but fair Science came at length unscathed out of the witches' cauldron: and thus it appeared that natural philosophy, like its own toad, ugly and venomous, bore a “precious jewel in its head.”

Alchemy and magic were twin sisters, and often visited grave philosophers in their study both together. The Orphic verses and the hexameters of Hesiod, on the virtues of precious stones, exhibit the superstitions of science. They descended into the deeply imaginative mind of Plato,

and perhaps awakened the curiosity of the elder, scarcely less fabulous Pliny, the self-devoted martyr to the love of discoveries in science. The Arabian Tales may owe some of their marvels to the hidden sciences, in which the Arabs were learned, and which they carried with them into Spain. Albertus Magnus, in his writings, preserved the Greek and Arab secrets; and our Roger Bacon turned them over with the hand of a grave and potent genius, and his touch made them metaphorically, if not materially, golden. His prophecy, which we have given, was, when uttered, a kind of "philosopher's stone."

Superstitions of science, of boasted and boasting philosophy! And why not? Is there not enough of superstition now extant—a fair sample of the old? Is the new philosophy without that original ingredient? It is passed down from the old, and will incorporate itself with all new in some measure or other, for the very purpose of misleading, that the very bewilderment may set the inventive brain to work, in ways it thought not of. Reasoners are every day reasoning themselves out of wholesome, air-breathing, awakening truths into the visionary land of dreams, and, speaking mysteriously like uncontradicted somnambulists, believe themselves to be oracular. Materialists have followed matter, driven it into corners, divided it, dissected it, and cut it into such bits that it has become an undiscernible evaporation; and they have come away disappointed, and denied its existence altogether. Thus, mesmerism is the bewildered expression of this disappointment, their previous misapprehension. They will not believe that the wand of Hermes represents two serpents intertwined—they see but one, though the two look each other in the face before them, and they are purblind to the wand and the hand that holds it. Even the Exact Sciences," as they are called, are not complete; they lead to precipices, down which to look is a giddiness. The fact is, the action of the mind is as that of the body: mind and body have their daily outward work, and their times of sleep and of dreaming, and the dreaming of the one is not unfrequently the life of the other.

The dream of the philosopher, be he waking or sleeping, is his refreshment, and at times suggestive of the to come. How know we but that "such stuff as dreams are made of" may serve for the fabrication of noble thoughts, and be inwoven into the habit of life, and become useful wear?

Perhaps magic was the first and needful life of philosophy—needful as a covering while it grew, and which it shook off as its swaddling-clothes, and became a truth. How few can trace invention to its germ, or know where the germ lies, and how that it fed upon reached it! The suggestion of a dream begetting a reality! They are no fools who think that good and bad angels are the authors of inventions. It is ingenious to suppose that we are rather the receivers and encouragers of our original thoughts than the authors of them.

We may use the magnifying glasses of our reason or our passions, and do but a little distort them, or advance them to use and beauty, as we are good or bad in ourselves. And thus, from suggestions given, the imaginative genius, inventing, magnifies and multiplies by these his glasses and his instruments; and the thing invented requires much of this brilliant finery of our own to be removed before it be fitted for demand and use. Like wrought iron, the sparks must be beaten out of it while it is forming into shape. It must be off its red heat or white heat—be dipped in the cold stream of doubt, and look ugly enough to the eye of common opinion, and be long in the hand of experiment to try the patience of the inventor. And, after all, will the benefited be thankful? History has many a sad tale to tell on this subject. The "*Sic vos non vobis*" should be inscribed over the portals of the patent office. Yet sometimes, in pity to lost expectations, in the carrying out one great idea to—shall we say its final incompleteness, to its last residuum of insanity?—some little scarcely noticeable matter in the machinery has been by some kind suggesting spirit held up to the eye of the philosopher, which has proved to be the *magnum bonum* of the whole scheme.

We once knew a tradesman who had spent the best years of his life, as

well as his substance, to discover "perpetual motion." He sold off his goods when he fancied he had discovered it, and left his provincial town for the great metropolis and a philosopher's fame. As he travelled by the coach, going over in his mind the processes of his machinery, a portion of it struck him as applicable to a manufacture of common use, but of no very high pretensions. His perpetual motion failed. There was a good angel that whispered to him, "Descend from the ladder of your ambition—do not lose sight of it; but try the little interloping suggestion, and raise the means for prosecuting more favourably your perpetual motion." He did so. The action saved him from lunacy—the undignified and bye-sport, as it were, of his invention answered—from a ruined man he became rich, and his new business required of him so much perpetual motion bodily, that the idea of it, wonderful to say, was driven out of his speculative mind.

A sudden thought—a happy hit—we are too apt to call a *lucky* one. Will it be the worse if we give it a better name, and say it is a gift? The thankfulness implied in gift may make it a blessing. It was no deep study that brought the great improvements into our manufacturing machinery.

The poor boy Arkwright, in a moment of idleness or weariness, thought happily of a cog in the wheel; and that little cog was to him and his posterity a philosopher's stone; realising the alchemist's hopes, by far more sure experiment than the dealings with "green" and "red lions" and "dragons," for a result never to be reached. How wonderful has been the result, even to the whole world, of that momentary thought—that simple invention!

We have often heard it remarked that this is an age of inventions. It is true: not that the inventive mind was ever wanting. It is a practical age; the necessities of multiplied life make it so. The well-known "century of inventions" of the Marquis of Worcester is a stock not yet exhausted. But to speak of this our age, how can it be otherwise? Not only are material means enlarged by geographical and other discoveries, but the inventive mind is multiplied

because mankind are multiplied, whose nature it is to invent. A population—to speak of England, for it is of England we are thinking—of five millions, as it was in the time of Queen Elizabeth, cannot bear comparison with ours of nearer twenty millions. Then, if we enlarge our view, and take in England's transplanted progeny, whose activity and whose advancement in knowledge and science we share, under every facility for the transmission of knowledge, we may fairly speculate upon a very wonderful futurity. The glory of the German dramatist, with his watch, and perhaps, but we forget, his printing-press, (for it ought to be in the play,) is annihilated: the author himself would now stand in the place of his Cæsar or Cicero.

It would be a dream worth dreaming to bring back from his Elysian Fields Agricola, the Roman governor of Britain—he who first discovered that it was an island—to show him his semi-barbarians, whom he soquitably governed, (passing by, however, how far we are, any of us, their descendants.) We will imagine but an hour or two passed with him at the Polytechnic Rooms, to show him enormous iron cables twisted into knots, as if they were pieces of tape—to see vast ponderous masses suspended by magnetism only—to let him look into the wonders of the telescope and the microscope, besides a thousand marvellous things, too numerous and too often enumerated to mention. Nor would it be unamusing to dream that we return with him, and on his way accompany him, summoned to the court of Pluto and Proserpine to narrate the incidents of his sojourn above. We could believe the line of Homer verified, and that we see the grim and sceptical Pluto leap up from his throne in astonishment, and perhaps, as the poet would have it, fear lest our subterranean speculators should break in upon his dominions, and let in the light of our day. We have taken the humblest walk for the "surprise." What if we had accompanied the ex-governor of Britain to the Crystal Palace? That we will not venture upon. But had he continued his narrative of all he saw there, Pluto would have given a

look—at which Cerberus would have growled from his triple throats—and that the unlucky narrator might escape the castigation of Rhadamanthus, he would have been ordered a fresh dip in Lethe, as one contaminated, and who had contracted the lying propensities of people in the upper air.

We know not if the wonder in us be not the greater that we have not the slightest pretensions to mechanical knowledge. But we confess that, when we suddenly came upon the mechanical department, and saw the various machinery at work, the world's life and all its business came out vividly upon the canvass of our thought, as the great poetry of nature. Yes, nature rather than art, for art is but the capability of nature in practice. We thought of Sophocles and his chorus of laudation of man—the inventor and the *πονοποιοις*—and how impoverished did the Greek seem, how tame and inadequate the description!

Shakspeare is more to the mark. The whole world is scarcely large enough for the exhibition of man's thought and deed, as Shakspeare sees him. There is no small talk of his little doings—how he passes over the seas and bridles the winds. Inimitable Shakspeare omits the doing to show the capacity; makes, for a moment of comparison only, the earth a sterile promontory, and man that is on it himself, and in his own bosom, the ample region of all fertility, in undefined thought and action. "What a piece of work is man!—how noble in reason!—how infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable!—in action how like an angel!—in apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!" Behold man the inventor!

We have said that the increase of population must necessarily enlarge the stock of inventions, both by new and multiplied demands, and by the added number of inventors. But there is another cause in operation, that is seldom taken into the account—there are not only more millions of human hands to do the work, but there is an artificial working population, if we may call horse-power of

steam a population as equivalent to hands.

In this view the *working* population, or working power, so far exceeds our actual population, that they can scarcely be named together. If it be said, this is not a power of mind, and therefore cannot be said to be inventive; it may be answered, that every instrument is a kind of mind to him who takes it up, improves, and works upon it, and with it: for, after all, it is mind that is operating in it. The man is not to be envied who in heart and understanding is dead to the manifold evolutions of this great workshop of the human brain, who cannot feel the poetry of mechanics. Is it not a creative power?—and is it not at once subjecting and civilising the world? Is not this poetry of mechanics showing also that man has dominion given him over the inert materials, as over other living creatures of the earth? We hail it in all its marvellous doings, as subject for creative dreams, scarcely untrue. Let those who will (and many there be who profess this blindness to the poetry of art and science) see nothing but the tall chimneys and the black smoke. To the imaginative, even the smoke itself becomes an embodied genie, at whose feet the earth opens at command; and they who yield themselves to the spell are conducted, through subterranean ways, to the secret chambers of the treasures of nature; and, by a transition to a more palpable reality, find themselves in a garden covered with crystal, to behold all beauteous things and precious stones for fruit, such as Aladdin saw, and fountains throwing out liquid gems, and fair company, as if brought together by enchantment—and this is the romance of reality. If we write rhapsodically, let the subject be the excuse, for the secrets of nature throw conjecture into the depths of wonder, and thought far out of the conveyance of language.

It was our purpose to speak of the Submarine Telegraph, and it is not surprising if we have in some degree been transported to great distances by its power.

The inventors, Messrs Brett, under every difficulty and discouragement, have at length succeeded. Our

greatest engineers for a long while withheld their countenance; practical philosophers denied the probability. The possibility was tested by the first experiment. Fortunately no accident occurred in laying down the wire across the Channel, until communication by means of it had been made between France and England; and even the subsequent accident—the cutting the wire by the fishermen—has only served the good purpose of making more sure the permanent setting up of this extraordinary telegraph. The protection of the wires by the gutta-percha covering is considered perfect; but should it turn out otherwise, it will not affect the certainty of the invention: it must be permanent. A narrative of all the difficulties which beset the inventors, and which have delayed the experiment for years, would be curious. The discouragements and the expenses would have crushed men of less energy. Even at last, in making the cable, there was a disappointment and a hitch, arising from rival companies. We extract from the *Times*.

"On the 19th of July last, Mr Cramp-ton undertook to construct and lay down a cable containing four electric wires, each insulated in two coatings of gutta percha, and the whole protected by ten strands of galvanised iron wire, on or before the 30th of September. The electric wires, covered with gutta percha, in length a hundred miles, were turned out by Mr Statham, at the works of the Gutta Percha Company, and nothing can be more perfect than the manner in which that order was executed. The wire covering was ordered from Messrs Wilkins and Weatherly; but unfortunately, a dispute respecting the patent for making wire ropes occurred between that firm and Messrs Newall, which seriously delayed the progress of the work, as an injunction was served by the latter to prevent Messrs Wilkins and Co. from proceeding with the order.

"This was eventually compromised, and the rope was made conjointly by the workmen of the two firms on the premises of Messrs Wilkins and Weatherly, at Wapping.

"The very hurried manner in which (from this unforeseen delay) the work had to be accomplished, prevented that close attention that ought to have been given to any fracture, however small, of the wire; and in consequence, the outer

casing, though of great strength and solidity, was not made with the same exquisite nicety and care that had been bestowed on the core of the cable."

The weather was unpropitious, and was probably the cause, from the circumstance of the *Blazer* being driven somewhat out of her course, that the length of the wire cable was not sufficient. This defect was, however, only of a temporary kind, and was supplied by that which was intended for another purpose. We extract the interesting account of the proceedings from the *Times*:—

"Shortly after 7 o'clock the fastenings at the end of the cable at the Foreland were completed, and the *Fearless* started to point out the exact course to be followed by the *Blazer*, which was towed by two tugs, one alongside, and the other ahead of her.

"A third tug belonging to the Government was also in attendance.

"The arrangements for paying out the cable consisted simply of a bar fixed transversely above the hold, over which the rope was drawn as it was uncoiled from below, and a series of breaks acting by levers fitted to the deck, in order to arrest the passage of the rope in the case of too rapid a delivery. On reaching the stem the cable passed overboard through a 'chock' of a semicircular shape, lined with iron. On starting, the steam-tugs proceeded at much too rapid a pace, (from four to five knots an hour,) and consequently one of the fractured wires (before alluded to) caught in the friction-blocks, and, before the way of the vessel could be checked, one strand of the iron wire was, for a length of about eighteen yards, stripped from the cable. The steam-tug towing ahead was then ordered alongside, when the speed could be better regulated, and the rate was reduced to about one and a half to two knots an hour. About six miles from shore it was determined to test the wires; but, from a misapprehension of instructions, the telegraph instruments at the South Foreland were not joined up with those on board the *Blazer*. A steam-tug, with one of the engineers and directors on board, immediately returned to the Foreland, when communication was made by telegraph and fuses fired from the vessel to the shore, and from the shore to the *Blazer*.

"At about mid-Channel, in the midst of a heavy sea, and a strong wind from the SW., an accident occurred, but for which the enterprise would have been carried out with the most perfect success; this was the snapping of the tow-

rope (an eight-inch cable) and the consequent drifting of the *Blazer* from her appointed course to the length of a mile and a-half. Notwithstanding the delay caused by this untoward incident, the *Blazer* arrived off Sangatte at about 6 o'clock. The evening was, however, too far advanced, and the weather too stormy to attempt a landing; and, after embarking most of her passengers on board one of the steamers that ran into Calais, she was anchored for the night about two miles from the shore.

"On Friday the wind blew a strong gale from the westward, which rendered all near approach to the shore impracticable; but the *Blazer* was towed to within a mile of the beach, when, it being considered dangerous to leave her at anchor, the remainder of the rope was made fast to a buoy and hove overboard. The steam-tugs then returned with the *Blazer* to England.

"On Saturday the weather continued unfavourable, but Captain Bullock proceeded with the *Fearless* to the buoy off Sangatte, and, having hauled up the end of the rope, he towed it some hundred yards nearer the shore, and then again moored it.

"On Sunday the wind shifted more to the southward and moderated. Accordingly, the engineers and managers of the Gutta Percha Company took on board the *Fearless* a large coil of gutta percha roping, and, after hauling up the end of the telegraph cables, the first wires were carefully attached, and at half-past five in the afternoon a boat landed them on the beach at Sangatte. The moment chosen for landing was low-water, and the coil of gutta percha ropes was immediately buried in the beach by a gang of men in attendance, up to low-water mark, and even to a short distance beyond it. Thence to where the cable was moored did not much exceed a quarter of a mile.

"The telegraphs were instantly attached to the submarine wires, and all the instruments responded to the batteries from the opposite shore. At six o'clock messages were printed at Sangatte from the South Foreland, specimens of which Captain Bullock took over to Dover the same evening for the Queen and the Duke of Wellington.

"On Monday morning the wires at Sangatte were joined to those already laid down to Calais, and two of the instruments used by the French Government having been sent to the South Foreland, Paris was placed in immediate communication with the English Court."

We have remarked that very important discoveries are accidentally

made in pursuing one of quite a different character from those which come up in the search unexpectedly.

They who remember our towns lighted with the old lamps, that in comparison with our gas-lights made but a "palpable obscure," should also remember how the change was brought about. The gas, which has proved of such vast utility that we can now-a-days scarcely conceive how the world could go on without it, was first a misfortune. It was generated in the coal mines, and, in order to get rid of it, it was conveyed by tubes to the outer air: in doing this it was found there to ignite, and from this simple attempt to effect an escape for a nuisance is almost every town in the civilised world illuminated by gas—besides which, the advantageous use of it in manufactories is beyond calculation. Even of gutta percha, now applied as a coating to these wires, who can determine all the uses to which it may be found applicable? Nature, it should seem, does not fabricate one material for itself, or for one use only, but adapts one thing to many purposes—and thus, as it were, teaches us that there is a chain in the facts of nature, by showing us a few of the connected links; and, at the same time, so far from exhibiting any sudden breaks, offering evidences of a continuous connection reaching beyond our conception. Verily this poor opaque earth of ours is the foundation on which the Jacob's ladder of invention is laid. We know not where it reaches, but there may be suggesting angels passing to and fro, and when their feet touch the ground, it delivers up its secrets, that float into the ears of the dreamer.

Electricity, it would appear, is the great agent in this connecting chain—nay, is it not, whatever it be in its essence, the chain itself, and the universal power equally in inert matter and in life? It has neither boundary on the earth nor in space. Its home is ubiquity; like the sphere of *Hermes*, its centre is everywhere, its circumference nowhere. That this astonishing power is yet under restraint—that it is not only kept from the evil it would do, but rendered to us serviceable—is a proof of the great beneficence of

Him who made it and us. When the admiring child touches that gem, the dew-drop on the rose-leaf, it knows not that the little hand is on that which has lightning in it enough to cause instant death. It is scarcely the lover's poetical dream that he *may* be killed by the lightning of an eye—done dead by the tear that only moves his pity, on his mistress's eye-lid. In that little drop is the power of death—and by what miracle (truly all nature is miraculous) is the execution staid—the power forbidden to act? Nay, even the pity that we speak of, love itself, strange in its suddenness as we see it, how know we what of electricity be in it, instantly conveying from person to person natural but unknown sympathy?

Let us not get out of our depths,—but emerge from “the submarine,” to land; and for this purpose, and to complete our argument of unexpected and collateral uses, we offer an extract from the *Army and Navy Register* :—

“NEW MODE OF DISCHARGING GUNPOWDER.—On Monday, August 18, some interesting experiments were tried at the Gutta Percha Company's Works, Warf Road, City Road, for the purposes of demonstrating the means by which this extraordinary production may be applied to the operation of discharging gunpowder. A galvanic battery was connected with upwards of 50 miles of copper wire covered with gutta percha, to the thickness of an ordinary black lead pencil. The wire, which was formed into coils, and which has been prepared for the projected submarine telegraph, was attached to a barge moored in the canal alongside the manufactory, the coils being so fixed together (although the greater portion of them were under water) as to present an uninterrupted communication with the battery to a distance limited at first to 57 miles, but afterwards extended to 70. A “cartridge” formed with a small hollow roof of gutta percha, charged with gunpowder, and having an intercommunicating wire attached, was then brought into contact with the electric current. The result was, that a spark was produced, which, igniting the gunpowder, caused an immediate explosion similar to that which would arise from the discharge of a small cannon. The same process was carried out in various ways, with a view of testing the efficient manner in which the gutta percha had been rendered impervious to

wet, and in one instance the fusee or cartridge was placed under the water. In this case the efficiency of the insulation was equally well demonstrated by the explosion of the gunpowder at the moment the necessary “contact” was produced; and by way of showing the perfect insulation of the wire, an experiment was tried which resulted in the explosion of the fusee from the charge of electricity retained in the coils of wire, three seconds after contact with the battery had been broken. This feature in the experiment was especially interesting from the fact of its removing all difficulty and doubt as to whether the gutta percha would so far protect the wires as to preserve the current of electricity under the most disadvantageous circumstances. Another experiment was successfully tried by passing the electric current to its destination through the human body. Mr C. J. Wollaston, civil engineer, volunteered to form part of the circuit by holding the ends of 35 miles of the wire in each hand. The wire from the battery was brought to one end of the entire length of 70 miles, and instant explosion of the cartridge took place at the other end. The experiments were altogether perfectly successful, as showing beyond all question that the properties of gutta percha and electricity combined are yet to be devoted to other purposes than that of establishing a submarine telegraph. The blasting of a rock, the destruction of a fortification, and other operations which require the agency of gunpowder, have often been attended with considerable danger and trouble, besides involving large outlays of money; but it may be truly said that the employment of electricity in the manner described is calculated to render such operations comparatively free from difficulty. Amongst the company present on this occasion was Major-General Sir Charles Pasley, who took a warm interest in the proceedings, and expressed himself much gratified at the result. It is impossible to foretell the value of this discovery, particularly in engineering and mining operations. It forms a valuable addition to the benefits already conferred upon the public by the enterprise of the Gutta Percha Company.”

This extract may lead the reader to conclude that there are double and opposite purposes in the secrets of nature. The chain which was intended to connect all nations in a bond of peace, has, it should seem, also (incidental to the first discovery) its apparatus for war.

When his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury was blessing the Crystal Palace, and all within it, as emblems of a religious bond of peace, and of amity of all nations, and it pleased the admiring masses to proclaim it the Temple of Peace and of Love, there was little thought that, among the machinery and instruments it contained, those of murderous purpose would be the first required for use, which was actually the case, when permission was asked and given for the removal of revolving firearms from the American department, to be sent out to the Cape.

Thus, good and evil are not unmixed. Either may be extracted, and leave the remainder, in appearance to us, a kind of *caput mortuum*.

It is far more pleasant to look to the peaceful results of inventions—to hear the spirit that is in the electric fluid say—

"I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently."

Let it be the means that far-off friends at the Antipodes shall communicate, if not by voice, by that which is like it—by sound and by lettered words. Let it touch a bell at their mid-day, and it may tingle at that instant in your ears at midnight, and awake you to receive, evolved from the little machinery at your bed's head, a letter in a printed strip, conveying "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," even as though you felt the breath that uttered them. Reader, be not sceptical. How many very practicable things have you denied, and yet found brought tangibly before your eyes, and into your hands! This simultaneous tingle of two bells—one at the Antipodes, and one within reach of your own touch, and at your own ear—may cause you to curl your lip in derision; but say, is it impossible? We have heard you say of much more improbable things, "Where there is a will there is a way." Well, here it is evident you have only a little to strengthen your will, and the length of the way will be no obstacle. You may amuse yourself with the idea, and make a comparison of it, and look at the figures on your

China plate, and imagine them moved to each other under spell of their passion, (see the tale of the willow pattern,) to the defiance of all the ordinary rules of distance. Did not the foreseeing artist intimate thereby that love and friendship have no space-limits, and hold within themselves a power that laughs at perspective, as it does "at locksmiths?" The artist whom you contemned as ignorant was, you acknowledge, wise—wise beyond his art, if not beyond his thought. He had a second-sight of a new mode of communication, and expressed it prudently in this his hieroglyphic.

Does any marvel exceed this in apparent absurdity—that you, in London or Edinburgh, shall be able to communicate instantaneously with your friend or relative at St Petersburg or Vienna; for which purpose you have but to touch a few keys denoting letters of the alphabet, and under water and over land your whole thoughts pass as soon as your fingers have delivered them to the keys—nay, the letters are forestalling your thought, and those before it? Does it not seem very absurd to say that all the foreign news may be at your breakfast-table, fresh from every capital in Europe, before the *Times* can be published and circulated? How will the practice of the press be affected by this novelty? "The latest intelligence" becomes a bygone tale, "flat, stale, and unprofitable." Far greater things than the poet dreamed of become daily realities. Richest in fancy, Shakspeare apologetically covers the incredible ubiquity of his Ariel with a sense of fatigue—of difficulty in his various passages—Ariel, the spirit who

"thought it much to tread
The ooze of the salt deep."

Our Government officers will have ready on the instant, messengers far swifter than Ariel—wondrous performers on the "slack-wires." They will put you

"A girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes."

No; that was the lagging, loitering pace of the old spirit. It will not

take forty seconds. What are thousands of miles to a second of time? Time is, as it were, annihilated: the sand in the glass must be accelerated, or the glass, held for ages, taken out of his hand, and some national exhibition ransacked for a new hour-instrument. The Prospero's wand broken, and newer wonders to be had for a trifle. Fortunatus's "wishing-cap" to be bought at the corner-shop, and the famed "seven-league boots" next door—and to be had cheap, considering that you may tell all your thoughts, at ever so great a distance, by a little bell and a wire, while you are sitting in your arm-chair. It will be quite an easy matter to

"Waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole."

Railroads and the Submarine Telegraph more than double man's life, if we count his years by action. History itself must now begin as from a new epoch. All the doings of the world, through this rapidity given to person and to thought, must be so altered as to bear no parallel with the past. The old locomotive and communicating powers are defunct—they are as the water that has passed the mill. It must grind with that which succeeds. They are new powers that must set the wheels of governments and of all the world's machinery in motion.

There is in the *Spectator* a paper of the true Addisonian wit, descriptive of an Antediluvian courtship, in which the *young* couple, having gone through the usual process in the early art of love, complete their happiness in the some hundredth year of their ages. Theorists have entertained the notion that this long life was bestowed upon man in the world's first era, that knowledge might be more readily transmitted, there being few generations to the Flood. To the lovers of life it would be a sad thing to be led to the conclusion, that, transmission being quickened, life will be shortened; or that, as in the winding-up of a drama, events are crowding into the last act of our earth's duration. It may relieve their apprehensions to read of the advance the medical

science is making simultaneously with all other sciences, so that they may look to a state in which a man may live as long as he likes, and at the same time do ten times the work: a man's day will perhaps be a year, counting by his doings. Morose poets and philosophers have lamented over us as ephemeral; if so, we are at least like the Antediluvian butterflies, and our day long. And now, with all our sanitary inventions, it stands a fair chance of a tolerable lengthening.

We have observed that it has been said that the world is not fifteen years of age; and, indeed, it looks like enough. Hitherto Nature has treated us as a kind mother does her children—given us toys and playthings, to be broken and discarded as we get older. We are throwing them by, we are becoming of age, and Nature opens her secrets to us, and we are just setting up for ourselves—as it were, commencing the business of life, like grown men in good earnest; and every day we find out more secrets, and all worth knowing.

We will not lay down the pen without expressing our congratulations to the inventors of the Submarine Telegraph, the Messrs Brett, and wishing them the fullest success. They themselves as yet know not the extent of the reach of their own invention, or they might well wonder at their own wonders, like

"Katerfelto, with his hair on end!"

We wish them long life to see the results—and that they will not, through mistrust of so great a discovery, imitate Copernicus, who, says Fontenelle, "distrusting the success of his opinions, was for a long time loth to publish them, and, when they brought him the first sheet of his work, died, foreseeing that he never should be able to reconcile all its contradictions, and therefore wisely slipped out of the way." Messrs Brett will think it wiser to live, and be in the way and at their post, (no *post obit*.) ready to answer all queries and contradictions, through the convincing, the very satisfactory means, of their "Submarine Telegraph."

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK VIII.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

THE ABUSE OF INTELLECT.

THERE is at present so vehement a flourish of trumpets, and so prodigious a roll of the drum, whenever we are called upon to throw up our hats, and cry, "Huzza" to the "March of Enlightenment," that, out of that very spirit of contradiction natural to all rational animals, one is tempted to stop one's ears, and say, "Gently, gently; LIGHT is noiseless; how comes 'Enlightenment' to make such a clatter? Meanwhile, if it be not impertinent, pray, where is Enlightenment marching to?" Ask that question of any six of the loudest bawlers in the procession, and I'll wager tenpence to California that you get six very unsatisfactory answers. One respectable gentleman, who, to our great astonishment, insists upon calling himself "a slave," but has a remarkably free way of expressing his opinions, will reply—"Enlightenment is marching towards the nine points of the Charter." Another, with his hair à la *jeune France*, who has taken a fancy to his friend's wife, and is rather embarrassed with his own, asserts that Enlightenment is proceeding towards the Rights of Women, the reign of Social Love, and the annihilation of Tyrannical Prejudice. A third, who has the air of a man well to do in the middle class, more modest in his hopes, because he neither wishes to have his head broken by his errand-boy, nor his wife carried off to an Agapemoné by his apprentice, does not take Enlightenment a step farther than a siege on Debrett, and a cannonade on the Budget. Illiberal man! the march that he swells will soon trample him under foot. No one fares so ill in a crowd as the man who is wedged in the middle. A fourth, looking wild and dreamy, as if he had come out of the cave of Trophonius, and who is a mesmeriser and a mystic, thinks Enlightenment is in full career towards the good old days of alchemists and ne-

cromancers. A fifth, whom one might take for a Quaker, asserts that the march of Enlightenment is a crusade for universal philanthropy, vegetable diet, and the perpetuation of peace, by means of speeches, which certainly do produce a very contrary effect from the Philippics of Demosthenes! The sixth—(good fellow, without a rag on his back)—does not care a straw where the march goes. He can't be worse off than he is; and it is quite immaterial to him whether he goes to the dogstar above, or the bottomless pit below. I say nothing, however, against the march, while we take it altogether. Whatever happens, one is in good company; and though I am somewhat indolent by nature, and would rather stay at home with Locke and Burke, (dull dogs though they were,) than have my thoughts set off helter-skelter with those cursed trumpets and drums, blown and dub-a-dubbed by fellows that I vow to heaven I would not trust with a five-pound note—still, if I must march, I must; and so deuce take the hindmost. But when it comes to individual marchers upon their own account—privateers and condottieri of Enlightenment—who have filled their pockets with lucifer-matches, and have a sublime contempt for their neighbours' barns and hay-ricks, I don't see why I should throw myself into the seventh heaven of admiration and ecstasy.

If those who are eternally rhapsodising on the celestial blessings that are to follow Enlightenment, Universal Knowledge, and so forth, would just take their eyes out of their pockets, and look about them, I would respectfully inquire if they have never met any very knowing and enlightened gentleman, whose acquaintance is by no means desirable. If not, they are monstrous lucky. Every man must judge by his own experience; and the

worst rogues I have ever encountered were amazingly well-informed, clever fellows! From dunderheads and dunces we can protect ourselves; but from your sharp-witted gentleman, all enlightenment, and no prejudice, we have but to cry, "Heaven defend us!" It is true, that the rogue (let him be ever so enlightened) usually comes to no good himself, (though not before he has done harm enough to his neighbours.) But that only shows that the world wants something else in those it rewards, besides intelligence *per se* and in the abstract; and is much too old a world to allow any Jack Horner to pick out its plumbs for his own personal gratification. Hence a man of very moderate intelligence, who believes in God, suffers his heart to beat with human sympathies, and keeps his eyes off your strong-box, will perhaps gain a vast deal more power than knowledge ever gives to a rogue.

Wherefore, though I anticipate an outcry against me on the part of the blockheads, who, strange to say, are the most credulous idolaters of enlightenment, and, if knowledge were power, would rot on a dunghill; yet, nevertheless, I think all really enlightened men will agree with me, that when one falls in with detached sharpshooters from the general march of enlightenment, it is no reason that we should make ourselves a target, because enlightenment has furnished them with a gun. It has, doubtless, been already remarked by the judicious reader, that of the numerous characters introduced into this work, the larger portion belong to that species which we call the INTELLECTUAL—that through them are analysed and developed human intellect, in various forms and directions. So that this History, rightly considered, is a kind of humble familiar Epic, or, if you prefer it, a long *Serio-Comedy*, upon the Varieties of English Life in this our Century, set in movement by the intelligences most prevalent. And where more ordinary and less refined types of the species round and complete the survey of our passing generation, they will often suggest, by contrast, the deficiencies which mere intellectual culture leaves in the human being. Certainly, I have no spite against intellect and en-

lightenment. Heaven forbid I should be such a Goth. I am only the advocate for common sense and fair play. I don't think an able man necessarily an angel; but I think if his heart match his head, and both proceed in the Great March under a divine Oriflamme, he goes as near to the angel as humanity will permit: if not, if he has but a penn'orth of heart to a pound of brains, I say, "*Bon jour, mon ange!*" I see not the starry upward wings, but the grovelling cloven-hoof." I'd rather be offuscated by the Squire of Hazeldean, than enlightened by Randal Leslie. Every man to his taste. But intellect itself (not in the philosophical, but the ordinary sense of the term) is rarely, if ever, one completed harmonious agency; it is not one faculty, but a compound of many, some of which are often at war with each other, and mar the concord of the whole. Few of us but have some predominant faculty, in itself a strength; but which, (usurping unreasonably dominion over the rest,) shares the lot of all tyranny, however brilliant, and leaves the empire weak against disaffection within, and invasion from without. Hence intellect may be perverted in a man of evil disposition, and sometimes merely wasted in a man of excellent impulses, for want of the necessary discipline, or of a strong ruling motive. I doubt if there be one person in the world, who has obtained a high reputation for talent, who has not met somebody much cleverer than himself, which said somebody has never obtained any reputation at all! Men, like Audley Egerton, are constantly seen in the great positions of life; while men, like Harley l'Estrange, who could have beaten them hollow in anything equally striven for by both, float away down the stream, and, unless some sudden stimulant arouse the dreamy energies, vanish out of sight into silent graves. If Hamlet and Polonius were living now, Polonius would have a much better chance of being Chancellor of the Exchequer, though Hamlet would unquestionably be a much more intellectual character. What would become of Hamlet? Heaven knows! Dr Arnold said, from his experience of a school, that the difference between one man and another was not mere

ability—it was energy. There is a great deal of truth in that saying.

Submitting these hints to the judgment and penetration of the sagacious, I enter on the fresh division of this work, and see already Randal Leslie gnawing his lip on the back-ground. The German poet observes, that the Cow of Isis is to some the divine sym-

bol of knowledge, to others but the milch cow, only regarded for the pounds of butter she will yield. O tendency of our age, to look on Isis as the milch cow! O prostitution of the grandest desires to the basest uses! Gaze on the goddess, Randal Leslie, and get ready thy churn and thy scales. Let us see what the butter will fetch in the market.

CHAPTER II.

A new reign has commenced. There has been a general election; the unpopularity of the Administration has been apparent at the hustings. Andley Egerton, hitherto returned by vast majorities, has barely escaped defeat—thanks to a majority of five. The expenses of his election are said to have been prodigious. ‘But who can stand against such wealth as Egerton’s—no doubt backed, too, by the Treasury purse?’ said the defeated candidate. It is towards the close of October; London is already full; Parliament will meet in less than a fortnight.

In one of the principal apartments of that hotel in which foreigners may discover what is meant by English comfort, and the price which foreigners must pay for it, there sat two persons, side by side, engaged in close conversation. The one was a female, in whose pale clear complexion and raven hair—in whose eyes, vivid with a power of expression rarely bestowed on the beauties of the north, we recognise Beatrice, Marchesa di Negra. Undenially handsome as was the Italian lady, her companion, though a man, and far advanced into middle age, was yet more remarkable for personal advantages. There was a strong family likeness between the two; but there was also a striking contrast in air, manner, and all that stamps on the physiognomy the idiosyncrasies of character. There was something of gravity, of earnestness and passion, in Beatrice’s countenance when carefully examined; her smile at times might be false, but it was rarely ironical, never cynical. Her gestures, though graceful, were unrestrained and frequent. You could see she was

a daughter of the south. Her companion, on the contrary, preserved on the fair smooth face, to which years had given scarcely a line or wrinkle, something that might have passed, at first glance, for the levity and thoughtlessness of a gay and youthful nature; but the smile, though exquisitely polished, took at times the derision of a sneer. In his manners he was as composed and as free from gesture as an Englishman. His hair was of that red brown with which the Italian painters produce such marvellous effects of colour; and, if here and there a silver thread gleamed through the locks, it was lost at once amidst their luxuriance. His eyes were light, and his complexion, though without much colour, was singularly transparent. His beauty, indeed, would have been rather womanly than masculine, but for the height and sinewy spareness of a frame in which muscular strength was rather adorned than concealed by an admirable elegance of proportion. You would never have guessed this man to be an Italian; more likely you would have supposed him a Parisian. He conversed in French, his dress was of French fashion, his mode of thought seemed French. Not that he was like the Frenchman of the present day—an animal, either rude or reserved; but your ideal of the *Marquis* of the old régime—the *roué* of the Regency.

Italian, however, he was, and of a race renowned in Italian history. But, as if ashamed of his country and his birth, he affected to be a citizen of the world. Heaven help the world if it hold only such citizens!

“But, Giulio,” said Beatrice di Negra, speaking in Italian, “even

granting that you discover this girl, can you suppose that her father will ever consent to your alliance? Surely you know too well the nature of your kinsman?"

"*Tu te trompes, ma sœur*," replied Giulio Franzini, Count di Peschiera, in French as usual—"tu te trompes; I knew it before he had gone through exile and penury. How can I know it now? But comfort yourself, my too anxious Beatrice, I shall not care for his consent till I've made sure of his daughter's."

"But how win that in despite of the father?"

"*Eh, mordieu!*" interrupted the Count, with true French gaiety; "what would become of all the comedies ever written, if marriages were not made in despite of the father? Look you," he resumed, with a very slight compression of his lip, and a still slighter movement in his chair—"look you, this is no question of ifs and buts; it is a question of must and shall—a question of existence to you and to me. When Danton was condemned to the guillotine, he said, flinging a pellet of bread at the nose of his respectable judge—'*Mon indidictu sera bientôt dans le néant*'—My patrimony is there already! I am loaded with debts. I see before me, on the one side, ruin or suicide; on the other side, wedlock and wealth."

"But from those vast possessions which you have been permitted to enjoy so long, have you really saved nothing against the time when they might be reclaimed at your hands?"

"My sister," replied the Count, "do I look like a man who saved? Besides, when the Austrian Emperor, unwilling to raze from his Lombard domains a name and a house so illustrious as our kinsman's, and desirous, while punishing that kinsman's rebellion, to reward my adherence, forbore the peremptory confiscation of those vast possessions at which my mouth waters while we speak, but, annexing them to the Crown during pleasure, allowed me, as the next of male kin, to retain the revenues of one-half for the same very indefinite period—had I not every reason to suppose, that, before long, I could so influence

his Majesty or his minister, as to obtain a decree that might transfer the whole, unconditionally and absolutely, to myself? And methinks I should have done so, but for this accursed, intermeddling English Milord, who has never ceased to besiege the court or the minister with alleged extenuations of our cousin's rebellion, and proofless assertions that I shared it in order to entangle my kinsman, and betrayed it in order to profit by his spoils. So that, at last, in return for all my services, and in answer to all my claims, I received from the minister himself this cold reply—'Count of Peschiera, your aid was important, and your reward has been large. That reward, it would not be for your honour to extend, and justify the ill opinion of your Italian countrymen by formally appropriating to yourself all that was forfeited by the treason you denounced. A name so noble as yours should be dearer to you than fortune itself.'"

"Ah, Giulio," cried Beatrice, her face lighting up, changed in its whole character—"those were words that might make the demon that tempts to avarice fly from your breast in shame."

The Count opened his eyes in great amaze; then he glanced round the room, and said, quietly—

"Nobody else hears you, my dear Beatrice; talk common sense. Heroics sound well in mixed society; but there is nothing less suited to the tone of a family conversation."

Madame di Negra bent down her head abashed, and that sudden change in the expression of her countenance, which had seemed to betray susceptibility to generous emotion, faded as suddenly away.

"But still," she said coldly, "you enjoy one-half of those ample revenues—why talk, then, of suicide and ruin?"

"I enjoy them at the pleasure of the crown; and what if it be the pleasure of the crown to recall our cousin, and reinstate him in his possessions?"

"There is a probability, then, of that pardon? When you first employed me in your researches, you only thought there was a possibility."

"There is a great probability of it, and therefore I am here. I learned some little time since that the question of such recall had been suggested by the Emperor, and discussed in Council. The danger to the State, which might arise from our cousin's wealth, his alleged abilities—(abilities! bah!)—and his popular name, deferred any decision on the point; and, indeed, the difficulty of dealing with myself must have embarrassed the ministry. But it is a mere question of time. He cannot long remain excluded from the general amnesty already extended to the other refugees. The person who gave me this information is high in power, and friendly to myself; and he added a piece of advice, on which I acted. 'It was intimated,' said he, 'by one of the partisans of your kinsman, that the exile could give a hostage for his loyalty in the person of his daughter and heiress; that she had arrived at marriageable age; that if she were to wed, with the Emperor's consent, some one whose attachment to the Austrian crown was unquestionable, there would be a guarantee both for the faith of the father, and for the transmission of so important a heritage to safe and loyal hands. Why not?' (continued my friend) 'apply to the Emperor for his consent to that alliance for yourself?—you, on whom he can depend;—you who, if the daughter should die, would be the legal heir to those lands?' On that hint I spoke."

"You saw the Emperor?"

"And after combating the unjust prepossessions against me, I stated, that so far from my cousin having any fair cause of resentment against me, when all was duly explained to him, I did not doubt that he would willingly give me the hand of his child."

"You did!" cried the Marchesa, amazed.

"Aud," continued the Count imperturbably, as he smoothed, with careless hand, the snowy plaits of his shirt front—"and that I should thus have the happiness of becoming myself the guarantee of my kinsman's loyalty—the agent for the restoration of his honours, while, in the eyes of the envious and malignant, I should clear up my own name from

all suspicion that I had wronged him."

"And the Emperor consented?"

"*Pardieu*, my dear sister. What else could his majesty do? My proposition smoothed every obstacle, and reconciled policy with mercy. It remains, therefore, only to find out, what has hitherto baffled all our researches, the retreat of our dear kinsfolk, and to make myself a welcome lover to the demoiselle. There is some disparity of years, I own; but—unless your sex and my glass flatter me overmuch—I am still a match for many a gallant of five-and-twenty."

The Count said this with so charming a smile, and looked so pre-eminently handsome, that he carried off the coxcombry of the words as gracefully as if they had been spoken by some dazzling hero of the grand old comedy of Parisian life.

Then interlacing his fingers, and lightly leaning his hands, thus clasped, upon his sister's shoulder, he looked into her face, and said slowly—"And now, my sister, for some gentle but deserved reproach. Have you not sadly failed me in the task I imposed on your regard for my interests? Is it not some years since you first came to England on the mission of discovering these worthy relatives of ours? Did I not entreat you to seduce into your toils the man whom I knew to be my enemy, and who was indubitably acquainted with our cousin's retreat—a secret he has hitherto locked within his bosom? Did you not tell me, that though he was then in England, you could find no occasion even to meet him, but that you had obtained the friendship of the statesman to whom I directed your attention, as his most intimate associate? And yet you, whose charms are usually so irresistible, learn nothing from the statesman, as you see nothing of *Milord*. Nay, baffled and misled, you actually suppose that the quarry has taken refuge in France. You go thither—you pretend to search the capital—the provinces, Switzerland, *que sais-je?*—all in vain,—though—*foi de gentil-homme*—your police cost me dearly,—you return to England—the same chase, and the same result. *Pal-sambleu, ma sœur*, I do too much credit

to your talents not to question your zeal. In a word, have you been in earnest—or have you not had some womanly pleasure in amusing yourself and abusing my trust?"

"Giulio," answered Beatrice sadly, "you know the influence you have exercised over my character and my fate. Your reproaches are not just. I made such inquiries as were in my power, and I have now cause to believe that I know one who is possessed of this secret, and can guide us to it."

"Ah, you do!" exclaimed the Count. Beatrice did not heed the exclamation, and hurried on.

"But grant that my heart shrunk from the task you imposed on me, would it not have been natural? When I first came to England, you informed me that your object in discovering the exiles was one which I could honestly aid. You naturally desired first to know if the daughter lived; if not, you were the heir. If she did, you assured me you desired to effect, through my mediation, some liberal compromise with Alphonso, by which you would have sought to obtain his restoration, provided he would leave you for life in possession of the grant you hold from the crown. While these were your objects, I did my best, ineffectual as it was, to obtain the information required."

"And what made me lose so important, though so ineffectual an ally?" asked the Count, still smiling; but a gleam that belied the smile shot from his eye.

"What! when you bade me receive and co-operate with the miserable spies—the false Italians—whom you sent over, and seek to entangle this poor exile, when found, in some rash correspondence, to be revealed to the court;—when you sought to seduce the daughter of the Counts of Peschiera, the descendant of those who had ruled in Italy, into the informer, the corrupter, and the traitress! No, Giulio—then I recoiled; and then, fearful of your own sway over me, I retreated into France. I have answered you frankly."

The Count removed his hands from the shoulder on which they had reclined so cordially.

"And this," said he, "is your wisdom, and this your gratitude.

You, whose fortunes are bound up in mine—you, who subsist on my bounty—you, who —"

"Hold," cried the Marchesa, rising, and with a burst of emotion, as if stung to the utmost, and breaking into revolt from the tyranny of years—"Hold—gratitude! bounty! Brother, brother—what, indeed, do I owe to you? The shame and the misery of a life. While yet a child, you condemned me to marry against my will—against my heart—against my prayers—and laughed at my tears when I knelt to you for mercy. I was pure then, Giulio—pure and innocent as the flowers in my virgin crown. And now—now—"

Beatrice stopped abruptly, and clasped her hands before her face.

"Now you upbraid me," said the Count, unruffled by her sudden passion, "because I gave you in marriage to a man young and noble?"

"Old in vices, and mean of soul! The marriage I forgave you. You had the right, according to the customs of our country, to dispose of my hand. But I forgave you not the consolations that you whispered in the ear of a wretched and insulted wife."

"Pardon me the remark," replied the Count, with a courtly bend of his head, "but those consolations were also conformable to the customs of our country, and I was not aware till now that you had wholly disclaimed them. And," continued the Count, "you were not so long a wife that the gall of the chain should smart still. You were soon left a widow—free, childless, young, beautiful."

"And penniless."

"True, Di Negra was a gambler, and very unlucky; no fault of mine. I could neither keep the cards from his hands, nor advise him how to play them."

"And my own portion? Oh Giulio, I knew but at his death why you had condemned me to that renegade Genoese. He owed you money, and, against honour, and I believe against law, you had accepted my fortune in discharge of the debt."

"He had no other way to discharge it—a debt of honour must be paid—old stories these. What matters? Since then my purse has been open to you."

"Yes, not as your sister, but your

instrument—your spy! Yes, your purse has been open—with a niggard hand."

"*Un peu de conscience, ma chère*, you are so extravagant. But come, be plain. What would you?"

"I would be free from you."

"That is, you would form some second marriage with one of these rich island lords. *Ma foi*, I respect your ambition."

"It is not so high. I aim but to escape from slavery—to be placed beyond dishonourable temptation. I desire," cried Beatrice with increased emotion, "I desire to re-enter the life of woman."

"Eno!" said the Count with a visible impatience, "is there anything in the attainment of your object that should render you indifferent to mine? You desire to marry, if I comprehend you right. And to marry, as becomes you, you should bring to your husband not debts, but a dowry. Be it so. I will restore the portion that I saved from the spendthrift clutch of the Genoese—the moment that it is mine to bestow—the moment that I am husband to my kinsman's heiress. And now, Beatrice, you imply that my former notions revolted your conscience; my present plan should content it; for by this marriage shall our kinsman regain his country, and repossess, at least, half his lands. And if I am not an excellent husband to the demoiselle, it will be her own fault. I have sown my wild oats. *Je suis bon prince*, when I have things a little my own way. It is my hope and my intention, and certainly it will be my interest, to become *digne époux et irréprochable père de famille*. I speak lightly—'tis my way. I mean seriously. The little girl will be very happy with me, and I shall succeed in soothing all resentment her father may retain. Will you aid me then—yes or no? Aid me, and you shall indeed be free. The magician will release the fair spirit he has bound to his will. Aid me not, *ma chère*, and mark, I do not threaten—I do but warn—aid me not; grant that I become a beggar, and ask yourself what is to become of you—still young, still beautiful, and still penniless? Nay, worse than penniless; you have done me the honour, (and here the

Count, looking on the table, drew a letter from a portfolio, emblazoned with his arms and coronet,) you have done me the honour to consult me as to your debts."

"You will restore my fortune?" said the Marchesa, irresolutely—and averting her head from an odious schedule of figures.

"When my own, with your aid, is secured."

"But do you not overrate the value of my aid?"

"Possibly," said the Count, with a caressing suavity—and he kissed his sister's forehead. "Possibly; but by my honour, I wish to repair to you any wrong, real or supposed, I may have done you in past times. I wish to find again my own dear sister. I may overvalue your aid, but not the affection from which it comes. Let us be friends, *cara Beatrice mia*," added the Count, for the first time employing Italian words.

The Marchesa laid her head on his shoulder, and her tears flowed softly. Evidently this man had great influence over her—and evidently, whatever her cause for complaint, her affection for him was still sisterly and strong. A nature with fine flashes of generosity, spirit, honour, and passion, was hers—but uncultured, unguided—spoilt by the worst social examples—easily led into wrong—not always aware where the wrong was—letting affectionous good or bad whisper away her conscience or blind her reason. Such women are often far more dangerous when induced to wrong, than those who are thoroughly abandoned—such women are the accomplices men like the Count of Peschiera most desire to obtain.

"Ah, Giulio," said Beatrice, after a pause, and looking up at him through her tears, "when you speak to me thus, you know you can do with me what you will. Fatherless and motherless, whom had my childhood to love and obey but you?"

"Dear Beatrice," murmured the Count tenderly—and he again kissed her forehead. "So," he continued more carelessly—"so the reconciliation is effected, and our interests and our hearts re-allied. Now, alas! to descend to business. You say that

you know some one whom you believe to be acquainted with the lurking-place of my father-in-law—that is to be!"

"I think so. You remind me that I have an appointment with him this day: it is near the hour—I must leave you."

"To learn the secret?—Quick—quick. I have no fear of your success, if it is by his heart that you lead him?"

"You mistake; on his heart I have no hold. But he has a friend who loves me, and honourably, and whose cause he pleads. I think here that I have some means to control or persuade him. If not—ah, he is of a character that perplexes me in all but his worldly ambition; and how can we foreigners influence him through *that*?"

"Is he poor, or is he extravagant?"

"Not extravagant, and not positively poor, but dependent."

"Then we have him," said the Count composedly. "If his assistance be worth buying, we can bid high for it. *Sur mon âme*, I never yet knew money fail with any man who was both worldly and dependent. I put him and myself in your hands."

Thus saying, the Count opened the door, and conducted his sister with formal politeness to her carriage. He

then returned, reseated himself, and mused in silence. As he did so, the muscles of his countenance relaxed. The levity of the Frenchman fled from his visage, and in his eye, as it gazed abstractedly into space, there was that steady depth so remarkable in the old portraits of Florentine diplomatist or Venetian oligarch. Thus seen, there was in that face, despite all its beauty, something that would have awed back even the fond gaze of love; something hard, collected, inscrutable, remorseless. But this change of countenance did not last long. Evidently thought, though intense for the moment, was not habitual to the man. Evidently he had lived the life which takes all things lightly—so he rose with a look of fatigue, shook and stretched himself, as if to cast off, or grow out of, an unwelcome and irksome mood. An hour afterwards, the Count of Peschiera was charming all eyes, and pleasing all ears, in the saloon of a high-born beauty, whose acquaintance he had made at Vienna, and whose charms, according to that old and never-truth-speaking oracle, Polite Scandal, were now said to have attracted to London the brilliant foreigner.

CHAPTER III.

The Marchesa regained her house, which was in Curzon Street, and withdrew to her own room, to readjust her dress, and remove from her countenance all trace of the tears she had shed.

Half-an-hour afterwards she was seated in her drawing-room, composed and calm; nor, seeing her then, could you have guessed that she was capable of so much emotion and so much weakness. In that stately exterior, in that quiet attitude, in that elaborate and finished elegance which comes alike from the arts of the toilet and the conventional repose of rank, you could see but the woman of the world and the great lady.

A knock at the door was heard,

and in a few moments there entered a visitor, with the easy familiarity of intimate acquaintance—a young man, but with none of the bloom of youth. His hair, fine as a woman's, was thin and scanty, but it fell low over the forehead, and concealed that noblest of our human features. "A gentleman," says Apuleius, "ought, if he can, to wear his whole mind on his forehead."* The young visitor would never have committed so frank an imprudence. His cheek was pale, and in his step and his movements there was a languor that spoke of fatigued nerves or delicate health. But the light of the eye and the tone of the voice were those of a mental temperament controlling the bodily—

* I must be pardoned for annexing the original, since it loses much by translation:—"Hominem liberum et magnificum debere, si queat, in primori fronte, animum gestare."

vigorous and energetic. For the rest, his general appearance was distinguished by a refinement alike intellectual and social. Once seen, you would not easily forget him. And the reader no doubt already recognises Randal Leslie. His salutation, as I before said, was that of intimate familiarity; yet it was given and replied to with that unreserved openness which denotes the absence of a more tender sentiment.

Seating himself by the Marchesa's side, Randal began first to converse on the fashionable topics and gossip of the day; but it was observable, that, while he extracted from her the current anecdote and scandal of the great world, neither anecdote nor scandal did he communicate in return. Randal Leslie had already learned the art not to commit himself, nor to have quoted against him one ill-natured remark upon the eminent. Nothing more injures the man who would rise beyond the fame of the *salons*, than to be considered backbiter and gossip; 'yet it is always useful,' thought Randal Leslie, 'to know the foibles—the small social and private springs by which the great are moved. Critical occasions may arise in which such knowledge may be power.' And hence, perhaps, (besides a more private motive, soon to be perceived,) Randal did not consider his time thrown away in cultivating Madame di Negra's friendship. For despite much that was whispered against her, she had succeeded in dispelling the coldness with which she had at first been received in the London circles. Her beauty, her grace, and her high birth, had raised her into fashion, and the homage of men of the first station, while it perhaps injured her reputation as woman, added to her celebrity as fine lady. So much do we cold English, prudes though we be, forgive to the foreigner what we avenge on the native.

Sliding at last from these general topics into very well-bred and elegant personal compliment, and reciting various eulogies, which Lord this and the Duke of that had passed on the Marchesa's charms, Randal laid his hand on hers, with the license of admitted friendship, and said—

"But since you have deigned to confide in me, since when (happily

for me, and with a generosity of which no coquette could have been capable) you, in good time, repressed into friendship feelings that might else have ripened into those you are formed to inspire and disdain to return, you told me with your charming smile, 'Let no one speak to me of love who does not offer me his hand, and with it the means to supply tastes that I fear are terribly extravagant;'—since thus you allowed me to divine your natural objects, and upon that understanding our intimacy has been founded, you will pardon me for saying that the admiration you excite amongst these *grands seigneurs* I have named, only serves to defeat your own purpose, and scare away admirers less brilliant, but more in earnest. Most of these gentlemen are unfortunately married; and they who are not belong to those members of our aristocracy who, in marriage, seek more than beauty and wit—namely, connections to strengthen their political station, or wealth to redeem a mortgage and sustain a title."

"My dear Mr Leslie," replied the Marchesa—and a certain sadness might be detected in the tone of the voice and the droop of the eye—"I have lived long enough in the real world to appreciate the baseness and the falsehood of most of those sentiments which take the noblest names. I see through the hearts of the admirers you parade before me, and know that not one of them would shelter with his ermine the woman to whom he talks of his heart. Ah," continued Beatrice, with a softness of which she was unconscious, but which might have been extremely dangerous to youth less steeled and self-guarded than was Randal Leslie's—"ah, I am less ambitious than you suppose. I have dreamed of a friend, a companion, a protector, with feelings still fresh, undebased by the low round of vulgar dissipation and mean pleasures—of a heart so new, that it might restore my own to what it was in its happy spring. I have seen in your country some marriages, the mere contemplation of which has filled my eyes with delicious tears. I have learned in England to know the value of home. And with such a heart as I describe,

and such a home, I could forget that I ever knew a less pure ambition."

"This language does not surprise me," said Randal; "yet it does not harmonise with your former answer to me."

"To you," repeated Beatrice smiling, and regaining her lighter manner; "to you—true. But I never had the vanity to think that your affection for me could bear the sacrifices it would cost you in marriage; that you, with your ambition, could bound your dreams of happiness to home. And then, too," said she, raising her head, and with a certain grave pride in her air—"and then, I could not have consented to share my fate with one whom my poverty would cripple. I could not listen to my heart, if it had beat for a lover without fortune, for to him I could then have brought but a burden, and betrayed him into a union with poverty and debt. Now, it may be different. Now I may have the dowry that befits my birth. And now I may be free to choose according to my heart as woman, not according to my necessities, as one poor, harassed, and despairing."

"Ah," said Randal, interested, and drawing still closer towards his fair companion—"ah, I congratulate you sincerely; you have cause, then, to think that you shall be—rich?"

The Marchesa paused before she answered, and during that pause Randal relaxed the web of the scheme which he had been secretly weaving, and rapidly considered whether, if Beatrice di Negra would indeed be rich, she might answer to himself as a wife; and in what way, if so, he had best change his tone from that of friendship into that of love. While thus reflecting, Beatrice answered—

"Not rich for an Englishwoman; for an Italian, yes. My fortune should be half a million—"

"Half a million!" cried Randal, and with difficulty he restrained himself from falling at her feet in adoration.

"Of francs!" continued the Marchesa.

"Francs! Ah," said Randal, with a long-drawn breath, and recovering from his sudden enthusiasm, "about twenty thousand pounds!—eight hundred a-year at four per cent. A very handsome portion, certainly—

(Genteel poverty! he murmured to himself. What an escape I have had! but I see—I see. This will smooth all difficulties in the way of my better and earlier project. I see)—a very handsome portion," he repeated aloud—"not for a *grand seigneur*, indeed, but still for a gentleman of birth and expectations worthy of your choice, if ambition be not your first object. Ah, while you spoke with such endearing eloquence of feelings that were fresh, of a heart that was new, of the happy English home, you might guess that my thoughts ran to my friend who loves you so devotedly, and who so realises your ideal. Proverbially, with us, happy marriages and happy homes are found not in the gay circles of London fashion, but at the hearths of our rural nobility—our untitled country gentlemen. And who, amongst all your adorers, can offer you a lot so really enviable as the one whom, I see by your blush, you already guess that I refer to?"

"Did I blush?" said the Marchesa, with a silvery laugh. "Nay, I think that your zeal for your friend misled you. But I will own frankly, I have been touched by his honest ingenuous love—so evident, yet rather looked than spoken. I have contrasted the love that honours me with the suitors that seek to degrade; more I cannot say. For though I grant that your friend is handsome, high-spirited, and generous, still he is not what—"

"You mistake, believe me," interrupted Randal. "You shall not finish your sentence. He is all that you do not yet suppose him; for his shyness, and his very love, his very respect for your superiority, do not allow his mind and his nature to appear to advantage. You, it is true, have a taste for letters and poetry rare among your countrywomen. He has not at present—few men have. But what Cimon would not be refined by so fair an Iphigenia? Such frivolities as he now shows belong but to youth and inexperience of life. Happy the brother who could see his sister the wife of Frank Hazelden."

The Marchesa leant her cheek on her hand in silence. To her, marriage was more than it usually seems to dreaming maiden or to disconsolate widow. So

had the strong desire to escape from the control of her unprincipled and remorseless brother grown a part of her very soul—so had whatever was best and highest in her very mixed and complex character been galled and outraged by her friendless and exposed position, the equivocal worship rendered to her beauty, the various debasements to which pecuniary embarrassments had subjected her—(not without design on the part of the Count, who, though grasping, was not miserly, and who by precarious and seemingly capricious gifts at one time, and refusals of all aid at another, had involved her in debt in order to retain his hold on her)—so utterly painful and humiliating to a woman of her pride and her birth was the station that she held in the world—that in marriage she saw liberty, life, honour, self-redemption; and these thoughts, while they compelled her to co-operate with the schemes, by which the Count, on securing to himself a bride, was to bestow on herself a dower, also disposed her now to receive with favour Randal Leslie's pleadings on behalf of his friend.

The advocate saw that he had made an impression, and with the marvellous skill which his knowledge of those natures that engaged his study bestowed on his intelligence, he continued to improve his cause by such representations as were likely to be most effective. With what admirable tact he avoided panegyric of Frank as the mere individual, and drew him rather as the type, the ideal of what a woman in Beatrice's position might desire, in the safety, peace, and honour of a home, in the trust, and constancy, and honest confiding love of its partner! He did not paint an elysium; he described a haven; he did not glowingly delineate a hero of romance—he soberly portrayed that Representative of the Respectable and the Real which a woman turns to when romance begins to seem to her but delusion. Verily, if you could have looked into the heart of the person he addressed, and heard him speak, you would have cried admiringly, "Knowledge is power; and this man, if as able on a larger field of action, should play no mean part in the history of his time."

Slowly Beatrice roused herself from the reveries which crept over her as he spoke—slowly, and with a deep sigh, and said—

"Well, well, grant all you say; at least before I can listen to so honourable a love, I must be relieved from the base and sordid pressure that weighs on me. I cannot say to the man who woos me, 'Will you pay the debts of the daughter of Franzini, and the widow of di Negra?'"

"Nay, your debts, surely, make so slight a portion of your dowry."

"But the dowry has to be secured;" and here, turning the tables upon her companion, as the apt proverb expresses it, Madame di Negra extended her hand to Randal, and said in her most winning accents, "You are, then, truly and sincerely my friend?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"I prove that I do not, for I ask your assistance."

"Mine? How?"

"Listen; my brother has arrived in London—"

"I see that arrival announced in the papers."

"And he comes, empowered by the consent of the Emperor, to ask the hand of a relation and countrywoman of his; an alliance that will heal long family dissensions, and add to his own fortunes those of an heiress. My brother, like myself, has been extravagant. The dowry which by law he still owes me it would distress him to pay till this marriage be assured."

"I understand," said Randal. "But how can I aid this marriage?"

"By assisting us to discover the bride. She, with her father, sought refuge and concealment in England."

"The father had, then, taken part in some political disaffections, and was proscribed?"

"Exactly so; and so well has he concealed himself that he has baffled all our efforts to discover his retreat. My brother can obtain him his pardon in cementing this alliance—"

"Proceed."

"Ah Randal, Randal, is this the frankness of friendship? You know that I have before sought to obtain the secret of our relation's retreat—sought in vain to obtain it from Mr Egerton, who assuredly knows it—"

"But who communicates no secrets

to living man," said Randal, almost bitterly; "who, close and compact as iron, is as little malleable to me as to you."

"Pardon me. I know you so well that I believe you could attain to any secret you sought earnestly to acquire. Nay, more, I believe that you know already that secret which I ask you to share with me."

"What on earth makes you think so?"

"When, some weeks ago, you asked me to describe the personal appearance and manners of the exile, which I did partly from the recollections of my childhood, partly from the description given to me by others, I could not but notice your countenance, and remark its change; in spite," said the Marchesa, smiling, and watching Randal while she spoke—"in spite of your habitual self-command. And when I pressed you to own that you had actually seen some one who tallied with that description, your denial did not deceive me. Still more, when returning recently, of your own accord, to the subject, you questioned me so shrewdly as to my motives in seeking the clue to our refugees, and I did not then answer you satisfactorily, I could detect—"

"Ha, ha," interrupted Randal, with the low soft laugh by which occasionally he infringed upon Lord Chesterfield's recommendations to shun a merriment so natural as to be ill-bred,—*"ha, ha, you have the fault of all observers too minute and refined. But even granting that I may have seen some Italian exiles, (which is likely enough,) what could be more simple than my seeking to compare your description with their appearance; and granting that I might suspect some one amongst them to be the man you search for, what more simple, also, than that I should desire to know if you meant him harm or good in discovering his 'whereabout?'*" For ill," added Randal, with an air of prudery, "ill would it become me to betray, even to friendship, the retreat of one who would hide from persecution; and even if I did so—for honour itself is a weak safeguard against your fascinations—such indiscretion might be fatal to my future career."

"How?"

"Do you not say that Egerton knows the secret, yet will not communicate?—and is he a man who would ever forgive in me an imprudence that committed himself? My dear friend, I will tell you more. When Audley Egerton first noticed my growing intimacy with you, he said, with his usual dryness of counsel, 'Randal, I do not ask you to discontinue acquaintance with Madame di Negra—for an acquaintance with women like her forms the manners and refines the intellect; but charming women are dangerous, and Madame di Negra is—a charming woman.'"

The Marchesa's face flushed. Randal resumed: "'Your fair acquaintance' (I am still quoting Egerton) 'seeks to discover the home of a countryman of hers. She suspects that I know it. She may try to learn it through you. Accident may possibly give you the information she requires. Beware how you betray it. By one such weakness I should judge of your general character. He from whom a woman can extract a secret will never be fit for public life.' Therefore, my dear Marchesa, even supposing I possess this secret, you would be no true friend of mine to ask me to reveal what would imperil all my prospects. For as yet," added Randal, with a gloomy shade on his brow,—*"as yet I do not stand alone and erect—I lean;—I am dependent."*

"There may be a way," replied Madame di Negra, persisting, "to communicate this intelligence, without the possibility of Mr Egerton's tracing our discovery to yourself; and, though I will not press you further, I add this—You urge me to accept your friend's hand; you seem interested in the success of his suit, and you plead it with a warmth that shows how much you regard what you suppose is his happiness; I will never accept his hand till I can do so without blush for my penury—till my dowry is secured, and that can only be by my brother's union with the exile's daughter. For your friend's sake, therefore, think well how you can aid me in the first step to that alliance. The young lady once discovered, and my brother has no fear for the success of his suit."

"And you would marry Frank if the dower was secured?"

"Your arguments in his favour seem irresistible," replied Beatrice, looking down.

A flash went from Randal's eyes, and he mused a few moments.

Then slowly rising, and drawing on his gloves, he said—

"Well, at least you so far reconcile my honour towards aiding your research, that you now inform me you mean no ill to the exile."

"Ill!—the restoration to fortune, honours, his native land."

"And you so far enlist my heart on your side, that you inspire me with the hope to contribute to the happiness of two friends whom I dearly love. I will, therefore, diligently seek to ascertain if, among the refugees I have met with, lurk those whom you seek; and if so, I will thoughtfully

consider how to give you the clue. Meanwhile, not one incautious word to Egerton."

"Trust me—I am a woman of the world."

Randal now had gained the door. He paused, and renewed carelessly—

"This young lady must be heiress to great wealth, to induce a man of your brother's rank to take so much pains to discover her."

"Her wealth *will* be vast," replied the Marchesa; "and if anything from wealth or influence in a foreign state could be permitted to prove my brother's gratitude—"

"Ah, fie," interrupted Randal, and approaching Madame di Negra, he lifted her hand to his lips, and said gallantly,

"This is reward enough to your *preux chevalier*."

With those words he took his leave.

CHAPTER IV.

With his hands behind him, and his head drooping on his breast—slow, stealthy, noiseless, Randal Leslie glided along the streets on leaving the Italian's house. Across the scheme he had before revolved, there glanced another yet more glittering, for its gain might be more sure and immediate. If the exile's daughter were heiress to such wealth, might he himself hope——. He stopped short even in his own soliloquy, and his breath came quick. Now, in his last visit to Hazeldean, he had come in contact with Riccabocca, and been struck by the beauty of Violante. A vague suspicion had crossed him that these might be the persons of whom the Marchesa was in search, and the suspicion had been confirmed by Beatrice's description of the refugee she desired to discover. But as he had not then learned the reason for her inquiries, nor conceived the possibility that he could have any personal interest in ascertaining the truth, he had only classed the secret in question among those the farther research into which might be left to time and occasion. Certainly the reader will not do the unscrupulous intellect of Randal Leslie the injustice to suppose that he was deterred from confiding to his fair

friend all that he knew of Riccabocca, by the refinement of honour to which he had so chivalrously alluded. He had correctly stated Audley Egerton's warning against any indiscreet confidence, though he had forborne to mention a more recent and direct renewal of the same caution. His first visit to Hazeldean had been paid without consulting Egerton. He had been passing some days at his father's house, and had gone over thence to the Squire's. On his return to London, he had, however, mentioned this visit to Audley, who had seemed annoyed and even displeased at it, though Randal well knew sufficient of Egerton's character to know that such feelings could scarce be occasioned merely by his estrangement from his half brother. This dissatisfaction had, therefore, puzzled the young man. But as it was necessary to his views to establish intimacy with the Squire, he did not yield the point with his customary deference to his patron's whims. He, therefore, observed, that he should be very sorry to do anything displeasing to his benefactor, but that his father had been naturally anxious that he should not appear positively to slight the friendly overtures of Mr Hazeldean.

"Why naturally?" asked Egerton.

"Because you know that Mr Hazeldean is a relation of mine—that my grandmother was a Hazeldean."

"Ah!" said Egerton, who, as it has been before said, knew little, and cared less, about the Hazeldean pedigree, "I was either not aware of that circumstance, or had forgotten it. And your father thinks that the Squire may leave you a legacy?"

"Oh, sir, my father is not so mercenary—such an idea never entered his head. But the Squire himself has indeed said—'Why, if anything happened to Frank, you would be next heir to my lands, and therefore we ought to know each other.' But—"

"Enough," interrupted Egerton, "I am the last man to pretend to the right of standing between you and a single chance of fortune, or of aid to it. And whom did you meet at Hazeldean?"

"There was no one there, sir; not even Frank."

"Hum. Is the Squire not on good terms with his parson? Any quarrel about tithes?"

"Oh, no quarrel. I forgot Mr Dale; I saw him pretty often. He admires and praises you very much, sir."

"Me—and why? What did he say of me?"

"That your heart was as sound as your head; that he had once seen you about some old parishioners of his; and that he had been much impressed with a depth of feeling he could not have anticipated in a man of the world, and a statesman."

"Oh, that was all; some affair when I was member for Lansmere?"

"I suppose so."

Here the conversation had broken off; but the next time Randal was led to visit the Squire he had formally asked Egerton's consent, who, after a moment's hesitation, had as formally replied, "I have no objection."

On returning from this visit, Randal mentioned that he had seen Riccabocca; and Egerton, a little startled at first, said composedly, "Doubtless one of the political refugees; take care not to set Madame di Negra on his track. Remember, she is suspected of being a spy of the Austrian government."

"Rely on me, sir," said Randal; "but I should think this poor Doctor can scarcely be the person she seeks to discover."

"That is no affair of ours," answered Egerton; "we are English gentlemen, and make not a step towards the secrets of another."

Now, when Randal revolved this rather ambiguous answer, and recalled the uneasiness with which Egerton had first heard of his visit to Hazeldean, he thought that he was indeed near the secret which Egerton desired to conceal from him and from all—viz., the incognito of the Italian whom Lord l'Estrange had taken under his protection.

"My cards," said Randal to himself, as, with a deep-drawn sigh, he resumed his soliloquy, "are become difficult to play. On the one hand, to entangle Frank into marriage with this foreigner, the Squire could never forgive him. On the other hand, if she will not marry him without the dowry—and that depends on her brother's wedding this countrywoman—and that countrywoman be, as I surmise, Violante—and Violante be this heirless, and to be won by me! Tush, tush. Such delicate scruples in a woman so placed and so constituted as Beatrice di Negra, must be easily talked away. Nay, the loss itself of this alliance to her brother, the loss of her own dowry—the very pressure of poverty and debt—would compel her into the sole escape left to her option. I will then follow up the old plan; I will go down to Hazeldean, and see if there be any substance in the new one;—and then to reconcile both—aha—the House of Leslie shall rise yet from its ruin—and—"

Here he was startled from his reverie by a friendly slap on the shoulder, and an exclamation—"Why, Randal, you are more absent than when you used to steal away from the cricket ground, muttering Greek verses at Eton."

"My dear Frank," said Randal, "you—you are so brusque, and I was just thinking of you."

"Were you? And kindly, then, I am sure," said Frank Hazeldean, his honest handsome face lighted up with the unsuspecting genial trust of

friendship; "and heaven knows," he added, with a sadder voice, and a graver expression on his eye and lip—"heaven knows I want all the kindness you can give me!"

"I thought," said Randal, "that your father's last supply, of which I was fortunate enough to be the bearer, would clear off your more pressing debts. I don't pretend to preach, but really I must say once more, you should not be so extravagant."

FRANK, (seriously).—"I have done my best to reform. I have sold off my horses, and I have not touched dice nor card these six months: I would not even put into the raffle for the last Derby." This last was said with the air of a man who doubted the possibility of obtaining belief to some assertion of preternatural abstinence and virtue.

RANDAL.—"Is it possible? But, with such self-conquest, how is it that you cannot contrive to live within the bounds of a very liberal allowance?"

FRANK, (despondingly).—"Why, when a man once gets his head under water, it is so hard to float back again on the surface. You see, I attribute all my embarrassments to that first concealment of my debts from my father, when they could have been so easily met, and when he came up to town so kindly."

"I am sorry, then, that I gave you that advice."

"Oh you meant it so kindly, I don't reproach you; it was all my own fault."

"Why, indeed, I did urge you to pay off that moiety of your debts left unpaid, with your allowance. Had you done so, all had been well."

"Yes, but poor Borrowwell got into such a scrape at Goodwood; I could not resist him—a debt of honour, that must be paid; so when I signed another bill for him, he could not pay it, poor fellow: really he would have shot himself, if I had not renewed it; and now it is swelled to such an amount with that cursed interest, that he never can pay it; and one bill, of course, begets another, and to be renewed every three months; 'tis the devil and all! So little as I ever got for all I have borrowed," added Frank with a kind of rueful amaze. "Not £1500 ready money; and it would

cost me almost as much yearly,—if I had it."

"Only £1500."

"Well, besides seven large chests of the worst cigars you ever smoked; three pipes of wine that no one would drink, and a great bear, that had been imported from Greenland for the sake of its grease."

"That should at least have saved you a bill with your hairdresser."

"I paid his bill with it," said Frank, "and very good-natured he was to take the monster off my hands; it had already hugged two soldiers and one groom into the shape of a flounder. I tell you what," resumed Frank, after a short pause, "I have a great mind even now to tell my father honestly all my embarrassments."

RANDAL, (solemnly).—"Hum!"

FRANK.—"What? don't you think it would be the best way? I never can save enough—never can pay off what I owe; and it rolls like a snowball."

RANDAL.—"Judging by the Squire's talk, I think that with the first sight of your affairs you would forfeit his favour for ever; and your mother would be so shocked, especially after supposing that the sum I brought you so lately sufficed to pay off every claim on you. If you had not assured her of that, it might be different; but she who so hates an untruth, and who said to the Squire, 'Frank says this will clear him; and with all his faults, Frank never yet told a lie.'"

"Oh my dear mother!—I fancy I hear her!" cried Frank with deep emotion. "But I did not tell a lie, Randal; I did not say that that sum would clear me."

"You empowered and begged me to say so," replied Randal with grave coldness; "and don't blame me if I believed you."

"No, no! I only said it would clear me for the moment."

"I misunderstood you, then, sadly; and such mistakes involve my own honour. Pardon me, Frank; don't ask my aid in future. You see, with the best intentions I only compromise myself."

"If you forsake me, I may as well go and throw myself into the river," said Frank in a tone of despair; "and sooner or later my father must know my necessities. The Jews

threaten to go to him already; and the longer the delay, the more terrible the explanation."

"I don't see why your father should ever learn the state of your affairs; and it seems to me that you could pay off these usurers, and get rid of these bills, by raising money on comparatively easy terms—"

"How?" cried Frank eagerly.

"Why, the Casino property is entailed on you, and you might obtain a sum upon that, not to be paid till the property becomes yours."

"At my poor father's death? Oh, no—no! I cannot bear the idea of this cold-blooded calculation on a father's death. I know it is not uncommon; I know other fellows who have done it, but they never had parents so kind as mine; and even in them it shocked and revolted me. The contemplating a father's death and profiting by the contemplation,—it seems a kind of parricide—it is not natural, Randal. Besides, don't you remember what the governor said—he actually wept while he said it, 'Never calculate on my death; I could not bear that.' Oh, Randal, don't speak of it!"

"I respect your sentiments; but still all the post-obits you could raise could not shorten Mr Hazeldean's life by a day. However, dismiss that idea; we must think of some other device. Ha, Frank! you are a handsome fellow, and your expectations are great—why don't you marry some woman with money?"

"Pooh!" exclaimed Frank, colouring. "You know, Randal, that there is but one woman in the world I can ever think of, and I love her so devotedly, that, though I was as gay as most men before, I really feel as if the rest of her sex had lost every charm. I was passing through the street now,—merely to look up at her windows—"

"You speak of Madame di Negra? I have just left her. Certainly she is two or three years older than you; but if you can get over that misfortune, why not marry her?"

"Marry her!" cried Frank in amaze, and all his colour fled from his cheeks. "Marry her!—are you serious?"

"Why not?"

"But even if she, who is so accomplished, so admired—even if she would accept me, she is, you know, poorer than myself. She has told me so frankly. That woman has such a noble heart! and—and—my father would never consent, nor my mother either. I know they would not."

"Because she is a foreigner?"

"Yes—partly."

"Yet the Squire suffered his cousin to marry a foreigner."

"That was different. He had no control over Jemima; and a daughter-in-law is so different; and my father is so English in his notions; and Madame di Negra, you see, is altogether so foreign. Her very graces would be against her in his eyes."

"I think you do both your parents injustice. A foreigner of low birth—an actress or singer, for instance—of course would be highly objectionable; but a woman, like Madame di Negra, of such high birth and connections—"

Frank shook his head. "I don't think the governor would care a straw about her connections, if she were a king's daughter. He considers all foreigners pretty much alike. And then, you know"—Frank's voice sank into a whisper—"you know that one of the very reasons why she is so dear to me would be an insuperable objection to the old-fashioned folks at home."

"I don't understand you, Frank."

"I love her the more," said young Hazeldean, raising his front with a noble pride, that seemed to speak of his descent from a race of cavaliers and gentlemen—"I love her the more because the world has slandered her name—because I believe her to be pure and wronged. But would they at the hall—they who do not see with a lover's eyes—they who have all the stubborn English notions about the indecorum and license of Continental manners, and will so readily credit the worst?—Oh, no—I love—I cannot help it—but I have no hope."

"It is very possible that you may be right," exclaimed Randal, as if struck and half-convinced by his companion's argument—"very possible; and certainly I think that the homely folks at the Hall would fret and fume at first, if they heard you were married to Madame di Negra. Yet still, when your father learned

that you had done so, not from passion alone, but to save him from all pecuniary sacrifice—to clear yourself of debt—to—”

“What do you mean?” exclaimed Frank impatiently.

“I have reason to know that Madame di Negra will have as large a portion as your father could reasonably expect you to receive with any English wife. And when this is properly stated to the Squire, and the high position and rank of your wife fully established and brought home to him—for I must think that these would tell, despite your exaggerated notions of his prejudices—and then, when he really sees Madame di Negra, and can judge of her beauty and rare gifts, upon my word, I think, Frank, that there would be no cause for fear. After all, too, you are his only son. He will have no option but to forgive you; and I know how anxiously both your parents wish to see you settled in life.”

Frank's whole countenance became illuminated. “There is no one who understands the Squire like you, certainly,” said he, with lively joy. “He has the highest opinion of your judgment. And you really believe you could smooth matters?”

“I believe so, but I should be sorry to induce you to run any risk; and if, on cool consideration, you think that risk is incurred, I strongly advise you to avoid all occasion of seeing the poor Marchesa. Ah, you wince; but I say it for her sake as well as your own. First, you must be aware, that, unless you have serious thoughts of marriage, your attentions can but add to the very rumours that, equally groundless, you so feelingly resent; and, secondly, because I don't think any man has a right to win the affections of a woman—especially a woman who seems to me likely to love with her whole heart and soul—merely to gratify his own vanity.”

“Vanity! Good heavens, can you think so poorly of me? But as to the Marchesa's affection,” continued Frank, with a faltering voice, “do you really and honestly believe that they are to be won by me?”

“I fear lest they may be half won already,” said Randal with a smile and a shake of the head; “but she is

too proud to let you see any effect you may produce on her, especially when, as I take it for granted, you have never hinted at the hope of obtaining her hand.”

“I never till now conceived such a hope. My dear Randal, all my cares have vanished—I tread upon air—I have a great mind to call on her at once.”

“Stay, stay,” said Randal. “Let me give you a caution. I have just informed you that Madame di Negra will have, what you suspected not before, a fortune suitable to her birth; any abrupt change in your manner at present might induce her to believe that you were influenced by that intelligence.”

“Ah!” exclaimed Frank, stopping short, as if wounded to the quick. “And I feel guilty—feel as if I *was* influenced by that intelligence. So I am, too, when I reflect,” he continued, with a *naïveté* that was half pathetic; “but I hope she will not be very rich—if so, I'll not call.”

“Make your mind easy, it is but a portion of some twenty or thirty thousand pounds, that would just suffice to discharge all your debts, clear away all obstacle to your union, and in return for which you could secure a more than adequate jointure and settlement on the Casino property. Now I am on that head, I will be yet more communicative. Madame di Negra has a noble heart, as you say, and told me herself, that, until her brother on his arrival had assured her of this dowry, she would never have consented to marry you—never crippled with her own embarrassments the man she loves. Ah! with what delight she will hail the thought of assisting you to win back your father's heart! But be guarded, meanwhile. And now, Frank, what say you—would it not be well if I ran down to Hazeldean to sound your parents? It is rather inconvenient to me, to be sure, to leave town just at present; but I would do more than that to render you a smaller service. Yes, I'll go to Rood Hall to-morrow, and thence to Hazeldean. I am sure your father will press me to stay, and I shall have ample opportunities to judge of the manner in which he would be likely to regard your marriage with

Madame di Negra—supposing always it were properly put to him. We can then act accordingly."

"My dear, dear Randal. How can I thank you? If ever a poor fellow like me can serve you in return—but that's impossible."

"Why, certainly, I will never ask you to be security to a bill of mine," said Randal, laughing. "I practise the economy I preach."

"Ah!" said Frank, with a groan, "that is because your mind is cultivated—you have so many resources; and all my faults have come from idleness. If I had had anything to do on a rainy day, I should never have got into these scrapes."

"Oh! you will have enough to do some day managing your property. We who have no property must find one in knowledge. Adieu, my dear Frank; I must go home now. By the way, you have never, by chance, spoken of the Riccaboccas to Madame di Negra?"

"The Riccaboccas? No. That's well thought of. It may interest her to know that a relation of mine has married her countryman. Very odd that I never did mention it; but, to say truth, I really do talk so little to her; she is so superior, and I feel positively shy with her."

"Do me the favour, Frank," said Randal, waiting patiently till this reply ended—for he was devising all the time what reason to give for his request—"never to allude to the Riccaboccas either to her or to her brother, to whom you are sure to be presented."

"Why not allude to them?"

Randal hesitated a moment. His invention was still at fault, and, for a wonder, he thought it the best policy to go pretty near the truth.

"Why, I will tell you. The Marchesa conceals nothing from her brother, and he is one of the few Italians who are in high favour with the Austrian court."

"Well!"

"And I suspect that poor Dr Ric-

cabocca fled his country from some mad experiment at revolution, and is still hiding from the Austrian police."

"But they can't hurt him here," said Frank, with an Englishman's dogged inborn conviction of the sanctity of his native island. "I should like to see an Austrian pretend to dictate to us whom to receive and whom to reject."

"Hum—that's true and constitutional, no doubt; but Riccabocca may have excellent reasons—and, to speak plainly, I know he has, (perhaps as affecting the safety of friends in Italy,)—for preserving his incognito, and we are bound to respect those reasons without inquiring further."

"Still, I cannot think so meanly of Madame di Negra," persisted Frank, (shrewd here, though credulous elsewhere, and both from his sense of honour,) "as to suppose that she would descend to be a spy, and injure a poor countryman of her own, who trusts to the same hospitality she receives herself at our English hands. Oh, if I thought that, I could not love her!" added Frank, with energy.

"Certainly you are right. But see in what a false position you would place both her brother and herself. If they knew Riccabocca's secret, and proclaimed it to the Austrian government, as you say, it would be cruel and mean; but, if they knew it and concealed, it might involve them both in the most serious consequences. You know the Austrian policy is proverbially so jealous and tyrannical?"

"Well, the newspapers say so, certainly."

"And, in short, your discretion can do no harm, and your indiscretion may. Therefore, give me your word, Frank. I can't stay to argue now."

"I'll not allude to the Riccaboccas, upon my honour," answered Frank; "still, I am sure that they would be as safe with the Marchesa as with"—

"I rely on your honour," interrupted Randal hastily, and hurried off.

CHAPTER V.

Towards the evening of the following day, Randal Leslie walked slowly from a village in the main road, (about

two miles from Rood Hall,) at which he had got out of the coach. He passed through meads and corn-fields,

and by the skirts of woods which had formerly belonged to his ancestors, but had been long since alienated. He was alone amidst the haunts of his boyhood, the scenes in which he had first invoked the grand Spirit of Knowledge, to bid the Celestial Still One minister to the commands of an earthly and turbulent ambition. He paused often in his path, especially when the undulations of the ground gave a glimpse of the grey church tower, or the gloomy firs that rose above the desolate wastes of Rood.

"Here," thought Randal, with a softening eye—"here, how often, comparing the fertility of the lands passed away from the inheritance of my fathers, with the forlorn wilds that are left to their mouldering hall—here, how often have I said to myself—'I will rebuild the fortunes of my house.' And straightway Toil lost its aspect of drudge, and grew kingly, and books became as living armies to serve my thought. Again—again—O thou haughty Past, brace and strengthen me in the battle with the Future." His pale lips writhed as he soliloquised, for his conscience spoke to him while he thus addressed his will, and its voice was heard more audibly in the quiet of the rural landscape, than amidst the turmoil and din of that armed and sleepless camp which we call a city.

Doubtless, though Ambition have objects more vast and beneficent than the restoration of a name,—*that* in itself is high and chivalrous, and appeals to a strong interest in the human heart. But all emotions, and all ends, of a nobler character, had seemed to filter themselves free from every golden grain in passing through the mechanism of Randal's intellect, and came forth at last into egotism clear and unalloyed. Nevertheless, it is a strange truth that, to a man of cultivated mind, however perverted and vicious, there are vouchsafed gleams of brighter sentiments, irregular perceptions of moral beauty, denied to the brutal unreasoning wickedness of uneducated villany—which perhaps ultimately serve as his punishment—according to the old thought of the satirist, that there is no greater curse than to perceive virtue, yet adopt vice. And as the solitary schemer

walked slowly on, and his childhood—innocent at least of deed—came distinct before him through the halo of bygone dreams—dreams far purer than those from which he now rose each morning to the active world of Man—a profound melancholy crept over him, and suddenly he exclaimed aloud, "*Then* I aspired to be renowned and great—*now*, how is it that, so advanced in my career, all that seemed lofty in the means has vanished from me, and the only means that I contemplate are those which my childhood would have called poor and vile? Ah! is it that I then read but books, and now my knowledge has passed onward, and men contaminate more than books? But," he continued, in a lower voice, as if arguing with himself, "if power is only so to be won—and of what use is knowledge if it be not power—does not success in life justify all things? And who prizes the wise man if he fails?" He continued his way, but still the soft tranquillity around rebuked him, and still his reason was dissatisfied, as well as his conscience. There are times when Nature, like a bath of youth, seems to restore to the jaded soul its freshness—times from which some men have emerged, as if reborn. The crises of life are very silent. Suddenly the scene opened on Randal Leslie's eyes. The bare desert common—the dilapidated church—the old house, partially seen in the dank dreary hollow, into which it seemed to Randal to have sunken deeper and lowlier than when he saw it last. And on the common were some young men playing at hockey. That old-fashioned game, now very uncommon in England, except at schools, was still preserved in the primitive vicinity of Rood by the young yeomen and farmers. Randal stood by the stile and looked on, for among the players he recognised his brother Oliver. Presently the ball was struck towards Oliver, and the group instantly gathered round that young gentleman, and snatched him from Randal's eye; but the elder brother heard a displeasing din, a derisive laughter. Oliver had shrunk from the danger of the thick-clubbed sticks that piled around him, and received some stroke across the legs,

for his voice rose whining, and was drowned by shouts of, "Go to your mammy. That's Noll Leslie—all over. Butter shins."

Randal's sallow face became scarlet. "The jest of boors—a Leslie!" he muttered, and ground his teeth. He sprang over the stile, and walked erect and haughtily across the ground. The players cried out indignantly. Randal raised his hat, and they recognised him, and stopped the game. For him at least a certain respect was felt. Oliver turned round quickly, and ran up to him. Randal caught his arm firmly, and, without saying a word to the rest, drew him away towards the house. Oliver cast a regretful, lingering look behind him, rubbed his shins, and then stole a timid glance towards Randal's severe and moody countenance.

"You are not angry that I was playing at hockey with our neighbours," said he deprecatingly, observing that Randal would not break the silence.

"No," replied the elder brother; "but, in associating with his inferiors, a gentleman still knows how to maintain his dignity. There is no harm in playing with inferiors, but it is necessary to a gentleman to play so that he is not the laughing-stock of clowns."

Oliver hung his head, and made no answer. They came into the slovenly precincts of the court, and the pigs stared at them from the palings, as they had stared, years before, at Frank Hazeldean.

Mr Leslie senior, in a shabby straw hat, was engaged in feeding the chickens before the threshold, and he performed even that occupation with a maudering lack-a-daisical slothfulness, dropping down the grains almost one by one from his inert dreamy fingers.

Randal's sister, her hair still and for ever hanging about her ears, was seated on a rush-bottom chair, reading a tattered novel; and from the parlour window was heard the querulous voice of Mrs Leslie, in high fidget and complaint.

Somehow or other, as the young heir to all this helpless poverty stood in the courtyard, with his sharp, refined, intelligent features, and his

strange elegance of dress and aspect, one better comprehended how, left solely to the egotism of his knowledge and his ambition, in such a family, and without any of the sweet nameless lessons of Home, he had grown up into such close and secret solitude of soul—how the mind had taken so little nutriment from the heart, and how that affection and respect which the warm circle of the hearth usually calls forth had passed with him to the graves of dead fathers, growing, as it were, bloodless and ghoul-like amidst the charnels on which they fed.

"Ha, Randal, boy," said Mr Leslie, looking up lazily, "how d'ye do? Who could have expected you? My dear—my dear," he cried, in a broken voice, and as if in helpless dismay, "here's Randal, and he'll be wanting dinner, or supper, or something." But, in the meanwhile, Randal's sister Juliet had sprung up and thrown her arms round her brother's neck, and he had drawn her aside caressingly, for Randal's strongest human affection was for this sister.

"You are growing very pretty, Juliet," said he, smoothing back her hair; "why do yourself such injustice—why not pay more attention to your appearance, as I have so often begged you to do?"

"I did not expect you, dear Randal; you always come so suddenly, and catch us *en dish-a-bill*."

"Dish-a-bill!" echoed Randal, with a groan. "*Dishabille*!—you ought never to be so caught!"

"No one else does so catch us—nobody else ever comes! Heigho," and the young lady sighed very heartily.

"Patience, patience; my day is coming, and then yours, my sister," replied Randal with genuine pity, as he gazed upon what a little care could have trained into so fair a flower, and what now looked so like a weed.

Here Mrs Leslie, in a state of intense excitement—having rushed through the parlour—leaving a fragment of her gown between the yawning brass of the never-mended Brummagem work-table—tore across the hall—whirled out of the door, scattering the chickens to the right and left, and clutched hold of Randal in her motherly embrace. "La, how you do shake my nerves,"

she cried, after giving him a most hasty and uncomfortable kiss. "And you are hungry too, and nothing in the house but cold mutton! Jenny, Jenny, I say Jenny! Juliet, have you seen Jenny? Where's Jenny? Out with the odd man, I'll be bound."

"I am not hungry, mother," said Randal; "I wish for nothing but tea." Juliet, scrambling up her hair, darted into the house to prepare the tea, and also to "tidy herself." She dearly loved her fine brother, but she was greatly in awe of him.

Randal seated himself on the broken pales. "Take care they don't come down," said Mr Leslie with some anxiety.

"Oh, sir, I am very light; nothing comes down with me."

The pigs stared up, and grunted in amaze at the stranger.

"Mother," said the young man, detaining Mrs Leslie, who wanted to set off in chase of Jenny—"mother, you should not let Oliver associate with those village boors. It is time to think of a profession for him."

"Oh, he eats us out of house and home—such an appetite! But as to a profession—what is he fit for! He will never be a scholar."

Randal nodded a moody assent; for, indeed, Oliver had been sent to Cambridge, and supported there out of Randal's income from his official pay;—and Oliver had been plucked for his Little Go.

"There is the army," said the elder brother—"a gentleman's calling. How handsome Juliet ought to be—but—I left money for masters—and she pronounces French like a chambermaid."

"Yet she is fond of her book too. She's always reading, and good for nothing else."

"Reading!—those trashy novels!"

"So like you—you always come to scold, and make things unpleasant," said Mrs Leslie peevishly. "You are grown too fine for us, and I am sure we suffer affronts enough from others, not to want a little respect from our own children."

"I did not mean to affront you," said Randal sadly. "Pardon me. But who else has done so?"

Then Mrs Leslie went into a minute and most irritating catalogue of all

the mortifications and insults she had received; the grievances of a petty provincial family, with much pretension and small power; of all people, indeed, without the disposition to please—without the ability to serve—who exaggerate every offence, and are thankful for no kindness. Farmer Jones had insolently refused to send his waggon twenty miles for coals. Mr Giles, the butcher, requesting the payment of his bill, had stated that the custom at Rood was too small for him to allow credit. Squire Thornhill, who was the present owner of the fairest slice of the old Leslie domains, had taken the liberty to ask permission to shoot over Mr Leslie's land, since Mr Leslie did not preserve.

Lady Spratt (new people from the city, who hired a neighbouring country seat) had taken a discharged servant of Mrs Leslie's without applying for the character. The Lord-Lieutenant had given a ball, and had not invited the Leslies. Mr Leslie's tenants had voted against their landlord's wish at the recent election. More than all, Squire Hazeldean and his Harry had called at Rood, and though Mrs Leslie had screamed out to Jenny, "Not at home," she had been seen at the window, and the Squire had actually forced his way in, and caught the whole family "in a state not fit to be seen." That was a trifle, but the Squire had presumed to instruct Mr Leslie how to manage his property, and Mrs Hazeldean had actually told Juliet to hold up her head and tie up her hair, "as if we were her cottagers!" said Mrs Leslie with the pride of a Montfrydget.

All these and various other annoyances, though Randal was too sensible not to perceive their insignificance, still galled and mortified the listening heir of Rood. They showed, at least, even to the well-meant officiousness of the Hazeldeans, the small account in which the fallen family was held. As he sat still on the moss-grown pale, gloomy and taciturn, his mother standing beside him, with her cap awry, Mr Leslie shamefully sauntered up, and said in a pensive, dolorous whine—

"I wish we had a good sum of money, Randal, boy!"

To do Mr Leslie justice, he seldom gave vent to any wish that savoured of avarice. His mind must be singularly aroused, to wander out of its normal limits of sluggish, dull content.

So Randal looked at him in surprise, and said, "Do you, sir?—why?"

"The manors of Rood and Dulmansberry, and all the lands therein, which my great-grandfathersold away, are to be sold again when Squire Thornhill's eldest son comes of age, to cut off the entail. Sir John Spratt talks of buying them. I should like to have them back again! 'Tis a shame to see the Leslie estates hawked about, and bought by Spratts and people. I wish I had a great—great sum of ready-money."

The poor gentleman extended his helpless fingers as he spoke, and fell into a dejected reverie.

Randal sprang from the paling, a movement which frightened the contemplative pigs, and set them off squalling and scampering. "When does young Thornhill come of age?"

"He was nineteen last August. I know it, because the day he was born I picked up my fossil of the sea-horse, just by Dulmansberry church, when the joy-bells were ringing. My fossil sea-horse! It will be an heirloom, Randal—"

"Two years—nearly two years—yet—ah, ah!" said Randal; and his sister now appearing to announce that tea was ready, he threw his arm round her neck and kissed her. Juliet had arranged her hair and trimmed up her dress. She looked very pretty, and she had now the air of a gentlewoman—something of Randal's own refinement in her

slender proportions and well-shaped head.

"Be patient, patient still, my dear sister," whispered Randal, "and keep your heart whole for two years longer."

The young man was gay and good-humoured over his simple meal, while his family grouped round him. When it was over, Mr Leslie lighted his pipe, and called for his brandy and water. Mrs Leslie began to question about London and Court, and the new King and the new Queen, and Mr Audley Egerton, and hoped Mr Egerton would leave Randal all his money, and that Randal would marry a rich woman, and that the King would make him a prime-minister one of these days; and then she should like to see if Farmer Jones would refuse to send his waggon for coals! And every now and then, as the word "riches" or "money" caught Mr Leslie's ear, he shook his head, drew his pipe from his mouth, and muttered, "A Spratt should not have what belonged to my great-great-grandfather. If I had a good sum of ready-money!—the old family estates!" Oliver and Juliet sate silent, and on their good behaviour; and Randal, indulging his own reveries, dreamily heard the words "money," "Spratt," "great - great - grandfather," "rich wife," "family estates;" and they sounded to him vague and afar off, like whispers from the world of romance and legend—weird prophecies of things to be.

Such was the hearth which warmed the viper that nestled and gnawed at the heart of Randal, poisoning all the aspirations that youth should have rendered pure, ambition lofty, and knowledge beneficent and divine.

CHAPTER VI.

When the rest of the household were in deep sleep, Randal stood long at his open window, looking over the dreary, comfortless scene—the moon gleaming from skies half-autumnal, half-wintery, upon squalid decay, through the ragged fissures of the firs; and when he lay down to rest, his sleep was feverish, and troubled by turbulent dreams.

However, he was up early, and with an unwonted colour in his cheeks, which his sister ascribed to the country air. After breakfast, he took his way towards Hazeldean, mounted upon a tolerable horse, which he hired of a neighbouring farmer who occasionally hunted. Before noon, the garden and terrace of the Casino came in sight. He reined in his horse, and by the

little fountain at which Leonard had been wont to eat his radishes and con his book, he saw Riccabocca seated under the shade of the red umbrella. And by the Italian's side stood a form that a Greek of old might have deemed the Naiad of the Fount; for in its youthful beauty there was something so full of poetry—something at once so sweet and so stately—that it spoke to the imagination while it charmed the sense.

Randal dismounted, tied his horse

to the gate, and, walking down a trellised alley, came suddenly to the spot. His dark shadow fell over the clear mirror of the fountain just as Riccabocca had said, "All here is so secure from evil!—the waves of the fountain are never troubled like those of the river!" and Violante had answered in her soft native tongue, and lifting her dark, spiritual eyes—"But the fountain would be but a lifeless pool, oh my father, if the spray did not mount towards the skies!"

THE MASTER THIEF.

A NORSE POPULAR TALE.

On a gloomy autumn evening I sat alone with the "proprietor," to whose children I was then tutor, in his country house, about twenty miles from Christiania. Out of doors something was falling which was neither rain, nor snow, nor sleet, but a mixture of all three; and inside, in the "proprietor's" parlour, the lights burned so sluggishly, that no other objects were discernible through the haze than a corner cupboard, filled with Chinese nick-nacks, a great mirror in an old-fashioned gilt frame, and a hereditary tankard, the reward of one of the proprietor's ancestors for service rendered to the state. That worthy individual had nestled himself into one corner of the sofa, where he pored over the proof-sheets of his pamphlet, entitled, "*A few Patriotic Expressions for the Country's Good; by an Anonymous Writer.*"

While brooding over this gold mine of his own ideas he gave birth to many sagacious thoughts, which, from time to time, with a twinkle of his grey eyes, he threw out for my edification, as I sat and tried to read in the other corner of the sofa. After a while, warming with his theme, he poured out a host of "patriotic expressions" and opinions, worthy of all respect, but of which nothing save the pamphlet quoted above, or his great *Treatise on Tithe*, can give an adequate idea. I am ashamed to own that all this wisdom was lost upon me. I knew it all by heart, for I had

heard the same story forty times at least before. I am not gifted with a patience of Indian-rubber; but what could I do? Retreat to my own room was impossible, for it had been scoured for Sunday, and was full of reek and damp. So, after some fruitless attempts to bury myself in my book, I was forced to give in, and to suffer myself to be carried along in the troubled stream of the proprietor's eloquence. Of course he dilated on questions of profound national importance, which he furbished up with all sorts of cut-and-dried figures of speech. He was now fairly on his hobby, and rose rapidly to the seventh heaven. He stood up and gesticulated; then he strode up and down, and his grey dressing-gown described streaming circles behind him, as he turned short round, and limped backwards and forwards on his spindle-shanks,—for, like Tyrtæus, the proprietor had a strong halt. The candles flared, flickered, and guttered, as he passed triumphantly by the table on which they stood; and his winged words sung in my ears like humble-bees when the linden-trees are in bloom. Off he went on "Class Legislation" and "Judicial Reform," on "Corn Laws and Free Trade," on "Native Industry and Centralisation," on the "Victorious progress of Ideas," and the "Insufficiency of our Circulating Medium," on "Bureaucracy," and the "Aristocracy of Office," till he bid fair to exhaust all the

cracies, *archies*, and *isms* that ever existed, from King Solomon to the present time.

Mortal man could hold out no longer, and I was just on the point of bursting out into a roar of laughter in the worthy proprietor's face, when peal after peal of laughter resounded from the kitchen, and came to my rescue. It was Christian the blacksmith who had the word in that quarter of the house, and when he ceased speaking, repeated roars of mirth followed.

"I'll just go out and hear some of the smith's stories," I cried as I ran out, leaving the proprietor behind in the parlour with the dull candles and his drowsy current of thought.

"Children's prate and lying stories," growled the proprietor as I shut the door. "People of intelligence should be ashamed to listen to them; but well-meant patriotic expressions—" The rest was lost upon me.

Light and life and mirth streamed forth in the high and airy hall; on the hearth blazed a pile of logs, which threw a strong light into the furthest nook. In the chimney-corner sat enthroned the proprietor's house-keeper with her spinning-wheel; and though for many years she had had hard struggles with the rheumatism, and barricaded the enemy out with a multitude of undercoats and kirtles, throwing over all, as an outwork, a huge grey woollen wrapper, yet her face shone under her plaited cap like the full moon. At her feet lay the proprietor's children laughing and

cracking nuts; while round about sat a circle of maids and workmen's wives, who trode their spinning-wheels with busy feet, or plied the noisy carding-comb. In the entrance the threshers shook off the snow from their feet, and stepping in with icicles in their hair, sat down at the long table, where the cook served up to them their supper—a bowl of milk and a dish of close-pressed porridge. Against the high chimney-piece leant the smith, who smoked tobacco from a short pipe, and whose face, while it showed traces of the smithy, bore an expression of dry humour, which testified that he had been telling a good story, and telling it well.

"Good afternoon, smith," said I; "what story have you been telling which aroused so much laughter?"

"Ha, ha!" shouted the boys, "Christian has been telling us all about the 'Devil and the Smith,' and how the smith got the fiend into a hazel-nut; and now he's going to tell us about the Master Thief, and how he won the Squire's daughter."

"Well, don't let me stop the story, smith," I replied, only too glad to escape for a while from the proprietor with his "Patriotic Expressions," his "Corn Laws and Free Trade," his "Circulating Mediums and Bureaucracies," and to refresh myself with hearing one of these old national tales, told in a simple childish way by one of the people.

So after one or two long-drawn puffs, the Smith began

THE MASTER THIEF.

Once upon a time there was a poor cottager who had three sons. He had nothing to leave them when he died, and no money with which to put them to any trade, so that he did not know what to make of them. At last he said he would give them leave to take to anything each liked best, and to go whithersoever they pleased, and he would go with them a bit of the way; and so he did. He went with them till they came to a place where three roads met, and there each of them chose a road, and their father bade them good-bye, and went

back home. I have never heard tell what became of the two elder; but as for the youngest, he went both far and long, as you shall hear.

So it fell out one night as he was going through a great wood that such bad weather overtook him. It blew and drizzled so that he could scarce keep his eyes open; and in a trice, before he knew how it was, he got bewildered, and could not find either road or path. But as he went on and on, at last he saw a glimmering of light far far off in the wood. So he thought he would try and get to the light;

and after a time he did reach it. There it was in a large house, and the fire was blazing so brightly inside that he could tell the folk had not yet gone to bed; so he went in and saw an old dame bustling about and minding the house.

"Good evening," said the youth.

"Good evening," said the old dame.

"Hutetu! it's such foul weather out of doors to-night," said he.

"So it is," said she.

"Can I get leave to have a bed and shelter here to-night?" asked the youth.

"You'll get no good by sleeping here," said the old dame; "for if the folk come home and find you here, they'll kill both me and you."

"What sort of folk, then, are they who live here?" asked the youth.

"Oh, robbers! And such a bad lot of them too," said the old dame.

"They stole me away when I was little, and have kept me as their housekeeper ever since."

"Well, for all that, I think I'll just go to bed," said the youth. "Come what may, I'll not stir out at night in such weather."

"Very well," said the old dame; "but if you stay it will be the worse for you."

With that the youth got into a bed which stood there, but he dared not go to sleep, and very soon after in came the robbers; so the old dame told them how a stranger fellow had come in whom she had not been able to get out of the house again.

"Did you see if he had any money?" said the robbers.

"Such a one as he money!" said the old dame, "the tramper! Why, if he had clothes to his back, it was as much as he had."

Then the robbers began to talk among themselves what they should do with him; if they should kill him outright, or what else they should do. Meantime the youth got up and began to talk to them, and to ask if they did not want a servant, for it might be that he would be glad to enter into their service.

"Oh," said they, "if you have a mind to follow the trade that we follow, you can very well get a place here."

"It's all one to me what trade I follow," said the youth; "for when I

left home, father gave me leave to take to any trade I chose."

"Well, have you a mind to steal?" asked the robbers.

"I don't care," said the youth, for he thought it would not take long to learn that trade.

Now there lived a man a little way off who had three oxen. One of these he was to take to the town to sell, and the robbers had heard what he was going to do, so they said to the youth, that if he were good to steal the ox from the man by the way without his knowing it, and without doing him any harm, they would give him leave to be their serving man.

Well! the youth set off, and took with him a pretty shoe, with a silver buckle on it, which lay about the house; and he put the shoe in the road along which the man was going with his ox; and when he had done that, he went into the wood and hid himself under a bush. So when the man came by he saw the shoe at once.

"That's a nice shoe," said he. "If I only had the fellow to it, I'd take it home with me, and perhaps I'd put my old dame into a good humour for once." For you must know that he had an old wife, so cross and snappish that it was not long between each time that she boxed his ears. But then he bethought him that he could do nothing with the odd shoe unless he had the fellow to it; so he went on his way and let the shoe lie on the road.

Then the youth took up the shoe, and made all the haste he could to get before the man by a short cut through the wood, and laid it down before him in the road again. When the man came along with his ox he got quite angry with himself for being so stupid as to leave the fellow to the shoe lying in the road instead of taking it with him; so he tied the ox to the fence, and said to himself, "I may just as well run back and pick up the other, and then I'll have a pair of good shoes for my old dame, and so, perhaps, I'll get a kind word from her for once."

So he set off, and hunted and hunted up and down for the shoe, but no shoe did he find; and at length he had to go back with the one he had. But, meanwhile, the youth had

taken the ox and gone off with it; and when the man came and saw that his ox was gone, he began to cry and bewail, for he was afraid that his old dame would kill him outright when she came to know that the ox was lost. But just then it came across his mind that he would go home and take the second ox, and drive it to the town, and not let the old dame know anything about the matter. So he did this, and went home and took the ox without his dame's knowing it, and set off with it to the town. But the robbers knew all about it, and they said to the youth, if he could get this ox too, without the man's knowing it, and without his doing him any harm, he should be as good as any one of them. If that were all, the youth said, he did not think it a very hard thing.

This time he took with him a rope, and hung himself up under the arm-pits to a tree right in the man's way. So the man came along with his ox, and when he saw such a sight hanging there he began to feel a little queer.

"Well," said he, "whatever heavy thoughts you had who have hanged yourself up there, it can't be helped; you may hang for what I care! I can't breathe life into you again;" and with that he went on his way with his ox. Down slipped the youth from the tree, and ran by a footpath, and got before the man, and hung himself up right in his way again.

"Bless me!" said the man, "were you really so heavy at heart that you hanged yourself up there—or is it only a piece of witchcraft that I see before me? Ay, ay! you may hang for all I care, whether you are a ghost or whatever you are." So he passed on with his ox.

Now the youth did just as he had done twice before; he jumped down from the tree, ran through the wood by a footpath, and hung himself up right in the man's way again. But when the man saw this sight for the third time, he said to himself,—

"Well! this is an ugly business! Is it likely now that they should have been so heavy at heart as to hang themselves, all these three? No! I cannot think that it is any-

thing else than a piece of witchcraft that I see. But now I'll soon know for certain: if the other two are still hanging there, it must be really so; but if they are not, then it can be nothing but witchcraft that I see."

So he tied up his ox, and ran back to see if the others were still really hanging there. But while he went and peered up into all the trees, the youth jumped down and took his ox and ran off with it. When the man came back and found his ox gone, he was in a sad plight, and, as any one might know without being told, he began to cry and bemoan; but at last he came to take it easier, and so he thought—

"There's no other help for it than to go home and take the third ox without my dame's knowing it, and to try and drive a good bargain with it, so that I may get a good sum of money for it."

So he went home and set off with the ox, and his old dame knew never a word about the matter. But the robbers, they knew all about it, and they said to the youth, that, if he could steal this ox as he had stolen the other two, then he should be master over the whole band. Well, the youth set off, and ran into the wood; and as the man came by with his ox he set up a dreadful bellowing, just like a great ox in the wood. When the man heard that, you can't think how glad he was, for it seemed to him that he knew the voice of his big bullock, and he thought that now he should find both of them again; so he tied up the third ox, and ran off from the road to look for them in the wood; but meantime the youth went off with the third ox. Now, when the man came back and found he had lost this ox too, he was so wild that there was no end to his grief. He cried and roared and beat his breast, and, to tell the truth, it was many days before he dared go home; for he was afraid lest his old dame should kill him outright on the spot.

As for the robbers, they were not very well pleased either, when they had to own that the youth was master over the whole band. So one day they thought they would try their hands at something which he

was not man enough to do; and they set off all together, every man Jack of them, and left him alone at home. Now, the first thing that he did when they were all well clear of the house, was to drive the oxen out to the road, so that they might run back to the man from whom he had stolen them; and right glad he was to see them, as you may fancy. Next he took all the horses which the robbers had, and loaded them with the best things he could lay his hands on—gold and silver, and clothes and other fine things; and then he bade the old dame to greet the robbers when they came back, and to thank them for him, and to say that now he was setting off on his travels, and that they would have hard work to find him again; and with that, off he started.

After a good bit he came to the road along which he was going when he fell among the robbers; and when he got near home, and could see his father's cottage, he put on a uniform which he had found among the clothes he had taken from the robbers, and which was made just like a general's. So he drove up to the door as if he were any other great man. After that he went in and asked if he could have a lodging? No; that he couldn't at any price.

"How ever should I be able," said the man, "to make room in my house for such a fine gentleman—I who scarce have a rag to lie upon, and miserable rags too?"

"You were always a stingy old hunk," said the youth, "and so you are still, when you won't take your own son in."

"What, you my son!" said the man.

"Don't you know me again?" said the youth. Well, after a little while he did know him again.

"But what have you been turning your hand to, that you have made yourself so great a man in such haste?" asked the man.

"Oh, I'll soon tell you," said the youth. "You said I might take to any trade I chose, and so I bound myself apprentice to some thieves and robbers, and now I've served my time out, and am become a Master Thief."

Now there lived a Squire close by to his father's cottage, and he had such a great house, and such heaps of money, that he could not tell how much he had. He had a daughter too, and a smart and pretty girl she was. So the Master Thief set his heart upon having her to wife; and he told his father to go to the Squire and ask for his daughter for him.

"If he asks by what trade I get my living, you can say I am a Master Thief."

"I think you've lost your wits," said the man, "for you can't be in your right mind when you think of such nonsense."

No! he had not lost his wits; his father must and should go up to the Squire and ask for his daughter.

"Nay, but I tell you, I daren't go to the Squire and be your spokesman; he who is so rich, and has so much money," said the man.

Yes, there was no help for it, said the Master Thief; he should go whether he would or no; and if he did not go by fair means, he would soon make him go by foul. But the man was still loath to go; so he stepped after him, and rubbed him down with a good birch cudgel, and kept on till the man came crying and sobbing inside the Squire's door.

How now, my man! What ails you? said the Squire.

So he told him the whole story; how he had three sons who set off one day, and how he had given them leave to go whithersoever they would, and to follow whatever calling they chose. "And here now is the youngest come home, and has beaten me till he has made me come to you and ask for your daughter for him to wife; and he bids me say, besides, that he is a Master Thief." And so he fell to crying and sobbing again.

"Never mind, my man," said the Squire, laughing; "just go back and tell him from me, that he must prove his skill first. If he can steal the roast from the spit in the kitchen on Sunday, while all the household are looking after it, he shall have my daughter. Just go and tell him that."

So he went back and told the youth, who thought it would be an easy job. So he set about and

caught three hares alive, and put them into a bag, and dressed himself in some old rags, until he looked so poor and filthy that it made one's heart bleed to see; and then he sneaked into the passage at the back-door of the Squire's house on the Sunday forenoon, with his bag, just like any other beggar-boy. But the Squire himself and all his household were in the kitchen watching the roast. Just as they were doing this, the youth let one hare go, and it set off and ran round and round the yard in front of the house.

"Oh, just look at that hare!" said the folk in the kitchen, and were all for running out to catch it.

Yes, the Squire saw it running too. "Oh, let it run," said he; "there's no use in thinking to catch a hare by running after it."

A little while after, the youth let the second hare go, and they saw it in the kitchen, and thought it was the same they had seen before, and still wanted to run out and catch it; but the Squire said again it was no use. It was not long before the youth let the third hare go, and it set off and ran round and round the yard as the others before it. Now, they saw it from the kitchen, and still thought it was the same hare that kept on running about, and were all eager to be out after it.

"Well, it is a fine hare," said the Squire; "come, let's see if we can't lay our hands on it."

So out he ran, and the rest with him—away they all went, the hare before, and they after; so that it was rare fun to see. But meantime the youth took the roast and ran off with it; and where the Squire got a roast for his dinner that day I don't know; but one thing I know, and that is, that he had no roast hare, though he ran after it till he was both warm and weary.

Now it chanced that the Priest came to dinner that day, and when the Squire told him what a trick the Master Thief had played him, he made such game of him that there was no end to it.

"For my part," said the Priest, "I can't think how it could ever happen to me to be made such a fool of by a fellow like that."

"Very well—only keep a sharp look-out," said the Squire; "maybe he'll come to see you before you know a word of it." But the Priest stuck to his text,—that he did, and made game of the Squire because he had been so taken in.

Later in the afternoon came the Master Thief, and wanted to have the Squire's daughter, as he had given his word. But the Squire began to talk him over, and said, "Oh, you must first prove your skill a little more; for what you did to-day was no great thing, after all. Couldn't you now play off a good trick on the Priest, who is sitting in there, and making game of me for letting such a fellow as you twist me round his thumb."

"Well, as for that, it wouldn't be hard," said the Master Thief. So he dressed himself up like a bird, threw a great white sheet over his body, took the wings of a goose and tied them to his back, and so climbed up into a great maple which stood in the Priest's garden. And when the Priest came home in the evening, the youth began to bawl out—

"Father Laurence! Father Laurence!"—for that was the Priest's name.

"Who is that calling me?" said the Priest.

"I am an angel," said the Master Thief, "sent from God to let you know that you shall be taken up alive into heaven for your piety's sake. Next Monday you must hold yourself ready for the journey, for I shall come then to fetch you in a sack; and all your gold and your silver, and all that you have of this world's goods, you must lay together in a heap in your dining-room."

Well, Father Laurence fell on his knees before the angel, and thanked him; and the very next day he preached a farewell sermon, and expounded how there had come down an angel unto the big maple in his garden, who had told him that he was to be taken up alive into heaven for his piety's sake; and he preached and made such a touching discourse, that all who were at church wept, both young and old.

So the Monday after came the Master Thief like an angel again, and

the Priest fell on his knees and thanked him before he was put into the sack; but when he had got him well in, the Master Thief drew and dragged him over stocks and stones.

"Ow! ow!" groaned the Priest inside the sack, "wherever are we going!"

"This is the narrow way which leadeth unto the kingdom of heaven," said the Master Thief, who went on dragging him along till he had nearly broken every bone in his body. At last he tumbled him into a goose-house that belonged to the Squire, and the geese began pecking and pinching him with their bills, so that he was more dead than alive.

"Now you are in the flames of purgatory, to be cleansed and purified for life everlasting," said the Master Thief; and with that he went his way, and took all the gold and silver, and all the fine things which the Priest had laid together in his dining-room. The next morning, when the goose-girl came to let the geese out, she heard how the priest lay in the sack and bemoaned himself in the goose-house.

"In heaven's name, who's there, and what ails you?" she cried. "Oh!" said the Priest, "if you are an angel from heaven, do let me out, and let me return again to earth, for it is worse here than in hell. The little fiends keep on pinching me with tongs."

"God help us, I am no angel at all," said the girl as she helped the Priest out of the sack; "I only look after the Squire's geese, and like enough they are the little fiends which have pinched your reverence."

"Oh!" groaned the Priest, "this is all that Master Thief's doing. Ah! my gold and my silver, and my fine clothes." And he beat his breast, and hobbled home at such a rate that the girl thought he had lost his wits all at once.

Now when the Squire came to hear how it had gone with the Priest, and how he had been along the narrow way, and into purgatory, he laughed till he wellnigh split his sides. But when the Master Thief came and asked for his daughter as he had promised, the Squire put him off again, and said—

"You must do one masterpiece better still, that I may see plainly what you are fit for. Now I have twelve horses in my stable, and on them I will put twelve grooms, one on each. If you are so good a thief as to steal the horses from under them, I'll see what I can do for you."

"Very well, I daresay I can do it," said the Master Thief; "but shall I really have your daughter if I can?"

"Yes, if you can, I'll do my best for you," said the Squire.

So the Master Thief set off to a shop, and bought brandy enough to fill two pocket-flasks, and into one of them he put a sleepy drink, but into the other only brandy. After that he hired eleven men to lie in wait at night, behind the Squire's stableyard; and last of all, for fair words and a good bit of money, he borrowed a ragged gown and cloak from an old woman; and so, with a staff in his hand and a bundle at his back, he limped off, as evening drew on, towards the Squire's stable. Just as he got there they were watering the horses for the night, and had their hands full of work.

"What the devil do you want?" said one of the grooms to the old woman.

"Oh, oh! hutetu! it is so bitter cold," said she, and shivered and shook, and made wry faces. "Hutetu! it is so cold, a poor wretch may easily freeze to death;" and with that she fell to shivering and shaking again.

"Oh! for the love of heaven, can I get leave to stay here a while, and sit inside the stable door?"

"To the devil with your leave," said one. "Pack yourself off this minute, for if the Squire sets his eye on you he'll lead us a pretty dance."

"Oh! the poor old bag-of-bones," said another, who seemed to take pity on her, "the old hag may sit inside and welcome; such a one as she can do no harm."

And the rest said, some she should stay, and some she shouldn't; but while they were quarrelling and minding the horses, she crept further and further into the stable, till at last she sat herself down behind the door; and when she had got so far, no one gave any more heed to her.

As the night wore on, the men

found it rather cold work to sit so still and quiet on horseback.

"Hutetu! it is so devilish cold," said one, and beat his arms cross-wise.

"That it is," said another. "I freeze so, that my teeth chatter."

"If one only had a quid to chew," said a third.

Well! there was one who had an ounce or two; so they shared it between them, though it wasn't much, after all, that each got; and so they chewed and spat, and spat and chewed. This helped them somewhat; but in a little while they were just as bad as ever.

"Hutetu!" said one, and shivered and shook.

"Hutetu!" said the old woman, and shivered so, that every tooth in her head chattered. Then she pulled out the flask with brandy in it, and her hand shook so that the spirit splashed about in the flask, and then she took such a gulp, that it went "bop" in her throat.

"What is that you've got in your flask, old girl?" said one of the grooms.

"Oh! it's only a drop of brandy, old man," said she.

"Brandy! Well, I never! Do let me have a drop," screamed the whole twelve, one after another.

"Oh! but it is such a little drop," mumbled the old woman, "it will not even wet your mouths round." But they must and would have it; there was no help for it; and so she pulled out the flask with the sleeping drink in it, and put it to the first man's lips; then she shook no more, but guided the flask so that each of them got what he wanted, and the twelfth had not done drinking before the first sat and snored. Then the Master Thief threw off his beggar's rags, and took one groom after the other so softly off their horses, and set them astride on the beams between the stalls; and so he called his eleven men, and rode off with the Squire's twelve horses.

But when the Squire got up in the morning, and went to look after his grooms, they had just begun to come to; and some of them fell to spurring the beams with their spurs, till the *splinters flew again*, and some fell off,

and some still hung on and sat there looking like fools.

"Ho! ho!" said the Squire; "I see very well who has been here; but as for you, a pretty set of blockheads you must be to sit here and let the Master Thief steal the horses from between your legs."

So they all got a good leathering because they had not kept a sharper look-out.

Further on in the day came the Master Thief again, and told how he had managed the matter, and asked for the Squire's daughter, as he had promised; but the Squire gave him one hundred dollars down, and said he must do something better still.

"Do you think now," said he, "you can steal the horse from under me while I am out riding on his back?"

"O, yes! I daresay I could," said the Master Thief, "if I were really sure of getting your daughter."

Well, well, the Squire would see what he could do; and he told the Master Thief a day when he would be taking a ride on a great common where they drilled the troops. So the Master Thief soon got hold of an old worn-out jade of a mare, and set to work, and made traces and collar of withies and broom-twigs, and bought an old beggarly cart and a great cask. After that he said to an old beggar woman, that he would give her ten dollars if she would get in the cask, and keep her mouth agape over the taphole, into which he was going to stick his finger. No harm should happen to her; she should only be driven about a little; and if he took his finger out more than once, she was to have ten dollars more. Then he threw a few rags and tatters over himself, and stuffed himself out, and put on a wig and a great beard of goat's hair, so that no one could know him again, and set off for the common, where the Squire had already been riding about a good bit. When he reached the place, he went along so softly and slowly that he scarce made an inch of way. Gee up! Gee up! and so he went on little; then he stood stock still, and so on a little again; and altogether the pace was so miserable that it never once came

into the Squire's head that this could be the Master Thief.

At last the Squire rode right up to him, and asked if he had seen any one lurking about in the wood thereabouts.

"No," said the man, "I haven't seen a soul."

"Harkye, now," said the Squire, "if you have a mind to ride into the wood, and hunt about and see if you can fall upon any one lurking about there, you shall have the loan of my horse, and a shilling into the bargain, to drink my health, for your pains."

"I don't see how I can go," said the man, "for I am going to a wedding with this cask of mead, which I have been to town to fetch, and here the tap has fallen out by the way, and so I must go along, holding my finger in the taphole."

"Ride off," said the Squire; "I'll look after your horse and cask."

Well, on these terms the man was willing to go; but he begged the Squire to be quick in putting his finger into the taphole when he took his own out, and to mind and keep it there till he came back. Yes, the Squire would do the best he could; and so the Master Thief mounted the horse and rode off. But time went by, and hour after hour passed, and still no one came back. At last the Squire grew weary of standing there with his finger in the taphole, so he took it out.

"Now I shall have ten dollars more!" screamed the old woman inside the cask; and then the Squire saw at once how the land lay, and took himself off home; but he had not gone far before they met him with a fresh horse, for the Master Thief had already been to his house, and told them to send one.

The day after, he came to the Squire and would have his daughter, as he had given his word; but the Squire put him off again with fine words, and gave him two hundred dollars, and said he must do one more masterpiece. If he could do that, he should have her. Well, well, the Master Thief thought he could do it, if he only knew what it was to be.

"Do you think, now," said the

Squire, "you can steal the sheet off our bed, and the shift off my wife's back. Do you think you could do that?"

"It shall be done," said the Master Thief. "I only wish I was as sure of getting your daughter."

So when night began to fall, the Master Thief went out and cut down a thief who hung on the gallows, and threw him across his shoulders, and carried him off. Then he got a long ladder and set it up against the Squire's bedroom window, and so climbed up, and kept bobbing the dead man up and down, just for all the world like one who was peeping in at the window.

"That's the Master Thief, old lass!" said the Squire, and gave his wife a nudge on the side. "Now see if I don't shoot him, that's all."

So saying he took up a rifle which he had laid at his bedside.

"No! no! pray don't shoot him after telling him he might come and try," said his wife.

"Don't talk to me, for shoot him I will," said he; and so he lay there and aimed and aimed; but as soon as the head came up before the window, and he saw a little of it, so soon was it down again. At last he thought he had a good aim; "bang" went the gun, down fell the dead body to the ground with a heavy thump, and down went the Master Thief too as fast as he could.

"Well," said the Squire, "it is quite true that I am the chief magistrate in these parts; but people are fond of talking, and it would be a bore if they came to see this dead man's body. I think the best thing to be done is that I should go down and bury him."

"You must do as you think best, dear," said his wife. So the Squire got out of bed and went down stairs, and he had scarce put his foot out of the door before the Master Thief stole in, and went straight up-stairs to his wife.

"Why, dear, back already!" said she, for she thought it was her husband.

"Oh yes, I only just put him into a hole, and threw a little earth over him. It is enough that he is out of sight, for it is such a bad night out of

doors; by-and-by I'll do it better. But just let me have the sheet to wipe myself with—he was so bloody—and I have made myself in such a mess with him.”

So he got the sheet.

After a while he said—

“Do you know I am afraid you must let me have your night-shift too, for the sheet won't do by itself; that I can see.”

So she gave him the shift also. But just then it came across his mind that he had forgotten to lock the house-door, so he must step down and look to that before he came back to bed, and away he went with both shift and sheet.

A little while after came the right Squire.

“Why! what a time you've taken to lock the door, dear!” said his wife; “and what have you done with the sheet and shift?”

“What do you say?” said the Squire.

“Why, I am asking what you have done with the sheet and shift that you had to wipe off the blood,” said she.

“What, in the devil's name!” said the Squire, “has he taken me in this time too?”

Next day came the Master Thief and asked for the Squire's daughter as he had promised; and then the Squire dared not do anything else than give her to him, and a good lump of money into the bargain; for, to tell the truth, he was afraid lest the Master Thief should steal the eyes out of his head, and that people would begin to say spiteful things of him if he broke his word. So the Master Thief lived well and happily from that time forward. I don't know whether he stole any more; but if he did, I am quite sure it was only for the sake of a bit of fun.

DAY-DREAMS OF AN EXILE.

V.

AIR —“*O Cara Memoria.*”

“I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion.”—*Eccles.* iii. 22.

SHED thou not for a happier lot,
Happier may never be;
That thou hast esteem the best,
And given by the gods to thee.
And if thy tender hopes be slain,
Fear not, they soon shall bloom again;
For the gloomiest hour
Is fair to the flower
That heeds neither wind nor rain.

Fear of change from old to strange
Follows the fullest joy;
Labour wears us more than years;
Calms, never broken, cloy.
Whatever load to thee be given,
Doubt not thy brethren too have striven;
Take what is thine
In the Earth's confine,
And hope to be blest in Heaven.

VI.

TO —.

Led by swift thought, I scale the height,
 And strive to sound the deep,
 To find from whence I took my flight,
 Or where I slept my sleep :
 But the mists conceal that border-land
 Whose hills they rest upon ;
 Again, with forward face, I stand,
 For Gone is gone.

Sometimes I brood upon the years
 I gave to self and sin ;
 Or call to mind how Doubts and Fears
 Fled from a light within :
 I might regret those errors past,
 Might wish the light still shone,
 Or check Life's tide that ebbs so fast ;
 But Gone is gone.

You, too, my loyal-hearted wife,
 Saw many a weary day,
 When, on your morning-sky of life,
 The clouds of sorrow lay.
 True friends departed—grief for them,
 Joy for the False made known,
 And over all this Requiem,
 That Gone is gone.

The glare of many a spectral Truth
 Might haunt me still unchanged,
 The broken purpose of my Youth,
 The loving hearts estranged.
 But, turning to your love-lit eyes,
 —The love-lit eyes shine on—
 I thank my God with happy sighs
 That Gone is gone.

VII.

Oft, in a night of April, when the ways
 Are growing dark, and the hedge-hawthorns dank,
 The glow-worm scatters self-adorning rays—
 Earth-stars, that twinkle on the primrose bank.

And so, when Life around us gathers Night,
 Too dark for Doubt, and ignorant of Sin,
 The happy Heart of youth can shed a light
 Earth-born, but bright, and feed it from within.

The April night wears on, the darkness wanes,
 The light that glimmered in the East grows stronger ;
 But on the primrose banks that line the lanes,
 Weary and chilled, the glow-worm shines no longer.

The night of life as quickly passes o'er,
 Coldly and shuddering breaks the dawn of Truth ;
 Bright Day is coming, but we bear no more
 The happy, self-adorning heart of Youth.

VIII.

Dream on, ye souls who slumber here,
 Leave work to those who work so well ;
 Yet workers too should haply hear
 The messages that Dreamers tell.

The aims of this World shed a light,
 Which shines with dim and feeble ray,
 Whose followers wander all the night,
 And scarce suspect it is not Day.

Yet work who will, the Night flies fast,
 Means vary, but the end is one ;
 Each, when the waking throb is past,
 Must face the all-beholding Sun.

I will sleep on, the starry cope
 Arching my head with boundless blue,
 Till life's strange dream is o'er, in hope
 To wake, nor find it all untrue.

IX.

COLONIZATION.

(i.)

Freemen of England, nourish in your mind
 Love for your Land ; though poor she be and cold,
 Impute it not to her that she is old,
 For in her youth she was both warm and kind.
 True, it fits not that you should be confined
 Within a grudging Island's narrow hold,
 That bred, but cannot feed you. O be bold ;
 Blue heaven has many an excellent fair wind.
 Steer, then, in multitudes to other land,
 Work ye the field, the river, and the mine,
 Smooth the high hill, and fell the long-armed pine,
 Till all God's Earth be honourably manned ;
 But, that your glories may for ever stand,
 Let Love be with you, human and divine.

(ii.)

Love, the foundation of the public weal,
 As of the peace of houses—Love, whose breach
 Sundered two bands of common race and speech,
 Whose rankling wounds on each side will not heal :
 Therefore be warned in time, let none conceal
 Brotherly yearnings, God-sent, each for each.
 Pure human sympathies are high of reach,
 For the realities which they reveal
 Teach us to live in earnest ; give us faith,
 Godward, as well as human : none can say,
 " I will love only that which I have seen."
 By faith's lamp, fed with hope, the wise have been
 Led to the land where, as the Tarsian saith,
 Love rules when Hope and Faith are passed away.

H. G. K.

AUTUMN POLITICS.

RARELY, during the autumnal season of the year, is any very vivid interest displayed in political matters. This is both natural and wholesome. The soldier, after a hard campaign, requires rest and recreation; and those whose destiny it is to occupy themselves with public affairs and their conduct, are all the better for a short respite from these absorbing toils. So, after the close of the Parliamentary Session, our legislators betake themselves to the provinces or the Continent, to the skirts of Ben Nevis, or to the sequestered valleys of Switzerland, with all the glee of schoolboys who have escaped from the magisterial yoke. Who can blame them? The mountain breeze is assuredly more fresh and salubrious than the loaded atmosphere of St Stephen's; the sound of the purling brook is more grateful to the ear than the croakings of Joseph Hume; and the details of a restaurant's bill of fare more interesting than the ingenious statistics of Mr Wilson of Westbury. Nobody is sorry when the clattering of the great machine of Parliament is silenced. It is bad enough to be compelled to peruse the debates during the months of winter and spring, without continuing the ordeal throughout the rest of the year. We cannot live always in a state of excitement. Scully and Keogh are splendid and soul-searching orators; but we would as lieve submit to have all our dishes seasoned with ether, as allow our nerves to be daily agitated by the roll of their irresistible eloquence. We love John Bright, and are fascinated by the humour of Fox, yet we can find it in our hearts to part company with them for a season. In autumn the towns are torpid. Every one who can, endeavours to escape from them; and to judge from the hurry on rail and river, you would conclude that at least one-half of the population of these islands is on the move. Subjects which a few months before engrossed the public attention are now mentioned with a luxurious languor, and never ardently discussed. Few people know or care what Cardinal Wise-

man may be doing. A porter with a load of grouse is a more interesting object than Lord John Russell, even were he laden with the draught of his new Reform Bill; and it is a matter of total indifference to the million whether Earl Grey has gone to Howick or to Kamschatka. The only class of men who remain indefatigably political are the popularity hunters, more especially such of them as require a little cooeping for their somewhat leaky reputations. Old Joe sets off on a reforming tour to the northern burghs, hoping here and there to pick up a stray burgess ticket. Sir James Graham will go any distance to receive the hug of fraternity from a provost, and to add to his chaplet such fresh leaves of laurel as are in the gift of a generous town council. Lord Palmerston undertakes to keep the electors of Tiverton in good humour, and favours them with a funny discourse upon all manner of topics, excepting always the projected measure of reform, on which he judiciously keeps his thumb. These, however, are mere interludes, and few people care about them. Most sincerely to be pitied, at this season of the year, is the condition of the London journalists. However scanty be the crop of events, however dry the channels of public interest, they must find subjects for their leaders. Each day there is a yawning gap of white paper to be filled; a topic to be selected and discussed; and an insatiable devil to be laid. It was popularly believed on the Border that Michael Scott was saddled with an infernal servitor, to whom he was compelled to assign daily a sufficient modicum of work, under the penalty, in case of failure, of a forced visit to Pandemonium. Quite as bad is the predicament of the journalist. The printer's demon is ever at his elbow; nor dare he attempt to escape. It is not surprising if sometimes our unhappy brothers should be reduced to the last extremity. Generally, nay universally, they are a kind-hearted race of men; yet no one who hears

their complaints during a season of unusual stagnation would set them down as philanthropists. Their aspirations are after revolutions, murders, casualties—anything, in short, which can furnish them with a topic for a good stirring article. All manufacturers, except the dealers in devil's-dust and shoddy, admit that there is no possibility of constructing a passable fabric out of inferior raw material. Whatever be the capabilities of the artisan, or the excellence of his tools, he cannot do without a subject to work upon. Facts, according to the approved doctrine of the public press, are of two kinds—real and imagined. The distinction is as wide as that which lies between history and romance. If the first do not emerge in sufficient value or importance, recourse must be had to the second, provided nothing be advanced for which there is not some apparent colour. The position and prospects of parties is always a safe autumnal theme. Some paragraph is sure to appear, some letter to be published, some pamphlet written, or some speech delivered, from which ingenuity can extract matter of startling commentary. One while, supposed differences in the Cabinet are made the subject of conjecture and discussion, though where the Cabinet is no one can tell, the members thereof being notoriously so scattered that no two of them are within a hundred miles of each other. Lord John Russell's resignation has of late years become a regular autumnal event. We look for it as confidently as the housekeeper expects her annual supply of damsons. No one is rash enough to aver that Sir Charles Wood intends voluntarily to resign; but somehow or other it happens that his colleagues are annually seized in September with a burning desire to kick him out—a species of phrenzy which only lasts until the return of the colder weather. We really forget how often Lord Clarendon has been announced as the coming Premier. If there be any faith in prophecy, his time must be nigh at hand.

It was, we believe, confidently anticipated on the part of the Liberal journals, that the present autumn would prove an exception to the

general rule, by furnishing a more than average crop of topics acceptable to the public ear. After such a dreary lapse of time, prosperity was expected to arrive about the middle of 1851, and that event would of itself justify the expenditure of many columns of poems. True, there had been various attempts made at intervals, during the last three or four years, to persuade the public that the coy nymph had either arrived or was arriving on the British shores; and some journals went so far as to discharge a royal salute in honour of her supposed landing. But the mistake was soon discovered. If the agriculturists were discontented, the manufacturers were depressed, and the shopkeepers evidently sulky. Prosperity, if she really had arrived, seemed to possess the secret of the fern-seed, and to walk invisibly, for no one had seen her except Mr Labouchere; and on investigating his experiences, it turned out that he had merely received his information from others. This year, however, everything was to be put to rights. Markets were to rise so high that even the most grumbling of the farmers would be glad of heart, and be enabled to make such purchases at the nearest town as would at once gratify the wife of his bosom, and give a material impulse to the production of home manufactures. Great were to be the profits of Manchester, Bradford, and Nottingham. Reciprocity was to be developed; and foreign nations, convinced of the necessity of universal brotherhood, were to fling their tariffs to the winds, and admit our produce duty free. By this time, too, we were to have Mr Mechi's balance-sheet before us. Mr Huxtable's pigs were to have produced ammonia enough to fertilise the sea-shore; or, if that scheme did not answer, the Netherby system of farming would be found equally advantageous. Nay, it was even prophesied that railway stocks would rise, and that on some hyperborean lines there was a possibility that a dividend might be paid on the preference shares. The iron districts were to outstrip California, and our shipping to multiply indefinitely.

It is deeply to be deplored, on every ground, that these expectations have not been realised. We have been repeatedly reproached by the advocates of the new commercial system for the gloominess of our views, and the absence of that hopeful spirit which animates the efforts, and gives vivacity to the style, of the light and lively Free-Traders. Now, it is quite true that we, being unable, after the most anxious consideration of the subject in all its bearings, to discover how the prosperity—that is, the wealth—of the nation could be increased by measures which had the direct tendency to lower the value of its produce, have had occasion very frequently to enunciate opinions which could not be agreeable to the cotton-stuffed ears of Manchester. We have periodically exposed, to the great dudgeon of the democrats, the clumsy fallacies and egregious nonsense of the *Economist*, familiarly known to the concoctors of statistical returns by the *soubriquet* of the “Cook’s Oracle.” We have taken sundry impostors by the nape of the neck, and have shaken them, as was our bounden duty, until they had not breath enough to squeak. But we maintain that the facts and results of each successive year have borne us out in the views which we originally entertained; and that the working of Free Trade, when brought into operation, has proved, as we predicted it would be, utterly subversive of the theories of the men who were its exponents, its champions, and its abettors. So much the worse for the country. But why should we be blamed for having simply spoken the truth? Show us your prosperity, if that prosperity really exists; or, at all events, be kind enough to specify to us the prominent symptoms of its coming. We need not, we are well aware, look for these among the farmers. Ministers have given that up—never more decidedly, though they did not probably understand the force of the language they were using, or its inevitable conclusion, than when they declared their hope and expectation that the British agriculturist, depressed by foreign importations, could not fail to profit ultimately by the improved condition of the other classes of the community!

The gentleman who devised that sentence must have had, indeed, an implicit reliance in the gullibility of mankind! He might just as well have told the stage-coachmen, who were driven off the road by the substitution of the rail, that they would be sure to profit in the long run by the bettered circumstances of the stokers! If that is all the comfort that can be extended to the agriculturists, they will hardly warm themselves by it. But among the manufacturers, if anywhere, we may look for some measure of prosperity; and we grieve to say that, if such really exists, they take especial care to conceal it. Talk of farmers grumbling, indeed! If the whole race of corn-growers, from Triptolemus downwards, were assembled, and entreated to state their grievances and the causes of their dejection, we defy them to produce such a catalogue of continued woe as has been trumpeted from the trade circulars and reports during the last three years. Falling markets—continued stagnation—nothing doing. Such are the phrases with which we are familiar, and we meet with nothing else; wherefrom we conclude either that the manufacturers are all banded together in a league of unparalleled and very scandalous deceit, or that Free Trade, by contracting the home market, has made wild work with their profits also. Commercial failures, too, about which we have heard a good deal, and are likely to hear something more, are not to be accepted as unequivocal signs of the rising prosperity of the country.

Messrs Littledale write as follows, in their circular of 4th October, since which date much has occurred to give weight and confirmation to their statements:—

“Nothing seems to change the untoward course of events in this memorable year. An abundant harvest has been gathered, with less damage and at less cost than for many years, which was to prove the turning-point in commercial matters; instead of which, the depression seems only to increase from day to day, without apparent cause or termination. This state of things naturally begets mistrust amongst money-lenders and bankers; and just at the time when their support is most needed, and would prove most

valuable in preventing that ruinous depression which forced sales on a declining market ever produce, their confidence is destroyed, and accommodation is refused.

"The losses on imports of every kind are alarming, and yet the tide is unabated; and unless a more vigorous stand is made by importers, either to bring down prices in the foreign market to a parity with our own, or to get their returns home in another form than produce, or, which perhaps is the only true course, to limit their operations to more legitimate bounds, nothing but a commercial crisis can be expected; indeed, had it not been for the abundance of money and the large supply of bullion from the West, aided by a splendid harvest, we should doubtless have had a repetition of '47 to some extent at the present moment."

Shipowners and millers tell us a tale of similar disaster; and the shopkeepers, if unanimous in nothing else, agree that their business is decreasing. The working-classes have cheap bread, but at the same time they have lowered wages; so that the advantage received on the one hand is neutralised by the reduction on the other.

Grievous, therefore, was the disappointment of the journalists, who had expected this year to wile away the lazy autumn in "hollaing and singing anthems" in praise of commercial resuscitation. From that resource they were effectually cut out. Something was wanted to vary the monotony of leaders on the Exhibition, a capital subject whilst its novelty lasted, but soon too familiar to admit of indefinite protraction. Sewerage was overdone last season. People will not submit to perpetual essays on the jakes, or diatribes on the shallowness of cesspools: the flavour of such articles can only be enjoyed by a thorough-paced disciple of Liebig. It was therefore with no small anxiety that our brethren awaited the autumnal meetings of the agricultural societies, at which, since Free Trade brought havoc to the farmer's home, there has usually been some excitement manifested, and some explanations required and given. The old rule, that politics should be excluded from these assemblies, is manifestly untenable at the present time. Until a trade is established on a sound and

substantial basis, it is ludicrous to recommend improvements involving an enormous additional outlay. The farmers feel and know that the blow struck at their interests has gone too deep to be healed by any superficial nostrums. Their struggle is for existence, and they have resolved to speak out like men.

One of the worst effects of the repeal of the Corn Laws, and that which may prove the most permanently detrimental to the welfare of the country, is the apparent separation which it has caused in many cases between the interests of the landlord and the tenant. We say "apparent," because in reality, and finally, the interest of both classes is the same. But, in the mean time, there can be no doubt whatever that the farmers have endured by far the greatest share of the loss. Bound to the land by the outlay of their capital in it and upon it, they cannot abandon their vocation, or even change their locality, without incurring immediate ruin. It is easy for those who know nothing about the matter, to advise them to emigrate elsewhere if they cannot procure a livelihood here. It is still easier for a Free-trading landlord, to whose tergiversation a great part of the mischief is attributable, to meet the reasonable request of his tenantry for a reduction of their rents with an intimation that he is perfectly ready to free them from the obligation of their leases. Such conduct is not more odiously selfish than it is grossly hypocritical, the landlord being perfectly well aware that it is out of the power of his tenantry to accept the offer, without at once sacrificing and abandoning nearly the whole of their previous outlay. The farmer is tied to the stake, and cannot escape. He must pursue his vocation, else he is a beggar; and he cannot pursue that vocation without an annual and material loss. Under those circumstances, a reduction of rent is all the alleviation which the farmer can hope to obtain. In many instances he has obtained it. We hear of remissions made to the extent of ten and fifteen per cent; but these are alleviations only. The farmer is still a loser, and would be a loser were the remissions infinitely greater. In former papers

we have shown that the reduction of fifty per cent on the rents throughout Scotland would not avail to remunerate the farmers at present prices, and we have ample testimony to prove that in England the case is the same. On this matter of reduction we shall quote a few sentences from a pamphlet entitled *A Treatise on the present Condition and Prospects of the Agricultural Interest*, by a Yorkshire Farmer, published at Leeds in the present year:—

"It appears to me that neither farmers nor landlords have been aware of the magnitude of the evil; for the intentions of several of our landlords, who, I have no doubt, were actuated by a desire to bear a fair proportion of the loss, were published in the newspapers, stating their determination to reduce their rent from ten to fifteen per cent; and no doubt they thought it would, to some considerable extent, countervail the general reduction in the value of agricultural produce, and perhaps sincerely believed

they had acquitted themselves of their duty as landlords.

"But as closing our eyes will not avert the danger now impending, and threatening to engulf farmers and landlords in one general ruin, I have thought it not amiss to insert the following table, which shows that a reduction of ten per cent does not reach a degree approaching to anything like a comparison with the losses farmers are suffering. To the occupier of land rented at £4, it is 8s. an acre against a loss of £2, 4s. 1d.—more than half his rent. To the occupier of the second class, rent £2, it is 4s. an acre against the loss of £1, 14s. 7½d.—nearly the whole of his rent. To the occupier of the third class, rent £1, it is 2s. an acre against a loss of £1, 6s. 4½d.—8s. 4½d. more than his rent. And to the unfortunate occupier of the fourth class, rent 7s., it is 8½d. an acre against a loss of £1, 1s. 4½d.—or more than three times his rent.

"I have taken four farms, of one hundred acres each, of different descriptions of soil, showing the net loss on each farm, deducting ten per cent from the rent. For results, see below:—

Classes.	No. of Acres.	Rent per Acre.	Amount of Rent.	10 per cent. reduction on Rent.	Total Outlay on Farms, including Rent.	Per-cent- age on Outlay.	Total Loss per Farm.	Net Loss, deducting 10 per cent.
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1	100	4 0 0	400 0 0	40 0 0	975 8 4	4.1	220 8 4	180 8 4
2	100	2 0 0	200 0 0	20 0 0	704 7 6	2.8375	173 4 7	153 4 7
3	100	1 0 0	100 0 0	10 0 0	577 1 8	1.733	131 15 5	121 15 5
4	100	0 7 0	35 0 0	3 10 0	285 17 6	1.221	106 19 7	103 9 7

"The above table shows that, though a reduction of ten per cent may be thought considerable and fair on the part of the landlord, it is like a drop in the bucket when viewed as a set-off against the farmer's losses; and that along with every possible reduction that can be made on the rent, other measures, more comprehensive in character, must be adopted, to place the farmer in a position to enable him to cultivate the soil."*

Thus much we have said regarding the adequacy of reduction of rent to meet the agricultural depression, because of late a very vigorous effort

has been made by the Liberal press to mislead public opinion on this subject. "After all," say these organs, deserting their first position that farming was as profitable as ever—"after all, it is a mere question of rent: let the farmer settle that with the landlord." It is not a mere question of rent: it is the question of the extinction of a class; for if, in the long run, it shall become apparent that no reduction of rent, short of that which must leave the owners of the soil generally without profit, owing to the amount of incumbrances which are known to exist upon the

* Other tables contained in the same pamphlet, but which are too long for insertion here, exhibit the various items and particulars of the loss sustained.

land, can suffice to render cultivation profitable, then the landlord must necessarily supersede the tenant, and the owner the occupier; and one of the two profits which hitherto have been recognised as legitimate, be extinguished. To this point things are tending, and that very rapidly. The process has begun in Ireland and in the northern parts of Scotland, and it will become more apparent with the ebbing of the tide. Continental prices cannot rule in this country without reducing the whole of our agricultural system to the Continental level, and placing the collection of the revenue and the maintenance of the national credit in the greatest jeopardy.

Still, nothing can be more reasonable than the request generally urged by the farmers for a reduction of their rents. They say, and say truly, that they are not able to meet the pressure of the times. They do not say, however, that any reduction which the circumstances of the landlords will enable them to make can suffice to remedy the mischief. It insures them no profit; it merely saves them from a certain additional loss. In some cases the landlords either will not, or cannot, grant such reductions. They have no margin left them. They can but preach hope against knowledge; and in doing so, they play the game of the enemy, and justly lay themselves open to the charge of hypocrisy. In fact, what the farmers want, is less a reduction of rent—which they know to be but a temporary expedient—than a more manly and decided attitude on the part of the owners of the soil. Too many of the landlords allowed themselves to be led astray by the specious representations of the Free-Traders, or were betrayed into supporting the policy of a Minister, for whose antecedents and ability they entertained an egregiously exaggerated respect. Trusting to vamped reports and speculative opinions, presumptuously hazarded by men who knew nothing whatever of the subject, they disregarded the clear warnings of those who foresaw the magnitude and imminency of the danger; and surrendered themselves, without retaining the means of defence, to a faction which laughed at

their credulity. These are the men who at agricultural meetings affect to talk hopefully of the prospects of agriculture, and who always assure the farmers that their case is regarded with the utmost sympathy by the Legislature. They are constantly advising their hearers, not only to have patience, for that were a proper charge, but to augment the amount of their outlay. They are grand upon the subject of artificial manures, and seem to have an idea that guano is an inexhaustible deposit. They will even bring down lecturers—dapper young chemical men from laboratories—to enlighten their tenants; but seldom, or rarely, will they grant a single sixpence of reduction. Is it wonderful if the honest farmer, thoroughly alive to the real peril of his situation, and indignant at the treachery of which he has been made the innocent victim, should conceive any feeling but those of respect and cordiality for the landlord who is acting so paltry a part, and condescending to so wretched an imposture? The farmer feels that now or never his cause must be resolutely fought. He knows that the interest of the landlord is as much concerned as his own; and yet when he applies to him for support and encouragement, he is met with silly platitudes.

As it has turned out, the agricultural meetings of the present autumn have proved far more fruitful to the journalists than they had any reason to expect. Our brethren of the Liberal press have extracted from them grounds for exceeding jubilation and triumph. Mr Disraeli, Mr Palmer, Mr Henley, and others, justly considered as very influential members of the Protectionist party in the House of Commons, are represented to have expressed themselves in a manner inconsistent with the maintenance of the great struggle which, Session after Session, has been renewed. They are claimed as converts, not to the principles of Free Trade—for those they have distinctly repudiated—but to the doctrine that it is impossible, by direct legislation, to disturb the present existing arrangement; and, as a matter of course, a defection so serious as this is joyously announced as an abandonment of the cause by

several of those men who were its most doughty champions.

Before proceeding to consider the merits of that line of policy which Mr Disraeli proposes to adopt during the ensuing session, and which, in his judgment, is that most likely, under present circumstances, to procure some measure of relief for the agricultural interest, let us distinctly understand whether or not Protection, as a principle, has been abandoned by any of its supporters in Parliament. We have perused the speeches which have been made the subject of so much comment with the greatest care and anxiety; but we have not been able to discover any admission that the views so long and so ably maintained by those gentlemen have undergone an iota of change. They may, indeed, and very naturally, despair of success in the present Parliament. Knowing, as they do, the weight and apportionment of parties in the present House of Commons, and enabled by experience to calculate upon the amount of support which would be given to any proposition, they may have arrived at the conclusion that the best course of policy which they can adopt, is to concentrate their efforts towards obtaining relief from what is clearly unjust taxation, leaving the grand question of a return to the Protective system in the hands of the country, to be decided at the next general election.

This is our distinct understanding of the views which have been announced by these gentlemen. It may be that some of them have not sufficiently guarded themselves against the possibility of misrepresentation; an error of judgment which, in the present state of the public mind, may have a detrimental effect. We have no hesitation in expressing our opinion that the sentiments uttered by the Marquis of Granby, and those contained in the admirable letters of Mr G. F. Young, are more calculated to advance the cause, and to insure co-operation amongst all classes who are opposed to the bastard system of Free Trade, than speeches which are only directed towards a subsidiary point, which are apt to be misunderstood, and

which have been seized on by our opponents as proofs of despondency or despair.

No one, we believe, expected that, in the present Parliament, such a change of opinion could be wrought as would lead to the immediate restoration of Protection. In May 1850, the Earl of Derby, then Lord Stanley, distinctly explained to the delegates who waited upon him, that "it was not in the House of Lords, it was not in the House of Commons, it was in the country at large, that the battle must be fought, and their triumph must be achieved." "You have," said the noble lord, "the game in your own hands. You may compel your present members—or, at least, you may point out to them the necessary, the lamentable consequences to themselves of persisting in their present courses; and when the time shall come, you will have it in your own power, by the return of men who really represent your sentiments, to exercise your constitutional influence over the Legislature of the country, and to enforce your just demands in another House of Parliament." What has since taken place has most clearly established the soundness and wisdom of this advice. Beyond all question, the cause of Protection during the last two years has advanced with rapid strides. The total failure of every prophesied result on the part of the Free-Traders—the continued depression which has prevailed, not only in agriculture, but in manufactures, trade, and commerce—the state of the working-classes, which has experienced no amelioration since the latter measures of Free Trade were carried—the depopulation of Ireland, and the astounding increase of emigration from the northern part of Great Britain—all have contributed to dispel the popular delusion, and to give new courage and confidence to the disinterested supporters of the cause. Public opinion, in so far as that can be gathered from the results of casual elections, has declared itself in favour of Protection. Meetings of the working-classes have been held in the metropolis, at which resolutions in favour of a return to a general protective policy have been passed by

acclamation. Nothing whatever has occurred to give a check to the advance of these principles; much has transpired to show how rapidly and strongly they are progressing. That progress does not depend, and never did depend, solely upon the result of the agricultural experiment. The true secret of the reaction against Free Trade lies in this, that every one of the productive classes of the community is interested in opposing a system which crushes and enthralled labour for the undue benefit of the capitalist. It may be that, in some quarters, that common interest is not yet fully understood. It may be that relative cheapness of provisions may be considered by many unthinking and unreflective people in the light of a positive blessing, irrespective altogether of the effect of that cheapness in diminishing the sphere of employment, and contracting the wages of labour at home. This is not wonderful, because, previous to the repeal of the Corn Laws, the tariff had been deliberately altered, and the pressure and privation occasioned by these first experiments upon British industry were, for a time, materially relieved by the fall on the price of provisions consequent on the later measures. But very soon it became apparent to all thinking men, that the prostration of so great a branch of industry as that of British agriculture must act prejudicially upon all the others, and that the temporary benefit was more than counterbalanced by the universal decline of employment. Among the working-classes, even in larger towns, that opinion is daily gaining ground, and becoming a settled conviction. Labour is so much depressed that some effectual remedy must be found, if the country is to remain without convulsion; and it is most important for us all that the remedy, which may finally be resorted to, should be a just and equitable one, not such as unscrupulous demagogues might apply.

Therefore, at the present time, and in the present temper of the public mind, if we read its symptoms aright, we greatly deprecate any deviation from the broad principle and assertion of Protection to all branches of British Industry. To argue the Agri-

cultural case alone, however important that may be, is to weaken the general cause, which is the cause of Labour. To make terms for the agriculturists only, by adjustment of taxation or otherwise, even if such adjustment could by possibility enable them to struggle on, would not be a wise policy. Never let it be forgotten that the Corn Laws could not have been repealed, but for the previous alterations on the tariff, stealthily and insidiously made, which left the agriculturists of Britain in the possession of an apparent monopoly. As monopolists, they never can regain their former position; but they may, and, we believe, will regain it, if they are true to the common cause, as British producers against foreign competition, on account of the burdens imposed upon all production by the State, and on account of monetary laws and changes which have more than doubled their original burden. But they never will obtain that justice to which they are entitled, unless they combine with the other classes who are equally suffering under the withdrawal of Protection, and insist upon a total change in the commercial policy of Great Britain, as affecting not this or that interest only, but the whole mass of productive labour upon which the wealth of the nation depends.

We have no hesitation in stating our opinion on this matter in the broadest possible terms. We do not differ from Mr Disraeli in his estimate of the unequal burdens which are laid upon the land in comparison with the other property of Great Britain. That is a subject well worthy of consideration; and if it can be treated as entirely subsidiary to the greater question of Protection, and enforced without any appearance of an attempt at compromise, we are not prepared to say that any other step, under existing circumstances, would be preferable. But we cannot regard any such adjustment of taxation as a remedy of the grandevil. We doubt the advantage to be derived from a policy which, if successful, would only protract the period of general suffering; whilst, in the mean time, it will assuredly be represented as an attempt to compromise a principle, and there-

fore weaken the amount of that support upon which we now can confidently reckon. "Never," said Burke, in his latest political treatise, "never succumb. It is a struggle for your existence as a nation. But I have no fears whatever for the result. There is a salient living principle of energy in the public mind of England, which only requires proper direction to enable her to withstand this or any other ferocious foe. Persevere, therefore, till this tyranny be overpast." The lesson of the great statesman, though directed to other dangers than those which now beset us, has lost none of its value. Perseverance, where the principle is clear, is less matter of policy than a duty; and therefore we cannot but feel some regret that, at such a time as this, any declaration should have been made, or any policy indicated, which can have the effect of damping the hopes or checking the ardour of those who are most resolute in the cause. That the efforts of our adversaries to misrepresent the tenor of some of the late speeches have been partially successful, can hardly be doubted by any one who has noted the prevalent tone at the subsequent farmers' meetings. We believe that Mr Disraeli is at heart and by conviction as much a Protectionist as before. We do not even deny that his tactics, if pursued and successful, might, from the universal impatience of taxation which prevails, compel any Ministry then in power to raise an additional amount of revenue by the imposition of customs duties. Or otherwise, the success of his movement might have the effect of displacing the present Ministry, and necessitating an entire party change in Her Majesty's counsels. We are fully alive to the advantage of one or other of these results. We are opposed to further direct taxation, and we have no confidence whatever in the present advisers of the Crown. But we cannot approve of any move or any tactics which may have the effect of throwing even the slightest doubt on the determination of the great Protectionist party to persevere in this struggle, until due Protection is obtained for all the productive classes of the community.

That party has taken its stand upon a principle so just and so true, that, sooner or later, despite every effort on the part of its opponents—every shortcoming on the part of its advocates—it must be triumphant; for the cause is that of the whole industrious population of Britain, not of a section or a class.

Mr Disraeli proposes to equalise the burdens upon land. Let us suppose him successful; and, according to his own showing, £6,000,000 of taxation, or rather of local rates, should be removed from the land and levied elsewhere. We do not doubt the accuracy of his calculation: we believe it to be strictly correct. But, were that grievance remedied, would the case be materially altered? We are given to understand that £90,000,000 is the amount of the annual depreciation of agricultural produce which has taken place since the Corn Laws were repealed. That calculation was made nearly two years ago, and since then prices have considerably fallen. Would the farmers accept such share of this £6,000,000 as might fall to their lot as a compensation for their losses? The idea is preposterous. We are well aware that Mr Disraeli has never said this; but does he not see that, in bringing forward this subject in any shape approaching to, or appearing to be, a compromise, he incurs the danger of sacrificing the support, and alienating the interest of the most important, honest, and honourable body of men that exist within the British dominions? The farmers will not stand finessing. They neither comprehend circuitous *coups d'état*, nor will they follow those who attempt them. The plain English sense is hostile to such manœuvres. They are ready to follow any one in whose capacity and judgment they can place reliance, so long as he pursues a clear and open course; but the moment that his tactics are veiled, uncertain, or unintelligible, they lose confidence in his guidance. That we believe to be, at all times, the tendency of the English character. Late events have engendered, not without great reason, much suspicion of the sincerity of public men, whatever be their party or denomination, and therefore it is the more needful that, wherever a

principle is involved, no step whatever should be taken which may lead to the remotest suspicion that such principle is about to be compromised. We believe most firmly, most sincerely, that any idea of such compromise never entered into the mind of Mr Disraeli, or any other of the gentlemen whose speeches have been made the subject of joyous comment by the Free-Traders. We are satisfied that the line of action they have announced is, in itself, honourable and praiseworthy; but we regret that they have not made it distinctly and unequivocally subordinate to the grand cause in which every man in this country, who lives by his labour, physical or intellectual, is concerned.

We have long regarded with much anxiety the position of the farmers of England. Viewed as a body, they form the great conservative nucleus of the country; and it is to their hatred of innovation, sound constitutional feeling, and determined loyalty, that we owe our immunity from those democratic convulsions which have taken place in almost every other part of Europe. To subject such a class of men as this to gross and cruel injustice—to persevere in a policy which is reducing them to ruin, after its effects have been made evident—to insult them by the mock language of sympathy, whilst denying them an effectual remedy—these are acts of infatuation which were never committed by any British Ministry save that under Lord John Russell, or approved of by any House of Commons save that which is presently in existence. Of the patience which the farmers have exhibited under such trying circumstances, we cannot speak in terms of sufficient admiration. But all endurance has its limit. The farmers were content to wait so long as there was a reasonable prospect of a change of that policy which was gradually bringing them to ruin, and long abstained from joining in any agitation for purposes which, though they might have had the effect of alleviating their condition, were fraught with danger to the commercial credit of the country, and in some respects to the stability of its institutions. But now, finding that both Government and Parliament are obstinately deaf to

their representations, and dogged in their refusal of redress—meeting with far less support than they were entitled to expect on the part of many of the landlords—embarrassed and confused by the tactics announced by some of their supporters in Parliament—they have combined for their own defence, and are instituting a movement which may hereafter have a most important effect upon the credit and the destinies of the kingdom. Are they to be blamed for this? It would be difficult so to blame them. Rather let the blame rest with those whose obstinacy, ignorance, selfishness, or pride has driven them to this position, and compelled the farmer to seek from extravagant and impracticable schemes, and from clamorous agitation, that relief which was denied him as a sound supporter of the Constitution.

The nature and objects of the Agricultural Relief Associations may be gathered from the report of the Suffolk meeting, lately held at Bury St Edmunds. The assumption of all the speakers was, that Protection cannot be expected either from the present or the future Parliament.

"Politicians," said one gentleman, "were every day shifting their ground. Men who a few short months ago threatened to assume the reins of Government, with the express design of reversing the policy of the last few years, were now faltering in their purpose, and confessing both their inability and unwillingness to effect these changes."

Another spoke as follows:—

"It was generally known, that while the farmers were asleep the Free-Trade policy came into operation. This at once cut off not less than 20 per cent of the capital employed in farming. This blow the farmers felt very keenly. They at once began to open their eyes, unstopped their ears, and to unloose their tongues. They earnestly inquired what steps should be taken by them in the new circumstances under which they were placed. They heard various voices in reply, but the loudest and most powerful of these assured them that they would go back to Protection, and that by next Session too. Next Session passed, however, without exhibiting the least prospect of that result, and they had been going on, Session after Session, until the present moment, when they seemed farther from

Protection than ever. Others told them to lay out all their capital on land, and they would be sure to get remuneration. They had done that too, and their capital was gone without any prospect of remuneration."

Another gentleman, hitherto known as a staunch Protectionist, thus announced his reasons for joining the movement:—

"The fact was, that when he found members of the House of Commons, who had been returned to Parliament for the express purpose of supporting Protection, saying, behind the scenes, that it was impossible to expect Protection back again; and when he found members of the House of Peers telling him that if they stood out for Protection it would cost them their coronets, he was forced to come to the conclusion that the voice of the people had doomed these laws. He then began to ask himself this plain and simple question—if they give the country cheap corn, *won't they give us cheap taxation?* He was willing to grow corn against any man, come from where he might; but, at the same time, he must have a fair field to do it in."

Here are the views of the society as contained in the chairman's summary:—

"When their agricultural distress had been relieved by the repeal of the malt-tax, by the permanent fixation of tithe on an equitable basis, by the extinction of church-rates, by a revision of the county expenditure, the abolition of the game-laws, the removal of all restrictions on the cultivation of land, a change in the law of distress, the rights of the tenant-farmers recognised, the abominable abuses of the poor-law corrected, and when the bulk of taxation was shifted from the shoulders of the productive to those of the unproductive classes—from industry upon wealth—then might they hope that honesty, industry, and perseverance would meet their due reward."

We do not make these quotations with any intention of criticising the opinions expressed. We simply lay them before our readers as a specimen of that spirit which is now possessing the farmers—a spirit engendered by wrong, and strengthened by the suffering of years. If anything could make us believe that coronets are in danger of falling, it is the expression of such views on the part of men who hitherto have been the best defenders

of the Constitution, and the most averse to yield to any of the impulses of change. But, as we have already said, we cannot blame the speakers. If they are convinced in their own minds that a return to Protection is impossible, their condition is such that they must necessarily have recourse to any expedient, however desperate, which can afford them the prospect of relief. We have long foreseen this crisis. Situated as Great Britain is, the choice lies simply between a return to Protection to Labour, and an assault on the public burdens. There is no other alternative. Cheapness may be established as the rule, but cheapness cannot co-exist with heavy taxation. To hope that the burden can be shifted from one shoulder to another is clearly an absurdity. If it is to be sustained, the productive classes must have the means of sustaining it. If those means are denied them, the burden is altogether intolerable.

It is not a little instructive to remark that, even now, the supporters of Free Trade are compelled to stop and leave their scheme unfinished. They cannot carry it out in its integrity without ruining the finances of the country. They have exposed the farmer to unlimited competition in produce, but they still continue to restrict the sphere of his industry and production. The malt-tax is a heavy burden upon him, and he is specially prohibited from growing tobacco, or engaging in the manufacture of beetroot sugar. These restrictions, say the Free-Traders, are absolutely necessary for revenue. Granted; but if you put on restrictions, are you not bound to give an equivalent? As for the argument in favour of the malt-tax, that it is the consumer who really pays the duty, that might be extended with equal justice to the instance of raw cotton. Why is barley, the produce of our own country, to be taxed, and cotton, the produce of a foreign country, to be exempted? Besides this, we have always understood that beer, tobacco, and sugar, are articles which enter largely into the consumption of the agricultural as well as that of other classes; so that here is a grievance totally opposed to the principles of

Free Trade, and yet supported and perpetuated by the very men who have adopted Free Trade as their motto! We instance these things as proofs that Free Trade never can be made, in the strict sense of the word, the law and system of the land, so long as the present enormous expenditure is continued; and in saying this, we hope it will be understood that we are as much opposed as ever to the views of the party who are for cutting down our national establishments.

We anticipate, in the course of next Session, to hear many propositions made on the subject of adjustment of taxation. Each class is anxious to be freed from its own peculiar burdens, and to devolve them upon others; and certainly never was there any case so strong or so urgent as that which can be brought forward on the part of the agriculturists. But who is to relieve them? Will any other class submit to the transference which is necessarily implied? Will the manufacturers or the capitalists undertake to provide for the six millions which at present they are most unjustly wresting from the owners and occupiers of the soil? Here is the real difficulty. Justice, we know, is not regarded as an indispensable element of taxation: if it were so, the income-tax would never have been imposed in its present form. If the claims of the farmers who are banded together for agricultural relief were granted, immediate national bankruptcy would be the result. This is the grand dilemma in which we are placed by the Free-Traders. Either a gross and palpable act of injustice and oppression must be perpetuated—so long at least as the victims have the means of payment—or, as was long ago prophesied, the capitalists and the fundholders must suffer. The truth is, that the productive power of the country cannot meet the demands upon it in the shape of taxation if it remains exposed to unlimited foreign competition.

In order properly to comprehend this point, which is one of the utmost importance, it is necessary to discard theory altogether, and to adopt history as our guide. The financial system of Great Britain, acting upon and influencing the commercial arrange-

ments and social relations of the country, is not difficult of comprehension if we trace it step by step; and without a due understanding of this, and the vast influence which monetary laws exercise over the wellbeing and progress of a nation, it is impossible for any one to form a sound judgment on the conflicting principles of Protection and Free Trade, or to discover the true and only source of the difficulties which now surround us. It is the misfortune of the present age that so little attention is paid to the abstruser portions of history, which, in reality, are the most valuable for us. Wars of succession or conquest, naval engagements, records of intrigue or details of diplomatic dexterity, have a peculiar charm and interest for readers of every kind; but few take the pains to go more deeply into the subject, and investigate in what manner such events have affected the resources of a country, and whether, by diminishing its wealth or by stimulating the energies of its population, they have lowered or raised its position in the scale of nations. That portion of history which relates to external events is worthless for practical purposes, unless we combine with it the study of that portion which relates to its finance. Under the modern system, now universal throughout Europe, which leaves the debts and engagements of former generations to be liquidated or provided for by the next, no man can be called a statesman or politician who has not addicted himself to these studies.

The Funding System, as is well known, began with the Revolution, and has continued up to the present hour. It was strenuously opposed and vigorously assailed by some of the most able and clear-sighted in the country, such as Bolingbroke, David Hume, and Adam Smith, who from time to time pointed out the consequences which must ultimately ensue from this method of mortgaging posterity, more especially if the burden were allowed to increase without any steps being taken to provide for its ultimate extinguishment. It is the peculiarity of a debt so constituted, that for a time it gives great additional stimulus to the energies of a country. It enables it to

prosecute conquests, and to undertake designs, which it could not otherwise have achieved; and it is not until long afterwards, when the payment of the interest or annual charge becomes a severe burden upon a generation which had no share in contracting the debt, that the mischievous effects of the system become apparent. At the outbreak of the French Revolution, the public debt of Great Britain amounted to £261,735,059, and the annual charge was £9,471,675. A very large portion of this debt was incurred for the war waged with our American colonies.

At that time the currency of the country was placed on the metallic basis, but the great drain of the precious metals occasioned by the enormous subsidies which Great Britain furnished to her allies on the Continent, to engage their support against the revolutionary armies of France, reduced the nation to the very verge of bankruptcy, and necessitated in 1797 the suspension of cash payments. The immediate effect of this step upon the finances of the country has been so justly, and at the same time so clearly, stated by Mr Alison in his *History of Europe*, and the consequences of the subsequent return to the old system of cash payments, after their suspension for nearly a quarter of a century, are so graphically depicted, that we cannot do better than entreat the attention of the reader to the following extract:—

"This measure having been carried by Mr Pitt, a committee was appointed, which reported shortly after that the funds of the Bank were £17,597,000, while its debts were only £13,770,000, leaving a balance of £3,800,000 in favour of the establishment; but that it was necessary, for a limited time, to suspend the cash payments. Upon this, a bill for the restriction of payments in specie was introduced, which provided that bank-notes should be received as a legal tender by the collectors of taxes, and have the effect of stopping the issuing of arrest on mesne process for payment of debt between man and man. The bill was limited in its operation to the 24th June; but it was afterwards renewed from time to time, and in November 1797 continued till the conclusion of a

general peace; and the obligation on the Bank to pay in specie was never again imposed till Sir Robert Peel's Act in 1819.

"Such was the commencement of the paper system in Great Britain, which ultimately produced such astonishing effects; which enabled the empire to carry on for so long a period so costly a war, and to maintain for years armaments greater than had been raised by the Roman people in the zenith of their power; which brought the struggle at length to a triumphant issue, and arrayed all the forces of Eastern Europe, in English pay, against France on the banks of the Rhine. To the same system must be ascribed ultimate effects as disastrous, as the immediate were beneficial and glorious; the continued and progressive rise of rents, the unceasing, and to many calamitous, fall in the value of money during the whole course of the war; increased expenditure, the growth of sanguine ideas and extravagant habits in all classes of society; unbounded speculation, prodigious profits and frequent disasters among the commercial rich; increased wages, general prosperity, and occasional depression among the labouring poor. But these effects, which ensued during the war, were as nothing compared to those which have, since the peace, resulted from the return to cash payments by the bill of 1819. Perhaps no single measure ever produced so calamitous an effect as that has done. It has added at least a third to the National Debt, and augmented in a similar proportion all private debt in the country, and at the same time occasioned such a fall of prices by the contraction of the currency as has destroyed the sinking fund, rendered great part of the indirect taxes unproductive, and compelled in the end a return to direct taxation in a time of general peace. Thence has arisen a vacillation of prices unparalleled in any age of the world; a creation of property in some and destruction of it in others, which equalled, in its ultimate consequences, all but the disasters of a revolution."

The immediate effect of the suspension of cash payments on the part of the State bank was an enormous increase in the circulation of paper. The prices of commodities rose to nearly double their previous value, and a period of prosperity commenced, at least for one generation. During the twenty-two years which elapsed

from the suspension of cash payments in 1797 down to 1819, when their resumption was provided for by Act of Parliament, or at least during eighteen years of that period, reckoning down to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the career of England has no parallel in the annals of the world. The vast improvements and discoveries in machinery which were made towards the latter end of the century—the inventions of Hargreaves, Arkwright, Cartwright, Crompton, and Watt, came into play with astounding effect at a time when Great Britain held the mastery of the seas, and could divert the supplies of raw material from all other shores except her own. During the hottest period of the war, and in spite of all prohibitions, England manufactured for the Continent. Capital, or that which passed for capital, was plentiful; credit was easy, and profits were enormous. Some idea of the rapidity with which our manufactures progressed may be drawn from the fact that, whereas in 1785 the quantity of cotton wrought up was only 17,992,882 lbs., in 1810 it had increased to 123,701,826. Under this stimulus the population augmented greatly. The rise in the value of commodities gave that impulse to agriculture by means of which tracts of moorland have been converted into smiling harvest-fields, fens drained, commons enclosed, and huge tracts

reclaimed from the sea. The average price of wheat in 1792, was 42s. 11d.; in 1810, it was 106s. 2d. per quarter. Wages rose, though not in the same proportion, and employment was abundant.

In short, the paper age, while it lasted, transcended, in so far as Britain was concerned, the dreams of a golden era. Those who suffered from the suspension of cash payments were the *original* fundholders, annuitants, and such landlords as had previously let their properties upon long leases. But the distress of such parties was little heard, and less heeded, amid the hum of the multitudes who were profiting by the change. The creditor might be injured, but the debtor was largely benefited. One immediate effect of this rise in prices was, a corresponding rise in fixed salaries and the expenses of government. Hence, the domestic expenditure of the country was greatly increased; new taxes were levied, and the permanent burden of the National Debt augmented to an amount which, sixty years ago, would have been reckoned entirely fabulous. As a specimen of the increased expense of cultivating arable land, it may here be worth while to insert the following comparative table, calculated by Mr Arthur Young, and laid before a committee of the House of Lords. The extent is one hundred acres:—

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF THE EXPENSES OF ARABLE LAND.

	1790.	1803.	1813.
Rent,	£88 6 3½	£121 2 7½	£161 12 7½
Tithe,	20 14 1½	26 8 0½	38 17 3½
Rates,	17 13 10	31 7 7½	38 19 2½
Wear and tear,	15 13 5½	22 14 10½	31 2 10½
Labour,	85 5 4	118 0 4	161 12 11½
Seed,	46 4 10½	49 2 7	98 17 10
Manure,	48 0 3	68 6 2	37 7 0½
Team,	67 4 10	80 8 0½	134 19 8½
Interest,	22 11 11½	30 3 8½	50 5 6
Taxes,	0 0 0	0 0 0	18 1 4
Total,	£411 15 11½	£547 10 11½	£771 16 4½
Deduct rent,	88 6 3½	121 2 7½	161 12 7½
Nett expenses,	£323 9 8½	£426 8 4½	£610 3 9½
Price of wheat per quarter,	40s.	56s. 9d.	108s. 9d.

So long as the war lasted, the import of corn from abroad into this country was insignificant in amount. In 1814 the amount of wheat and wheat flour brought in amounted to only 681,333 quarters, being considerably above the average of years since the commencement of the century. In fact, Britain was then self-supporting. In time of war it is plain that, from our insular position, we cannot trust to any supplies beyond those which are raised at home, and there cannot be any doubt of the capability of the land to support a much larger population than that which presently exists. To those who glance superficially at the above table, the price of wheat in the year 1813 will appear monstrous, even when the great increase in the cost of cultivation is taken into account. This is the error, and it is a gross one, which has been studiously perpetuated by our statisticians, and even by some eminent writers on political economy. True, the price of wheat was then 108s. 9d., but it was estimated in a depreciated currency. Owing to various causes which it would be tedious to explain, the apparent difference between the value of the pound note and the guinea was far slighter than might have been expected, not amounting to more than seven or eight shillings, and actual depreciation, by sale of the notes for less than their nominal value, was by statute made penal. The price of gold and silver bullion never rose to an extent commensurate with the depreciation of the paper: in fact the coinage, as must be in the recollection of many, almost entirely disappeared, and was replaced by tokens of little intrinsic value, which served as the medium of interchange. In this depreciated and fluctuating currency commodities were valued, and by far the greater part of our National Debt was contracted. The paper pound in 1813 was probably, we may almost say certainly, not worth more than 10s. of metallic currency. In this view the quarter, estimated according to the present standard, was sold for 54s. 4d.—a price which modern statesmen allow to be barely remunerative.

If this point were generally understood, a vast amount of delusion

which possesses the public mind would be dispelled. The relative value of money to commodities has been as entirely changed, by the return to cash payments, as if shillings had been substituted for sixpences. If the creditor suffered in 1797, the debtor has suffered far more severely in consequence of the Act of 1819, as we shall immediately proceed to show. Meantime, we shall entreat the reader to keep in mind that all incomes and expenditure, public or private, during the war and the suspension of cash payments, are to be estimated not by our present metallic standard, but by the fluctuating value of a depreciated currency.

When peace was established the ports were opened. Then it became evident that foreign importations, if permitted, would at once and for ever extinguish the landed interest. The annual charge of the debt alone was, in 1816, the first year of peace, £32,938,751; and the current annual expenditure £32,231,020—in all, upwards of sixty-five millions. Had, therefore, the price of wheat in Britain been suddenly reduced to the Continental level, as would have been the case but for the imposition of the Corn Laws, the national bankruptcy would have been immediate. No argument is required to prove this; and it has often struck us as singular that this crisis—for such it was—has been so seldom referred to, especially in later discussions. We are not now defending the original suspension of cash payments—a measure which, nevertheless, seems to us to have been dictated by the strongest political necessity, however baneful its results may prove to the present and future generations. We simply say, that eighteen years' operation of that system, with the enormous expenditure and liabilities which it entailed, rendered Protection necessary the moment importation was threatened, to save the country from immediate bankruptcy following on its unparalleled efforts.

It is utter folly, and worse, to say, as political economists now contend, and as ignorant demagogues aver, that the Corn Laws were originally proposed solely for the benefit of the landlords. Without the imposition

of such laws, the whole financial system of Great Britain must instantly have disappeared. The amount of taxes which were required—first, to pay the interest of the National Debt, and, secondly, to meet the expenses of Government, (greatly increased by the change in the monetary laws effected in 1797)—rendered Protection to labour and to native produce absolutely indispensable. How could it be otherwise? Had wheat been sold in the British market at 46s., or even 50s., from what sources could the revenue have been levied? Under the new system, the expenses of cultivation had nearly doubled in twenty-three years—could the produce be put back to the same rates as before? So long as the monetary system then established did exist, that was clearly impossible. Protection was imperatively demanded, not by any class of the community, but by the state. To refuse it would have been national suicide. And so it was carried, doubtless very much against the inclination of the populace, who naturally enough expected that the return of peace would bring with it some substantial advantages in the shape of cheapness, and were proportionally disappointed when they discovered that the whole rent-charge of the wars, which had been so long maintained, must be liquidated before they could taste the anticipated blessings of the cheap loaf.

The return to cash payments, effected by the Act of 1819, is by far the most important event in our history since the change of dynasty. We believe that the late Sir Robert Peel, then a very young man, who was made the mouthpiece of a particular party on that occasion, really did not understand, to its full extent, the tremendous responsibility which he incurred. He acted simply as the exponent of the measure, at the instigation and by the direction of Mr Ricardo, who, under the guise of a political economist, concealed the crafty and selfish motives of the race from which he originally sprung. Ricardo was at that time considered a grand authority on matters of finance, his field of preparatory study having been the Stock Exchange, on which *he is understood to have realised a*

large fortune. All his prepossessions, therefore, were in favour of the capitalists; and it is not uncharitable to conclude that his private interests lay in the same direction. That act provided for the gradual resumption of cash payments throughout England, to be consummated in 1823, for the establishment of a fixed gold standard, and for the withdrawal of all bank-notes under the amount of five pounds. Had this act been carried into effect in all its integrity, general bankruptcy must have immediately ensued, from the absorption of the circulating medium. The existence of the small notes, however, was respited, and this enabled the country bankers to go on for some time without a crash. Still the violent contraction of the currency, so caused, had the necessary effect of spreading dismay throughout all sections of the community. The circulation of the Bank of England, at 27th February 1819, was £25,126,700. On the 28th February 1823, it was contracted to £18,392,240. At the former period its private discounts amounted to more than nine millions; at the latter, they were considerably under five. As a matter of course, the country bankers were compelled to follow the example of the great establishment, and the immediate results of this grand financial measure may be described in a few words. The tree was thoroughly shaken. According to Mr Doubleday—

“As the memorable first of May 1823 drew near, the country bankers, as well as the bank of England, naturally prepared themselves, by a gradual narrowing of their circulation, for the dreaded hour of gold and silver payments “on demand,” and the withdrawal of the small notes. We have already seen the fall of prices produced by this universal narrowing of the paper circulation. The effects of the distress produced all over the country—the consequence of this fall—we have yet to see.

“The distress, ruin, and bankruptcy, which now took place, were universal; affecting both the great interests of land and trade; but amongst the landlords, whose estates were burdened by mortgages, jointures, settlements, legacies, &c., the effects were most marked, and out of the ordinary course. In hundreds of cases, from the tremendous reduction in the price of land which now took place,

the estates barely sold for as much as would pay off the mortgages; and hence the owners were stripped of all, and made beggars. I was myself personally acquainted with one of the victims of this terrible measure. He was a schoolfellow, and inherited a good fortune, made principally in the West Indies. On coming of age, and settling with his guardians, he found himself possessed of fully forty thousand pounds; and with this he resolved to purchase an estate, to marry, and to settle for life. He was a young man addicted to no vice; of a fair understanding, and a most excellent heart; and was connected with friends high in rank, and likely to afford him every proper assistance and advice. The estate was purchased, I believe, about the year 1812 or 1813, for eighty thousand pounds, one moiety of the purchase money being borrowed on mortgage of the land bought. In 1822-3 he was compelled to part with the estate, in order to pay off his mortgage, and some arrears of interest; and when this was done, he was left without a shilling—the estate bringing only half of its cost in 1812.*

But isolated instances, however great may be their interest, will not adequately exhibit the effects of this measure upon the vital interests of the country. At least one half of the National Debt was incurred after the suspension of cash payments, and during the prevalence of the Paper Currency. The interest of that debt was now, and in all time coming, to be paid in coin greatly above the value of the currency in which it was contracted; and the Private Creditor shared in the advantage which thus was given to the Fundholder. The taxes were all to be levied in the same way, the metallic standard being made of universal application. As a matter of course, prices fell, and fell in a corresponding ratio.

The great prosperity of England during the war, and the unexampled development of its resources, whether agricultural, manufacturing, or commercial, may be traced to the combination of at least three causes. In the first place, England was thoroughly protected. Her artisans and labourers had nothing to fear from foreign competition. They had the

monopoly of their own home market, and were not liable to be undersold by the products of other nations. In the second place, we had a most extensive foreign trade, the real value of which cannot be ascertained from the official tables, owing to the manner in which that trade was carried on. But even according to the defective records which we possess, it appears that our exports in 1805 were equal to those of 1823, many of the intermediate years showing a much larger amount. In 1810, our exports were close upon forty-six millions; in 1832 they were barely above thirty-six. In the third place, the country possessed a large circulating medium, which gave ample scope to enterprise. We shall not enter upon the vexed question of systems of currency in the abstract; it is enough for us to know that for more than twenty years British prosperity went on without a check, until it was strangled by the bullionists. At present, we have neither Protection, nor an Expanded Currency. Our foreign trade, in so far as exports are concerned, is nominally large; but those who are best qualified to judge of the value of that trade, declare that it is unremunerative.

We are therefore very much at a loss to know what element of prosperity exists at the present time. We have every faith in British energy if it is allowed fair play, but that is precisely what we contend is not vouchsafed to it. Our whole legislation, under the guidance of the political economists, may be characterised as a systematic attempt to depress British industry. This could not have been effected at once, or by one isolated effort: several attacks upon the productive classes were required before this was consummated. The change of currency lowered the value of produce, and increased the burden of taxation. In other words, it brought down both prices and wages, to the manifest gain of the capitalist. Then came the gradual relaxation of the tariff, which has resulted in free importation—a measure by which all the working-classes,

* *Financial History of England.* By THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

without any exception, are assailed. This was effected with a perseverance and ingenuity which we cannot help admiring, even when we denounce it as diabolical. The first advances to Free Trade were no more remarked by the public in general than the foot-marks of the tiger in the jungle when he advances stealthily on his prey. The real instigators were the exporting manufacturers. After the return of peace, they saw clearly enough that their old monopoly was at an end. Cobbett wrote, very shrewdly, though in his own peculiar manner, in 1815:—

“It is now hoped by some persons that the restoration of the Pope, the Inquisition, the Jesuits, and the Bourbons, will so far brutalise the people of the Continent of Europe that we shall have no rivals in the arts of peace; and that thus we shall be left to enjoy a monopoly of navigation, commerce, and manufactures; and be thereby enabled to pay the interest on our debt, and to meet the enormous annual expenses of our government. Without stopping to comment on the morality and humanity of this hope, entertained in a country abounding with Bible Societies, I venture to give it as my decided opinion, that the hope is fallacious. Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Austria, Spain, the Italian States, and even the Bourbons, will all push forward for their share of the benefits of the arts of peace. While our purse is open to them all, they will be subservient to us; but that cannot be for ever.”

The old sergeant was perfectly right—with the return of peace our monopoly of the foreign market was over; but the question still remained, whether, by the sacrifice of home labour, our exporting manufacturers might not be able, for a considerable period at least, to keep ahead of their new rivals in distant markets. Unfortunately for us all, the political economists determined to make the attempt.

In some important branches of manufacture Britain was still unrivalled. The nearest, readiest, and therefore most lucrative market for these was to be found in Europe, and in consequence, it was deemed necessary that concessions should be made to admit some kinds of produce as imports, by way of inducing the foreigners

to concede a free admission to our exports. There is a scene in Shakespeare's play of *Julius Cæsar*, in which Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus are represented, seated at a table, conceding amicably the deaths of the near relations of each, in exchange for a similar surrender. This is not quite a parallel to the case before us. Our statesmen doomed their friends and fellow-countrymen without requiring a reciprocal sacrifice, and the consequence was that we gradually opened our home market to the foreigner, without insisting that he should render to us the same measure of justice. The artisans were the first to feel the blow. They had already suffered, most severely, from the change in the currency, which brought down prices, and, with them, the remuneration of labour; and the withdrawal of Protection from them made them the natural enemies of all those who were still shielded from foreign competition. The feeling was perfectly natural. The system begun by Huskisson, and consummated by Peel, could have no other effect than in arming one class of the community against the other. Deprive John forcibly of his coat, under the pretext of justice, and he will immediately insist that the same measure of deprivation shall be extended to James. He has a converse of a Christian rule to utter in his defence—“Why should not others be done to, precisely as I have been done by?”

This argument, in the hands of its able advocates, has proved irresistible. John and James are alike without coats; and until they agree with one another, and come to a common understanding, there is not much likelihood of their resumption of their necessary wear. It never has been, and never can be, for the interest of the producer that prices should be generally low. Very great nonsense has of late years been talked by public men, and, amongst others, by members of the present cabinet, regarding the “natural price” of corn. They seem to think that they have stumbled upon a happy phrase, and claim credit to themselves for patriotism in resisting all attempts to make the bread of the people dearer. But they do not, or will not, see that the

the estates barely sold for as much as would pay off the mortgages; and hence the owners were stripped of all, and made beggars. I was myself personally acquainted with one of the victims of this terrible measure. He was a schoolfellow, and inherited a good fortune, made principally in the West Indies. On coming of age, and settling with his guardians, he found himself possessed of fully forty thousand pounds; and with this he resolved to purchase an estate, to marry, and to settle for life. He was a young man addicted to no vice; of a fair understanding, and a most excellent heart; and was connected with friends high in rank, and likely to afford him every proper assistance and advice. The estate was purchased, I believe, about the year 1812 or 1813, for eighty thousand pounds, one moiety of the purchase money being borrowed on mortgage of the land bought. In 1822-3 he was compelled to part with the estate, in order to pay off his mortgage, and some arrears of interest; and when this was done, he was left without a shilling—the estate bringing only half of its cost in 1812.*

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instead of rearing millions of human clods, whose lives are passed in consuming the scanty supplies which is all that their task of intelligence enables them to produce, the universal people shall have their minds cultivated to a degree that will enable each to add his proportion to the general store?" *

Good lack, Mr Porter, there was no occasion at all for your putting yourself into such an inconvenient heat! Nobody, so far as we know, is making any complaint of surplus population. You and your friends have taken effectual measures to prevent such a state of matters, and we may now rest without any apprehension of a visit from the ghost of Malthus. The "universal people" alluded to in your last brilliant though somewhat unintelligible sentence, are likely to follow your advice, and abstain from "rearing millions of human clods," at least upon British soil. Be satisfied—you have done for the clods. Ireland is a noble example of your trophies in that way; and if you want to glorify yourself on another, you may refer to the Scottish Highlands. The true way to provide against the evils of over-population is to lower the value of produce, which is the condition of labour, below the remunerative point. Do that, and you may make a wilderness out of the most fertile region of the earth. But then, Mr Porter, did you never ask yourself what is to become of those who derive their subsistence and incomes from the labour of these self-same clods? A good many of us, we suspect, are in that condition, and very melancholy indeed would be our countenances if called upon to assist at the funeral of the last of that race. "Meddle not," said the Giant, in the German fable, to his child, who had picked up a peasant as a plaything—"meddle not with the husbandman! But for him, what would become of us Giants?" It would be well if you and your political allies had the intelligence to apprehend the moral.

The *Times*, in a late number, has treated the subject of emigration in a lively manner. The depopulation

which has taken place since Free Trade became the law of the land, is too startling a fact to be passed over without notice; and it is thus that the leading journal speculates on the strange phenomenon. The announcement in the opening sentence may puzzle, if not alarm, some of the most zealous advocates of foreign production:—

"The stream of emigration now set towards America will not stop till Ireland is absolutely depopulated; and the only question is, when will that be? Twenty years at the present rate would take away the whole of the industrious classes, leaving only the proprietors and their families, members of the learned professions, and those whose age or infirmities keep them at home. Twenty years are but a short time in treating great social or political questions. It is more than twenty years since the passing of the Emancipation Act and the introduction of the Reform Bill. What if it should really come to pass that before another twenty years the whole Celtic race shall have disappeared from these isles, and the problem of seven centuries received its solution? We dwell in wonderful times, in an age of great discoveries, splendid improvements, and grand consummations. Art has always been found the handmaid of human developments. The discovery of gunpowder put an end to the little wars and little states of the middle ages, and introduced larger political manipulations. The discovery of printing prepared for the revival of learning and arts, and paved the way to the Reformation. The discovery of the mariner's compass showed our navigators a path to the East Indies and the New World. It may be the first mission of railways to set all the populations of the Old World on the move, and send them in quest of independent and comfortable homes.

"And when will this movement stop? Incuriousness and prejudice are ready with the reply, that it will stop, at all events, when the Celtic race is exhausted. The Englishman, we are assured, is too attached to his

* PORTER'S *Progress of the Nation*, p. 692.

great body of the people are interested in this question, not as consumers, but as producers. The vast majority of the population of these islands have hitherto derived their means of subsistence, not from manufactures, but from the soil. Manufactures do not in reality constitute more than one-fourth part of the annual creation of our wealth; and two-thirds at least of all our manufactures are intended for the home market, and will be profitable or not according to the circumstances of the general body of consumers. Now, the natural price of corn depends upon the circumstances of the country in which it is produced. It may be ten shillings in Poland: it may be sixty shillings in England. No doubt you can get corn, and are getting it, from Poland far cheaper than you can raise it in England—but at what cost? Why, at the sacrifice of that enormous capital which has been sunk in the cultivation of the land, and of nearly one-half of the annual creation of our wealth!

The average price of wheat, for a number of years preceding 1790, was 46s. per quarter. It is so stated in Mr Arthur Young's table, which we have given above, and may be taken as the average of thirty years. The average for 1790 was considerably higher, for we observe that Mr Porter states it at 53s. 2d. Now, since that period, both the amount of our debt and of our current annual public expenditure has been tripled—that is, we have three times as much to pay in the shape of taxation as formerly. This is independent of poor-rates and local taxation, which have also greatly increased. That being the case, we ask how it is possible that corn can be grown now in Britain at a profit, when the ruling price, owing to importations from abroad, is *eight shillings per quarter* lower than it was on an average of years preceding 1790? The absurdity is palpable.

How, then, are the taxes to be paid? That is the question. Not out of the profits of the foreign trade certainly, for the whole value of our exports is not much above the amount of the national expenditure, and when we add the local taxes, would not reach one-half of the requisite sum. Be-

sides, at the present moment, the exports are not nearly balancing the imports. According to the official tables, the declared value of the exports for the year ending 5th January 1850, was £63,596,025; the official value of the imports for the same period was £105,874,607. We presume it will be admitted that taxes can only be permanently paid out of profits, and we want to know where these profits are? It is perfectly evident that the cultivation of the land cannot be carried on for ever at a loss. Sooner or later both capital and credit must be exhausted; soils of an inferior description—indeed all except the best land in the neighbourhood of towns—must be abandoned and withdrawn from tillage, and the working-classes will find themselves utterly unable to meet the demands of taxation. An immense portion of our taxation is, and must be, drawn from the labouring men. They contribute largely to our revenue through the customs and excise, and the extent of their consumption depends entirely upon the amount of the wages which they receive. Any measure which tends to lessen the sphere of production is a direct blow at their interests. Cheap bread is just another word for low wages, as already many of them have discovered to their cost; and we have now arrived at that stage of the experiment when its effects will be rapidly developed.

Mr Porter, whose brains are principally valuable in the preparation of cumbrous statistics, breaks out, for once in a way, into a fine burst of eloquence on the subject of over-population. Let us hear him in his animated mood:—

“Whence arises this fear—this childish fear of the increase of our numbers?—childish, because it exists without regard to the lessons of experience. What evidence is there in our present condition to justify the complaint of ‘surplus population,’ that did not exist in as great, or even in a greater degree of force, when our numbers had not reached one-half their present amount? Why, then, shall we not go forward to double, and again to double our population in safety, and even to advantage, if,

tion of the fields, the rent of landed property, the profit of trades, the payment of rates and taxes, depend on the people; and without the people, there must ensue a general collapse of all our institutions." To every word of this we adhere. But unless we can suppose that the people will submit to the degraded position of the foreign serfs, with whose produce they are now called upon to compete, Britain cannot hope to retain anything like its present population. The exodus must go on, and every vestige of our former greatness disappear. Unprotected labour and high taxation cannot exist together. Prolong the struggle as we may, the experience of each succeeding month will show the impossibility of such a reconciliation.

We are curious to know if, with such facts before them as those admitted in the *Times*, Ministers will have the temerity next year to assure us that the country generally is in prosperous circumstances. Do men emigrate wholesale from prosperous countries? Are they ever ready to leave comfort behind them, and recommence the struggle of life on a more unpromising field? If we are forced to reject that conclusion, then we defy any one to arrive at another

save this—that our recent legislation has so narrowed the sphere of labour, and so depressed its prospects, that the population are driven perforce from their native country, to seek elsewhere the means of existence which they cannot procure at home.

To talk of Protection as hopeless, is to acquiesce in the national doom. All classes of the community, from the fundholder and capitalist down to the meanest labourer, have a stake in this great question. Let not the former deceive themselves. Without the labour of the people their securities are as valueless as the mere paper on which they are written. Therefore, it is their part to see that no line of policy shall be allowed to continue if it has the effect of drying up the springs of our national prosperity. If they will not listen to the remonstrances of the distressed, let them at all events view their own position dispassionately. We may be on the verge of a great crisis, and a great struggle may be approaching, but we have not the slightest doubt that the cause which must ultimately prevail is that which is essentially the cause of the people. Prosperity will only return to the nation when Native Industry is protected.

BLACKWOOD'S

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No. CCCCXXXIV.

DECEMBER, 1851.

Vol. LXX.

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TO THE SHOPKEEPERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

GENTLEMEN,—As it is customary for most men about this season of the year, when accounts are balanced and squared, to take a serious survey of the posture of their affairs, and to examine into their business prospects, perhaps you may not consider a few observations, touching the welfare and position of that important class of the community to which you belong, either impertinent or ill-timed. You are aware that, for the last year or two, Her Majesty's Ministers have been in the habit of opening Parliament with a congratulatory assurance of the continued, and even augmented, prosperity of the country. The reason why such statements were made, altogether irrespective of their truth or falsehood, is obvious enough. In a political point of view, they were necessary for the vindication of the measures which Government either originated or adopted. To have admitted that the country was not prospering under the new commercial system, would have been considered by the public as tantamount to an acknowledgment that the policy which dictated those measures was vicious; and that the Whig ministry, if not deficient in duty, had at least erred sorely in judgment. In private life, we rarely meet with that degree of candour which amounts to an unequivocal admission of error in point of judgment—in public life, such an admission is altogether unknown.

Failure may indeed be acknowledged when the fact becomes too evident to admit of further denial; but the causes of that failure are never attributed to their real source. Not only the purity of the motive, but the wisdom of the conception, is vindicated to the last. In this case, however, failure is totally denied. So far from being put upon their defence, the Whigs maintain that they have achieved a triumph. Their averment is, that, with the exception of the agricultural producers, among whom they allow that a certain degree of distress prevails, all other classes of the community are prosperous. Even for the agriculturists there is balm in store. The prosperity of the other classes is to react upon them; so that, within some indefinite period of time, we shall all find ourselves in circumstances of ease and comfort which have hitherto been unknown in our land.

With you the benefit is represented, not as prospective, but as present. The agriculturist may have to wait a little longer, but you are already provided for. Your cake is baked; and we are assured that you are eating it in thankfulness and joy. If this is really the case, there is no more to be said on the subject. If the harvest of Free Trade has actually yielded you such a large measure of profit, it would be madness in any one to decry that line of policy in your hearing.

You constitute the class which, from its peculiar position and vocation, is better qualified than any other to judge accurately, and from experience, of the degree of prosperity which is actually known in the country. The verdict of twelve shopkeepers, given after an inspection of their books for an average of years, ought to be of more weight, in settling the merits of any disputed commercial question, than the random assurances of a dozen cabinet ministers whose reputation and official existence are bound up in the vindication of their own policy. The reason of this is perfectly obvious. Your profit is simply a commission upon your sales. You do not produce or manufacture articles of consumption—you simply retail them. Your profit depends upon the briskness of trade, that is, the amount of demand. It rises or falls according to the general circumstances of your customers. In good times you make large profits; in bad times those profits decrease. One while your stock sells off rapidly; at another, it remains upon your hands. Your interest is inseparable from that of the great body of consumers by whom you live. You have little or nothing to do with the foreign trade; for, whatever be the nature of the articles in which you deal, you sell them in the home market. You have, therefore, the best opportunity of estimating the real condition of your customers. The state of your own books, and the comparative degree of ease or difficulty which you experience in the collection of your accounts, furnish you with a sure index of the purchasing power of the community. Compared with this criterion, which is common to every man among you, tables of exports and imports, statements of bank bullion, and such like artificial implements as have been invented by the political impostors and economists, are absolutely worthless. When our sapient Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Mr Labouchere, tell you, with an air of unbounded triumph, that the exportation of calicoes to China or Peru has mightily increased—and therefore argue, without condescending to inquire whether such exportation has been attended with any profit at all to the

manufacturers, that the prosperity of the country is advancing at a railway pace—you may indeed be gratified by the statistical information, but you will fail to discover in what way the public are benefited thereby. It is pleasant to know that there are fifteen millions of gold in the vaults of the Bank of England, and that, so long as this hoard remains undiminished, there is little chance of a commercial crisis, or a violent contraction of credit. But we take it you would be infinitely better pleased to know that sovereigns were circulating freely from hand to hand amongst the people, and that your customers had their pockets so well filled as to enable them to purchase largely, and to pay their accounts when due. To you any depression whatever is a serious matter—a depression which assumes a permanent appearance cannot be much short of ruin. Therefore you ought most especially to take care that no false representation is made regarding your circumstances, which may be the means of perpetuating a system that has already proved detrimental to a large body of your customers.

Were we to take for granted the ministerial statement of prosperity—which no doubt will be repeated next February—your Whig minister being an incorrigible cuckoo—this paper would certainly not have been written. But, having had occasion early to doubt the truthfulness of this vernal note, and having taken some pains to examine the statements which from time to time are issued by the great houses engaged in commercial and manufacturing industry, as also the accounts of the present condition of the poor, which have excited so much public interest, we have really been unable to discover any one influential class, beyond the money-lenders and creditors, or any one large and important branch of industry, which can, with truth, be described as prospering, or will confess to the existence of such prosperity. Shipmasters, manufacturers, merchants, iron-masters, and agriculturists, all tell the same tale. This is very strange. You may possibly remember that Mr M'Gregor, once Secretary to the Board of Trade, and

now member for Glasgow, the great commercial city of Scotland, estimated the additional amount of wealth which was to accrue to Great Britain, in consequence of the repeal of the Corn Laws, at two millions sterling per week! Upon what data that profound gentleman, who thus enunciated the prophecy and assumed the mask of Midas, proceeded in his calculation, we know not, and perhaps it would be superfluous to inquire. It certainly was a good round sum; for, by this time, without insisting upon compound, or even simple interest, it should have amounted to rather more than one-half of the national debt; but unfortunately nobody will own to having fingered a farthing of the money. In recalling to your memory this little circumstance, it is by no means our intention to offer any disrespect to the intellectual powers of M'Gregor, for whom, indeed, we entertain a high degree of veneration, similar to that which is manifested by the Mussulman when he finds himself in the company of a howling dervesh. We merely wish to reproduce to you one phantom of the golden dream, which, five or six years ago, when the fever of gain was epidemical, possessed the slumbers of so many; and having done so, to ask you, now that the fever is gone, whether it was not indeed a phantom? We are wiser now—at all events, we have had more experience—and the producing classes tell us very distinctly, and quite unanimously, that they have derived no benefit whatever from the commercial changes which have taken place. Capital, whether invested in ships, factories, mines, or land, is less profitable, and therefore less valuable, than it was before; and in some instances, where the depression has been most heavy, it has been almost annihilated.

These are not our statements, but the statements of the several interests, as put forward by their own representatives. They are statements which emanate alike from the Free-Trader and the Protectionist. Men may differ as to the cause, but they all agree as to the grand fact of the depression. So that, when we hear ministers congratulating themselves and the country upon its gene-

ral prosperity, and, *pari passu* with this congratulation, find the accredited organs of each of the great branches of productive industry vehemently asserting that they are exceptions from the general rule, an anxious believer in the probity of all parties has his faith somewhat rudely shaken.

We believe that, collectively, you are the best judges as to this disputed matter. As the real wealth of the country depends upon the amount and value of its yearly produce—as from that annual creation, when measured by the monetary standard, and circulated through a thousand channels, all our incomes are derived—you, who supply the whole population with the necessities and luxuries of life, (fabricated by others, but passing through your hands,) must necessarily have the best means of knowing whether the circumstances of that population have, on the aggregate, been bettered or made worse. When Napoleon in the bitterness of his heart declared that we were a nation of shopkeepers, he uttered no terms of reproach, though he intended to convey a taunt. Your position in the community is such that you cannot flourish independent of its general prosperity. The exporting manufacturer, and even the foreign merchant, may multiply their gains, and realise fortunes, whilst other classes, whose wellbeing is far more important to the stability of the empire, are hastening to decay. Such phenomena are common in old states, when the process of dissolution has begun. The parasite lives and thrives, while the tree round which it has wound its tendrils is crumbling into rottenness. But such is not your case. Your interests are identical with those of the productive classes, for without them you could not exist. Ill-remunerated labour—unproductive capital—lessened means—deteriorated property—are things which affect you as deeply as though you were the direct sufferers or losers. Upon the wealth of your customers depends your own. And therefore, in such an important crisis as the present, when the existing commercial system of the country is vigorously assailed by one party, and as obstinately defended by another—

when facts and statements apparently of much weight are adduced on either side, to serve as arguments for the overthrow or the maintenance of that system—when some cite statistical tables to prove that the country *must* be prosperous, and others adduce real evidence to show that the reverse is the case—you cannot afford to sit idly by, without throwing the weight of your testimony and experience into one or other of the scales. You have had admirable opportunities of noticing the working of the Free-Trade system. It matters not what were the original prepossessions of any of you, or what might have been your opinion with regard to the merits of this or that scheme, while it was still in embryo and untried. A more complex question than that of Free Trade, as affecting the importation of corn, probably never was presented to the public consideration. Many excellent, judicious, and thoroughly patriotic men, relying upon the truth of statements which were regarded by others as mere plausible theories, were willing to submit to the experiment. And when, by the grossest act of political perfidy that was ever perpetrated—an act which future times, if not the present, will stigmatise with deserved opprobrium—the last and most important change, save that which subsequently assailed our maritime interest, was suddenly effected, it was the declared opinion of the majority that the new system must at least have a trial, until its real results were developed, and until it became apparent to the nation whether or not Free Trade would operate for the advantage of the people, as its advocates and promoters had predicted.

Here we must, for a moment or two, however unwillingly, digress. The later measures of Free Trade have assailed interests so important and so strong, that its former and earlier advances, stealthily and cautiously made, have almost faded from the public view. Free Trade, as a political system, did not alone strike at the agricultural or the shipping interest. Since the days of Mr Huskisson, who brought with him into active life the principles which he had imbibed in youth from his asso-

ciates in French Jacobinism, the principles of Free Trade have been gradually but cautiously applied to various branches of British industry. The slow and insidious nature of the movement on the part of the statesmen, who, even then, were yielding to the influence of the modern economical school, showed their distrust of the system, which, if true, ought at once to have been openly promulgated. Like the late Sir Robert Peel, Huskisson was destitute of that manly courage which scorns concealment or deceit, and walks steadfastly to its goal. Cunning was an ingredient of his nature: whatever he did was accomplished by tortuous methods, and vindicated upon false pretences. The tendency of that policy which he commenced was to maintain by all means, at all hazards, and at the sacrifice, if needful, of every other interest, the manufacturing supremacy of England in the foreign market—an object for which we still are striving, though at the imminent risk of the dismemberment of the British empire. It is due, however, to the memory of Mr Huskisson, to remark, that, although the originator of this policy, he does not seem to have contemplated the extent to which it would be carried out by his successors. His opinions upon the subject of protection to agriculture were clear and decided: "There is no effectual security, either in peace or war, against the frequent return of scarcity, but in making ourselves independent of foreign supply. Let the bread we eat be the produce of corn grown among ourselves; and, for one, I care not how cheap it is—the cheaper the better. It is cheap now, and I rejoice at it, because it is altogether owing to a sufficiency of corn of our own growth; but, to insure a continuance of that cheapness, and that sufficiency, we must insure to our own growers *protection against foreign importation*, which has produced those blessings, and by which alone they can be permanently maintained." The time, however, was fast approaching when the reins of government were to fall into the hands of a scion of the manufacturing body, in whose eyes the momentary supremacy of party was of more importance than any prin-

ciple of national policy. There is no more curious page in history than that which records the rise of British manufactures towards the close of last century. Invention after invention, whereby manual labour was superseded by machinery, and the power of production almost indefinitely multiplied, paved the way for that monopoly which our manufacturers enjoyed for at least a quarter of a century, during which time every other country in Europe except our own was devastated by war, and the peaceful arts forgotten or overthrown. It was during that period that the gigantic fortunes of the Arkwrights and the Peels were made, and that influence secured to the manufacturing body in the British House of Commons which it never possessed before. But with the return of peace the monopoly disappeared. By invention in mechanical appliances, Britain had the start of other nations in the creation of manufactures; by war, she was enabled long to enjoy the undivided benefits. But inventions are not the property of a single nation; they pass from one to another with the rapidity of lightning; they are available by the foreign, even more easily than by the domestic, rival. Hence it very soon became apparent that other states were preparing to compete with us in those branches of industry which had proved so exceedingly profitable. France, Belgium, Germany, Russia, Switzerland, and America, all entered keenly into the contest; and then commenced that decline of prices which has continued, almost without intermission, to the present hour. Reciprocity treaties were tried, but were in fact of little avail; for the great bulk of the English exports consisted of those very textile fabrics which it was the object of each country to produce for its own consumption, if not to export to others. During the war, both the expenses of government and the interest of the National Debt had doubled in amount, and the monetary changes effected in 1819 added at least one-third to the weight of that augmented burden. In order to make this taxation bearable, the industry of the people

was protected in their own market by a scale of customs duties, which prevented the influx of foreign produce at rates which must have annihilated the British workman. Protection is a clear necessity which arises out of taxation. If the tobacco, tea, coffee, sugar, beer, soap, and other articles of the labourer's consumption, are taxed in order to maintain an expensive establishment, and to defray the interest of an enormous debt, he must have a compensation of some kind. The only kind of compensation which can be granted, and which the wit of man can devise, is to be found in an equitable scale of duties, by means of which all produce imported into Britain shall be taxed as heavily as though it had been reared, grown, or made up on British ground by British labourers. Unless this be done, there is no fair competition. The less burdened foreigner must ultimately carry the day against the heavily-taxed Englishman. And when we consider that all taxes must be paid out of produce, there being no other source whatever from which they can be drawn, the importance of maintaining the market value of our produce at a point equal to the pressure of our taxation will at once become apparent.

There are, however, plausible, though in reality most fallacious grounds, upon which the Protective System may be assailed. In this, as in every other country, the first and most important branch of industry is that which provides food for the population. To that all others are subordinate. It is impossible to estimate the amount of capital which has been laid out upon the soil of Britain, first in reclaiming it from a state of nature, and, since then, in maturing and increasing its fruitfulness. But some idea may be formed of its magnitude from the fact that, in 1846, the annual agricultural produce of the United Kingdom was valued, according to the prices then current, at £250,000,000. Whatever Imperial taxation is imposed on other classes of the community is shared equally by the agriculturists; and they are, moreover, exposed to

heavy local rates, from which the others are comparatively free. It is a received maxim in political economy—we ought rather to say a rule of common sense—that all taxes and charges paid by the producer, over and above his necessary profit, fall ultimately to be defrayed by the consumer—that is, that such taxes and charges form a component part of the selling price of the article. There is no specialty whatever in the case of corn or provisions to exempt them from the general rule. But all restrictions which tend to enhance the price of the first necessities of life are obnoxious to that section of the people who, from ignorance or incapacity, cannot understand why bread should be dear in one country and cheap in another. They, too, are subjected to their share of indirect taxation, and the knowledge that they are so taxed in the consumption of articles which constitute their only luxuries, renders them doubly impatient of a system which, on the authority of wicked and designing demagogues, they are led to believe was invented by the landlords solely for their own benefit. Thus heavy taxation, however engendered, must always be fraught with great peril to the permanency of a state. The burden of such taxation falls most heavily upon the land, and yet the agriculturist is expected to provide food for the people as cheaply as though he were altogether exempt from the burden.

The reason why the exporting manufacturers, and those politicians who entered thoroughly into their views, were so bent upon the destruction of the Corn Laws, was twofold. In the first place, the competition in foreign markets threatened to become so strong, owing to the rapid development of textile industry on the Continent, that it was necessary to lower prices. England had given machinery and models to the Continent, and the Continent was now fighting her with her own weapons, and at a cheaper cost, as labour abroad is less expensive than it is here. In order to bring down the value of labour in England, for the purpose of protracting this grand manufacturing contest, it was necessary to

lower, in some way or other, the price of food in England, and this could only be accomplished by free admission of foreign supplies. In short, their object was to bring down wages. On this point we have the testimony of Mr Muntz, M.P. for Birmingham, as early as February 1842. He wrote as follows:—"Say what you will, the *object* of the measure is to *reduce wages*, and the *intention* is to reduce them to the Continental level. I repeat it, the Corn Laws very materially support labour in this country. . . . Why, the professed object of the repeal is to enable the English merchant to compete with the foreigner, and how can he do that *unless by a reduction of wages*, which reduction will be upon all trade, home and foreign?" Mr John Bright was not less clear as to the necessity of such reduction of wages in order to maintain our exports: "If the tariff in Russia imposed a heavy duty on English yarn, and if English yarn went there and had to be sold at the same rate as the yarn of the Russian spinner, he (that is, the Russian spinner) not paying the heavy duty, it followed that we must, *by some means or other*, make our goods cheaper by the amount of duty which we paid, and to do that *it was absolutely necessary that the wages of the operatives in this country should be reduced.*" And Mr Greg of Manchester, a leading member of the Anti-Corn Law League, wrote as follows:—"In the only remaining item of the cost of production—that is, the wages of labour—foreign nations have a decided advantage; and although a free trade in provisions, by lowering them here, and raising them abroad, might regulate the difference, I doubt if it ever could be entirely removed. Better education, more sober habits, more frugality, and general forethought, together with cheaper food, will no doubt enable our people to live in much greater comfort than at present UPON CONSIDERABLY SMALLER EARNINGS." These extracts sufficiently disclose the designs of the Free-Traders against the wages of the workman. In the second place, it was believed by many of them,

that, by sacrificing the agriculturists, they would be able to turn the attention of other countries, especially America, from the prosecution of their rising manufactures. They argued, that if we were to surrender and secure our provision market to foreign states, they would return the compliment by allowing us to manufacture for them—in other words, that the foreigners were to feed England, and England was to clothe the foreigners! This precious scheme has since been avowed, seriously and gravely, by men who have seats in the present House of Commons; and, so far as we can understand their language, the philosophers of the *Edinburgh Review* consider this a most sensible arrangement!

The agricultural interest, however, was of too great magnitude to be attacked at once. Several outworks were to be gained before the citadel was summoned to surrender. Accordingly Mr Huskisson began, and Sir Robert Peel continued, that system of commercial relaxations, (which, some five-and-twenty years ago, was exposed and denounced in this Magazine,) annihilating some branches of industry and depressing others—pauperising whole districts, as in the Highlands, and merging the villages in the towns—until the time seemed ripe, and the opportunity propitious, for the accomplishment of the grand design. It is not now necessary to dwell upon the circumstances which attended the change in the Corn and Navigation Laws—these are still fresh in the memory of all of us, and will not soon be forgotten. Our object in this digression was simply to remind you that Free Trade, in its insidious and stealthy progress, has warred with other interests than those which belong to the agricultural and the maritime classes.

Neither is it necessary at present to advert to the gross inconsistencies of the system—to the restrictions which it still continues upon that very branch of industry which it has laid bare to foreign competition. Let us take the system as it is, of which you have had now nearly three years' experience, dating from the time when the ports were opened.

Three years constitute a long pe-

riod for the endurance of a commercial experiment. During that time you have had ample opportunity of observing how the system has worked: Are you richer or poorer than you were before the experiment began? If the former, Free Trade has worked well; if the latter, it is a mischievous delusion.

This is a question which you alone can answer—or rather, every man must answer it for himself. But this much we may be allowed to say, that, from what information we can gather regarding the state of general trade—from the sentiments which we have heard expressed by many of the most respectable of your own body—the experiences of the last year have not been such as to give you much encouragement for the future. If it is so, then you will do well to consider whether or not you ought to lend that great political influence which you undoubtedly possess, in support of a system which has not only failed to realise the anticipations of its founders, but has actually diminished in a great degree the power of purchase of the community.

This is no trivial matter to any of us, least of all is it trivial to you. The next general election will be, in its results, by far the most important of any which has taken place for centuries. If, in the new Parliament, all idea of a return to the Protective System is abandoned, we may prepare ourselves for that most dismal conflict which can convulse a country—a war against taxation, and ultimately against property. For—rely upon this—heavy taxation and cheap produce are things which never can be reconciled. You . . . if you

please, hand over to him, without toll or custom, to our wants with produce of his own rearing; but, if you do so, what is become of our own produce, and their labour?—and how levy those taxes which can supply? That matter, for which such duties have been made.

in the market will brook no such thing. It will not brook to be by

to her by the Free-Traders, and is engaged heart and soul in the cotton manufacture, for which she possesses within herself the command of the raw material. *To those countries which supply us with corn, our exports of manufactures have alarmingly decreased.* We may continue to glut (for that is what we are doing at present) the markets of India and China, and our export tables may exhibit a cheering increase in the amount of yards of calico sent out; but, unless the trade circulars are utterly mendacious, the speculation has been, and will continue to be for a long tract of time, unprofitable. The fact is, that the extent and value of our foreign trade in manufactures is little understood by most of us, and grossly exaggerated by others. It constitutes, after all, a mere fraction of the national production. The consumption of manufactures at home is, or was, before the late changes were made, twice as great as the whole amount of our annual exports. The prosperity of this country does not depend upon the amount of wares which it sends or forces abroad, though that is the doctrine which is constantly clamoured in our ears by the political economists—a generation of ridiculous pretenders, of whom it is only necessary to know one, in order to form an accurate estimate of the mental capabilities of his tribe. It depends on our own labour, on our own internal arrangements, and on that reciprocity between man and man, and between class and class of our fellow-subjects, which is the only real security for the peace and tranquillity of a kingdom. Those exporting manufacturers, who rummage foreign markets, are no better than so many buccaneers. Their object is to evade the burden of taxation at home, and, wherever they can with advantage to themselves, to bring in foreign labour, untaxed and untolled, to supersede that of the British workman.

You cannot have failed to remark that the arguments which are now put forward by the Free-Traders, in support of their system, are totally different from those which they advanced while recommending it for the adoption of the country. How often were we told, during the struggle

which preceded the repeal of the Corn Laws, that all the apprehensions expressed of a permanent fall in the value of produce, and of overwhelming importations from abroad, were purely visionary! Learned statisticians undertook to prove by figures that the whole quantity of grain which could be brought into this country was absolutely insignificant, and that it could not disturb prices. Mr James Wilson of the *Economist*, in his valuable tractate entitled *Influences of the Corn Laws*, which was published eleven years ago, thus favoured the public with his anticipations for the future, in the event of the repeal of the Corn Laws:—

“Our belief is,” says the sage of Westbury, “that the whole of these generally received opinions are erroneous; that if we had had a free trade in corn since 1815, the average price of the whole period, actually received by the British grower, would have been higher than it has been; that little or no more foreign grain would have been imported; and that if, for the next twenty years, the whole protective system shall be abandoned, *the average price of wheat will be higher than it has been for the last seven years*, (52s. 2d.) or than it would be in the future with a continuance of the present system;—but with this great difference, that prices would be nearly uniform and unaltering from year to year; that the disastrous fluctuations would be greatly avoided, which we have shown, in the first proposition, to be so ruinous under the present system.”

For this very notable sentiment, Mr Wilson was clapped on the back by the Manchester men, and commended thus in the seventh circular of the League:—“We are much indebted to Mr Ibbotson of Sheffield, *Mr James Wilson*, and our esteemed correspondent, for labouring to prove to the landlords that they may safely do justice to others, without endangering their own interests. And we think very much has been done towards justifying their opinions, *that the money price of grain would not be lowered even by the total repeal of the Corn Laws!*” Sir Robert Peel, in the memorable debates of 1846, attempted to justify his experiment on the ground

that previous commercial relaxations had been found beneficial to the parties who were directly engaged in the trade, his inference being, that the same result would follow in the case of the agriculturists. Unfortunately the data upon which he proceeded were altogether fallacious; for, notwithstanding his dexterity in selecting figures, and bringing out balances which were apparently favourable, it was clearly demonstrated by Lord George Bentinck, that in no one instance whatever had those relaxations proved favourable to the British producer, and that many of them had moreover occasioned a large loss to the public revenue. But the language held by Sir Robert Peel, upon that occasion, cannot be construed otherwise than as the expression of an opinion that, by the repeal of the Corn Laws, prices would not be materially disturbed—at all events, that they would not be lowered so as to fall below the remunerative point.

The immense influx of foreign grain which followed the opening of the ports in 1849, and the immediate fall of price, were calculated to alarm not only the farmers, but even that section of the Free-Traders who believed conscientiously that the productive powers of Europe and America were unequal to the supply of so very considerable a surplus. It is no wonder that the farmers were frightened, when they saw grain coming in at the rate of a million of quarters per month! They were, however, told by the highest Free-trading authorities in both Houses of Parliament, and the same view was violently maintained by the Liberal press, that their fears were altogether groundless; that such importations could not possibly be maintained; and that the first inundation was simply caused by an accumulation of corn at the foreign ports, stored up in readiness for the opening of the English market—a contingency which could not happen again. The utmost pains were taken, by those who had consented to the repeal of the Corn Laws, to persuade the farmers that the low prices of 1849 were attributable principally to the superabundance of the harvest at home; and they were exhorted to wait patiently, but hopefully, for the advent of better times.

In short, every means were taken to persuade the agriculturists that they were labouring under a temporary but not a permanent difficulty, and that a very short time would suffice to restore them to their former condition. But no one attempted to maintain, in 1849, that, if wheat continued to sell at or about 40s. per quarter, its cultivation could be profitable in Britain; and when, at a later period, one or two rash theorists attempted to broach that doctrine, they were instantly put to silence by the overwhelming nature of the proof which was brought against them—not the least instructive part of it being the admissions of the leading Free-Traders as to what really was, on an average of years, the remunerative price of wheat to the British grower.

It is now clearly established, that, under Free Trade, 40s. per quarter is a price which the British farmer cannot calculate on receiving. The averages of England are now about 36s. per quarter, being 20s. lower than the sum which Sir Robert Peel considered as the lowest which could remunerate the grower. Therefore, taking the average yield of good wheat-land at four quarters per acre, it appears that, by continuing to grow that kind of grain which is convertible into ordinary bread, the farmer must be a positive loser to the extent of *four pounds per acre!* In other words, even suppose no rent at all were taken for the land, wheat cannot continue to be grown at a profit in Great Britain, so long as the averages remain below 40s.; and we leave a large margin to the credit of improved husbandry and strict economy, exercised, as it must be, at the expense of the labourer's wages. That such is the present condition of the British farmers—a hopeless one, unless a legislative remedy is applied—will brook no denial. Last year we were told of farms letting at an increase of rent, and of other symptoms of agricultural prosperity, whereof nothing now is heard. The fact of the depression—if we may use so mild a term in respect to a branch of industry which is now merely existing upon capital, not by income—is beyond all possibility of doubt or cavil. The causes of it are obvious; and it now only remains to be seen whether we can afford to

allow agriculture to be extinguished from among us, or at best raised to that point which will afford a bare subsistence to the grower, without the risk of involving the rest of us in a like calamity.

You may have heard it said—for it has been often written—that it signifies little to the people of this country from what source they receive their bread. It is worth your while to examine into this. That a loaf baked of American flour, grown in the valley of the Mississippi, may taste quite as well in the mouth of the consumer as a loaf of English material is a circumstance which we can readily believe; but is this all that is to be considered? Does the American bear any part of our national taxation? Does he contribute, directly or indirectly, to the burdens which are common to the British producer? Does he deal with any of you, and can you call him a customer? These are the questions which you ought to ask yourselves, in making up your minds on this matter; and if you will only examine the subject patiently and dispassionately, your own common sense will lead you to a just conclusion. Let us suppose that all the food which you purchase and consume was grown on a foreign soil, and admitted free of duty. You might then have cheap bread, but, as a necessary consequence, you would lose more than half your customers. Unless people have money they cannot buy; and if agricultural production were to be abandoned in the British islands, all those who derive their incomes—not only directly, but indirectly—from the soil, would necessarily be stripped of their means. Are you aware of the fact that, on a minute analysis of the census of 1841, it appeared that the relative numbers of the population of Great Britain and Ireland, supported and maintained by the two great sources of production, agriculture and manufactures, were as 18,734,468, dependent on the first, to 8,091,621, dependent on the second? Do you believe that the country can remain prosperous, if you strike a deathblow at the produce which maintains more than two-thirds of its inhabitants?

Let us go a little further, and suppose—what may hereafter be the case

—that other countries could undersell us in the home market in the article of manufactures—that America, France, or Germany could send us cotton and woollen stuffs, and other ware, cheaper than we could make them at home. In that case, where would be the sources of our income? All industry would be prostrated—for you know very well that a losing trade will not and cannot be carried on long, and that the time will soon arrive when, through the failure of capital, it must be abandoned. In such an event, what would become of our population, with their labour entirely destroyed? How could the taxes be levied, and the expenses of government paid, to say nothing of the interest of the National Debt? Great cheapness you would have, no doubt, but nobody would be able to buy.

If cheapness is a blessing in food, it is a blessing in clothing and in everything else. The rule admits of no exception. It is as advantageous for any of us to save a pound on the price of his coat as a penny on the price of his loaf. Bread is, no doubt, the most important article of the working-man's consumption, but at the same time it is no less a fact that the raising of food is the most important part of the production of the labouring-classes. Without home labour, all capital in this country would be annihilated, or at least would depart from it. Labour depends entirely upon wages, and wages upon the market price of the article produced. If from the introduction of foreign labour, in the shape of products, the price of any article is forced down below the cost of production, then wages begin to fall, and in the end production is extinguished. Why is it that foreign countries have imposed heavy duties upon our exported articles of manufacture? Simply for this object—that their own manufacturers, who give employment to large numbers of their population, may not be undersold by ours, nor those means of employment annihilated. In acting thus, these governments perform a paternal duty to the people—shielding them against the competition of an older manufacturing power, and preparing them hereafter, when skill and

capital are acquired, to enter neutral markets, with a fair chance of ultimately overcoming the other.

It stands to reason that, with an equal degree of energy on the part of its inhabitants, the country which is the least heavily burdened must distance others in all branches of industry, where nature does not oppose a barrier, or place it at a disadvantage. The mineral wealth of England, and our priority in manufacturing invention, gave us for a long time an advantage over all other nations. America was not advanced enough to enter into the lists of manufacturing competition; the distracted state of the Continent, and the perpetual presence or apprehension of war, effectually prevented the European states from attempting to rival Britain. But since that time vast changes have taken place. The mineral resources of other countries have been developed. Some idea of the manufacturing power which America now possesses may be formed from the enormous increase of her domestic production of iron and coal. In 1829, the amount of iron manufactured in the United States was 90,000 tons; in 1848, it had risen to 800,000 tons. The coal raised in 1829 was 37,000 tons; in 1849 it was 3,200,000 tons. In the article of cotton, which is our great manufacturing staple, America has the inestimable advantage of growing the raw material—an advantage which never can be counterbalanced, as, even if we were to obtain our supplies from some other quarter, the expenses of freightage must still continue to be great. In fact, to all appearance, our supremacy in the conversion of cotton is already doomed. That branch of industry rests upon no substantial basis. It rose like an exhalation, and so it will disappear. These are not merely our opinions, but those of the most shrewd and calculating of the Free-Traders. Hear Mr Greg of Manchester on this subject, previous to the repeal of the Corn Laws:—

"At present we are undersold by foreigners in neutral markets in all the staple articles of English manufacture. In the articles of cotton, hosiery, and cutlery, which amount altogether to three-fourths of our exports, this is notoriously the case. In cotton fabrics the Swiss

undersell us in several markets. In cutlery Sheffield is immensely undersold by the Alsace, and our exports are yearly decreasing. In hosiery, the case is still worse. Saxon hosiery, after paying a duty of 20 per cent, is sold in London 25 to 30 per cent cheaper than the produce of the Leicester and Nottingham looms. In Leicester the stocking frames have diminished from 16,000 in 1815 to 14,000 in 1840; whilst in Saxony, in the same time, they have increased from 4590 to 25,000. The English manufacturer pays 2s. 6d. for the same work that the French manufacturer gets done for 24d. The American cutlery market (the most important of all) has been wrested from us, and our exports of that article to all the world have fallen from £1,620,000 in 1831 to £1,325,000 in 1841. *How far with cheaper food, no taxes on the raw material, and no duties but for the sake of revenue, we might yet recover our lost superiority, is a matter for grave consideration.* I do not believe we could either in woollens or hosiery; and even in the cutlery or cotton trade I think it very doubtful. Now, under a free commercial system, the raw material would be nearly the same in all countries, and the advantage, where there was one, would be generally on the side of foreigners. France and Italy would have an advantage in silk, and America in cotton; the current expenses would also be nearly equal. The machinery of foreign nations even now is not very inferior to our own, and is daily and rapidly improving; their capital is fast accumulating, and the yearly interest of it approximating to our own rate."

Here, you see, is a confession of opinion by a leading Free-Trader, that even the cheapening of food, by which he means the reduction of the wages of labour, will not suffice ultimately to secure us the supremacy of the foreign markets. He is perfectly right. In this insane, and we believe almost entirely unprofitable competition with the rest of the world, we must infallibly be overcome. No cheapness of food can countervail the pressure of our heavy taxation. The cotton-lords, if they could, would fain bring down the price of labour to the Continental level, which doubtless would enable them, for a long time, to prolong the contest; but this they cannot do, if our national engagements are to be fulfilled, and our most valuable institutions maintained. So long as the revenue duties exist, labour can-

not be forced down to that point. But, in the mean time, agriculture may be ruined, and the home trade, by which alone you subsist, be palsied. In fact, the present struggle lies between the home trade and the foreign trade. One or other of these must ultimately succumb. The effect of our present commercial system is to paralyse the home trade, by decreasing the value of all kinds of domestic produce; by lowering all incomes, and consequently reducing the amount of the internal business of the country. It has enabled our manufacturers, for the time, to make a show of larger exports than before; but it has not, according to their own acknowledgement, at all enhanced their profits. It may have enabled them to lower their prices, but it has not increased their returns.

And no wonder that it should be so. Except in the most miserable and unimportant quarters, our relaxations have been met by augmented tariffs instead of eager reciprocity. The nations of the world have refused to sacrifice their advantages, to renounce their prospects, and to become Free-Traders at the call of Britain. Their statesmen thoroughly understood the motive of the ingenuous offer: they were not to be cozened even by the plausibility of Sir Robert Peel. It is almost melancholy now, when we remember what has actually taken place, to revert to the peroration of that statesman's speech delivered on 16th February 1846. A more lamentable instance of delusion, as to the true feeling and position of other countries, was never perhaps exhibited. Mark his words:—

“Many countries are watching with anxiety the selection you may make. Determine for ‘Advance,’ and it will be the watchword which will animate and encourage in every state the friends of liberal commercial policy. Sardinia has taken the lead. Naples is relaxing her protective duties, and favouring British produce. Prussia is shaken in her adherence to restriction. The government of France will be strengthened; and, backed by the intelligence of the reflecting, and by conviction of the real welfare of the great body of the community, will perhaps ultimately prevail over the self-interest of the commercial and manufacturing aristocracy which now predomi-

nates in her Chambers. Can you doubt that the United States will soon relax her hostile tariff, and that the friends of a freer commercial intercourse—the friends of peace between the two countries—will hail with satisfaction the example of England?”

How strangely did this remarkable man, whose career in all time coming will be a warning to the aspiring statesman, misunderstand the true nature of his country's position! In order to tempt reciprocity he opened the British ports—that is, he conceded gratuitously the only condition by which we ever could have hoped to insure it! At the expense of the British agriculturist he opened the British market to the foreigner, in the expectation, as he expressly declared, that the boon would be repaid by measures which would prevent the rise of manufactures abroad, and restrain other nations from employing capital profitably, from entering into rivalry with Britain, and from using those natural advantages which were ready to their hand; and which, if used, could not fail to add to their wealth, and to furnish employment for millions of their increasing population! Most egregious was the blunder, and terrible is the penalty which we are certain to pay for it, if we do not retrace our steps.

It is always useful to know what intelligent men of other countries think of our system. They survey and examine it without those prejudices which are apt to beset all of us, and are better able than ourselves to determine with what degree of favour it will be received, or is received, by those who are removed beyond the scope of our immediate observation. Certainly, of all others, from their affinity to ourselves, and their proverbially shrewd acuteness in all matters of commercial detail, the Americans are most likely to form an accurate estimate both of our position and our prospects in regard to foreign trade. It is well worth our while to read and consider the following opinion of Mr Carey, the most distinguished Transatlantic writer on points of political economy. It occurs in his work entitled *The Harmony of Interests*, published in America so late as December 1849.

"Men are everywhere flying from British commerce, which everywhere pursues them. Having exhausted the people of the lower lands of India, it follows them as they retreat towards the fastnesses of the Himalaya. Afghanistan is attempted, while Scinde and the Punjab are subjugated. Siamese provinces are added to the empire of Free Trade, and war and desolation are carried into China, in order that the Chinese may be compelled to pay for the use of ships, instead of making looms. The Irishman flies to Canada; but there the system follows him, and he feels himself insecure until within the Union. The Englishman and the Scotchman try Southern Africa, and thence they fly to the more distant New Holland, Van Diemen's Land, or New Zealand. The farther they fly, the more they use ships and other perishable machinery, the less steadily can their efforts be applied, the less must be the power of production, and the fewer must be the equivalents to be exchanged; and yet in the growth of ships caused by such circumstances, we are told to look for evidence of prosperous commerce!"

"*The British system is built upon cheap labour, by which is meant low-priced and worthless labour.* Its effect is to cause it to become from day to day more low-priced and worthless; and thus to destroy production upon which commerce must be based. The object of protection is to produce dear labour—that is, high-priced and valuable labour, and its effect is to cause it to increase in value from day to day, and to increase the equivalents to be exchanged, to the great increase of commerce."

"The object of what is now called Free Trade, is that of securing to the people of England the further existence of the monopoly of machinery, by aid of which Ireland and India have been ruined, and commerce prostrated. Protection seeks to break down this monopoly, and to cause the loom and the anvil to take their natural places by the side of the food and the cotton, that production may be increased, and that commerce may revive."

In short, the harmony of interests is regarded in America as the grand point of aim for the statesman. With us, our most important home interests, on which depend the welfare of by far the greater part of our population, are sacrificed to prolong a struggle in which our exporting manufacturers cannot possibly be the victors, and from which, even at present, they derive little or no profit.

Now, let us ask you to consider for one moment, what is the natural effect, upon the whole of us, of a forcible diminution of prices, and depreciation of produce. Here we shall borrow an illustration and argument from our adversaries, referring to a point which is in the recollection of all of you, and about which there can be no possible mistake. You will recollect that the Liberal and Free-trading journals, almost without exception, as well as most of the defenders of the Peel policy in the House of Commons, attributed much of that general depression and stagnation of trade which followed the repeal of the Corn Laws to the losses sustained by the failure of the potato-crop in 1845-6. Was there a general want of confidence visible—were the shopkeepers scant of custom—was there a less demand than usual within the country for home manufactures—was there a decline in the price of iron—all was laid at the door of the unfortunate potato. Since Cobbett uttered his anathema against the root, it never was in such bad odour. To every complaint, remonstrance, or lamentation, the reply was ready—"How can we remedy a calamity of this kind? The potato has done it all!" At that time it was very convenient, nay, absolutely necessary, for the Free-Traders to discover some tangible cause for the gross failure of their predictions. They looked about them in every direction, and they could discover nothing except the potato which could endure the blame. Now, although we believe that this esculent has been unduly reviled, and made to bear a greater burden than was its due for political misfortune, we nevertheless accept the illustration at the hands of our opponents, and we beg you to mark its significance. The loss of the potato-crop in Great Britain and Ireland, during the year in question, has been variously estimated, but if we assume it to have been £20,000,000 we are making a very large calculation indeed. So then, according to the Free-Traders, the loss of twenty millions of agricultural produce was sufficient to bring down profits, embarrass trade, and cause a stagnation in home manufactures! And yet, when Mr

Villiers came forward in the beginning of 1850, and told you, in his capacity of proposer of the Address to the Crown, that £91,000,000 were *annually* taken from the value of the agricultural produce of the country, you were expected, and directed, to clap your hands with joy, and to congratulate one another on this symptom of the national prosperity!

The sum of twenty millions lost by the failure of the potato-crop—a single event, not one of annual occurrence—was taken from the country's power of produce; and *therefore*, said the Free-Traders, there was stagnation. But they, of course, could not help it. Of course they could not; but what about the ninety-one millions of *annual* loss, which is equally deducted from the internal expenditure of the country? About *that* we do not hear a word. And yet ask yourselves, and that most seriously—for it is time that we should get rid of all such pitiful paltering—whether there is any difference whatever between the two cases, except that the one was an isolated casualty, and that the other is an annual infliction to which we are subjected by statute? Weigh the matter as you will, you cannot, we are satisfied, be able to detect any difference. If the grower of grain at present prices has no remuneration for his toil, or return for his capital, he cannot buy from you, any more than could the farmer whose crop perished by the potato disease. What caused the stagnation? The failure of the power to purchase, because there was no return for produce. What *caused* the stagnation? Precisely the same thing perpetrated by

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it is the potato disease; another the French Revolution; another the Great Exhibition. Heaven only knows what will be their excuse next year—perhaps the new Reform Bill, or some other similar godsend. You are the particular class upon whom the deception is to be played, and for whose especial benefit the fraud is concocted. The producers know very well how they stand, and what they have to expect. They can be no longer cajoled by assurances of higher prices, by vague promises of profit after the disappearance of "the transition state," or by impudent averments that, by an entire change of system and the expenditure of more capital, they will be able to maintain themselves in affluence. To do the Free-Traders justice, they have for some time desisted from such attempts. They now address their victims, through their organs, in a fine tone of desperado indifference, telling them that, if they do not like the present arrangement, the sooner they go elsewhere the better. And the people are taking them at their word and going. Hundreds of thousands of tax-payers are leaving the country as fast as possible, carrying with them the fragments of their property, and bequeathing to those who remain behind their share of the national burdens. But in your case, the Free-Traders cannot yet afford to pull off the mask. They are apprehensive that you should see them in their real character; and therefore, so long as you are likely to be amused with "specialties" and "exceptional causes," these will be furnished to you gratis, and in great variety. There seems, however, to be an apprehension among their camp that you are beginning to evince suspicion. Recent elections have not been quite as they should be; and in the seaport and large commercial towns there are evident symptoms of mutiny. So, by way of diverting your attention, you are likely to have a measure of Reform next year, possibly as satisfactory in its result as the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, upon which Ministers cleverly managed to concentrate the whole public attention throughout last session, and then, having carried it, allowed its pro-

visions to become a dead letter, almost before the ink, which made the measure complete, was dry! We say this, not as opponents of an extension of the suffrage—for on that point we reserve our opinion until the details are fully before us—but as enemies and loathers of a miserable system of chicanery and deception which has now crept into the public counsels, and which threatens very speedily to destroy the independence of public opinion, by opposing state obstacles to its free and legitimate expression. We ask any of you, fearlessly, to look back at the records of last session, and then say whether the country was not degraded and stultified by the act of the Prime Minister? Right or wrong, at his invitation and call, the Protestants of Great Britain demanded a security against what they considered an intolerable instance of Romish insolence and aggression. They received it from Parliament; and the moment it passed into the hands of the executive power, it became as worthless as the paper upon which it was written! And why was this? Simply because the object was gained—you had been amused for a whole session. If nothing was intended to be done in the way of repelling aggression, and if Ministers durst have told you so a year ago, there were many points affecting your more immediate interests which would have been forced upon their attention. But they were very glad to escape from such discussions under cover of a Protestantism which they did not feel, and an affected indignation of Papal claims, which they had done everything in their power, by diplomatic agency, to encourage; and, having escaped the perils of one session upon that ground, they will strain every effort to turn your attention from your own position, during the next, by bringing forward some measure which they hope may enlist your sympathies, or provoke controversy, so far as to render you indifferent to the real nature of your position. The selection of the battlefield is the oldest trick in strategy. Get up the appearance of a battle, and people will flock from any distance to witness it, regardless of their own interest. Lord John Russell is

famous for bloodless fields, which resolve themselves into reviews—shall we have another such in the course of the approaching session?

That manufactures are now exceedingly depressed, and have been so for a long time, notwithstanding the reduction in the price of food consequent upon foreign importations, is an admitted and notorious fact. We have from time to time kept this before the public view by quoting from the trade circulars; and though further evidence may be unnecessary, we shall subjoin extracts from the last accounts received from three seats of industry, two of which are represented in Parliament by Colonel Peyronnet Thompson and Mr Feargus O'Connor. Gloomy as they are, they are by no means the worst which we have had occasion to cite during the last two years.

"BRADFORD, November 6.—The market here does not show any symptom of improvement in the demand for any kind of combing wools. All seem in wonder and anxiety as to what may be next expected, for to buy none are willing, whether with stock or without. The staplers appeared to expect that the spirited buying of colonial wools would give a tone of confidence, but that appears to have no effect. The spinners pause when they contrast the comparative high prices of English wool, especially those of the finer class, with what they were in 1848, when yarns were at the present prices, and will not buy with the certainty of making so great a loss as a purchase would entail. The supply of Noils and Brokes was never so limited as at present, and the small quantity making brings full prices. The business doing in yarns is certainly small, and the transactions confined to immediate delivery. No one seems inclined to enter into engagements for distant delivery. For to go on at the present prices of yarns is worse than madness, the price for low numbers of good spinning and standing having reached 8s. per gross, and those of a secondary class sold, if reeled, for what may be the instructions to the commission houses, who have needy parties pressing sales. The quantity so offering is not so great, but the sacrifices which have now for so long been made render the position of the trade exceedingly gloomy. The production continues to be curtailed, and from the whole of the district the tidings are gloomy. The large houses, who have no other business, are

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Do not, we beseech you, allow yourselves to be fooled any longer by the jesuitry of these political economists, but apply your own reason to discover the cause of the present depression. Do not believe them when they talk about exceptional causes, affecting temporarily the industry of the nation, but certain immediately to disappear. If you were to live as long as Methusaleh, no one year would elapse without furnishing those gentlemen with a special and exceptional cause. One year

it is the potato disease; another the French Revolution; another the Great Exhibition. Heaven only knows what will be their excuse next year—perhaps the new Reform Bill, or some other similar godsend. You are the particular class upon whom the deception is to be played, and for whose especial benefit the fraud is concocted. The producers know very well how they stand, and what they have to expect. They can be no longer cajoled by assurances of higher prices, by vague promises of profit after the disappearance of “the transition state,” or by impudent averments that, by an entire change of system and the expenditure of more capital, they will be able to maintain themselves in affluence. To do the Free-Traders justice, they have for some time desisted from such attempts. They now address their victims, through their organs, in a fine tone of desperado indifference, telling them that, if they do not like the present arrangement, the sooner they go elsewhere the better. And the people are taking them at their word and going. Hundreds of thousands of tax-payers are leaving the country as fast as possible, carrying with them the fragments of their property, and bequeathing to those who remain behind their share of the national burdens. But in your case, the Free-Traders cannot yet afford to pull off the mask. They are apprehensive that you should see them in their real character; and therefore, so long as you are likely to be amused with “specialties” and “exceptional causes,” these will be furnished to you gratis, and in great variety. There seems, however, to be an apprehension among their camp that you are beginning to evince suspicion. Recent elections have not been quite as they should be; and in the seaport and large commercial towns there are evident symptoms of mutiny. So, by way of diverting your attention, you are likely to have a measure of Reform next year, possibly as satisfactory in its result as the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, upon which Ministers cleverly managed to concentrate the whole public attention throughout last session, and then, having carried it, allowed its pro-

visions to become a dead letter, almost before the ink, which made the measure complete, was dry! We say this, not as opponents of an extension of the suffrage—for on that point we reserve our opinion until the details are fully before us—but as enemies and loathers of a miserable system of chicanery and deception which has now crept into the public councils, and which threatens very speedily to destroy the independence of public opinion, by opposing state obstacles to its free and legitimate expression. We ask any of you, fearlessly, to look back at the records of last session, and then say whether the country was not degraded and stultified by the act of the Prime Minister? Right or wrong, at his invitation and call, the Protestants of Great Britain demanded a security against what they considered an intolerable instance of Romish insolence and aggression. They received it from Parliament; and the moment it passed into the hands of the executive power, it became as worthless as the paper upon which it was written! And why was this? Simply because the object was gained—you had been amused for a whole session. If nothing was intended to be done in the way of repelling aggression, and if Ministers durst have told you so a year ago, there were many points affecting your more immediate interests which would have been forced upon their attention. But they were very glad to escape from such discussions under cover of a Protestantism which they did not feel, and an affected indignation of Papal claims, which they had done everything in their power, by diplomatic agency, to encourage; and, having escaped the perils of one session upon that ground, they will strain every effort to turn your attention from your own position, during the next, by bringing forward some measure which they hope may enlist your sympathies, or provoke controversy, so far as to render you indifferent to the real nature of your position. The selection of the battlefield is the oldest trick in strategy. Get up the appearance of a battle, and people will flock from any distance to witness it, regardless of their own interest. Lord John Russell is

famous for bloodless fields, which resolve themselves into reviews—shall we have another such in the course of the approaching session?

That manufactures are now exceedingly depressed, and have been so for a long time, notwithstanding the reduction in the price of food consequent upon foreign importations, is an admitted and notorious fact.

We have from time to time kept this before the public view by quoting from the trade circulars; and though further evidence may be unnecessary, we shall subjoin extracts from the last accounts received from three seats of industry, two of which are represented in Parliament by Colonel Peyrounet Thompson and Mr Feargus O'Connor. Gloomy as they are, they are by no means the worst which we have had occasion to cite during the last two years.

"BRADFORD, November 6.—The market here does not show any symptom of improvement in the demand for any kind of combing wools. All seem in wonder and anxiety as to what may be next expected, for to buy none are willing, whether with stock or without. The staplers appeared to expect that the spirited buying of colonial wools would give a tone of confidence, but that appears to have no effect. The spinners pause when they contrast the comparative high prices of English wool, especially those of the finer class, with what they were in 1848, when yarns were at the present prices, and will not buy with the certainty of making so great a loss as a purchase would entail. The supply of Noils and Brokes was never so limited as at present, and the small quantity making brings full prices. The business doing in yarns is certainly small, and the transactions confined to immediate delivery. No one seems inclined to enter into engagements for distant delivery. For to go on at the present prices of yarns is worse than madness, the price for low numbers of good spinning and standing having reached 8s. per gross, and those of a secondary class sold, if reeled, for what may be the instructions to the commission houses, who have needy parties pressing sales. The quantity so offering is not so great, but the sacrifices which have now for so long been made render the position of the trade exceedingly embarrassing. The production continues to be daily curtailed, and from the whole district the same cheerless tidings are received. Some large houses, who have never reduced their opera-

tions before, have adopted it, their loss being so immense, and the whole condition of the trade so thoroughly disjoined. In pieces the business during the week has not shown any feature of increased activity, and the stocks in the manufacturers' hands are somewhat increasing, but not so fast as last year at this period, and especially in Coburgs and fancy goods: the former are chiefly made in this district, and not in Lancashire, for the ruinous price has driven them on to other classes of goods adaptable to their looms; and for some months several large houses have been engaged in making Bareges for the American market. This has prevented mousselines-de-laine being made to stock, and, perhaps for many years, this branch of the trade has not opened with so small a stock on hand.

"NOTTINGHAM, November 6.—In lace we have no improvement to notice this week in the general sale of goods, and, with very few exceptions, there is a great falling off in demand; but, as many of the manufacturers are wisely lessening their production, we do not anticipate any serious losses resulting from the present temporary stagnation. Many are stopping their frames to make fresh designs altogether; which, if done with good taste, some advantage may result from present difficulties. In hosiery our trade is not so much depressed as we had reason to anticipate. There is still a fair business doing in wrought hose, and a little increased demand for 'cut-ups,' as well as gloves made of thread and spun silk. The price of yarn is low, which is in favour both of the manufacturer and merchant.

"LEICESTER, November 6.—The unsettled state of the price of workmanship for straight-down hose has caused a great depression in that branch, and led to nearly a total cessation of work, many hosiers declining to give out until prices are settled. In wrought hose a better business is doing, though not so good as usual at this season. Yarns continue dull of sale."

Now, why do we insist upon these things? For two reasons. In the first place, we wish you to observe that the cheapness of manufacturing products does not of itself induce consumption. There must be buyers as well as sellers in order to constitute a market, and the tendency of our late legislation has been to diminish the means of the former. It by no means follows that, if we have cheap food and cheap manufactures, the relative position of all classes can be

maintained. Never forget that our burdens all the while remain at a fixed money rate, and that, as the value of produce is lowered, the weight of those burdens is aggravated. This consideration, which is now well understood, is beginning to tell strongly against the doctrines of the Free-Traders, even with some of those who were once their ardent supporters. Mr James Harvey of Liverpool, late a member of the Anti-Corn-Law League, but now a strenuous opponent of their system, thus chronicles the leading cause of his conversion. We quote from his pamphlet just published, *Remunerative Price the Desideratum, not Cheapness*. He says:—"My suspicions were first awakened by the blind devotion of the Manchester school of political economy to the doctrine of CHEAPNESS; for it struck me as a self-evident proposition, that to buy cheap is to sell cheap, in which case there can be no possible gain, but a positive loss, arising from the necessary aggravation of all fixed charges." In order to place the producers of this country in the same position as before, it would be necessary to reduce all fixed charges, the interest of debt both public and private, the expenses of government, and all salaries and annuities, to an amount corresponding to the forced decline of prices. This would be called a war against property; but, in reality, the war against property began when the Legislature admitted foreign untaxed produce to compete with the produce and labour of our tax-paying population at home.

Our second reason for drawing your attention to the cheerless prospect of manufactures, has reference to the sacrifices, not only indirect but direct, which the other classes of the community were called upon to make in order to prop them up. In the first place, the Property and Income Tax, which we are still called upon to pay, was imposed by Sir Robert Peel expressly for the object of effecting "such an improvement in the manufacturing interests as will react on every other interest in the country." He admitted that it was an unjust and partial impost, and therefore promised that it should be only temporary—however, we have endured

it for ten years, and the Whigs will no doubt make an effort to continue it still longer. Here, then, you have a sum of five millions and a half annually confiscated for the benefit of the manufacturers, who were relieved from taxation to that amount. So far for sacrifice the first. Then came sacrifice the second, in the shape of Free Trade, mulcting the productive classes of this country to the extent of at least five-and-thirty per cent of their annual returns. Then came sacrifice the third, which handed over the carrying trade to the foreigner.

Now, considering that all these sacrifices have been made for the encouragement of manufactures, or at least with that professed object, is it not, to say the least of it, extraordinary that they have not thriven? How are we to account for a result so wholly contrary to the avowed anticipations of our statesmen? The explanation is, after all, not very difficult. All these sacrifices have been made, not for the great body of the manufacturers, but for a mere section of them. We possess no authentic official information as to the amount of manufactures consumed at home; but we have records, more or less trustworthy, of the amount of our exports, and these are used to mislead the minds of the multitude as to the actual extent and relative importance of our trade. England has no more title than France has to the character of the workshop of the world. We are driven from the markets of civilised countries by the protective duties imposed by their governments for the righteous and prudent purpose of fostering native industry, and we are compelled to seek our marts among people who are not yet so far advanced in political economy as to detect the enormous discrepancy between our principles and our practice. Listen to Mr Harvey's sketch of our foreign trade:—

“From the theories and systems I turned my attention to passing events and recorded facts: I saw the West Indies prostrated; Canada thrown into a state of revolt, succeeded by a smothered feeling of discontent; Ireland depopulated; the magnificent resources of India undeveloped; and the British farmer reduced to the dire necessity of paying rent

out of capital. I also perceived that the change in our commercial policy had substituted a cosmopolitan cant in the place of patriotism and nationality. To become the friend of every country but his own had become the pride and the glory of statesmanship. Foreign goods were admitted, duty free, into our ports, in the vain hope of reciprocity being established; but our manufactures were subjected to heavy imposts on the Continent of Europe, and in the United States. China, unversed in the mysteries of political economy, only levies five per cent upon our goods, whilst, in direct contravention of our pet notions of Free Trade and reciprocity, we impose a tax of 300 per cent upon her teas. OUR HOPES HAVE BEEN DISAPPOINTED, OUR CALCULATIONS FALSIFIED. WE ARE THE DUPES OF OUR OWN FANTASTIC IDEAS AND QUIXOTIC CONCESSIONS. We are the laughing-stock of the Old and the New Worlds. The Germanic Zollverein shuns our overtures; the American excludes our ships from his seaboard.”

Can these things be controverted? We defy the ingenuity of mankind to do it.

So much for the foreign trade; but there still remains the home trade, in which by far the largest portion of our manufacturing capital is embarked, and which furnishes a much greater amount of employment to British labour than the other. You see what is the state of that trade, notwithstanding the savings which may have been effected by the lowered price of food, and also notwithstanding that partial protection which several branches of it are still allowed to retain. One word as to that incidental point. Mr Cobden is reported to have said, that he did not care how soon these remnants of protection were abolished. Let him be as good as his word, and, IF HE DARES, rise up in his place in the House of Commons, and make a motion to that effect. We shall then have an opportunity of testing the exact nature of his principles. To what cause can such a depression as this, so long and continuous, be attributed, except to a general curtailment of demand on the part of the consumers, arising from the insufficiency of their means to make purchases as before? You are probably aware that what is called strict economy in families is not favourable to the interests of manufacture or of

trade. Of manufactures of all kinds there must be a certain yearly consumption, based upon the necessities of the people. Besides food, men require clothes to cover them, and houses in which to dwell, and those houses must be more or less furnished. But between the bare supply of such necessities, and that point which is considered by persons, according to their tastes, education, or habits, as constituting comfort, there is a wide interval. Nothing is a more sure criterion of the wealth and income of a people than the ordering of their homes, and the manner of their living; and the traveller who passes from one country into another can at once form an estimate, from such appearances, of their respective wealth or poverty. Diminish income, and a reduction is immediately made. All superfluities are lopped off and renounced. The broker, who deals in second-hand articles, drives a larger business than the man who is the vendor of new ones; and even in domestic labour there is a large economy practised, by reducing establishments. That this must be so, will be evident on the slightest reflection. Reduce a man's income from £1000 to £800 or £600, and he will, if he has any wisdom or prudence, cut down his expenses to meet the fall. It is upon the home manufacturer in the first place, and upon the shopkeeper secondly, that these reductions tell. The one finds that his amount of production is much greater than the demand; the other does not turn over his capital nearly so rapidly as before. Add to this that the home manufacturer, in many branches, is exposed to strong foreign competition. Sir Robert Peel, in his last alterations of the tariff, did indeed continue Protection—more largely than is generally understood, for the mere amount of revenue-duty drawn from importations of foreign articles, adapted to compete with ours in the home, is no criterion of the Protective value—to some branches of industry; but others were exposed without shelter, and have since suffered accordingly. It is undeniable that a very large amount of foreign manufactures, which have paid no duty at all, or merely an elusory one, are consumed within this

country—thereby inflicting extreme injury upon British labour, and depressing trades which, though severally not important, give in the aggregate, or ought to give, the means of employment to thousands. Regard the subject in any light you will, this cheapness, of which we have heard so much, just amounts to a diminution of the income of every class, except the annuitants and fundholders, while it consequently renders the payment of the fixed burdens more grievous to every one of us.

You, gentlemen, to whom we have ventured to submit these remarks, have a very great deal in your power. You can, by your decision, either confirm the present policy, or cause it to be reversed; and your own experience will suffice to show you in what manner the system has worked. Statists may parade their figures, economists may puff their plans, statesmen may indulge in high-coloured pictures of the success which they expect to follow their measures—but the true test of every measure which has a practical tendency will be found in the effect which it produces upon the circumstances of the people, and especially upon those of the middle classes. We, who have, from the very first, anticipated the baneful effects of this attack upon British industry—we, who have no more connection than any of yourselves with territorial aristocracy, and who consider the welfare of the people as the grand object which it is the duty of the Government to promote—ask you to apply your own reason to the facts which are before you and in your reach, and to decide and act accordingly. It was, we knew from the very beginning of this struggle, impossible that you could decide until the effects of the Free-Trade experiment became visible and palpable among yourselves. We foresaw that it was only through the suffering and impoverishment of the producers that the practical lesson could reach you, and that, until this took place, it was of little use to invoke your aid, or even to entreat your judgment. Probably, by this time, you will have formed an accurate estimate of the value of the doctrines promulgated by the babblers on political economy—a sect

his journal relating to this period of the siege, *The Straits of Gibraltar*. He seems to have estimated the worth of his wit by its rarity, for the words appear at the top of every page.

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outside the town) when Owen appeared.

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"Indeed!" said my grandfather; "I'm sorry to hear that. I didn't inquire about his character. He offered his services, saying he came from the same part of England as myself, though I don't recollect him."

"Terrible work this blockade," said the Major after a pause. "Do you know, if I was a general in command of a besieging army, I don't think I could find it in my heart to starve out the garrison. Consider now, my dear boy," (laying his forefinger on Owen's arm,)—"consider, now, several thousand men, with strong appetites, never having a full meal for months together. And just, too, as my digestion was getting all right—for I never get a nightmare now, though I frequently have the most delicious dreams of banquets that I try to eat, but wake before I get a mouthful.

have told you what these men were, and what sympathy they were likely to command. Well do the workmen know with whom they have to deal!

Let us not be misunderstood. We never have underrated the difficulty of a change such as we contemplate; but no difficulty attending that, is for a moment to be put into the balance against the general welfare of the country, if, on reflection, and on considering your own position, you shall be of opinion that the interests of the country demand that change. But, at any hazard, we cannot afford to go down-hill. To bring us, as the Manchester men contemplate, to the Con-

view of wages as to seal the fire, burdened at dangerous to necessitate repudiation. That is, as we have said before, for decide; and the period for decision is rapidly drawing near. The next general election depends of the country, and—without one syllable more upon the of the systems at issue—the n or inclination of your body m the most important, because t be considered, as between ting interests, the most impartial, of the expression of opinion.

THE JEW'S LEGACY.

A TALE OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

CHAPTER I.

THE note-book of my grandfather, Major Flinders, contains much matter relative to the famous siege of Gibraltar, and he seems to have kept an accurate and minute journal of such of its incidents as came under his own observation. Indeed, I suspect the historian Drinkwater must have had access to it, as I frequently find the same notabilia chronicled in pretty much the same terms by both these learned Thebans. But while Drinkwater confines himself mostly to professional matters—the state of the fortifications, nature of the enemy's fire, casualties to the soldiery, and the like—and seldom introduces an anecdote interesting to the generality of readers without apologising for such levity, my grandfather's sympathies seem to have been engrossed by the sufferings of the inhabitants deprived of shelter, as well as of sufficient food, and helplessly witnessing the destruction of their property. Consequently, his journal, though quite below the dignity of history, affords, now and then, a tolerably graphic glimpse of the beleagured town.

From the discursive and desultory nature of the old gentleman's style, as before hinted, it would be vain to look for a continuous narrative in his journal, even if it contained materials

for such. But here and there a literary Jack Horner might extract a plum or two from the vast quantity of dough—of reflections, quotations, and all manner of irrelevant observations, surrounding them. The following incidents, which occurred at the most interesting period of the long and tedious siege, appear to me to give a fair idea of some of the characteristics of the time, and of the persons who figured in it; and accordingly, after subjecting them to a process analogous to gold-washing, I present them to the reader.

After a strict blockade of six months, reducing the garrison to great extremity for want of provisions, Gibraltar was relieved by Sir George Rodney, who landed a large quantity of stores. But about a year after his departure, no further relief having reached them except casual supplies from trading vessels that came at a great risk to the Rock, their exigencies were even worse than before. The issue of provisions was limited in quantity, and their price so high, that the families, even of officers, were frequently in distress. This has given rise to a well-known joke of my grandfather's, who, though he seldom ventures on any liberate face-tiousness, has in the volume of

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'Tis enough to provoke a saint. And, as if this was not enough, the supply of books is cut off. The *Weekly Entertainer* isn't even an annual entertainer to me. The last number I got was in '79, and I've been a regular subscriber these twelve years. There's the *Gentleman's Magazine*, too. The last one reached me a year since, with a capital story in it, only half-finished, that I'm anxious to know the end of; and also a rebus that I've been longing to see the answer to. 'The answer in our next,' says the tantalising editor. It's a capital rebus—just listen now. 'Two-thirds of the name of an old novelist, one-sixth of what we all do in the morning, and a heathen deity, make together a morsel fit for a king.' I've been working at it for upwards of a year, and I can't guess it. Can you?"

"Roast pig with stuffing answers the general description," said Owen. "That, you'll admit, is a morsel fit for a king."

"Pooh!" said my grandfather. "But you must really try now. I've run through the mythology, all that I know of it, and tried all the old novelists' names, even Boccaccio and Cervantes. Never were such combinations as I've made—but can't compound anything edible out of them. Again, as to what we do in the morning: we all shave, (that is, all who have beards)—and we yawn, too; at least I do, on waking; but it must be a word of six letters. Then, who can the heathen deity be?"

"Pan is the only heathen deity that has anything to do with cookery," said Owen. "Frying-pan, you know, and stew-pan."

My grandfather caught at the idea, but had not succeeded in making anything of it, or in approximating to the solution of the riddle, when Carlota entered from an inner room.

"I wish, my dear, you would see about the dinner," said the Major; "'tis a quarter past three."

"*Si, mi vida*," (yes, my life,) said Carlota, who was in the habit of bestowing lavishly on my grandfather the most endearing epithets in the Spanish language, some of them, perhaps, not particularly applicable—*ño de mi alma*, (child of my soul,)

luz de mis ojos, (light of my eyes,) and the like; none of which appeared to have any more effect on the object of them than if they had been addressed to somebody else.

Carlota rung the bell, which nobody answered. "Nurse is busy with de *niña*," she said, when nobody answered it; "I go myself to de *cocina*," (kitchen,)—she spoke English as yet but imperfectly.

"There's one comfort in delay," said the Major; "'tis better to boil a ham too much than too little—and yet I shouldn't like it overdone either."

Here they were alarmed by an exclamation from Carlota. "*Ah Dios! Caramba! Ven, ven, mi niño!*" cried she from the kitchen.

The Major and Owen hastened to the kitchen, which was so close at hand that the smell of the dinner sometimes anticipated its appearance in the dining-room. Mrs Bags, the new cook, was seated before the fire. On the table beside her was an empty champagne bottle, the fellow to which protruded its neck from a pail in one corner, where the Major had put it to cool; and another bottle of more robust build, about half-full, was also beside her. The countenance of Mrs Bags wore a pleasant and satisfied, though not very intelligent smile, as she gazed steadfastly on the ham that was roasting on a spit before the fire—at least one side of it was done quite black, while the other oozed with warm grease; for the machinery which should have turned it was not in motion.

"*Caramba!*" exclaimed Carlota, with uplifted hands. "*Que pica-rilla!*"—(What a knave of a woman!)

"Gracious heavens!" said my grandfather, "she's roasting it! Who ever heard of a roast ham?"

"A many years," remarked Mrs Bags, without turning her head, and still smiling pleasantly, "have I lived in gentlemen's families—" Here this fragment of autobiography was terminated by a hiccup.

"And the champagne bottle is empty," said Owen, handling it. "A nice sort of cook this of yours, Major. She seems to have constituted herself butler, too."

My grandfather advanced and lifted the other bottle to his nose.

"'Tis the old rum," he ejaculated with a groan. "But if the woman has drunk all this 'twill be the death of her. Bags," he called, "come here."

The spouse of Mrs Bags emerged from a sort of scullery behind the kitchen—a tall bony man, of an ugliness quite remarkable, and with a very red face. He was better known by his comrades as Tongs, in allusion probably to personal peculiarities; for the length of his legs, the width of his bony hips, and the smallness of his head, gave him some distant resemblance to that article of domestic ironmongery; but as his wife called herself Mrs Bags, and he was entered in the regimental books by that name, it was probably his real appellation.

"Run directly to Dr Fagan," said the Major, "and request him to come here. Your wife has poisoned herself with rum."

"'Tisn't rum," said Bags, somewhat thickly—" 'tis fits."

"Fits!" said my grandfather.

"Fits," doggedly replied Mr Bags, who seemed by no means disturbed at the alleged indisposition of his wife—"she often gets them."

"Don't alarm yourself, Major," said Owen, "I'll answer for it she hasn't drunk *all* the rum. The scoundrel is half-drunk himself, and smells like a spirit-vault. You'd better take your wife away," he said to Bags.

"She can leave if she ain't wanted," said Private Bags, with dignity: "we never comes where we ain't wanted." And he advanced to remove the lady. Mrs Bags at first resisted this measure, proceeding to deliver a eulogium on her own excellent qualities, moral and culinary. She had, she said, the best of characters, in proof of which she made reference to several persons in various parts of the United Kingdom, and, as she spoke, she smiled more affably than ever.

"*La picaresca no tiene verguenza*," (the wretch is perfectly shameless,) cried Carlota, who, having hastily removed the ham from the fire, was now looking after the rest of the dinner. The fowls, cut up in small pieces, were boiling along with the sheep's head, and, probably to save time, the estimable Mrs Bags had put

the rice and raisins destined for a pudding into the pot along with them—certainly, as Owen remarked, a bold innovation in cookery.

Still continuing to afford them glimpses of her personal history, Mrs Bags was at length persuaded to retire along with her helpmate.

"What astonishing impudence," said the Major, shutting the door upon her, "to pretend to be a cook, and yet know no better than to roast a ham!"

Carlota, meanwhile, was busy in remedying the disaster as far as she could; cutting the ham into slices and frying it, making a fricassee of the fowls, and fishing the raisins out of the pot, exclaiming bitterly all the while, in English and Spanish, against the *tunanta* (equivalent to female scoundrel or scamp) who had spoilt the only nice dinner her *pobrecito*, her *niño*, her *querido*, (meaning my grandfather,) had been likely to enjoy for a long time, stopping occasionally in her occupations to give him a consolatory kiss. However, my grandfather did not keep up the character of a martyr at all well: he took the matter really very patiently; and when the excellent Carlota had set the dinner on the table, and he tasted the fine flavour of the maltreated ham, he speedily regained his accustomed good-humour.

"It is very strange," he said presently, while searching with a fork in the dish before him, "that a pair of fowls should have only three wings, two legs, and one breast between them."

It certainly was not according to the order of nature; nevertheless the fact was so, all my grandfather's researches in the dish failing to bring to light the missing members. This, however, was subsequently explained by the discovery of the remains of these portions of the birds in the scullery, where they appeared to have been eaten after being grilled; and Mrs Bags' reason for adopting this mode of cooking them was also rendered apparent—viz., that she might secure a share for herself without immediate detection.

However, all this did not prevent them from making the best of what was left, and the Major's face beamed as he drank Carlota's health in a glass

of the remaining bottle of champagne, as brightly as if the dinner had been completely successful.

"It is partly my fault, Owen," said the Major, "that you haven't a joint of mutton instead of this sheep's head. I ought to have been sharper. The animal was actually sold in parts before he was killed. Old Clutterbuck had secured a haunch, and he a single man you know—'tis thrown away upon him. I offered him something handsome for his bargain, but he wouldn't part with it."

"We're lucky to get any," returned Owen. "Never was such a scramble. Old Fiskin, the commissary, and Mrs O'Regan, the Major's wife, both swore the left leg was knocked down to them; neither would give in, and it was put up again, when the staff doctor, Pursum, who had just arrived in a great hurry, carried it off by bidding eightpence more than either. Not one of the three has spoken to either of the others since; and people say," added Owen, "Mrs O'Regan avers openly that Fiskin didn't behave like a gentleman."

"God knows!" said my grandfather, "'tis a difficult thing in such a case to decide between politeness and a consciousness of being in the right. Fiskin likes a good dinner."

The dinner having been done justice to, Carlota removed the remains to a side-table, and the Major was in the act of compounding a bowl of punch, when there was a knock at the door. "Come in," cried Carlota.

A light and timid step crossed the narrow passage separating the outer door from that of the room they sat in, and there was another hesitating tap at this latter. "Come in," again cried Carlota, and a young girl entered with a basket on her arm.

"'Tis Esther Lazaro," said Carlota in Spanish. "Come in, child; sit here and tell me what you want."

Esther Lazaro was the daughter of a Jew in the town, whose occupations were multifarious, and connected him closely with the garrison. He discounted officers' bills, furnished their rooms, sold them everything they wanted—all at most exorbitant rates. Still, as is customary with military men, while perfectly aware that they could have procured what he supplied

them with elsewhere at less expense, they continued to patronise and abuse him rather than take the trouble of looking out for a more liberal dealer. As the difficulties of the garrison increased, he had not failed to take advantage of them, and it was even said he was keeping back large stores of provisions and necessaries till the increasing scarcity should enable him to demand his own terms for them.

His daughter was about fifteen years old—a pretty girl, with hair of the unusual colour of chestnut, plaited into thick masses on the crown of her head. Her skin was fairer than is customary with her race—her eyes brown and soft in expression, her face oval, and her figure, even at this early age, very graceful, being somewhat more precocious than an English girl's at those years. She was a favourite with the ladies of the garrison, who often employed her to procure feminine matters for them. Carlota, particularly, had always treated her with great kindness—and hence the present visit. She had come, she said timidly, to ask a favour—a great favour. She had a little dog that she loved. (Here a great commotion in the basket seemed to say she had brought her *protégé* with her.) He had been given to her by a young school friend who was dead, and her father would no longer let her keep it, because, he said, these were no times to keep such creatures, when provisions, even those fit for a dog, were so dear. He was a very good little dog—would the Señora take him?

"Let us look at him, Esther," said Owen—"I see you have brought him with you."

"He is not pretty," said Esther, blushing as she produced him from the basket. He certainly was not, being a small cur, marked with black and white, like a magpie, with a tail curling over his back. He did not appear at all at his ease in society, for he tried to shrink back again into the basket.

"He was frightened," she said, "for he had been shut up for more than a month. She had tried to keep him in her bedroom, unknown to her father, feeding him with part of her own meals; but he had found it out,

and had beaten her, and threatened to kill the dog if ever he saw it again."

"*Pobrecito!*" (poor little thing,) said the good Carlota—"we shall take good care of it. *Toma,*" (take this,) offering him a bit of meat. But he crept under her chair, with his tail so depressed, in his extreme bashfulness, that the point of it came out between his forelegs.

Carlota would have made the young Jewess dine there forthwith, at the side-table still spread with the remains of the dinner; but she refused to take anything, only sipping once from a glass of wine that Carlota in-

sisted on making her drink of. Then she rose, and, having tied the end of a string that was fastened to the dog's collar to the leg of the table, to prevent his following her, took her leave, thanking Carlota very prettily.

"*A Dios, Sancho!*" she said to the little dog, who wagged his tail and gave her a piteous look as she turned to go away—" *A Dios, Sancho,*" she repeated, taking him up and kissing him very affectionately. The poor child was ready to cry.

"Come and see him every day, my child," said Carlota, "and when better times come you shall have him again."

CHAPTER II.

Lazaro the Jew was seated towards dusk that evening in a sort of office partitioned off by an open railing from a great store filled with a most motley collection of articles. Sofas, looking-glasses, washing-stands—bales of goods in corded canvass—rows of old boots purchased from officers' servants—window curtains lying on heaps of carpeting and matting—bedsteads of wood and iron—crockery and glass—were all piled indiscriminately. Similar articles had also overflowed along the passage down the wooden steps leading to the square stone court below, which was lumbered with barrels, packing-cases, and pieces of old iron. This court was entered from the street, and an arched door on one side of it, barred and padlocked, opened on a large warehouse, which nobody except the Jew had set foot in for many months.

The Jew himself was a spare, rather small man, with a thin eager face, small sharp features, and a scanty beard. Being by descent a Barbary Jew, he wore the costume peculiar to that branch of his race—a black skull-cap; a long-skirted, collarless, cloth coat, buttoned close, the waist fastened with a belt; loose light-coloured trousers and yellow slippers—altogether he looked somewhat like an overgrown scholar of Christ's Hospital. He was busied in turning over old parchment-covered ledgers, when an officer entered.

Von Dessel was a captain in Harden-

berg's regiment. He was a square, strong-built man, about forty, with very light hair, as was apparent since the governor's order had forbidden the use of powder to the troops, in consequence of the scarcity of flour. His thick, white, overhanging eyebrows, close lips, and projecting under jaw gave sternness to his countenance.

"Good afternoon, captain," said the Jew; "what I do for you to-day, sare?"

"Do for me! By Gott, you have done for me already, with your cursed Hebrew tricks," said the captain. The German and the Jew met on a neutral ground of broken English.

"I always treat every gentleman fair, sare," said the Jew. "I tell you, captain, I lose by that last bill of yours."

"*Der teufel!* who gains, then?" said Von Dessel, "for you cut me off thirty per cent."

The Jew shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't make it so, sare; the siege makes it so. When the port is open, you shall have more better exchange."

"Well, money must be had," said the German. "What will you give now for my bill for twenty pounds?"

The Jew consulted a book of figures—then made some calculations on paper—then appeared to consider intently.

"Curse you, speak!" said the choleric captain. "You have made up

your mind about how much roguery long ago."

"Captain, sare, I give you feesty dallars," said the Jew.

The captain burst forth with a volley of German execrations.

"Captain," said the Jew presently, "I like to please a gentleman if I can. I give you one box of cigars besides—real Cubas—one hundred and feesty in a box."

The captain at this broke forth again, but checked himself presently on the entrance of the Jew's daughter, who now returned from the Major's. She advanced quietly into the room, made a little bow to the captain, took off and laid aside her shawl, and, taking up some work, sat down and began to sew.

Von Dessel resumed his expostulation in a milder tone. The Jew, however, knew the money was necessary to him, and only yielded so far as to increase his box of cigars to two hundred; and the captain, finding he could get no better terms from him, was forced to agree. While the Jew was drawing out the bills, the German gazed attentively at Esther, with a good deal of admiration expressed in his countenance.

"I can't take the money now," said he, after signing the bills. "I am going on duty. Bring it to me to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock."

"I'm afraid I can't, sare," said Lazaro; "too moch business. Couldn't you send for it, captain?"

"Not possible," said the German; "but you must surely have somebody that might bring it—some trustworthy person you know." And his eye rested on Esther.

"There's my dater, sare," said the Jew—"I shall send her, if that will do."

"Good," said the captain, "do not forget," and quitted the room forthwith.

He was scarcely gone when a pair with whom the reader is already slightly acquainted, Mr and Mrs Bags, presented themselves. The effects of their morning conviviality had in a great measure disappeared.

"Your servant, sir," said Bags. The Jew nodded.

"We've got a few articles to dis-

pose of," pursued Mr Bags, looking round the room cautiously. "They was left us," he added in a low tone, "by a *diseased* friend."

"Ah!" said the Jew, "never mind where you got 'em. Be quick—show them."

Mrs Bags produced from under her cloak, first a tin teakettle, then a brass saucepan; and Mr Bags, unbuttoning his coat, laid on the table three knives and a silver fork. Esther, passing near the table at the time, glanced accidentally at the fork, and recognised the Flinders crest—a talbot, or old English bloodhound.

"Father," said she hastily, in Spanish, "don't have anything to do with that—it must be stolen." But the Jew turned so sharply on her, telling her to mind her work, that she retreated.

The Jew took up the tea-kettle, and examined the bottom to see that it was sound—did the same with the saucepan—looked at the knives narrowly, and still closer at the fork—then ranged them before him on the table.

"For dis," said he, laying his hand on the tea-kettle, "we will say one pound of rice; for dis (the saucepan) two pounds of corned beef; for de knives, a bottle of rum; and for de fork, seex ounces of the best tea."

"Curse your tea!" said Mr Bags.

"Yes!" said Mrs Bags, who had with difficulty restrained herself during the process of valuation, "we doesn't want no tea. And the things is worth a much more than what you say: the saucepan's as good as new, and the fork's silver—"

"Plated," said the Jew, weighing it across his finger.

"A many years," said Mrs Bags, "have I lived in gentlemen's families, and well do I know plate from silver. I've lived with Mrs Milson of Pidding Hill, where everything was silver, and nothing plated, even to the handles of the doors; and a dear good lady she was to me; many's the gown she giv me. And I've lived with—"

Here the Jew unceremoniously interrupted the train of her recollections by pushing the things from before him. "Take what I offer, or else take your things away," said he, shortly.

Mr and Mrs Bags grumbled considerably. The tea they positively refused at any price: Mr Bags didn't like it, and Mrs Bags said it disagreed with her. So the Jew agreed to give them instead another bottle of rum, a pound of onions, and two pounds of beef; and with these terms they at length closed, and departed with the results of their barter.

During the altercation, a soldier of another regiment had entered, and stood silently awaiting his turn to be attended to. He was a gaunt man, with want written legibly in the hollows of his face and the dismal eagerness of his eye. He now came forward, and with trembling hands unfolded an old gown, and handed it to the Jew.

"'Tis no good to me," said the latter, giving it back, after holding it against the light; "nothing but holes."

"But my wife has no other," said the man: "'tis her last stitch of clothes, except her petticoat and a blanket. I've brought everything else to you."

The Jew shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands, in token that he could not help it.

"I swear 'tis her last!" reiterated the man, as if he really fancied this fact must give the garment as much value in the Jew's eyes as in his own.

"I tell you I won't have it!" said the Jew, testily.

"Give me only a loaf for it, or but one pound of potatoes," said the soldier: "'tis more than my wife and four children have had among them for two days. Half-rations for one, among six of us, is too hard to live."

"A pound of potatoes," said the Jew, "is worth four reals and a-half—eighteenpence; your wife's gown is worth—nothing!"

"Then take this," said the man, beginning frantically to pull off his uniform coat; "anything is better than starving."

The Jew laughed. "What!" said he, "you think I don't know better than to buy a soldier's necessities, eh? Ah, ah! no such a fool, I think, my friend. What your captain say?—eh?"

The man struck his hand violently

on the table. "Then give me—or lend me," said he, "some food, much or little, and I'll work for you every hour I'm off duty till you're satisfied. I will, Mr Lazaro, so help me God!"

"I got plenty of men to work for me," said Lazaro; "don't want any more. Come again, when you've got something to sell, my friend."

The man rolled up the gown without speaking, then lifted it over his head, and dashed it into the furthest corner of the store. He was hurrying from the place, when, as if unwilling to throw away his last chance, he turned back, gathered it up, and, thrusting it under his arm, quitted the store with lingering steps, as if he even yet hoped to be called back. No such summons reached him, however; but, immediately after he was gone, Esther rose and stole softly down the stairs. She overtook him at the street-door opening from the court before mentioned, and laid her hand on his arm. The man turned and glared on her. "What!—he'll buy it, will he?" said he.

"Hush!" said Esther—"keep it for your poor wife. Look; I have no money, but take these," and she placed in his hand two earrings hastily detached from her ears.

The man stood looking at her for a space, as if stupified, without closing his hand on the trinkets that lay on the palm; then, suddenly rousing himself, he swore, with tears in his eyes, that for this service he would do for her anything on earth she should require from him; but she only begged him to go away at once, and say nothing, lest her father should overhear the transaction, who would certainly be angry with her for it.

Bags and his wife had stooped in a corner of the court, to pack up their property in a commodious form for conveyance, and had witnessed this scene in silence. As soon as the soldier had, in compliance with Esther's entreaties, disappeared, Bags came forward.

"And your father would be angry, would he, my dear?" said he.

"Oh, very—oh, so angry! Please don't stop me," she said, trying to pass him.

"And what'll ye give me not to tell

him, now?" asked Mr Bags. "Ain't ye got nothing for me?"

"No—oh, no—indeed, nothing. Do let me pass."

"Yes, you have; you've got this, I think," said Bags, snatching at a silver-mounted comb glistening in her

hair, which, thus loosened, all fell down on her shoulders as she darted past him. "And now," said Mr Bags, inspecting his prize, "I think me and that 'ere cheating Jew is quits for the silver fork. I'll allow it's plated now."

CHAPTER III.

Early the next morning (the 12th of April) a rumour went through the town that an English fleet was signalled as in sight. The news roused the starving people like electricity. The pale spectres of men that, on the previous day, had stalked so gauntly through the dreary streets—the wretched, sinking women, and children careworn as grandfathers—poured forth, with something like a natural light in their hollow eyes, to witness the joyful spectacle. The sea-wall of the city was, like the margin of a vast pool of Bethesda, thronged with hopeful wretches awaiting the coming of the angel.

The streets were instantly deserted. Those who could not leave their homes got on the housetops, but the great mass of the population spread itself along the line-wall, the Grand Parade and Alameda, and the heights skirting the chief slopes of the Rock. Moors and Jews, Spaniards and English, citizens and soldiers, men, women, and children, of all ages, grades, and nations, ranged themselves indiscriminately wherever they could obtain a view of the sea.

For some time the wished-for sight was delayed by a thick fog that spread itself across the Straits and the entrance of the bay. A murmur rose from each successive rank of people that forced itself into a front place on the line-wall. Terrible doubts flew about, originating no one knew where, but gaining strength and confirmation as they passed from mouth to mouth. On the summit of the Rock behind them the signal for a fleet flew steadily from the mast at Middle Hill; but still in this, as in all crowds, were some of little faith, who were full of misgivings. Many rushed up to the signal station, unable to bear the pain of the delay. My grandfather noticed the Jew Lazaro

among the throng, watching the event with an anxious eye, though his anxiety was from the opposite cause to that of most of the spectators. The arrival of supplies would at once bring down the price of provisions, and rob him, for the present, of his expected profits; and as each successive rumour obtained credence with the crowd, his countenance brightened as their hopes fell, and sank as they again emerged from despondency.

Not far from him was an old Genoese woman, wearing the quaint red cloak, trimmed with black velvet, that old Genoese women usually wear in Gibraltar. She hovered round the skirts of the crowd, occasionally peering beneath an uplifted arm, or thrusting it between two obstructing figures, to catch a glimpse, though it was evident that her dim eyes would fail to discern the fleet when it should come in view. Her thin shrivelled features, relieved against her black hood, were positively wolfish from starvation. She frequently drew one hand from beneath her cloak, and gazed at something she held in it—then, muttering, she would again conceal it. My grandfather's curiosity was roused. He drew near and watched for the reappearance of the object that so engrossed her. It was a blue mouldy crust of bread.

The wished-for spectacle was at length revealed. "As the sun became more powerful," says Drinkwater, rising into positive poetry with the occasion, "the fog gradually rose, like the curtain of a vast theatre, discovering to the anxious garrison one of the most beautiful and pleasing scenes it is possible to conceive. The convoy, consisting of near a hundred vessels, were in a compact body, led by several men-of-war—their sails just filled enough for steerage, while the majority of the line-of-battle

ships lay to under the Barbary shore, having orders not to enter the bay, lest the enemy should molest them with their fireships."

Then rose a great shout—at once the casting-off of long-pressing anxiety and the utterance of delight. Happy tears streamed down haggard faces overgrown with hair, and presently men turned to one another, smiling in the face of a stranger neighbour as in that of an old friend, while a joyful murmur, distilled from many languages, rose upward. Assuredly, if blessings are of any avail, the soul of Admiral Darby, who commanded the relieving fleet, is at this moment in Paradise.

Friends and relations now began to search for one another in the crowd, which broke quickly into knots, each contriving how to enjoy together the plenty that was to descend upon them. My grandfather's eye at this juncture was again attracted by the old Genoese woman. When the crowd shouted, she screened her eyes with her withered hand, and, with her nostril spread, her chin fallen, in her eagerness gazed towards the sea—but presently shook her head, discerning nothing. Then she plucked by the arm a joyful Spaniard.

"*Es verdad? Por Dios, es verdad?*" she cried; "*jura! jura!*"—(Is it true? Swear by Heaven it is true.)

"*Si, si,*" said the Spaniard, pointing; "*es verdad,*" ('tis true.) "You may see them yourself."

Instantly the old woman, for the last time, drew forth her treasured crust, and began to devour it, muttering, as she tore away each mouthful, "*Mas mañana! mas mañana!*" (I shall have more to-morrow—more to-morrow!)

After the crowd had partially dispersed, Owen was returning to his quarters to breakfast, when, as he paused to open the door, he heard a voice he thought he knew crying out in affright in the rooms opposite, where Von Dessel resided. Presently the door of the quarters was opened, and the flushed and frightened face of Esther Lazaro appeared, as she struggled to escape from Von Dessel, who held her arm.

"Señor, señor, speak to the gentleman!" she cried to Owen.

"Leetle foolish girl," said Von Dessel, grinning a smile on seeing him; "she frightens at nothing. Come in, child"—trying to shut the door.

"Why don't you let her alone?" said Owen; "don't you see she doesn't like you?"

"Pouf!" said the captain. "We all have trouble with them sometimes—you must know that well."

"No, by Jupiter!" cried Frank Owen. "If I couldn't gain them willingly, they might go to the devil for me. But you hurt her—pray let her go—you must indeed."

"Do you mind your own affair," said the captain, "and don't meddle;" and, exerting his strength, he drew Esther in, and partially succeeded in shutting the door—she calling the while again on Owen to help her. Frank stepped forward, and, putting his foot against the door, sent it into the room, causing Captain Von Dessel, who was behind it, to stagger back with some violence, and to quit his hold of Esther, who ran down stairs.

"Very good, sir," said the captain, stalking grimly out of his room, pale with rage. "You have thought right to interfere with me, and to insult me. By Gott! I will teach you better, young man. Shall we say in one hour, sir, in the Fives' Court?"

Owen nodded. "At your pleasure," said he, and, entering his own quarters, shut the door.

Meanwhile my grandfather walked about with the telescope he had brought with him to look after the fleet under his arm, enjoying the unusual sight of happy faces around him. And he has remarked it as a singular feature of humanity, that this prospect of relief from physical want inspired a far more deep and universal joy than he had witnessed in any public rejoicings arising from such causes as loyalty or patriotism evinced at a coronation or the news of a great victory; and hence my grandfather takes occasion to express a fear that human nature, as well as other nature, is, except among the rarer class of souls, more

powerfully and generally influenced by its animal propensities than by more refined causes.

He was so engrossed with the philanthropic pursuit of enjoying the joy of the multitude, and the philosophic one of extracting moral reflections therefrom, that he quite forgot he had not breakfasted. He was just beginning to be reminded of the circumstance by a feeling of hollowness in the region of the stomach, and to turn his steps homeward, when a light hand was laid on his arm. My grandfather turned, and beheld the face of the young Jewess looking wistfully in his.

She began at first to address him in Spanish—the language she spoke most naturally; but, quickly perceiving her mistake on hearing the extraordinary jargon in which he replied, (for it is a singular fact that nobody but Carlota, who taught him, could understand my grandfather's Spanish,) she exchanged it for his own tongue. She told him in a few hurried words of the quarrel Owen had incurred on her account with Von Dessel, and of the challenge she had overheard given by the latter, beseeching the major to hasten to prevent the result.

"In the Fives' Court! in an hour!" said my grandfather. "When did this happen?"

Esther thought nearly an hour ago—she had been almost so long seeking my grandfather.

"I'll go, child—I'll go at once," said the Major. "With Von Dessel, too, as if he could find nobody else to quarrel with but the best swordsman in the garrison. 'Souls and bodies' quoted my grandfather, 'hath he divorced three.'"

With every stride he took, the Major's uneasiness was augmented. At any time his anxiety would have been extreme while peril threatened Frank; but now, when he was calculating on him as a companion at many a well-spread table, when they might forget their past miseries, it peculiarly affected him.

"To think," muttered my grandfather, "that these two madmen should choose a time when everybody is going to be made so happy, by getting plenty to eat, to show

their gratitude to Providence by cutting one another's throats!"

The danger to Owen was really formidable; for, though a respectable swordsman, he was no unusual proficient in the graceful art, while his opponent was not only, as my grandfather had said, the best swordsman in the garrison, but perhaps the best at that time in the army. As a student in Germany he had distinguished himself in some sanguinary duels; and since his arrival in Gibraltar, a Spanish gentleman, a very able fencer, had fallen beneath his arm.

"God grant," said my grandfather to himself, as he neared the Fives' Court, "that we may settle this without the perdition of souls. Frank, my dear boy, we could better spare a better man!"

On attempting to enter the Fives' Court he was stopped by the master, posted at the door. "It was engaged," he said, "for a private match."

"Ay, ay," said my grandfather, pushing past him; "a pretty match, indeed! Ay, ay—pray God we can stop it!"

Finding the inner door locked, the Major, who was well acquainted with the locality—for, when he had nothing else particular to do, he would sometimes mark for the players for a rubber or two—ascended the stairs to the gallery.

About the centre of the court stood the combatants. All preliminaries had been gone through—for they were stripped to their shirts—and the seconds (one a German, the adjutant of Hardenberg's regiment—the other, one Lieutenant Rushton, an old hand at these affairs, and himself a fire-eater) stood by, each with a spare sword in his hand. In a corner was the German regimental surgeon, his apparatus displayed on the floor, ready for an emergency. Rushton fully expected Owen to fall, and only hoped he might escape without a mortal wound. Von Dessel himself seemed of the same opinion, standing square and firm as a tower, scarcely troubling himself to assume an attitude, but easy and masterly withal. Both contempt and malice were expressed for

his antagonist in his half-shut eyes and sardonic twist of the corners of his mouth.

"Owen, Owen, my boy!" shouted my grandfather, rushing to the front of the gallery, and leaning over, as the swords crossed—"stop, for God's sake. You mustn't fight that swash-buckler! They say he hath been fencer to the Sophy," roared the Major, in the words of Sir Toby Belch.

The combatants just turned their heads for a moment to look at the interrupter, and again crossed swords.

Immediately on finding his remonstrance disregarded, the Major descended personally into the arena—not by the ordinary route of the stairs, but the shorter one of a perpendicular drop from the gallery, not effected with the lightness of a feathered Mercury. But the clatter of his descent was lost in the concussion of a discharge of artillery that shook the walls. Instantly the air was alive with shot and hissing shells; and before the echoes of the first discharge had ceased, the successive explosion of the shells in the air, and the crashing of chimneys, shattered doors, and falling masonry, increased the uproar.

One shell burst in the court, filling it with smoke. My grandfather felt, for a minute, rather dizzy with the shock. When the smoke cleared, by which time he had partially recovered himself, the first object that caught his eye was Von Dessel lying on the pavement, and the doctor stooping over him. The only other person hurt was Rushton, a great piece of the skin of whose forehead, detached by a splinter, was hanging over his right eye. Von Dessel had sustained a compound fracture of the thigh, while the loss of two fingers from his right hand had spoiled his thrust in tierce for ever.

"What can be the matter?" said my grandfather, looking upward, as a second flight of missiles hurtled overhead.

"Matter enough," quoth Rushton, mopping the blood from his eye with his handkerchief; "those cursed devils of Spaniards are bombarding the town."

The Major went up to Owen, and squeezed his hand. "We won't abuse the Spaniards for all that," said he—"they've saved your life, my boy."

CHAPTER IV.

Enraged at seeing their blockade evaded by the arrival of Darby's fleet, the Spaniards revenged themselves by directing such a fire upon Gibraltar, from their batteries in the Neutral Ground, as in a short time reduced the town to a mass of ruins. This misfortune was rendered the more intolerable to the besieged, as it came in the moment of exultation and general thanksgiving. While words of congratulation were passing from mouth to mouth, the blow descended, and "turned to groans their roundelay."

The contrast between the elation of the inhabitants when my grandfather entered the Fives' Court, and their universal consternation and despair when he quitted it, was terrible. The crowd that had a few minutes before so smilingly and hopefully entered their homes, now fled from them in terror. Again the streets were thronged by the unhappy people, who began to believe themselves the sport

of some powerful and malevolent demon. Whole families, parents, children, and servants, rushed together into the streets, making their way to the south to escape the missiles that pursued them. Some bore pieces of furniture snatched up in haste, and apparently seized because they came first to hand; some took the chairs they had been sitting on; one man my grandfather noticed bearing away with difficulty the leaf of a mahogany table, leaving behind the legs which should have supported it; and a woman had a crying child in one hand, and in the other a gridiron, still reeking with the fat of some meat she had been cooking. Rubbish from the houses began to strew the streets; and here and there a ragged breach in a wall rent by the cannon afforded a strange incongruous glimpse of the room inside, with its mirrors, tables, and drapery, just as the inhabitants left them. Armed soldiers were har-

tening to their different points of assembly, summoned by bugles that resounded shrilly amid the din, and thrusting their way unceremoniously through the impeding masses of fugitives.

The house of the Jew Lazaro was one of the first that was seriously injured. The blank wall of the great warehouse before mentioned, that faced the street, had, either from age or bad masonry, long before exhibited several cracks. A large segment, bounded by two of these cracks, had been knocked away by a shot, and the superincumbent mass falling in consequence, the great store, and all its hoarded treasures, appeared through the chasm.

The Jew's instincts had, at first, led him to save himself by flight. But, on returning timorously to look after his property, the sight of the ruined wall, and the unprotected hoards on which he had so securely reckoned as the source of wealth, obliterated in his mind, for the time, all sense of personal danger. Seeing a party of soldiers issuing from a wine-house near, he eagerly besought them to assist him in removing his property to a place of safety, promising to reward them largely for their risk and trouble.

One of the soldiers thus appealed to was Mr Bags.

"Ho, ho!" said Mr Bags; "here's a chance—here's a pleasure, comrades. We can help Mr Lazaro, who is always so good to us—this here Jewish gentleman, that gives such liberal prices for our things. Certainly—we'll remove 'em all, and not charge him nothing. Oh—oh—ah!" And, to give point to his irony, Mr Bags distorted his face hideously, and winked upon his friends.

The idea of giving Lazaro any assistance was considered a capital joke, and caused a great deal of mirth as they walked towards the store, to which the Jew eagerly led the way.

"If there's anything good to eat or drink in the store, we may remove some of it, though it won't be on our backs, eh, boys?" said Bags, as he stepped in advance, over a heap of rubbish, into the store.

"These first—these, my friends," cried the Jew, going up to a row of

barrels, standing a little apart from the crowded masses of articles.

"Oh, these first, eh?" said Bags; "they're the best, be they? Thank you, Mr Lazaro; we'll see what's in 'em;" and, taking up a gimlet that lay near, he proceeded to bore a hole in one of the barrels, desiring a friend, whom he addressed as Tim, to tap the next one.

"Thieves!" screamed the Jew, on witnessing this proceeding, seizing Bags' arm; "leave my store—go out—let my goods alone!" Bags lent him a shove that sent him into a corner, and perceiving liquor flowing from the hole he had drilled, applied his mouth to the orifice.

"Brandy," said he, as he paused for breath; "real Cognac. Comrades, here's luck to that 'ere shot that showed us the way in;" and he took another diligent pull at the hole.

Meantime his comrades had not been idle; other barrels were opened, and their contents submitted to a critical inspection.

The Jew tried various modes to induce them to relinquish their booty: first threats—then offers of reward—then cajolery; and, at last, attempted to interpose and thrust them from their spoil. A shot from the enemy entering the store, enfiladed a long line of barrels, scattering the staves and their contents. The place was instantly flooded with liquor—wine, molasses, spirits, and oil, ran in a mingled stream, soaking the *débris* of biscuit and salt provisions that strewed the floor. One soldier was struck dead, and Mr Bags only escaped destruction by the lucky accident of having his head at that moment apart from the barrel which had engrossed his attention, and which was knocked to pieces.

The Jew, partly stunned by a wound in the forehead from the splinter of a barrel, and partly in despair at the destruction of his property, came to the entrance of the store, seating himself among the rubbish. Other plunderers speedily followed the example of the marauding soldiers, but he made no attempt to stop them as they walked past him. My grandfather, passing at the time on his way home, was horrified at the sight of him. Flour from a splintered

barrel had been scattered over his face, and blood from the wound in his forehead, trickling down, had clotted it on his cheeks and scanty beard, giving him an aspect at once appalling and disgusting. His daughter had waited at the door of the Fives' Court till she saw Owen come forth in safety, and had then availed herself of the protection of the Major as far as her own home. Shrieking at the dismal sight, she sprang forward and threw herself before the Jew, casting her arms around him. This seemed to rouse him. He arose—looked back into the store; and then, as if goaded by the sight of the wreck into intolerable anguish, he lifted his clenched hands above his head, uttering a sentence of such fearful blasphemy, that a devout Spaniard, who was emerging from the store with some plunder, struck him on the mouth. He never heeded the blow, but continued to rave, till, suddenly overcome by loss of blood and impotent rage, he dropt senseless on the ground.

My grandfather, calling some soldiers of his regiment who were passing, desired them to convey him to the hospital at the South Barracks, and, again taking the terrified and weeping Esther under his protection, followed to see the unfortunate Jew cared for.

At the various parades that day Mr Bags was reported absent, being in fact engaged in pursuits of a much more interesting nature than his military duties. A vast field of interprise was opened to him and other adventurous spirits, of which they did not fail to avail themselves, in the quantity of property of all kinds abandoned by the owners, in houses and shops where locks and bolts were no longer a protection; and although the firing, which ceased for an hour or two in the middle of the day, was renewed towards evening and continued with great fury, the ardour of acquisition by no means abated.

About midnight a sentry on the heights of Rosia (the name given to a portion of the rugged cliffs towards the south and near the hospital) observed, in the gloom, a figure lurking about one of the batteries, and challenged it. Receiving no answer,

he threatened to fire, when Bags came forward reluctantly, with a bundle in his hand.

"Hush, Bill," said Bags, on finding the sentry was a personal friend—"don't make a row: it's only me, Bags—Tonga, you know," he added, to insure his recognition.

"What the devil are you doing there, you fool?" asked his friend in a surly tone—"don't you know the picquet's after you?"

"I've got some little things here that I want to lay by, where nobody won't see 'em, in case I'm caught," returned Bags. "Don't you take no notice of me, Bill, and I'll be off directly."

"What have ye got?" asked Bill, whose curiosity was awakened by the proceedings of his friend.

"Some little matters that I picked up in the town," returned Bags. "Pity you should be on guard to-day, Bill—there was some pretty pickings. I'll save something for you, Bill," added Bags, in an unaccountable access of generosity.

The sentry, however, who was a person in every way worthy of the friendship of Mr Bags, expressed no gratitude for the considerate offer, but began poking at the bundle with his bayonet.

"Hands off, Bill," said Bags, "they won't abear touching."

"Let's see 'em," said Bill.

"Not a bit on it," said Bags; "they ain't aworth looking at."

"Suppose I was to call the sergeant of the guard," said Bill.

"You wouldn't do such a action?" said Bags, in a tone strongly expressive of disgust at such baseness. "No, no, Bill, you ain't that sort of fellow, I'm sure."

"It's my dooty," said the sentry, placing the butt of his musket on the ground, and leaning his elbow on the muzzle. "You see that what you said, Tonga, was very true, about its being hard upon me to be carrying about this here damnable weppin" (slapping the barrel of the musket) "all day for fourpence ha'penny, while you are making your fortin. It is, Tonga, d—d hard."

"Never mind; there'll be plenty left to-morrow," said Bags in a consolatory tone.

"What shall we say, now, if I lets ye hide it?" said Bill, pointing to the bundle. "Half-shares?"

"This ain't like a friend, Bill," returned Tongs, highly disgusted with this ungenerous proposal. "Nobody ever knowed me interfere with a comrade when I was on sentry. How long ago is it since I let ye stay in my box an hour, till ye was sober enough to walk into barracks, when I was sentry at the gate? Why, the whole bundle ain't worth eighteenpence—and I've worked hard for it."

"Half-shares?" reiterated Bill, not melted in the least by the memory of ancient benefits.

"No, by G—!" said Bags in great wrath.

"Serg—," began Bill in an elevated voice, porting his arms at the same time.

"Stop!" said Bags; "don't call the sergeant. Half is better nor nothing, if ye're going to behave like that. We'll say half, then."

"Ah," said Bill, returning to his former position—"I thought we should agree. And now let's see 'em, Tongs."

Muttering still his disapprobation of this unworthy treatment, Bags put his bundle on the stone embrasure of the battery, and began to unfold it.

Eighteenpence was certainly a low valuation. Bags appeared to have visited a jeweller's shop. Watches, rings, bracelets, gold chains, and brooches glittered on the dingy surface of the handkerchief.

"My eye!" said Bill, unable to repress a low laugh of delight—"why, we'll turn bankers when we've sold 'em. Tongs and Co., eh?" said Bill with considerable humour.

Bags, however, told him he was altogether mistaken in his estimate—most of the things were pinchbeck, he said, and the stones all glass; and, to save Bill any trouble, he offered to dispose of them himself to the best possible advantage, and bring his partner his share of the proceeds, which would certainly be at least ninepence, and might perhaps be half-a-dollar. This arrangement did not, however, meet the approbation of the astute William, who

insisted on dividing the spoils by lot. But here, again, there was a slight misunderstanding, for both fixed their affections on a gigantic watch, which never could have been got into any modern pocket, and whose face was ornamented with paintings from the heathen mythology. Both of them supposed, from the size and the brilliancy of the colours, that this must be of immense value. Finding they were not likely to come to a speedy arrangement on this point, they agreed to postpone the division of the spoils till morning.

"I'll tell ye where to put it, Bags," said Bill. "These here guns in this battery haven't been fired for years, nor ain't likely to be, though they loaded 'em the other day. Take out the wad of this one, and put in the bundle."

Bags approved of the idea, withdrew the wad from the muzzle of the gun, put in the bundle as far as his arm would reach, and then replaced the wad.

"Honour bright?" said Bags, preparing to depart.

"Honour bright," returned Bill; and Bags disappeared.

Nevertheless he did not feel sufficient confidence in his confederate's integrity to justify his quitting the place and leaving him to his own devices. He thought Bill might perhaps avail himself of his absence to remove the treasure, or be guilty of some other treachery. He therefore crept back again softly, till he got behind a crag from whence he had a full view of the battery.

For some time Bill walked sternly to and fro on his post. Bags observed, however, that he always included the gun where the deposit lay in his perambulations, which became shorter and shorter. At last he halted close to it, laid down his musket against the parapet, and, approaching the muzzle of the gun, took out the wad.

At this moment a neighbouring sentry gave an alarm. The guard turned out, and Bill, hastily replacing the wad, resumed his arms and looked about for the cause of the alarm. About a mile out in the bay several red sparks were visible. As he looked there were a corresponding number of flashes, and then a whistling of shot high overhead told that

the guns from which they had been discharged had been laid too high. The Spanish gunboats were attacking the south.

The drums beat to arms, and in a few minutes the battery was manned with artillerymen. To the inconceivable horror of Bags and Bill, the whole of the guns in the battery were altered in position, and a gunner took post at the rear of each with a lighted portfire. Then a flushed face might be seen, by the blue light of the portfires, rising from behind a neighbouring piece of rock, the eyes staring, the mouth open in agonised expectation.

"Number one—fire!" said the officer in command, to the gunner in rear of the gun in which Mr Bags had invested his capital.

"No, no!" shouted Bags, rising wildly from behind the rock.

The portfire touched the vent—there was a discharge that seemed to rend Mr Bags's heartstrings and blow off the roof of his skull—and the clever speculation on which he had counted for making his fortune ended, like many others, in smoke. He gazed for a moment out in the direction of the flash, as if he expected to see the watches and rings gleaming in the air; then he turned and disappeared in the darkness.

After a few ineffectual discharges, the Spaniards seemed to become aware of the badness of their aim, and to take measures to amend it. Several shot struck the hospital; and some shells falling through the roof, exploded in the very wards where the sick lay. The unhappy Jew, Lazaro, lying in a feverish and semi-delirious state from his former hurt and agitation, was again struck by a splinter of a shell which burst in the ward where the Major's care had seen him deposited, blowing up the ceiling and part of the wall. In the midst of the confusion, the Jew, frantic with terror, rushed unrestrained from the building, followed only by his daughter, who was watching by his bed. He was not missed for some time, and the attempts to discover him, made after his disappearance became known, were of no avail. A neighbouring sentry had seen a white figure, followed by another crying after it, dash across the road and disappear in the bushes; but the search made about the vicinity of the spot failed in detecting any traces of them, and those who troubled themselves to think of the matter at all, surmised that they had fallen into the sea.

CHAPTER V.

For some pages, my grandfather's note-book is filled with memoranda of singular casualties from the enemy's shot, wonderful escapes, and hasty moments of quietude and attempted comfort snatched "even in the cannon's mouth." The fire from the Spanish batteries shortly reduced the town to ruins, and the gunboats at night precluded all hope of peace and oblivion after the horrors of the day. Dreams, in which these horrors were reproduced, were interrupted by still more frightful nocturnal realities. One of the curious minor evils that my grandfather notices, as resulting from an incessant cannonade, to those not engaged in it actively enough to withdraw their attention from the noise, is the extreme irritation produced by its long continuance, amounting, in persons of nervous and excitable

temperament, to positive exasperation.

Some of the numerous incidents he chronicles are also recorded by Drinkwater, especially that of a man who recovered after being almost knocked to pieces by the bursting of a shell. "His head was terribly fractured, his left arm broken in two places, one of his legs shattered, the skin and muscles torn off his right hand, the middle finger broken to pieces, and his whole body most severely bruised and marked with gunpowder. He presented so horrid an object to the surgeons, that they had not the smallest hopes of saving his life, and were at a loss what part to attend to first. He was that evening trepanned; a few days afterwards his leg was amputated, and other wounds and fractures dressed. Being pos-

ceased of a most excellent constitution, nature performed wonders in his favour, and in eleven weeks the cure was completely effected. His name," continues Mr Drinkwater, with what might be deemed irony—if the worthy historian ever indulged in that figure of rhetoric—"is Donald Ross, and he" (i.e. the remaining fragment of the said Donald Ross) "now enjoys his sovereign's bounty in a pension of ninepence a-day for life." One might almost suppose that Mr Hume had some hand in affixing the gratuity; but in those days there was a king who knew not Joseph.

My grandfather appears to have had also an adventure of his own. During a cessation of the cannonade, he was sitting one morning on a fragment of rock, in the garden behind his quarters, reading his favourite author. The firing suddenly recommenced, and a long-ranged shell, striking the ground at some distance, rolled towards him. He glanced half-absently at the hissing missile; and whether he actually did not for a moment recollect its character, or whether, as was often the case on such occasions, the imminence of the danger paralysed him, he sat immovably watching it as it fizzed within a couple of yards of him. Unquestionably in another three seconds my grandfather's earthly tabernacle would have been resolved into its original atoms, had not the intrepid Carlota (who was standing near gathering flowers to stick in her hair) darted on him, and, seizing him by the arm, dragged him behind a wall. They were scarce under shelter when the shell exploded—the shock laying them both prostrate, though unhurt but for a few bruises—while the stone on which the Major had been sitting was shattered to atoms. To the description of this incident in the Major's journal are appended a pious reflection and a short thanksgiving, which, being entirely of a personal nature, I omit.

The stores landed from the fleet were in a very precarious position. Owing to the destruction of the buildings, there were no means of placing them where they might be

as a sort of store, in some of the houses of the town. Such a depository, were ordered to be conveyed to St Michael's Cave.

This cave is one of the most curious of the Rock. Its mouth—an admirable opening in the slope of the mountain—is situated many hundred feet above the sea. Within, it expands into a spacious hall, the roof, invisible in the gloom, supported by thick pillars formed by the petrified droppings of the rock. From this principal cavern numerous smaller ones branch off, leading, by dark, broken, and precipitous passages, to unknown depths. Along one of these, according to tradition, Governor O'Mara advanced farther than ever man had gone before, and left his sword in the inmost recess to be recovered by the next explorer who should be equally adventurous. But whether it is that the tradition is unfounded, or that the weapon has been carried off by some gnome, or that the governor's exploit is as yet unrivalled, the sword has never been brought to light.

For the duty of placing the stores here, the name of Lieutenant Owen appeared in the garrison orders. My grandfather having nothing particular to do, and being anxious to escape as much as possible for a short time from the din of the bombardment, offered to accompany Frank in the execution of this duty.

The day was dark and gloomy, and the steep path slippery from rain, so that the mules bearing the stores toiled with difficulty up the ascent. At first, my grandfather and Owen indulged in cheerful conversation; but shortness of breath soon reduced the Major to monosyllables, and the latter part of the journey was accomplished in silence. Frequently the Major paused and faced about, at once to look at the prospect and to take breath. Far below, on his right, was seen the southern end of the town, consisting partly of a heap of ruins, with here and there a rafter sticking out of the mass, partly of roofless walls, among which was occasionally heard the crashing of shot; but the guns that discharged them, as well as

those that replied from the town, were invisible from this point. Directly beneath him the ground afforded a curious spectacle, being covered with tents, huts, and sheds, of all sorts and sizes, where the outcast population of the ruined town obtained a precarious and insufficient shelter. The only building visible which still retained its former appearance was the convent—the governor's residence—which was protected by bomb-proofs, and where working-parties were constantly engaged in repairing the injuries. The bay, once thickly wooded with masts and dotted with sails, was now blank and cheerless; only the enemy's cruisers were visible, lying under the opposite shore of Spain.

Owen and my grandfather arrived at the mouth of the cave somewhat in advance of the convoy. To their surprise a smoke was issuing from it; and, as they approached nearer, their nostrils were greeted by an odour at once savoury and spicy. Going softly up they looked in.

Mr Bags and a couple of friends were seated round a fire, over which was roasting a small pig, scientifically butchered and deprived of his hair, and hung up by the heels. The fire, in the absence of other fuel, (of which there was an extreme scarcity in Gibraltar,) was supplied by bundles of cinnamon plundered from the store of some grocer, and, as the flame waxed low, Mr Bags took a fresh bundle from a heap of that fragrant spice by his side, and laid it on the embers. Mrs Bags was occupied in basting the pig with lard, which she administered from time to time with an iron ladle.

Presently Mr Bags tapped on the pig's back with his knife. It sent forth a crisp crackling sound, that made my grandfather's mouth water, and caused Mr Bags to become impatient.

"Polly," said he, "it's my opinion it's been done these three minutes. I can't wait much longer."

And he cast a glance at the other two soldiers, (in whom, as well as in Bags, Owen recognised men of his company who had been reported absent for some days, and were supposed to have gone over to the enemy,)

to ascertain if their opinions tallied with his own on this point.

"It can't be no better," said one, taking hold of the pig's neck between his finger and thumb, which he afterwards applied to his mouth.

"I can't abear my meat overdone," said the third. "What I say is, let them that likes to wait, wait, and let them that wants to begin, begin." So saying, he rose, and was about to attack the ribs of the porker with his knife.

"Do stop a minute—that's a dear," said Mrs Bags; "another bundle of cinnamon will make it perfect. I'll give ye something to stay your stomach;" and stepping to a nook in the wall of the cavern, where stood a large barrel, she filled a pewter measure, and handed it to the impatient advocate for underdone pork, who took a considerable dram, and passed it to his companions.

"Cinnamon's better with pork nor with most things," said Bags. "It spoils goose, because it don't agree with the inions, and it makes fowls wishy-washy; but it goes excellent with pig."

"What's left in the larder?" asked one of the party.

"There's a week's good eating yet," said Mrs Bags, "and we *might* make it do ten days or a fortnight."

"Well!" said the other, "they may say what they like about sieges, but this is the jolliest time ever I had."

"It's very well by day," said Bags, "but the nights is cold, and the company of that ghost ain't agreeable—I seed it again last night."

"Ah!" said his friend, "what was it like, Tongs?"

"Something white," returned Bags in an awful whisper, "with a ghost's eyes. You may allays know a ghost by the eyes. I was just rising up, and thinking about getting a drink, for my coppers was hot, when it comes gliding up from that end of the cave. I spoke to you, and then I couldn't see it no more, because it was varnished."

"Ghosts always varnishes if you speak," said Mrs Bags. "But never mind the spirit now—let's look after the flesh," added the lady, who possessed a fund of native pleasantry: "the pig's done to a turn."

At this interesting juncture, and just as they were about to fall to, the footsteps of the approaching mules struck on their ears. Owen went to meet the party, and hastily selecting six men from it, advanced, and desired them to secure the astounded convivialists.

On recovering from their first astonishment, Bags begged Owen would overlook the offence; they were only, he pleaded, having a little spree—times had been hard lately. Mrs Bags, as usual, displayed great eloquence, though not much to the purpose. She seemed to have some idea that an enumeration of the gentlemen's families she had lived in, and the high estimation in which she had been held in all, would really tell powerfully in favour of the delinquents, and persevered accordingly, till they were marched off in custody of the escort, when she made a final appeal to my grandfather, as the last gentleman whose family she had lived in—with what advantage to the household the reader knows. The Major, who could not forgive the roasting of his ham, called her, in reply, a "horrible woman," but, at the same time, whispered to Owen that he hoped the fellows would not be severely punished. "If we had caught them after dinner," said he, "I shouldn't have pitied them so much."

"Never mind them," said Owen; "let us proceed to business. We must select the driest spot we can find to put the stores in."

[Here, by way of taking leave of Mr Bags, I may remark, that he narrowly escaped being hanged as a plunderer—failing which, he was sentenced by a court-martial to receive a number of lashes, which I refrain from specifying, because it would certainly make the hair of a modern humanitarian turn white with horror.]

"Come along, Major," said Owen; "perhaps we may find more of these scoundrels in the course of our researches."

The Major did not move; he was earnestly regarding the carcase of the pig, that steamed hissing above the embers.

"Queer idea that of the cinnamon fire," said he. "I wonder how the meat tastes."

Owen did not hear him, having walked forward.

"Have you got a knife about you, Frank?" said the Major. "Do you know I have a curious desire to ascertain the flavour. It may be a feature in cookery worth knowing."

Owen had not a knife, nor had any of the men, but one of them suggested that the Major's sword would answer the purpose.

"To be sure," said the Major. "A good idea! I don't see why swords shouldn't be turned into carving-knives as well as into pruning-hooks." So saying, he drew it from the sheath, and, straddling across the fire, detached a crisp brown mouthful from the pig's ribs, and putting a little salt on it, he conveyed it to his mouth.

"Excellent!" cried the Major. "I give you my word of honour, Owen, 'tis excellent! The cinnamon gives it a sort of a —"

Here a second and larger mouthful interrupted the criticism.

"It must be very near lunch-time," said the Major, pausing, sword in hand, when he had swallowed it; then, pretending to look at his watch—"Bless me, it only wants half-an-hour of it. Do you think this business will take you long, Owen?"

"About a couple of hours," said Owen.

"Ah, why, there you see," returned the Major, "we shan't get home till long past lunch-time. I really don't see why we shouldn't take a snack now. Nothing can be better than that pig. I only wish the woman had dressed my dinner half as well. Corporal Hodson, would you oblige me with a piece of that biscuit near you?" And, detaching a large fragment of pork, he placed it on the biscuit, and sprinkling it with pepper and salt, which condiments had not been forgotten in the gastronomic arrangements of Mr Bags, he proceeded to follow Owen into the interior of the cave, taking huge bites as he went.

The path slopes at first steeply downward from the mouth to the interior of the cavern, where it becomes more level. Light being admitted only at the entrance, the gloom of the interior is almost impenetrable to the

eye. The men had brought torches to assist them in their work, and, a suitable spot having been selected, these were stuck on different points and abutments of the rocky wall, when the party proceeded to unload the mules at the entrance, conveying their burdens into the cave.

In the midst of the bustle and noise attending the operation, the little dog given by Esther to Carlota, which had that morning followed the Major, to whom it had speedily attached itself, began barking and howling dismally in a dark recess behind one of the great natural pillars before spoken of. As the noise continued, intermixed with piteous whinings, one of the men took a torch from the wall, and stepped forward into the darkness, to see what ailed the animal. Presently he cried out that "there was a man there."

My grandfather, who was next him, immediately followed, and five paces brought him to the spot. The soldier who held the torch was stooping, and holding it over a figure that lay on the ground on its back. In the unshaven, blood-stained countenance, my grandfather, at first, had some difficulty in recognising Lazaro the Jew. Some fiery splashes of pitch from the torch dropping at the moment on his bare throat, produced no movement, though, had he been living, they must have scorched him to the quick.

On the body was nothing but the shirt he wore the night of his flight from the hospital, but his legs were wrapt in a woman's dress. Across his breast, on her face, lay Esther, in her white under-garments—for the gown that wrapt the Jew's legs was hers. The glare of the torch was bright and red on the two prostrate figures, and on the staring appalled countenance of the man who held it—the group forming a glowing spot in the vast, sombre, vaulted space, where dim gleams of light were caught and repeated on projecting masses of rock, more and more faintly, till all was bounded by darkness.

Years afterwards my grandfather would sometimes complain of having been revisited, in dreams of the night, by that ghastly piece of Rembrandt painting.

The rest quickly flocked to the spot, and Esther was lifted and found to breathe, though the Jew was stiff and cold. Some diluted spirit, from the cellar of Bags, being poured down her throat, she revived a little, when my grandfather caused two of the men to bear her carefully to his house; and the body of the Jew being wrapt in a piece of canvass, was placed on a mule and conveyed to the hospital for interment.

Medical aid restored Esther to consciousness, and she told how they came to be found in the cave.

Her father, on leaving the hospital, had fled by chance, as she thought, to this cave, for he did not reach it by the usual path, but climbed, in his delirious fear, up the face of the rock, and she had followed him as well as she could, keeping his white figure in sight. They had both lain exhausted in the cave till morning, when, finding that her father slept, she was on the point of leaving him to seek assistance. But, unhappily, before she could quit the place, Bags and his associates entered from their plundering expedition into the town, and, frightened at their drunken language, and recognising in Bags the man who had robbed her, she had crept back to her concealment. The party of marauders never quitted the cavern from the moment of establishing themselves in it. They spent the day in eating, drinking, singing songs, and sometimes quarrelling. Twice, at night, she ventured forth; but she always found one of them asleep across the entrance, so that she could not pass without waking him, and once one of them started up, and seemed about to pursue her—doubtless Bags, on the occasion when he thought he saw a ghost. Nevertheless, she had mustered courage twice to take some fragments of food that were lying near the fire, leaving each time a piece of money in payment; and she had also taken a lighted candle, the better to ascertain her father's situation. He had never spoken to her since the first night of their coming, and, during all those dark and weary hours, (for they were three nights and two days in the cavern,) she had remained by him listening to his incoherent mutterings and moans. The candle had

showed her that he had lost much blood, from the wound in his forehead breaking out afresh, as well as from the other received in the hospital, though the latter was but a flesh wound. These she had bandaged with shreds of her dress, and had tried to give him some of the nourishment she had procured, but could force nothing on him except some water. Some hours, however—how long she did not know, but it was during the night—before Owen's party found her, the Jew had become sensible. He told her he was dying; and, unconscious of where he was, desired her to fetch a light. This she had procured in the same way as before, lighting the candle at the embers of the fire round which Bags and his friends reposed. Then the Jew, who seemed to imagine himself still in the hospital, bid her say whom, among those she knew in Gibraltar, she would wish to have charge of her when he was no more; and, on her mentioning Carlota, had desired her to take pen and paper and write his will as he should dictate it. Pen she had none, but she had a pencil and a scrap of paper in her pocket, and with these she wrote, leaning over to catch the whispered syllables that he with difficulty articulated.

From this paper it would appear that the Jew had some fatherly feelings for Esther concealed beneath his harsh deportment towards her. I can describe the will, for I have often seen it. It is written on a piece of crumpled writing-paper, about the size of a bank-note, very stained and dirty. It is written in Spanish; and in it the Jew entreats "the Señora, the wife of Sr. Don Flinder, English officer, to take charge of his orphan child, in requital whereof he leaves her the half of whatsoever property he dies possessed of, the other half to be disposed of for the benefit of his daughter." Then follows a second paragraph, inserted at Esther's own desire, to the effect that, should she not survive, the whole was to be inherited by the aforesaid Señora. It is dated "Abril 1781," and signed in a faint, straggling hand, quite different from the clear writing of the rest—"JOSÉ LAZARO."

Esther would now have gone, at all hazards, to obtain assistance, but the

Jew clutched her arm, and would not permit her to quit him. He breathed his last shortly after, and Esther remembered nothing more till she came to herself in the Major's house. The paper was found in her bosom.

Some days after this event my grandfather went with Owen into the town, during a temporary lull in the enemy's firing, to visit the house of Lazaro, in order to ascertain whether anything valuable was left that might be converted to Esther's benefit. They had some difficulty in finding the exact locality, owing to the utter destruction of all the landmarks. The place was a mass of ruins. Some provisions and goods had been left by the plunderers, but so mixed with rubbish, and overflowed with the contents of the casks of liquor and molasses, as to be of no value even in these times of dearth.

Owen, poking about among the wreck, observed an open space in the middle of one of the shattered walls, as if something had been built into it. With the assistance of my grandfather's cane, he succeeded in dislodging the surrounding masonry, already loosened by shot, and they discovered it to be a recess made in the thickness of the wall, and closed by a small iron door. At the bottom was lying a small box, also of iron, which they raised, not without difficulty, for its weight was extraordinary in proportion to its dimensions. This being conveyed to my grandfather's, and opened, was found to contain more than six hundred doubloons, (a sum in value about two thousand pounds,) and many bills of exchange and promissory notes, mostly those of officers. The latest was that of Von Dessel. These the Major, by Esther's desire, returned to the persons whose signatures they bore.

Esther never completely recovered from the effects of her sojourn in the cave, but remained always pale and of weak health. My grandfather took good care of her inheritance for her, and on leaving Gibraltar, at the conclusion of the siege, invested the whole of it safely for her benefit, placing her, at the same time, in the family of some respectable persons of her own religion. She afterwards married a wealthy Hebrew; and, in

whatever part of the world the Major chanced to be serving, so long as she lived, valuable presents would constantly arrive from Gibraltar—mantillas and ornaments of jewellery for Carlota, and butts of delicious sherry for my grandfather. These, however, ceased with her death, about twenty years afterwards.

This is, I believe, the most connected and interesting episode to be found in the Major's note-book; and it is, I think, the last specimen I shall offer of these new "Tales of my Grandfather."

As a child I used to listen, with interest ever new, to the tale of the young Jewess, which the narrator

had often heard from the lips of Carlota and her husband. St Michael's Cave took rank in my mind with those other subterranean abodes where Cassim, the brother of Ali Baba, who forgot the words "*Open Sesame*," was murdered by the Forty Thieves; where Aladdin was shut by the magician in the enchanted garden; and where Robinson Crusoe discovered the dying he-goat. And when, at the conclusion of the tale, the scrap of paper containing the Jew's will was produced from a certain desk, and carefully unfolded, I seemed to be connected by some awful and mysterious link with these departed actors in the scenes I had so breathlessly listened to.

LIFE AMONGST THE LOGGERS.

THE northern and elder States of the great American Union have ceased to be associated in our minds with those ideas of wild and romantic adventure which are inseparably connected with some of their younger brethren far west and south. There is nothing suggestive of romance in such names as New York, Maine, and Pennsylvania: cotton bales, keen traders and repudiated debts, drab coats, wooden clocks, and counterfeit nutmegs, compose the equivocal and unpoetical visions they conjure up to European imaginations. But drop we our eyes down the map to lawless Arkansas, feverish Louisiana, and debateable Texas, or westwards to the still newer State of California, and a host of stirring and picturesque associations throng upon our memory. Strange scenes and a motley array pass before us. Bands of hunters and trappers, scarce more civilised than the Indians with whom they war, or gentler than the buffalo which yields them sport and food; predatory armies, for Mexico bound, keen for spoil and regardless of right; caravans of adventurous gold-seekers braving the perilous passage of the Rocky Mountains; hardy squatters, axe in hand, hewing themselves a home in the heart of the wilderness; innumerable traits

of courage and endurance—incredible sufferings and countless crimes—make up a picture-gallery unrivalled of its kind. In those districts, not a league of prairie, not a mountain or stream, not a *bayou* or *barranca*, but has derived recent and vivid interest from the animated sketches of Sealsfield, Ruxton, Wise, and a host of other graphic and vigorous delineators.

As if to vindicate the claims to interest of the northern American provinces, a Down-easter, Springer by name, who hails from the State of Maine, has exhibited, in a curious little volume, the adventurous side of life in *his* part of the Union. At a first glance, there would appear to be few created things whose history was likely to be less interesting than that of a Yankee pine-log. Get astride it with Springer, and paddle up the Penobscot, clearing rapids and other impediments as best you may on so unpromising a float—and, before reaching the place where it grew, you shall marvel at the skill and daring expended, and at the risks run to procure it. Springer, who was reared amongst the pine forests, which his axe afterwards helped to thin, is an enthusiastic woodsman, and feels "kinder jealous" that whilst the habits and adventures of many classes

of his countrymen have occupied skillful writers and public attention, no chronicler should have been found for the deeds and perils of that numerous class to which he for some years belonged. To supply this deficiency, he himself, although more used to handle axe than goose-quill, has written a plain and unpretending account of scenes and incidents which he shared in and witnessed. The freshness of the subject, and the honest earnestness of the man, would atone for clumsier treatment than it has met with at his hands.

The second title of Mr Springer's book gives a clearer idea of its contents than the primary one. The volume comprises, says the title-page, "Wintercamp-life among the Loggers, and wild-wood adventure, with descriptions of lumbering operations on the various rivers of Maine and New Brunswick." It is divided into three parts: the first and shortest being a dissertation on forest trees, with particular reference to those of America; the second, entitled "The Pine Tree, or Forest Life," giving an account of wood-cutting operations; the third, "River Life," detailing the progress of the timber from the forest to the "boom," or depot. The chief interest of the book begins with the second chapter of the second part, wherein is described the commencement of the labours of a gang of "loggers," or woodcutters. In the hunt after timber, as after certain animals, the first thing to be done is to mark the whereabouts of your game preparatory to starting in its pursuit. On the eve of the chase the keeper reconnoitres the retreat of the wild-boar. Before a party of loggers proceed to establish a camp and pass the winter wood-cutting, they send out scouts to ascertain where timber is plenty. Thirty years since, this was scarcely necessary—the pine, that forest king of the northern States, abounded on every side. Fifty years hence—so it is estimated by those best qualified to judge—the vast pine forests, through which the Penobscot flows, will be on the eve of extinction. Now is the intermediate stage. A man cannot, as he formerly could, step from his house to his day's work; but research and labour still command a rich

timber harvest. Exploring expeditions may be made at any period of the year, but autumn is the favourite season. They consist generally of only two or three men, accustomed to the business, who, provided with the necessary provisions, with a coffee-pot and a blanket, axe, rifle, and ammunition, embark on skiff or *bateau*, and pole and paddle their way two hundred miles or more up the Penobscot or the St Croix, and their numerous tributaries. On reaching the district it is proposed to explore, the boat is hauled ashore and turned bottom upwards, the load of stores is divided amongst the party, and they strike into the forest, rousing, on their passage, the stately moose, the timid deer, the roaming black bear, and many an inferior denizen of the lonesome wilderness. They now begin "prospecting." Often the thickness of the forest and the uneven surface of the country prevent their obtaining a sufficiently extensive view, and compel them to climb trees in order to look around them.

"When an ascent is to be made, the spruce tree is generally selected, principally for the superior facilities which its numerous limbs afford the climber. To gain the first limbs of this tree, which are from twenty to forty feet from the ground, a smaller tree is undercut and lodged against it, clambering up which the top of the spruce is reached. Sometimes, when a very elevated position is desired, the spruce tree is lodged against the trunk of some lofty pine, up which we ascend to a height twice that of the surrounding forest. From such a tree-top, like a mariner at the mast-head upon the look-out for whales, (and indeed the pine is the whale of the forest,) large 'clumps' and 'veins' of pine are discovered, whose towering tops may be seen for miles around. Such views fill the bosom of timber-hunters with an intense interest. They are the object of his search—his treasure, his Eldorado; and they are beheld with peculiar and thrilling emotions. To detail the process more minutely, we should observe, that the man in the tree-top points out the direction in which the pines are seen; or, if hid from the view of those below by the surrounding foliage, he breaks a small limb, and throws it in the direction in which they appear, whilst a man at the base marks the direction indicated by the falling limb by means of a compass which

he holds in his hand, the compass being quite as necessary in the wilderness as on the pathless ocean. In fair weather the sun serves as an important guide; and in cloudy weather the close observation of an experienced woodman will enable him to steer a tolerably correct course by the moss which grows on the trunks of most hardwood trees, the north sides of which are covered with a much larger share than the other portions of the trunk. This Indian compass, however, is not very convenient or safe, particularly in passing through swampy lands, which are of frequent occurrence."

Two reflections are suggested by the paragraph we have just copied. The substance of one of them is noted in the Preface. "This volume," says the modest and sensible Springer, "makes no pretensions to literary merit; sooner would it claim kindred with the wild and uncultivated scenes of which it is but a simple relation." The second reflection is, that our wood-cutter is an enthusiast in his craft; for wood-cutting in Maine is a craft, and no common log-chopping. To Springer, a towering grove of timber is as exciting a sight as is to the hunter that of a herd of antlered deer or shaggy buffalo. The pine especially is the object of his love and admiration. He abounds in anecdotes and arguments to prove its good qualities, and labours hard to establish its superiority to the oak. Reared amongst the noble pines of Maine, he says, even as a child, he could never hear, without feelings of jealousy, the oak extolled as monarch of the forest. Admitting it to excel in strength, he vaunts, upon the other hand, the superior grandeur and girth of the pine, its value in building, the breadth of its planks, their clearness, beauty, and freedom from knots, the numerous uses to which it is applicable, its excellence as fuel, its perfect adaptation to all the joiner's purposes. He extols in turn each of its varieties; the red pine, remarkable for its tall trunk, which sometimes rises eighty feet from the ground before putting out a limb; the pitch pine, inferior in size, but preferable to any other wood for generating steam in engines; the white pine, superior to all in value and dimensions. He tells us of pines, of which he has read or heard, of extraordinary grandeur and diameter:

of one, two hundred and sixty-four feet long; and of another which, at three feet from the ground, was fifty-seven feet nine inches in circumference. These extraordinary specimens were cut some years ago. Trees of such dimensions are now rare.

"I have worked in the forests among this timber several years," says Springer, "have cut many hundreds of trees, and seen many thousands, but I never found one larger than one I felled on a little stream which empties into Jackson Lake, near the head of Baskahegan stream, in eastern Maine. This was a pumpkin pine, (a variety of the white pine.) Its trunk was as straight and handsomely grown as a moulded candle, and measured six feet in diameter four feet from the ground, without the aid of spur roots. It was about nine rods in length, or one hundred and forty-four feet, about sixty-five feet of which was free of limbs, and retained its diameter remarkably well. I was employed about one hour and a quarter in felling it. The afternoon was beautiful; everything was calm, and to me the circumstances were deeply interesting. After chopping an hour or so, the mighty giant, the growth of centuries, which had withstood the hurricane, and raised itself in peerless majesty above all around, began to tremble under the strokes of a mere insect, as I might appear in comparison with it. My heart palpitated as I occasionally raised my eye to its pinnacle to catch the first indications of its fall. It came down at length with a crash, which seemed to shake a hundred acres, whilst the loud echo rang through the forest, dying away amongst the distant hills. It had a hollow in the butt about the size of a barrel, and the surface of the stump was sufficiently spacious to allow a yoke of oxen to stand upon it. It made five logs, and loaded a six-ox team three times. The butt-log was so large, that the stream did not float it in the spring; and when the drive was taken down, we were obliged to leave it behind, much to our regret and loss. At the boom, that log would have been worth fifty dollars."

The pine tracts ascertained, the quality of the trees examined, the distance the timber will have to be hauled duly calculated, and the ground inspected, through which logging roads must be cut, the exploring party retrace their steps to the place where they left their boat. Foot-sore with their forest roamings, they gladly look forward to the quick, gliding

passage down stream. A grievous disappointment sometimes awaits them. In the fall of the year, the black bear is seized with a violent longing for pitch and resinous substances, and frequently strips fir trees of their bark for the sake of the exudations. Occasionally he stumbles over a timber-hunter's *bateau*, and tears it to pieces in the course of the rough process he employs to extract the tar from its planks. If it is injured beyond possibility of repair, the unlucky pioneers have to perform their homeward journey on foot, unless indeed they are so fortunate as to fall in with some Indian trapper, whose canoe they can charter for a portion of the way. Once at home, the next step is to obtain permits from the State or proprietors, securing, at a stipulated price of so much per thousand feet, the exclusive right to cut timber within certain bounds. Then comes haymaking—a most important part of the loggers' duty; for on nothing does the success of the wood-cutting campaign depend more than on the good working condition of the sturdy teams of oxen which drag the logs from the snow-covered forest to the river's brink. Hard by the forest extensive strips of meadow-land are commonly found, covered with a heavy growth of grass, and thither large bands of men repair to make and stalk the hay for the ensuing winter's consumption. The labour of haymaking in these upland meadows of Maine is rendered intolerably painful by the assaults of flies and mosquitoes, and especially by the insidious attacks of millions of midges, so small as to be scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, and which get between the clothes and the skin, causing a smarting and irritation so great as to impede the progress of the work. The torment of these insect attacks is hardly compensated by the pastimes and adventures incidental to the occupation. Now and then a shot is to be had at a stray deer; the streams swarm with beautiful trout and pickerel; skirmishes with black bears are of frequent occurrence. Mr Springer's volume abounds with stories of encounters with bears, wolves, and "Indian devils"—a formidable species of catamount, of which the Indians

stand in particular dread. Although the bear rarely shows himself pugnacious unless assailed, his meddlesome, thievish propensities render him particularly obnoxious to the hay-makers and wood-cutters; and when they meet him, they never can abstain from the aggressive, however civilly Bruin may be disposed to pass them by.

"On one occasion," says Mr Springer, "two men, crossing a small lake in a skiff, on their return from putting up hay, discovered a bear swimming from a point of land for the opposite shore. As usual in such cases, temptation silenced prudence—they changed their course, and gave chase. The craft being light, they gained fast upon the bear, who exerted himself to the utmost to gain the shore; but, finding himself an unequal match in the race, he turned upon his pursuers, and swam to meet them. One of the men, a short, thick-set, dare-devil fellow, seized an axe, and, the moment the bear came up, inflicted a blow upon his head. It seemed to make but a slight impression, and before it could be repeated the bear clambered into the boat. He instantly grappled the man who struck him, firmly setting his teeth in his thigh; then, settling back upon his haunches, he raised his victim in the air, and shook him as a dog would a wood-chuck. The man at the helm stood for a moment in amazement, without knowing how to act, and fearing that the bear might spring overboard and drown his companion; but, recollecting the effect of a blow upon the end of a bear's snout, he struck him with a short setting-pole. The bear dropped his victim into the bottom of the boat, snarled and fell overboard, and swam again for the shore. The man bled freely from the bite, and, as the wound proved too serious to allow a renewal of the encounter, they made for the shore. But one thing saved them from being upset: the water proved sufficiently shoal to admit of the bear's getting bottom, from which he sprang into the boat. Had the water been deep, the consequences might have been more serious."

From its first to its last stage, the logger's occupation is one of severe toil and frequent peril. When the pioneer's duty is accomplished, and when the hay is made, there is still hard work to be done before he can begin to level the forest giants. No kind of labour, Mr Springer assures us, tests a man's physical abilities and powers of endurance more than

boating supplies up river. The wood-cutters come to a fall, and have to land their implements and provisions, and to carry them past it. Their boats, too, must be carried, and that over rocks and fallen trees, through thickets and pathless swamps. Then they come to rapids, up which they have to pole their heavy-laden bateaux. For this work, prodigious skill, nerve, and strength are requisite. Then come the long portages from lake to lake, and the danger of being swamped, when traversing these, by sudden gusts of wind lashing the lake, in a few minutes' time, into foaming waves, in which the deeply-loaded boats could not for a moment live.

"Our frail skiff was about eighteen feet long, and four feet across the top of the gunwale amidships, tapering to a point at either end, constructed of thin slips of pine boards, nailed to some half-dozen pair of slender knees, about two inches in diameter. On board were fifteen hundred pounds of provisions, with seven men, which pressed her into the water nearly to the gunwale; three inches from the position of a level, and she would fill with water."

In such an overburdened cockleshell as this did Mr Springer once find himself in company with a drunken man, who was only withheld from capsizing the boat by the threat of having his skull split with a paddle; for an inordinate addiction to rum is the loggers' chief vice, a vice palliated by the hardship and exposure they endure. Drinking, however, is on the decline amongst them of late years, since "it has been fully demonstrated that men can endure the chilling hardships of river-driving quite as well, and indeed far better, without the stimulus of ardent spirits, and perform more and better-directed labour." Black pepper tea is drunk on cold nights when camping in the open air, and is found a warming and comfortable beverage. Both in drink and diet the loggers look more to strength than to delicacy. Salt pork, ship bread, and molasses, compose the staple of their consumption. The drippings from a slice of pork, roasted before the fire, are allowed to fall on the bread, which is then dignified by the name of buttered toast. Some-

times the salt pork is eaten raw, dipped in molasses,—a mixture unequalled for nastiness, we should imagine, excepting by that of oysters and brown sugar. "The recital may cause," says honest Springer in his comical English, "in delicate and pampered stomachs some qualms, yet we can assure the uninitiated that, from these gross samples, the hungry woodsman makes many a delicious meal." An assurance which gives us a most exalted idea of the appetite and digestion of the loggers of Maine.

Once in the forest with their stores, the woodmen carefully select a suitable spot, clear the ground, build their "camp" and "hovel," and commence their winter's work. The "camp" and "hovel" are two log-houses, the former being for the men, the latter for the oxen. In some respects the beasts are better treated than their masters, for their hovel is floored with small poles, a luxury unknown in the camp, where the men sleep on branches strewn upon the bare earth. "Having completed our winter residences, next in order comes the business of looking out and cutting the 'main' and some of the principal 'branch roads.' These roads, like the veins in the human body, ramify the wilderness to all the principal 'clumps' and 'groves' of pine embraced in the permit." Mr Springer expatiates on the graceful curves of the roads, whose inequalities soon become filled with snow, and their surface hard-beaten and glassy, polished by the sled and logs which are continually passing over it, whilst overhead the trees interlace their spreading branches. "Along this roadside, on the way to the landing, runs a serpentine path for the 'knight of the goad,' whose deviations are marked now outside this tree, then behind that 'windfall,' now again intercepting the main road, skipping along like a dog at one's side." The teamster, if he does his duty, works harder than any man in camp. Under a good teamster, the oxen receive care almost as tender as though they were race-horses with thousands depending on their health and condition. With proper attention and management, they should be in

as good flesh in the spring as when they began hauling early in winter.

"The last thing at night before 'turning in,' the teamster lights his lantern and repairs to the ox-hovel. In the morning, by peep of day, and often before, his visits are repeated, to hay and provender, and card, and yoke up. While the rest of the hands are sitting or lounging around the liberal fire, shifting for their comfort, after exposure to the winter frosts through the day, he must repeatedly go out to look after the comfort of the sturdy, faithful ox. And then, for an hour or two in the morning again, whilst all, save the cook, are closing up the sweet and unbroken slumbers of the night, so welcome and necessary to the labourer, he is out amid the early frost with, I had almost said, the care of a mother, to see if 'old Turk' is not loose, whether 'Bright' favours the near fore-foot, (which felt a little hot the day before,) as he stands up on the hard floor, and then to inspect 'Swan's' provender-trough, to see if he has eaten his meal, for it was carefully noted that at the 'watering-place' last night he drank but little; whilst at the further end of the 'tie-up' he thinks he hears a little clattering noise, and presently 'little Star' is having his shins gently rapped, as a token of his master's wish to raise his foot to see if some nail has not given way in the loosened shoe; and this not for once, but every day, with numberless other cares connected with his charge."

The oxen are taken out to the forest by the last detachment of wood-cutters, when winter fairly sets in. This is the hardest trip of any. Both man and beast experience much inconvenience from the cold. Often, when driving a boat up rapids, ice forms upon the poles in the men's hands, which are already so cold and stiff that they can scarcely retain their grasp; yet an instant's cessation of exertion would be fraught with imminent peril to life and goods. The oxen, attached to long lightly-loaded sleds, are driven over rough miry tracks. "In crossing large streams, we unyoke the oxen and swim them over. If we have no boat, a raft is constructed, upon which our effects are transported, when we re-yoke and pursue our route as before. Our cattle are often very reluctant to enter the water whilst the anchor-ice runs, and the cold has already begun

to congeal its surface." Lakes are crossed upon the ice, which not unfrequently breaks in. Mr Springer gives an account of a journey he made, when this misfortune happened, and ten oxen at one time were struggling in the chilling waters of Baskahagan Lake. They were all got out, he tells us, although rescue under such circumstances would appear almost hopeless.

"Standing upon the edge of the ice, a man was placed by the side of each ox to keep his head out of the water. We un-yoked one at a time, and throwing a rope round the roots of his horns, the warp was carried forward and attached to the little oxen, (a pair that had not broken in,) whose services on this occasion were very necessary. A strong man was placed on the ice at the edge, so that, lifting the ox by his horns, he was able to press the ice down and raise his shoulder up on the edge, when the warp-oxen would pull them out. For half-an-hour we had a lively time of it, and in an almost incredibly short time we had them all safely out, and drove them back upon the point nearly a mile. It was now very dark. We left our sleds in the water with the hay, pulling out a few armsful, which we carried to the shore to rub the oxen down with. Poor fellows! they seemed nearly chilled to death, and shook as if they would fall to pieces."

So great is the labour of taking oxen to the forest every Fall—often to a distance of two hundred miles into the interior—that the wood-cutters sometimes leave them, when they go down stream in the spring to get their own living in the wilderness, and hunt them up again in autumn. They thrive finely in the interval, and get very wild and difficult to catch; but when at last subjugated, they evidently recognise their masters, and are pleased to see them. Occasionally they disappear in the course of the summer, and are heard of no more; they are then supposed to have got "mired or cast," or to have been devoured by wolves—or by bears, which also are known to attack oxen.

"An individual who owned a very fine 'six-ox team' turned them into the woods to browse, in a new region of country. Late in the evening, his attention was arrested by the bellowing of one of them. It continued for an hour or

two, then ceased altogether. The night was very dark, and as the ox was supposed to be more than a mile distant, it was thought not advisable to venture in search of him until morning. As soon as daylight appeared, the owner started, in company with another man, to investigate the cause of the uproar. Passing on about a mile, he found one of his best oxen prostrate, and, on examination, there was found a hole eaten into the thickest part of his hind quarter nearly as large as a hat; not less than six or eight pounds of flesh were gone. He had bled profusely. The ground was torn up for rods around where the encounter occurred; the tracks indicated the assailant to be a very large bear, who had probably worried the ox out, and then satiated his ravenous appetite, feasting upon him while yet alive. A road was bushed out to the spot where the poor creature lay, and he was got upon a sled and hauled home by a yoke of his companions, where the wound was dressed. It never, however, entirely healed, though it was so far improved as to allow of its being fattened, after which he was slaughtered for food."

In cold weather in those forests the bears and wolves are exceedingly audacious. The latter have a curious habit of accompanying the teams on their journeys between the forest and the river to which they drag the logs. This has only occurred of late years, and the manner in which they thus volunteer their services as assistant drivers is exceedingly curious.

"Three teams," says Springer, "in the winter of 1844, all in the same neighbourhood, were beset with these ravenous animals. They were of unusually large size, manifesting a most singular boldness, and even familiarity, without the usual appearance of ferocity so characteristic of the animal. Sometimes one, and in another instance three, in a most unwelcome manner, volunteered their attendance, accompanying the teamster a long distance on his way. They would even jump on the log and ride, and approach very near the oxen. One of them actually jumped upon the sled, and down between the bars, while the sled was in motion. Some of the teamsters were much alarmed, keeping close to the oxen, and driving on as fast as possible. Others, more courageous, would run forward and strike at them with their goadsticks; but the wolves sprang out of the way in an instant. But, although they seemed to act without a motive, there

was something so cool and impudent in their conduct that it was trying to the nerves—even more so than an active encounter. For some time after this, fire-arms were a constant part of the teamster's equipage."

The distant howling and screaming of the wolves, compared by an old Yankee hunter to the screeching of forty pair of old cart-wheels, is particularly ominous and disagreeable. Springer has collected a number of curious anecdotes concerning them. One night a pack of the prowling marauders were seen trailing down Mattawamkeag River on the ice. The dwellers in a log-house hard by soaked some meat in poison and threw it out. Next morning the meat was gone, and six wolves lay dead, all within sight of each other. "Every one of them had dug a hole down through the snow into the frozen earth, in which they had thrust their noses, either for water to quench the burning thirst produced by the poison, or to snuff some antidote to the fatal drug. A bounty was obtained on each of ten dollars, besides their hides, making a fair job of it, as well as ridding the neighbourhood of an annoying enemy." Several of Mr Springer's logging and lumbering friends have contributed to his book the results of their experience, and narratives of their adventures, some of which he gives in their own words. Amongst these is an ill-written, but yet a very exciting, account of a wolf-chase, or we should perhaps rather say a man-chase, the wolves in this instance being the pursuers, and Springer's neighbour the pursued. The person in question was passionately fond of skating, and one night he left a friend's house to skate a short distance up the frozen Kennebeck, which flowed before the door. It was a bright still evening; the new moon silvered the frosty pines. After gliding a couple of miles up the river, the skater turned off into a little tributary stream, over which fir and hemlock twined their evergreen branches. The archway beneath was dark, but he fearlessly entered it, unsuspecting of peril, with a joyous laugh and hurra—an involuntary expression of exhilaration, elicited by the bracing crispness of the atmo-

sphere, and glow of pleasant exercise. What followed is worth extracting.

"All of a sudden a sound arose, it seemed from the very ice beneath my feet. It was loud and tremendous at first, until it ended in one long yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. I thought it more than mortal—so fierce, and amid such an unbroken solitude, that it seemed a fiend from hell had blown a blast from an infernal trumpet. Presently I heard the twigs on the shore snap as if from the tread of some animal, and the blood rushed back to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn. My energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of defence. The moon shone through the opening by which I had entered the forest, and, considering this the best means of escape, I darted towards it like an arrow. It was hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely outstrip my desperate flight; yet as I turned my eyes to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush at a pace nearly double mine. By their great speed, and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that they were the much dreaded grey wolf."

Here Springer interposes a vignette of a wolf—a most formidable and unwholesome-looking quadruped—grinning over the well-picked bone of some unlucky victim. The logger's pages are enlivened by a number of illustrations—woodcuts of course—rough enough in execution, but giving an excellent notion of the scenery, animals, and logging operations spoken of in the text. Grey wolves are of untameable fierceness, great strength and speed, and pursue their prey to the death with frightful tenacity, unwearyingly following the trail—

"With their long gallop, which can tire
The hounds' deep hate, the hunter's fire."

A more dangerous foe a benighted traveller could hardly fall in with.

"The bushes that skirted the shore," continues the hunted of wolves, "flew past with the velocity of light as I dashed on in my flight. The outlet was nearly gained; one second more and I should be comparatively safe; when my pursuers appeared on the bank, directly above me, which rose to the height of some ten feet. There was no time for

thought; I bent my head, and dashed wildly forward. The wolves sprang, but, miscalculating my speed, sprang behind, whilst their intended prey glided out into the river.

"Nature turned me towards home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was now some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me that I was again the fugitive. I did not look back; I did not feel sorry or glad; one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, of their tears if they should never see me again, and then every energy of body and mind was exerted for my escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days I spent on my skates, never thinking that at one time they would be my only means of safety. Every half minute an alternate yelp from my pursuers made me but too certain they were close at my heels. Nearer and nearer they came; I heard their feet pattering on the ice nearer still, until I fancied I could hear their deep breathing. Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension. The trees along the shore seemed to dance in the uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed, when an involuntary motion turned me out of my course. The wolves close behind, unable to stop and as unable to turn, slipped, fell, still going on far ahead, their tongues lolling out, their white tusks gleaming from their bloody mouths, their dark shaggy breasts freckled with foam; and as they passed me their eyes glared, and they howled with rage and fury. The thought flashed on my mind that by this means I could avoid them—viz., by turning aside whenever they came too near; for they, by the formation of their feet, are unable to run on ice except in a right line.

"I immediately acted on this plan. The wolves, having regained their feet, sprang directly towards me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close on my back, when I glided round and dashed past them. A fierce howl greeted my evolution, and the wolves slipped upon their haunches, and sailed onward, presenting a perfect picture of helplessness and baffled rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards each turning. This was repeated two or three times, every moment the wolves getting more excited and baffled, until, coming opposite the house, a couple of staghounds, aroused by the noise, bayed furiously from their kennels. The wolves, taking the hint, stopped in their mad career, and, after a

moment's consideration, turned and fled. I watched them till their dusky forms disappeared over a neighbouring hill; then, taking off my skates, I wended my way to the house."

From some unassigned reason, wolves have increased of late years in the wild forests of north-eastern Maine. Up to 1840, Mr Springer, who had been much in that district, logging in winter and clearing land in summer, never saw one. Since then they have frequently been seen in numerous parties, and of most formidable size. There would not seem to be much to choose, as far as the pleasure of the thing goes, between an encounter with one of these ravenous brutes and a tussle with a catamount. Springer, however, who must be competent to judge, considers the catamount the worse customer. He tells an ugly story, which may serve as a pendant to that of the bear's breakfast on live beef, of what happened to a logger named Smith, when on his way to join a timbering party in the woods. He had nearly reached camp, when he fell in with a catamount, or "Indian devil." Retreat was impossible; for reflection there was no time: arms he had none. Acting from impulse, he sprang up a small tree—perhaps as sensible a thing as he could have done. He had scarcely ascended his length, when the creature, fierce from hunger, made a bound and caught him by the heel. Although badly bitten, Smith managed to get his foot out of the shoe, in which the tiger-cat's teeth were firmly set, and shoe and savage fell together to the ground. What then ensued is so horrible and extraordinary that we should suspect our wood-cutting friend of imaginative decoration, but for the assurance he gives us in his preface, that "the incidents he has related are real, and that in no case is the truth sacrificed to fancy or embellishment." He shall finish his yarn himself.

"The moment he was disengaged, Smith sprang for a more secure position, and the animal at the same time leaped to another large tree, about ten feet distant, up which he ascended to an elevation equal to that of his victim, from which he threw himself upon him, firmly fixing his teeth in the calf of his leg.

Hanging suspended thus until the flesh, insufficient to sustain the weight, gave way, he dropped again to the ground, carrying a portion of flesh in his mouth. Having greedily devoured this morsel, he bounded again up the opposite tree, and from thence upon Smith, in this manner renewing his attacks, and tearing away the flesh in mouthfuls from his legs. During this agonising operation, Smith contrived to cut a limb from the tree, to which he managed to bind his jack-knife, with which he could now assail his enemy at every leap. He succeeded thus in wounding him so badly that at length his attacks were discontinued, and he disappeared in the dense forest."

Smith, who, as Springer coolly informs us, "had exerted his voice to the utmost," whilst the catamount was devouring him in detail, (we can perfectly imagine a man bellowing like twenty bulls under such circumstances,) was found by his friends in a state of dreadful exhaustion and suffering, and was carried to camp on a litter. He ultimately recovered, but had sustained irreparable injuries. "Such desperate encounters are of rare occurrence," Springer quietly adds. We should think they were. Really these loggers are cool hands. Encounters with black bears are much more common, we are informed. These are strong fellows, clever at parrying blows, and at wrenching the weapon from their assailant's hand—very tenacious of life, and confirmed robbers. Springer and his comrades were once, whilst ascending a river, followed by one of them for several days. He was bent upon plunder, and one night he walked off with a bundle containing clothing, boots, shaving implements, and other things, for which it might be thought a bear could have little occasion. He examined his prize in the neighbourhood of the camp, tore the clothes to shreds, and chewed up the cow-hide boots and the handle of a razor. From the roof of a log-house, which the woodmen erected a few miles farther on, he carried off a ten-gallon keg of molasses, set it on one end, knocked the head in or out, and was about to enjoy the feast, when he was discovered, pursued, and at last killed. At page 140 we find a capital account of a fight between a family of

bears (father, mother, and cubs) and two foresters; and at page 100 the stirring-up of a bear's den is graphically described.

The pine tree is subject to disease of more than one kind, the most frequent being a sort of cancer, known amongst lumber-men as "Conk" or "Konkus," whose sole external manifestation is a small brown spot, usually at several feet from the ground, and sometimes no larger than a shilling. The trees thus afflicted are noway inferior to the soundest in size and apparent beauty; but on cutting into them the rot is at once evident, the wood being reddish in colour, and of spongy texture. "Sometimes it shoots upwards, in imitation of the streaming light of the aurora borealis; in others downwards, and even both ways, preserving the same appearance." Unscrupulous loggers cheat the unwary by driving a knot or piece of a limb of the same tree into the plague-spot, and hewing it off smoothly, so as to give it the appearance of a natural knot. A great many pines are hollow at the base or butt, and these hollows are the favourite winter-retreats of Bruin the bear.

"A few rods from the main logging road where I worked one winter," said Mr Johnston, (a logger whom Springer more than once quotes,) "there stood a very large pine tree. We had nearly completed our winter's work, and it still stood unmolested, because, from appearance, it was supposed to be worthless. Whilst passing it one day, not quite satisfied with the decision that had been made upon its quality, I resolved to satisfy my own mind touching its value; so, wallowing to it through the snow, which was nearly up to my middle, I struck it several blows with the head of my axe, an experiment to test whether a tree be hollow or not. When I desisted, my attention was arrested by a slight scratching and whining. Suspecting the cause, I thumped the tree again, listening more attentively, and heard the same noise as before. It was a bear's den. Examining the tree more closely, I discovered a small hole in the trunk, near the roots, with a rim of ice on the edge of the orifice, made by the freezing of the breath and vapour from the inmates."

The logging crew were summoned, and came scampering down, eager for the fun. The snow was kicked away

from the root of the tree, exposing the entrance to the den; and a small hole was cut in the opposite side, through which the family of bears were literally "stirred up with a long pole;" and when the great she-bear, annoyed at this treatment, put her head out at the door, she was cut over the pate with an axe.

"The cubs, four in number—a thing unusual by one-half—we took alive, and carried to camp, kept them a while, and finally sold them. They were quite small and harmless, of a most beautiful lustrous black, and fat as porpoises. The old dam was uncommonly large—we judged she might weigh about three hundred pounds. Her hide, when stretched out and nailed on to the end of the camp, appeared quite equal to a cow's hide in dimensions."

The attacks of wild animals are far from being the sole dangers to which the wood-cutters of Maine are exposed in following their toilsome occupation. Scarcely any phase of their adventurous existence is exempt from risk. Bad wounds are sometimes accidentally received from the axe whilst felling trees. To heal these, in the absence of surgeons, the loggers are thrown upon their own very insufficient resources. Life is also constantly endangered in felling the pine, which comes plunging down, breaking, splitting, and crushing all before it. The broken limbs which are torn from the fallen tree, and the branches it wrenches from other trees,

"rendered brittle by the intense frosts, fly in every direction, like the scattered fragments of an exploding ship. Often these wrenched limbs are suspended directly over the place where our work requires our presence, and on the slightest motion, or from a sudden gust of wind, they slip down with the stealthiness of a hawk and the velocity of an arrow. I recollect one in particular, which was wrenched from a large pine I had just felled. It lodged in the top of a towering birch, directly over where it was necessary for me to stand whilst sawing the top from the trunk. Viewing its position with some anxiety, I ventured to stand and work under it, forgetting my danger in the excitement. Whilst thus engaged, the limb slipped from its position, and, falling directly before me, end foremost, penetrated the frozen earth. It was

about four inches through, and ten feet long. It just grazed my cap; a little variation, and it would have dashed my head to pieces. Attracted on one occasion, whilst swamping a road, by the appearance of a large limb which stuck fast in the ground, curiosity induced me to extricate it, for the purpose of seeing how far it had penetrated. After considerable exertion, I succeeded in drawing it out, when I was amazed to find a thick cloth cap on the end of it. It had penetrated the earth to a considerable depth. Subsequently I learned that it [the cap, we presume, but Springer makes sad work of his pronouns] belonged to a man who was killed instantly by its fall, [here our logging friend must be supposed to refer to the timber,] striking him on the head, and carrying his cap into the ground with it."

This is not impossible, although it does a little remind us of certain adventures of the renowned Munchausen. And Springer is so pleasant a fellow, that we shall not call his veracity in question, or even tax him with that tinting of truth in which many of his countrymen excel, but of which he only here and there lays himself open to suspicion. He certainly does put our credulity a little to the strain by an anecdote of a moose deer, which he gives, however, between inverted commas, on the authority of a hunter who occasionally passed the night at the logger's camp. The moose is the largest species of deer found in the New-England forests, its size varying from that of a large pony to that of a full-grown horse. It has immense branching antlers, and, judging from its portrait, which forms the frontispiece to *Forest Life*, we readily believe Springer's assurance, that "the taking of moose is sometimes quite hazardous." Quite astonishing, we are sure the reader will say, is the following ride:—

"Once," hunter *loquitar*, "whilst out on a hunting excursion, I was pursued by a bull-moose. He approached me with his muscular neck curved, and head to the ground, in a manner not dissimilar to the attitude assumed by horned cattle when about to encounter each other. Just as he was about to make a pass at me, I sprang suddenly between his wide-spreading antlers, bestride his neck. Dexterously turning round, I seized him by the horns, and,

locking my feet together under his neck, I clung to him like a sloth. With a mixture of rage and terror, he dashed wildly about, endeavouring to dislodge me; but, as my life depended upon maintaining my position, I clung to him with a corresponding desperation. After making a few ineffectual attempts to disengage me, he threw out his nose, and, laying his antlers back upon his shoulders, which formed a screen for my defence, he sprang forward into a furious run, still bearing me upon his neck. Now penetrating dense thickets, then leaping high 'windfalls,' (old fallen trees,) and struggling through swamp-mires, he finally fell from exhaustion, after carrying me about three miles. Improving the opportunity, I drew my hunting-knife from its sheath, and instantly buried it in his neck, cutting the jugular vein, which put a speedy termination to the contest and the flight."

After which we presume that he spitted the moose on a pine tree, roasted and ate it, and used its antlers for toothpicks. The adventure is worthy of Mazeppa or the Wild Huntsman. By the antlers forming a screen for the rider's defence, we are reminded of that memorable morning in the life of the great German Baron, when his horse, cut in two, just behind the saddle, by the fall of a portcullis, was sewn together with laurel-twigs, which sprouted up into a pleasant bower, beneath whose appropriate shade the redoubtable warrior thenceforward rode to victory. An awful liar, indeed, must have been the narrator of this "singular adventure," as Springer, who tells this story quite gravely, artlessly styles it. Doubtless such yarns are acceptable enough by the camp-fire, where the weary logger smokes the pipe of repose after a hard day's work; and they are by no means out of place in the logger's book, of which, however, they occupy but a small portion—by far the greater number of its chapters being filled with solid and curious information. The third and longest part, "River Life," upon which we have not touched, is highly interesting, and gives thrilling accounts of the dangers incurred during the progress down stream of the various "parcels" of logs, which, each distinguished like cattle by the owner's mark, soon mingle and form one

grand "drive" on the main river. "Driving" of this kind is a very hazardous occupation. Sometimes the logs come to a "jam," get wedged together in a narrow part of the river or amongst rocks, and, whilst the drivers work with axe and lever to set the huge floating field of tree-trunks in motion again, lives are frequently lost. This is easy to understand. The removal of a single log, the keystone of the mass—nay, a single blow of the axe—often suffices to liberate acres of timber from their "dead lock," and set them furiously rushing down the rapid current. Then does woe betide those who are caught in the hurly-burly. Sometimes, the key-log being well ascertained, a man is let down, like a samphire-gatherer, by a rope from an adjacent cliff, on to the "jam." Then—

"As the place to be operated upon may in some cases be a little removed from the shore, he either walks to it with the

rope attached to his body, or, untying the rope, leaves it where he can readily grasp it in time to be drawn from his perilous position. Often, where the pressure is direct, a few blows only are given with the axe, when the log snaps in an instant with a loud report, followed suddenly by the violent motion of the 'jam'; and, ere our bold river-driver is jerked half way to the top of the cliff, scores of logs, in wildest confusion, rush beneath his feet, whilst he yet dangles in the air above the trembling mass. If that rope, on which life and hope hang thus suspended, should part, worn by the sharp point of some jutting rock, death, certain and quick, were inevitable."

The wood-cutter's occupation, which, to European imagination, presents itself as peaceful, pastoral, and void of peril, assumes a very different aspect when pursued in North American forests. If any doubt this fact, let them study Springer, who will repay the trouble, and of whose volume we have rather skimmed the surface than meddled with the substance.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY FISISTRATUS CANTON.

CHAPTER VII.

RANDAL advanced—"I fear, Signior Riccabocca, that I am guilty of some want of ceremony."

"To dispense with ceremony is the most delicate mode of conferring a compliment," replied the urbane Italian, as he recovered from his first surprise at Randal's sudden address, and extended his hand.

Violante bowed her graceful head to the young man's respectful salutation. "I am on my way to Hazeldean," resumed Randal, "and, seeing you in the garden, could not resist this intrusion."

RICCABOCCA.—"You come from London? Stirring times for you English, but I do not ask you the news. No news can affect us."

RANDAL, (softly).—"Perhaps—yes."

RICCABOCCA, (startled).—"How?"

VIOLANTE.—"Surely he speaks of Italy, and news from that country affects you still, my father."

RICCABOCCA.—"Nay, nay, nothing affects me like this country; its east winds might affect a pyramid! Draw your mantle round you, child, and go in; the air has suddenly grown chill."

Violante smiled on her father, glanced uneasily towards Randal's grave brow, and went slowly towards the house.

Riccabocca, after waiting some moments in silence, as if expecting Randal to speak, said with affected carelessness, "So you think that you have news that might affect me? *Corpo di Bacco!* I am curious to learn what!"

"I may be mistaken—that depends on your answer to one question. Do you know the Count of Peschiera?"

Riccabocca winced, and turned pale. He could not baffle the watchful eye of the questioner.

"Enough," said Randal; "I see that I am right. Believe in my sincerity. I speak but to warn and to serve you. The Count seeks to dis-

cover the retreat of a countryman and kinsman of his own."

"And for what end?" cried Riccabocca, thrown off his guard, and his breast dilated, his crest rose, and his eye flashed; valour and defiance broke from habitual caution and self-control. "But pooh," he added, striving to regain his ordinary and half-ironical calm, "it matters not to me. I grant, sir, that I know the Count di Peschiera; but what has Dr Riccabocca to do with the kinsmen of so grand a personage?"

"Dr Riccabocca—nothing. But—" here Randal put his lip close to the Italian's ear, and whispered a brief sentence. Then retreating a step, but laying his hand on the exile's shoulder, he added—"Need I say that your secret is safe with me?"

Riccabocca made no answer. His eyes rested on the ground musingly.

Randal continued—"And I shall esteem it the highest honour you can bestow on me, to be permitted to assist you in forestalling danger."

RICCABOCCA, (slowly).—"Sir, I thank you; you have my secret, and I feel assured it is safe, for I speak to an English gentleman. There may be family reasons why I should avoid the Count di Peschiera; and, indeed, He is safest from shoals who steers clearest of his—relations."

The poor Italian regained his caustic smile as he uttered that wise, villanous Italian maxim.

RANDAL.—"I know little of the Count of Peschiera save from the current talk of the world. He is said to hold the estates of a kinsman who took part in a conspiracy against the Austrian power."

RICCABOCCA.—"It is true. Let that content him; what more does he desire. You spoke of forestalling danger; what danger? I am on the soil of England, and protected by its laws."

RANDAL.—"Allow me to inquire

if, had the kinsman no child, the Count di Peschiera would be legitimate and natural heir to the estates he holds?"

RICCABOCCA.—"He would. What then?"

RANDAL.—"Does that thought suggest no danger to the child of the kinsman?"

Riccabocca recoiled, and gasped forth, "The child! You do not mean to imply that this man, infamous though he be, can contemplate the crime of an assassin?"

Randal paused perplexed. His ground was delicate. He knew not what causes of resentment the exile entertained against the Count. He knew not whether Riccabocca would not assent to an alliance that might restore him to his country—and he resolved to feel his way with precaution.

"I did not," said he, smiling gravely, "mean to insinuate so horrible a charge against a man whom I have never seen. He seeks you—that is all I know. I imagine, from his general character, that in this search he consults his interest. Perhaps all matters might be conciliated by an interview!"

"An interview!" exclaimed Riccabocca; "there is but one way we should meet—foot to foot, and hand to hand."

"Is it so? Then you would not listen to the Count if he proposed some amicable compromise; if, for instance, he was a candidate for the hand of your daughter?"

The poor Italian, so wise and so subtle in his talk, was as rash and blind when it came to action, as if he had been born in Ireland, and nourished on potatoes and Repeal. He bared his whole soul to the merciless eye of Randal.

"My daughter!" he exclaimed.

"Sir, your very question is an insult." Randal's way became clear at once.

"Forgive me," he said mildly; "I will tell you frankly all that I know. I am acquainted with the Count's

sister. I have some little influence over her. It was she who informed me that the Count had come here, bent upon discovering your refuge, and resolved to wed your daughter. This is the danger of which I spoke. And when I asked your permission to aid in forestalling it, I only intended to suggest that it might be wise to find some securer home, and that I, if permitted to know that home, and to visit you, could apprise you from time to time of the Count's plans and movements."

"Sir, I thank you sincerely," said Riccabocca with emotion; "but am I not safe here?"

"I doubt it. Many people have visited the Squire in the shooting season, who will have heard of you—perhaps seen you, and who are likely to meet the Count in London. And Frank Hazeldean, too, who knows the Count's sister—"

"True, true," interrupted Riccabocca. "I see, I see. I will consider. I will reflect. Meanwhile you are going to Hazeldean. Do not say a word to the Squire. He knows not the secret you have discovered."

With those words Riccabocca turned slightly away, and Randal took the hint to depart.

"At all times command and rely on me," said the young traitor, and he regained the pale to which he had fastened his horse.

As he remounted, he cast his eyes towards the place where he had left Riccabocca. The Italian was still standing there. Presently the form of Jackeymo was seen emerging from the shrubs. Riccabocca turned hastily round, recognised his servant, uttered an exclamation loud enough to reach Randal's ear, and then catching Jackeymo by the arm, disappeared with him amidst the deeper recesses of the garden.

"It will be indeed in my favour," thought Randal as he rode on, "if I can get them into the neighbourhood of London—all occasion there to woo, and if expedient, to win—the heiress."

CHAPTER VIII.

"By the Lord Harry!" cried the squire, as he stood with his wife in

the park, on a visit of inspection to some first-rate South-Downs just

added to his stock—"By the Lord, if that is not Randal Leslie trying to get into the park at the back gate! Hollo, Randal! you must come round by the lodge, my boy," said he. "You see this gate is locked to keep out trespassers."

"A pity," said Randal. "I like short cuts, and you have shut up a very short one."

"So the trespassers said," quoth the Squire; "but Stirn would not hear of it;—valuable man, Stirn. But ride round to the lodge. Put up your horse, and you'll join us before we can get to the house."

Randal nodded and smiled, and rode briskly on.

The Squire rejoined his Harry.

"Ah, William," said she anxiously, "though certainly Randal Leslie means well, I always dread his visits."

"So do I, in one sense," quoth the Squire, "for he always carries away a bank-note for Frank."

"I hope he is really Frank's friend," said Mrs Hazeldean.

"Whose else can he be? Not his own, poor fellow, for he will never accept a shilling from me, though his grandmother was as good a Hazeldean as I am. But, zounds! I like his pride, and his economy too. As for Frank—"

"Hush, William!" cried Mrs Hazeldean, and put her fair hand before the Squire's mouth. The Squire was softened, and kissed the fair hand gallantly—perhaps he kissed the lips too; at all events, the worthy pair were walking lovingly arm-in-arm when Randal joined them.

He did not affect to perceive a certain coldness in the manner of Mrs Hazeldean, but began immediately to talk to her about Frank; praise that young gentleman's appearance; expatiate on his health, his popularity, and his good gifts, personal and mental; and this with so much warmth, that any dim and undeveloped suspicions Mrs Hazeldean might have formed soon melted away.

Randal continued to make himself thus agreeable, until the Squire, persuaded that his young kinsman was a first-rate agriculturist, insisted upon carrying him off to the home farm, and Harry turned towards the house to order Randal's room to be got ready:

"For," said Randal, "knowing that you will excuse my morning dress, I venture to invite myself to dine and sleep at the Hall."

On approaching the farm-buildings, Randal was seized with the terror of an impostor; for, despite all the theoretical learning on *Bucolics* and *Georgics* with which he had dazzled the Squire, poor Frank, so despised, would have beat him hollow when it came to judging of the points of an ox or the show of a crop.

"Ha, ha!" cried the Squire, chuckling, "I long to see how you'll astonish Stirn. Why, you'll guess in a moment where we put the top-dressing; and when you come to handle my short-horns, I dare swear you'll know to a pound how much oilcake has gone into their sides."

"Oh, you do me too much honour—indeed you do. I only know the general principles of agriculture—the details are eminently interesting; but I have not had the opportunity to acquire them."

"Stuff!" cried the Squire. "How can a man know general principles unless he has first studied the details? You are too modest, my boy. Ho! there's Stirn looking out for us!"

Randal saw the grim visage of Stirn peering out of a cattle-shed, and felt undone. He made a desperate rush towards changing the Squire's humour.

"Well, sir, perhaps Frank may soon gratify your wish and turn farmer himself."

"Eh!" quoth the Squire, stopping short. "What now?"

"Suppose he was to marry?"

"I'd give him the two best farms on the property rent free. Ha, ha! Has he seen the girl yet? I'd leave him free to choose, sir. I chose for myself—every man should. Not but what Miss Sticktorights is an heiress, and, I hear, a very decent girl, and that would join the two properties, and put an end to that lawsuit about the right of way, which began in the reign of King Charles the Second, and is likely otherwise to last till the day of judgment. But never mind her; let Frank choose to please himself."

"I'll not fail to tell him so, sir. I did fear you might have some prejudices. But here we are at the farm-yard."

"Burn the farm-yard! How can I think of farm-yards when you talk of Frank's marriage? Come on—this way. What were you saying about prejudices?"

"Why, you might wish him to marry an Englishwoman, for instance."

"English! Good heavens, sir, does he mean to marry a Hindoo?"

"Nay, I don't know that he means to marry at all: I am only surmising; but if he did fall in love with a foreigner—"

"A foreigner! Ah, then Harry was—" The Squire stopped short.

"Who might, perhaps," observed Randal—not truly if he referred to *Madame di Negra*—"who might, perhaps, speak very little English?"

"Lord ha' mercy!"

"And a Roman Catholic—"

"Worshipping idols, and roasting people who don't worship them."

"Signior Riccabocca is not so bad as that."

"Rickeybockey! Well, if it was his daughter! But not speak English! and not go to the parish church! By George! if Frank thought of such a thing, I'd cut him off with a shilling. Don't talk to me, sir; I would. I'm a mild man, and an easy man; but when I say a thing, I say it, Mr Leslie. Oh, but it is a jest—you are laughing at me. There's no such painted good-for-nothing creature in Frank's eye, eh?"

"Indeed, sir, if ever I find there is, I will give you notice in time. At present I was only trying to ascertain what you wished for a daughter-in-law. You said you had no prejudice."

"No more I have—not a bit of it."

"You don't like a foreigner and a Catholic?"

"Who the devil would?"

"But if she had rank and title?"

"Rank and title! Bubble and squeak! No, not half so good as bubble and squeak. English beef and good cabbage. But foreign rank and title!—foreign cabbage and beef!—foreign bubble and foreign squeak!" And the Squire made a wry face, and spat forth his disgust and indignation.

"You must have an Englishwoman?"

"Of course."

"Money?"

"Don't care, provided she is a tidy,

sensible, active lass, with a good character for her dower."

"Character—ah, that is indispensable?"

"I should think so, indeed. A Mrs Hazeldean of Hazeldean; you frighten me. He's not going to run off with a divorced woman, or a—"

The Squire stopped, and looked so red in the face, that Randal feared he might be seized with apoplexy before Frank's crimes had made him alter his will.

Therefore he hastened to relieve Mr Hazeldean's mind, and assured him that he had been only talking at random; that Frank was in the habit, indeed, of seeing foreign ladies occasionally, as all persons in the London world were; but that he was sure Frank would never marry without the full consent and approval of his parents. He ended by repeating his assurance, that he would warn the Squire if ever it became necessary. Still, however, he left Mr Hazeldean so disturbed and uneasy, that that gentleman forgot all about the farm, and went moodily on in the opposite direction, re-entering the park at its farther extremity. As soon as they approached the house, the Squire hastened to shut himself with his wife in full parental consultation; and Randal, seated upon a bench on the terrace, revolved the mischief he had done, and its chances of success.

While thus seated, and thus thinking, a footstep approached cautiously, and a low voice said, in broken English, "Sare, sare, let me speak vid you."

Randal turned in surprise, and beheld a swarthy saturnine face, with grizzled hair and marked features. He recognised the figure that had joined Riccabocca in the Italian's garden.

"Speak-a you Italian?" resumed Jackeymo.

Randal, who had made himself an excellent linguist, nodded assent; and Jackeymo, rejoiced, begged him to withdraw into a more private part of the grounds.

Randal obeyed, and the two gained the shade of a stately chestnut avenue.

"Sir," then said Jackeymo, speaking in his native tongue, and expressing himself with a certain simple pathos, "I am but a poor man; my

name is Giacomo. You have heard of me;—servant to the Signior whom you saw to-day—only a servant; but he honours me with his confidence. We have known danger together; and of all his friends and followers, I alone came with him to the stranger's land."

"Good, faithful fellow," said Randal, examining the man's face, "say on. Your master confides in you? He confided that which I told him this day?"

"He did. Ah, sir! the Padrone was too proud to ask you to explain more—too proud to show fear of another. But he does fear—he ought to fear—he shall fear," (continued Jackeymo, working himself up to passion)—"for the Padrone has a daughter, and his enemy is a villain. Oh, sir, tell me all that you did not tell to the Padrone. You hinted that this man might wish to marry the Signora. Marry her!—I could cut his throat at the altar!"

"Indeed," said Randal; "I believe that such is his object."

"But why? He is rich—she is penniless; no, not quite that, for we have saved—but penniless, compared to him."

"My good friend, I know not yet his motives; but I can easily learn them. If, however, this Count be your master's enemy, it is surely well to guard against him, whatever his designs; and, to do so, you should move into London or its neighbourhood. I fear that, while we speak, the Count may get upon his track."

"He had better not come here!" cried the servant menacingly, and putting his hand where the knife was not.

"Beware of your own anger, Giacomo. One act of violence, and you would be transported from England, and your master would lose a friend."

Jackeymo seemed struck by this caution.

"And if the Padrone were to meet him, do you think the Padrone would meekly say, 'Come stà sa Signoria?' The Padrone would strike him dead!"

"Hush—hush! You speak of what, in England, is called murder,

and is punished by the gallows. If you really love your master, for heaven's sake get him from this place—get him from all chance of such passion and peril. I go to town to-morrow; I will find him a house that shall be safe from all spies—all discovery. And there, too, my friend, I can do—what I cannot at this distance—watch over him, and keep watch also on his enemy."

Jackeymo seized Randal's hand and lifted it towards his lip; then, as if struck by a sudden suspicion, dropped the hand, and said bluntly—"Signior, I think you have seen the Padrone twice. Why do you take this interest in him?"

"Is it so uncommon to take interest even in a stranger who is menaced by some peril?"

Jackeymo, who believed little in general philanthropy, shook his head sceptically.

"Besides," continued Randal, suddenly bethinking himself of a more plausible reason—"besides, I am a friend and connection of Mr Egerton; and Mr Egerton's most intimate friend is Lord L'Estrange; and I have heard that Lord L'Estrange—"

"The good lord! Oh, now I understand," interrupted Jackeymo, and his brow cleared. "Ah, if he were in England! But you will let us know when he comes?"

"Certainly. Now, tell me, Giacomo, is this Count really unprincipled and dangerous? Remember, I know him not personally."

"He has neither heart, head, nor conscience."

"That makes him dangerous to men; but to women, danger comes from other qualities. Could it be possible, if he obtained any interview with the Signora, that he could win her affections?"

Jackeymo crossed himself rapidly, and made no answer.

"I have heard that he is still very handsome."

Jackeymo groaned.

Randal resumed—"Enough; persuade the Padrone to come to town."

"But if the Count is in town?"

"That makes no difference; the safest place is always the largest

city. Everywhere else a foreigner is in himself an object of attention and curiosity."

"True."

"Let your master, then, come to London. He can reside in one of the suburbs most remote from the Count's haunts. In two days I will have found him a lodging and write to him. You trust to me now?"

"I do indeed—I do, Excellency. Ah, if the Signorina were married, we would not care!"

"Married! But she looks so high!"

"Alas! not now—not here!"

Randal sighed heavily. Jackeymo's eyes sparkled. He thought he had detected a new motive for Randal's interest—a motive to an Italian the most natural, the most laudable of all.

"Find the house, Signior—write to the Padrone. He shall come. I'll talk to him. I can manage him. Holy San Giacomo, bestir thyself now—'tis long since I troubled thee!"

Jackeymo strode off through the fading trees, smiling and muttering as he went.

The first dinner-bell rang, and, on entering the drawing-room, Randal found Parson Dale and his wife, who had been invited in haste to meet the unexpected visitor.

The preliminary greetings over, Mr Dale took the opportunity afforded by the Squire's absence to inquire after the health of Mr Egerton.

"He is always well," said Randal.

"I believe he is made of iron."

"His heart is of gold," said the Parson.

"Ah!" said Randal, inquisitively, "you told me you had come in contact with him once, respecting, I think, some of your old parishioners at Lansmere?"

The Parson nodded, and there was a moment's silence.

"Do you remember your battle by the Stocks, Mr Leslie?" said Mr Dale, with a good-humoured laugh.

"Indeed, yes. By the way, now you speak of it, I met my old opponent in London the first year I went up to it."

"You did!—where?"

"At a literary scamp's—a cleverish man called Burley."

"Burley! I have seen some burlesque verses in Greek by a Mr Burley."

"No doubt, the same person. He has disappeared—gone to the dogs, I dare say. Burlesque Greek is not a knowledge very much in power at present."

"Well, but Leonard Fairfield?—you have seen him since?"

"No."

"Nor heard of him?"

"No!—have you?"

"Strange to say, not for a long time. But I have reason to believe that he must be doing well."

"You surprise me! Why?"

"Because, two years ago, he sent for his mother. She went to him."

"Is that all?"

"It is enough; for he would not have sent for her if he could not maintain her."

Here the Hazeldeans entered, arm-in-arm, and the fat butler announced dinner.

The Squire was unusually taciturn—Mrs Hazeldean thoughtful—Mrs Dale languid, and headachy. The Parson, who seldom enjoyed the luxury of converse with a scholar, save when he quarrelled with Dr Riccabocca, was animated, by Randal's repute for ability, into a great desire for argument.

"A glass of wine, Mr Leslie. You were saying, before dinner, that burlesque Greek is not a knowledge very much in power at present. Pray, sir, what knowledge is in power?"

RANDAL, (laconically.)—"Practical knowledge."

PARSON.—"What of?"

RANDAL.—"Men."

PARSON, (candidly.)—"Well, I suppose that is the most available sort of knowledge, in a worldly point of view. How does one learn it? Do books help?"

RANDAL.—"According as they are read, they help or injure."

PARSON.—"How should they be read in order to help?"

RANDAL.—"Read specially to apply to purposes that lead to power."

PARSON, (very much struck with Randal's pithy and Spartan logic.)—"Upon my word, sir, you express yourself very well. I must own that I began these questions in the hope of

differing from you ; for I like an argument."

"That he does," growled the Squire; "the most contradictory creature!"

PARSON.—"Argument is the salt of talk. But now I am afraid I must agree with you, which I was not at all prepared for."

Randal bowed, and answered—"No two men of our education can dispute upon the application of knowledge."

PARSON, (pricking up his ears.)—"Eh! what to?"

RANDAL.—"Power, of course."

PARSON, (overjoyed.)—"Power!—the vulgar application of it, or the loftiest? But you mean the loftiest?"

RANDAL, (in his turn interested and interrogative.)—"What do you call the loftiest, and what the vulgar?"

PARSON.—"The vulgar, self-interest; the loftiest, beneficence."

Randal suppressed the half disdainful smile that rose to his lip.

"You speak, sir, as a clergyman should do. I admire your sentiment, and adopt it; but I fear that the knowledge which aims only at beneficence very rarely in this world gets any power at all."

SQUIRE, (seriously.)—"That's true; I never get my own way when I want to do a kindness, and Stirn always gets his when he insists on something diabolically brutal and harsh."

PARSON.—"Pray, Mr Leslie, what does intellectual power refined to the utmost, but entirely stripped of beneficence, most resemble?"

RANDAL.—"Resemble?—I can hardly say. Some very great man—

almost any very great man—who has baffled all his foes, and attained all his ends."

PARSON.—"I doubt if any man has ever become very great who has not meant to be beneficent, though he might err in the means. Cæsar was naturally beneficent, and so was Alexander. But intellectual power refined to the utmost, and wholly void of beneficence, resembles only one being, and that, sir, is the Principle of Evil."

RANDAL, (startled.)—"Do you mean the Devil?"

PARSON.—"Yes, sir—the Devil; and even he, sir, did not succeed! Even he, sir, is what your great men would call a most decided failure."

MRS DALE.—"My dear—my dear."

PARSON.—"Our religion proves it, my love; he was an angel, and he fell."

There was a solemn pause. Randal was more impressed than he liked to own to himself. By this time the dinner was over, and the servants had retired. Harry glanced at Carry. Carry smoothed her gown and rose.

The gentlemen remained over their wine; and the Parson, satisfied with what he deemed a clencher upon his favourite subject of discussion, changed the subject to lighter topics, till happening to fall upon tithes, the Squire struck in, and by dint of loudness of voice, and truculence of brow, fairly overwhelmed both his guests, and proved to his own satisfaction that tithes were an unjust and unchristian-like usurpation on the part of the Church generally, and a most especial and iniquitous infliction upon the Hazeldean estates in particular.

CHAPTER IX.

On entering the drawing-room, Randal found the two ladies seated close together, in a position much more appropriate to the familiarity of their school-days than to the politeness of the friendship now existing between them. Mrs Hazeldean's hand hung affectionately over Carry's shoulder, and both those fair English faces were bent over the same book. It was pretty to see these sober matrons, so different from each other in character and aspect, thus unconsciously restored to

the intimacy of happy maiden youth by the golden link of some Magician from the still land of Truth or Fancy—brought together in heart, as each eye rested on the same thought;—closer and closer, as sympathy, lost in the actual world, grew out of that world which unites in one bond of feeling the readers of some gentle book.

"And what work interests you so much?" said Randal, pausing by the table.

"One you have read, of course,"

replied Mrs Dale, putting a book-mark embroidered by herself into the page, and handing the volume to Randal. "It has made a great sensation, I believe."

Randal glanced at the title of the work. "True," said he, "I have heard much of it in London, but I have not yet had time to read it."

MRS DALE.—"I can lend it to you, if you like to look over it to-night, and you can leave it for me with Mrs Hazeldean."

PARSON, (approaching).—"Oh! that book!—yes, you must read it. I do not know a work more instructive."

RANDAL.—"Instructive! Certainly I will read it then. But I thought it was a mere work of amusement—of fancy. It seems so, as I look over it."

PARSON.—"So is the *Vicar of Wakefield*; yet what book more instructive?"

"RANDAL.—"I should not have said *that* of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. A pretty book enough, though the story is most improbable. But how is it instructive?"

PARSON.—"By its results: it leaves us happier and better. What can any instruction do more? Some works instruct through the head, some through the heart; the last reach the widest circle, and often produce the most genial influence on the character. This book belongs to the last. You will grant my proposition when you have read it."

Randal smiled and took the volume.

MRS DALE.—"Is the author known yet?"

RANDAL.—"I have heard it ascribed to many writers, but I believe no one has claimed it."

PARSON.—"I think it must have been written by my old college friend, Professor Moss, the naturalist; its descriptions of scenery are so accurate."

MRS DALE.—"La, Charles dear! that snuffy, tiresome, prosy professor? How can you talk such nonsense? I am sure the author must be young; there is so much freshness of feeling."

MRS HAZELDEAN, (positively).—"Yes, certainly young."

PARSON, (no less positively).—"I should say just the contrary. Its tone is too serene, and its style too simple for a young man. Besides, I

don't know any young man who would send me his book, and this book has been sent me—very handsomely bound too, you see. Depend upon it, Moss is the man—quite his turn of mind."

MRS DALE.—"You are too provoking, Charles dear! Mr Moss is so remarkably plain, too."

RANDAL.—"Must an author be handsome?"

PARSON.—"Ha, ha! Answer that, if you can, Carry."

Carry remained mute and disdainful.

SQUIRE, (with great *naiet  *).—"Well, I don't think there's much in the book, whoever wrote it; for I've read it myself, and understand every word of it."

MRS DALE.—"I don't see why you should suppose it was written by a man at all. For my part, I think it must be a woman."

MRS HAZELDEAN.—"Yes, there's a passage about maternal affection, which only a woman could have written."

PARSON.—"Pooh, pooh! I should like to see a woman who could have written that description of an August evening before a thunderstorm; every wildflower in the hedgerow exactly the flowers of August—every sign in the air exactly those of the month. Bless you! a woman would have filled the hedge with violets and cowslips. Nobody else but my friend Moss could have written that description."

SQUIRE.—"I don't know; there's a simile about the waste of corn-seed in hand-sowing, which makes me think he must be a farmer!"

MRS DALE, (scornfully).—"A farmer! In hob-nailed shoes, I suppose! I say it is a woman."

MRS HAZELDEAN.—"A WOMAN, and a MOTHER!"

PARSON.—"A middle-aged man, and a naturalist."

SQUIRE.—"No, no, Parson; certainly a young man; for that love-scene puts me in mind of my own young days, when I would have given my ears to tell Harry how handsome I thought her; and all I could say was—'Fine weather for the crops, Miss.' Yes, a young man, and a farmer. I should not wonder if he had held the plough himself."

RANDAL, (who had been turning over the pages.)—"This sketch of Night in London comes from a man who has lived the life of cities, and looked at wealth with the eyes of poverty. Not bad! I will read the book."

"Strange," said the Parson, smiling, "that this little work should so have entered into our minds, suggested to all of us different ideas, yet equally charmed all—given a new and fresh current to our dull country life—animated us as with the sight of a world in our breasts we had never seen before, save in dreams;—a little work like this, by a man we don't know, and never may! Well, that knowledge is power, and a noble one!"

"A sort of power, certainly, sir," said Randal, candidly; and that night, when Randal retired to his own room, he suspended his schemes and projects, and read, as he rarely did, without an object to gain by the reading.

The work surprised him by the pleasure it gave. Its charm lay in the writer's calm enjoyment of the Beautiful. It seemed like some happy soul sunning itself in the light of its own thoughts. Its power was so

tranquil and even, that it was only a critic who could perceive how much force and vigour were necessary to sustain the wing that floated aloft with so imperceptible an effort. There was no one faculty predominating tyrannically over the others; all seemed proportioned in the felicitous symmetry of a nature rounded, integral, and complete. And when the work was closed, it left behind it a tender warmth that played round the heart of the reader, and vivified feelings that seemed unknown before. Randal laid down the book softly; and for five minutes the ignoble and base purposes to which his own knowledge was applied, stood before him, naked and unmasked.

"Tut," said he, wrenching himself violently away from the benign influence, "it was not to sympathise with Hector, but to conquer with Achilles, that Alexander of Macedon kept Homer under his pillow. Such should be the true use of books to him who has the practical world to subdue; let parsons and women construe it otherwise as they may!"

And the Principle of Evil descended again upon the intellect, from which the guide of beneficence was gone.

CHAPTER X.

Randal rose at the sound of the first breakfast bell, and on the staircase met Mrs Hazeldean. He gave her back the book; and as he was about to speak, she beckoned to him to follow her into a little morning-room appropriated to herself. No boudoir of white and gold, with pictures by Watteau, but lined with large walnut-tree presses, that held the old heirloom linen strewed with lavender—stores for the housekeeper, and medicines for the poor.

Seating herself on a large chair in this sanctum, Mrs Hazeldean looked formidably at home.

"Pray," said the lady, coming at once to the point, with her usual straightforward candour, "what is all this you have been saying to my husband as to the possibility of Frank's marrying a foreigner?"

RANDAL. — "Would you be as

averse to such a notion as Mr Hazeldean is?"

MRS HAZELDEAN.—"You ask me a question, instead of answering mine."

Randal was greatly put out in his fence by these rude thrusts. For indeed he had a double purpose to serve—first thoroughly to know if Frank's marriage with a woman like Madame di Negra would irritate the Squire sufficiently to endanger the son's inheritance; and, secondly, to prevent Mr and Mrs Hazeldean believing seriously that such a marriage was to be apprehended, lest they should prematurely address Frank on the subject, and frustrate the marriage itself. Yet, withal, he must so express himself, that he could not be afterwards accused by the parents of disguising matters. In his talk to the Squire the preceding day, he had gone a little

too far—farther than he would have done but for his desire of escaping the cattle-shed and short-horns. While he mused, Mrs Hazeldean observed him with her honest sensible eyes, and finally exclaimed—

“Out with it, Mr Leslie!”

“Out with what, my dear madam? The Squire has sadly exaggerated the importance of what was said mainly in jest. But I will own to you plainly, that Frank has appeared to me a little smitten with a certain fair Italian.”

“Italian!” cried Mrs Hazeldean.

“Well, I said so from the first. Italian!—that’s all, is it?” and she smiled.

Randal was more and more perplexed. The pupil of his eye contracted, as it does when we retreat into ourselves, and think, watch, and keep guard.

“And perhaps,” resumed Mrs Hazeldean, with a very sunny expression of countenance, “you have noticed this in Frank since he was here?”

“It is true,” murmured Randal; “but I think his heart or his fancy was touched even before.”

“Very natural,” said Mrs Hazeldean; “how could he help it?—such a beautiful creature! Well, I must not ask you to tell Frank’s secrets; but I guess the object of attraction; and though she will have no fortune to speak of—and it is not such a match as he might form—still she is so amiable, and has been so well brought up, and is so little like one’s general notions of a Roman Catholic, that I think I could persuade Hazeldean into giving his consent.”

“Ah!” said Randal, drawing a long breath, and beginning with his practised acuteness to detect Mrs Hazeldean’s error, “I am very much relieved and rejoiced to hear this; and I may venture to give Frank some hope, if I find him disheartened and desponding, poor fellow!”

“I think you may,” replied Mrs Hazeldean, laughing pleasantly. “But you should not have frightened poor William so, hinting that the lady knew very little English. She has an accent, to be sure; but she speaks our tongue very prettily. I always forget that she’s not English born! Ha, ha, poor William!”

RANDAL.—“Ha, ha!”

MRS HAZELDEAN.—“We had once thought of another match for Frank—a girl of good English family.”

RANDAL.—“Miss Sticktorights?”

MRS HAZELDEAN.—“No; that’s an old whim of Hazeldean’s. But he knows very well that the Sticktorights would never merge their property in ours. Bless you, it would be all off the moment they came to settlements, and had to give up the right of way. We thought of a very different match; but there’s no dictating to young hearts, Mr Leslie.”

RANDAL.—“Indeed no, Mrs Hazeldean. But since we now understand each other so well, excuse me if I suggest that you had better leave things to themselves, and not write to Frank on the subject. Young hearts, you know, are often stimulated by apparent difficulties, and grow cool when the obstacle vanishes.”

MRS HAZELDEAN.—“Very possibly; it was not so with Hazeldean and me. But I shall not write to Frank on the subject, for a different reason—though I would consent to the match, and so would William; yet we both would rather, after all, that Frank married an Englishwoman, and a Protestant. We will not, therefore, do anything to encourage the idea. But if Frank’s happiness becomes really at stake, then we will step in. In short, we would neither encourage nor oppose. You understand?”

“Perfectly.”

“And, in the meanwhile, it is quite right that Frank should see the world, and try to distract his mind, or at least to know it. And I dare say it has been some thought of that kind which has prevented his coming here.”

Randal, dreading a farther and plainer *éclaircissement*, now rose, and saying, “Pardon me, but I must hurry over breakfast, and be back in time to catch the coach”—offered his arm to his hostess, and led her into the breakfast-parlour. Devouring his meal, as if in great haste, he then mounted his horse, and, taking cordial leave of his entertainers, trotted briskly away.

All things favoured his project—even chance had befriended him in Mrs Hazeldean’s mistake. She had

not unnaturally supposed Violante to have captivated Frank on his last visit to the Hall. Thus, while Randal had certified his own mind that nothing could more exasperate the Squire than an alliance with Madame di Negra, he could yet assure Frank that Mrs Hazeldean was all on his side. And when the error was discovered, Mrs Hazeldean would only have to blame herself for it. Still more successful had his diplomacy proved with the Riccaboccas; he had ascertained the secret he had come to discover; he should induce the Italian to remove to the neigh-

bourhood of London; and if Violante were the great heiress he suspected her to prove, whom else of her own age would she see but him? And the old Leslie domains—to be sold in two years—a portion of the dowry might purchase them! Flushed by the triumph of his craft, all former vacillations of conscience ceased. In high and fervent spirits he passed the Casino, the garden of which was solitary and deserted, reached his home, and, telling Oliver to be studious, and Juliet to be patient, walked thence to meet the coach and regain the capital.

CHAPTER XI.

Violante was seated in her own little room, and looking from the window on the terrace that stretched below. The day was warm for the time of year. The orange-trees had been removed under shelter for the approach of winter; but where they had stood sate Mrs Riccabocca at work. In the Belvidere, Riccabocca himself was conversing with his favourite servant. But the casements and the door of the Belvidere were open; and where they sate, both wife and daughter could see the Padrone leaning against the wall, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the floor; while Jackeymo, with one finger on his master's arm, was talking to him with visible earnestness. And the daughter from the window, and the wife from her work, directed tender anxious eyes towards the still thoughtful form so dear to both. For the last day or two, Riccabocca had been peculiarly abstracted, even to gloom. Each felt there was something stirring at his heart—neither as yet knew what.

Violante's room silently revealed the nature of the education by which her character had been formed. Save a sketch-book which lay open on a desk at hand, and which showed talent exquisitely taught, (for in this Riccabocca had been her teacher,) there was nothing that spoke of the ordinary female accomplishments. No piano stood open, no harp occupied yon nook, which seemed made for one; no broidery frame, nor imple-

ments of work, betrayed the usual and graceful resources of a girl; but ranged on shelves against the wall were the best writers in English, Italian, and French; and these betokened an extent of reading, that he who wishes for a companion to his mind in the sweet commune of woman, which softens and refines all it gives and takes in interchange, will never condemn as masculine. You had but to look into Violante's face to see how noble was the intelligence that brought soul to those lovely features. Nothing hard, nothing dry and stern was there. Even as you detected knowledge, it was lost in the gentleness of grace. In fact, whatever she gained in the graver kinds of information, became transmuted, through her heart and her fancy, into spiritual golden stores. Give her some tedious and arid history, her imagination seized upon beauties other readers had passed by, and, like the eye of the artist, detected everywhere the Picturesque. Something in her mind seemed to reject all that was mean and commonplace, and to bring out all that was rare and elevated in whatever it received. Living so apart from all companions of her age, she scarcely belonged to the Present time. She dwelt in the Past, as Sabrina in her crystal well. Images of chivalry—of the Beautiful and the Heroic—such as, in reading the silvery line of Tasso, rise before us, softening force and valour into love and song—haunted the reveries of the fair Italian maid.

Tell us not that the Past, examined by cold Philosophy, was no better and no loftier than the Present; it is not thus seen by pure and generous eyes. Let the Past perish, when it ceases to reflect on its magic mirror the beautiful Romance which is its noblest reality, though perchance but the shadow of Delusion.

Yet Violante was not merely the dreamer. In her, life was so puissant and rich, that action seemed necessary to its glorious development—action, but still in the woman's sphere—action to bless and to refine and to exalt all around her, and to pour whatever else of ambition was left unsatisfied into sympathy with the aspirations of man. Despite her father's fears of the bleak air of England, in that air she had strengthened the delicate health of her childhood. Her elastic step—her eyes full of sweetness and light—her bloom, at once soft and luxuriant—all spoke of the vital powers fit to sustain a mind of such exquisite mould, and the emotions of a heart that, once aroused, could enoble the passions of the South with the purity and devotion of the North.

Solitude makes some natures more timid, some more bold. Violante was fearless. When she spoke, her eyes frankly met your own; and she was so ignorant of evil, that as yet she seemed nearly unacquainted with shame. From this courage, combined with affluence of idea, came a delightful flow of happy converse. Though possessing so imperfectly the accomplishments ordinarily taught to young women, and which may be cultured to the utmost, and yet leave the thoughts so barren, and the talk so rapid—she had that accomplishment which most pleases the taste, and commands the love, of the man of talent; especially if his talent be not so actively employed as to make him desire only relaxation where he seeks companionship—the accomplishment of facility in intellectual interchange—the charm that clothes in musical words beautiful womanly ideas.

"I hear him sigh at this distance," said Violante softly, as she still watched her father; "and methinks this is a new grief, and not for his country. He spoke twice yesterday

of that dear English friend, and wished that he were here."

As she said this, unconsciously the virgin blushed, her hands drooped on her knee, and she fell herself into thought as profound as her father's, but less gloomy. From her arrival in England, Violante had been taught a grateful interest in the name of Harley L'Estrange. Her father, preserving a silence, that seemed disdain, of all his old Italian intimates, had been pleased to converse with open heart of the Englishman who had saved where countrymen had betrayed. He spoke of the soldier, then in the full bloom of youth, who, unconsolated by fame, had nursed the memory of some hidden sorrow amidst the pine-trees that cast their shadow over the sunny Italian lake; how Riccabocca, then honoured and happy, had courted from his seclusion the English Signor, then the mourner and the voluntary exile; how they had grown friends amidst the landscapes in which her eyes had opened to the day; how Harley had vainly warned him from the rash schemes in which he had sought to reconstruct in an hour the ruins of weary ages; how, when abandoned, deserted, proscribed, pursued, he had fled for life—the infant Violante clasped to his bosom—the English soldier had given him refuge, baffled the pursuers, armed his servants, accompanied the fugitive at night towards the defile in the Apennines, and, when the emissaries of a perfidious enemy, hot in the chase, came near, had said, "You have your child to save! Fly on! Another league, and you are beyond the borders. We will delay the foes with parley; they will not harm us." And not till escape was gained did the father know that the English friend had delayed the foe, not by parley, but by the sword, holding the pass against numbers, with a breast as dauntless as Bayard's in the immortal bridge.

And since then, the same Englishman had never ceased to vindicate his name, to urge his cause, and if hope yet remained of restoration to land and honours, it was in that untiring zeal.

Hence, naturally and insensibly, this secluded and musing girl had

associated all that she read in tales of romance and chivalry with the image of the brave and loyal stranger. He it was who animated her dreams of the Past, and seemed born to be, in the destined hour, the deliverer of the Future. Around this image grouped all the charms that the fancy of virgin woman can raise from the enchanted lore of old Heroic Fable. Once in her early girlhood, her father (to satisfy her curiosity, eager for general description) had drawn from memory a sketch of the features of the Englishman—drawn Harley, as he was in that first youth, flattered and idealised, no doubt, by art and by partial gratitude—but still resembling him as he was then; while the deep mournfulness of recent sorrow yet

shadowed and concentrated all the varying expression of his countenance; and to look on him was to say,—“So sad, yet so young!” Never did Violante pause to remember that the same years which ripened herself from infancy into woman, were passing less gently over that smooth cheek and dreamy brow—that the world might be altering the nature, as time the aspect. To her, the hero of the Ideal remained immortal in bloom and youth. Bright illusion, common to us all, where Poetry once hallows the human form! Who ever thinks of Petrarch as the old time-worn man? Who does not see him as when he first gazed on Laura?—

“Ogni altra cosa ogni pensier va fore;
E sol ivi con voi rimanai Amore!”

CHAPTER XII.

And Violante, thus absorbed in reverie, forgot to keep watch on the Belvidere. And the Belvidere was now deserted. The wife, who had no other ideal to distract her thoughts, saw Riccabocca pass into the house.

The exile entered his daughter's room, and she started to feel his hand upon her locks and his kiss upon her brow.

“My child!” cried Riccabocca, seating himself, “I have resolved to leave for a time this retreat, and to seek the neighbourhood of London.”

“Ah, dear father, *that*, then, was your thought? But what can be your reason? Do not turn away; you know how carefully I have obeyed your command and kept your secret. Ah, you will confide in me.”

“I do, indeed,” returned Riccabocca, with emotion. “I leave this place, in the fear lest my enemies discover me. I shall say to others that you are of an age to require teachers, not to be obtained here. But I should like none to know where we go.”

The Italian said these last words through his teeth, and hanging his head. He said them in shame.

“My mother—(so Violante always called Jemima)—my mother, you have spoken to her?”

“Not yet. *There* is the difficulty.”

“No difficulty, for she loves you so well,” replied Violante, with soft reproach. “Ah, why not also con-

fide in her? Who so true? so good?”

“Good—I grant it!” exclaimed Riccabocca. “What then? ‘*Da cattiva Donna guardati, ed alla buona non fidar niente*,’ (from the bad woman, guard thyself; to the good woman trust nothing.) And if you must trust,” added the abominable man, “trust her with anything but a secret!”

“Fie,” said Violante, with arch reproach, for she knew her father's humours too well to interpret his horrible sentiments literally—“*fie* on your consistency, *Padre carissimo*. Do you not trust your secret to me?”

“You! A kitten is not a cat, and a girl is not a woman. Besides, the secret was already known to you, and I had no choice. Peace, Jemima will stay here for the present. See to what you wish to take with you; we shall leave to-night.”

Not waiting for an answer, Riccabocca hurried away, and with a firm step strode the terrace and approached his wife.

“*Anima mia*,” said the pupil of Machiavel, disguising in the tenderest words the cruellest intentions—for one of his most cherished Italian proverbs was to the effect, that there is no getting on with a mule or a woman unless you coax them—“*Anima mia*,—soul of my being—you have already seen that Violante mopes herself to death here.”

"She, poor child! Oh no!"

"She does, core of my heart, she does, and is as ignorant of music as I am of tent-stitch."

"She sings beautifully."

"Just as birds do, against all the rules, and in defiance of gamut. Therefore, to come to the point, O treasure of my soul! I am going to take her with me for a short time, perhaps to Cheltenham, or Brighton—we shall see."

"All places with you are the same to me, Alphonso. When shall we go?"

"We shall go to-night; but, terrible as it is to part from you—you—"

"Ah!" interrupted the wife, and covered her face with her hands.

Riccabocca, the wildest and most relentless of men in his maxims, melted into absolute uxorial imbecility at the sight of that mute distress. He put his arm round his wife's waist, with genuine affection, and without a single proverb at his heart—"Carissima, do not grieve so; we shall be back soon, and travelling is expensive; rolling stones gather no moss, and there is so much to see to at home."

Mrs Riccabocca gently escaped from her husband's arms. She withdrew her hands from her face, and brushed away the tears that stood in her eyes.

"Alphonso," she said touchingly, "hear me! What you think good, that shall ever be good to me. But do not think that I grieve solely because of our parting. No; I grieve to think that, despite all these years in which I have been the partner of your hearth and slept on your breast—all these years in which I have had no thought but, however humbly, to do my duty to you and yours, and could have wished that you had read my heart, and seen there but yourself and your child—I grieve to think that you still deem me as unworthy your trust as when you stood by my side at the altar."

"Trust!" repeated Riccabocca, startled and conscience-stricken; "why do you say 'trust'?" In what have I distrusted you? I am sure," he continued, with the artful volubility of guilt, "that I never doubted your fidelity—hook-nosed, long-visaged foreigner though I be; never pryed into your letters; never inquired into

your solitary walks; never heeded your flirtations with that good-looking Parson Dale; never kept the money; and never looked into the account-books!" Mrs Riccabocca refused even a smile of contempt at these revolting evasions; nay, she seemed scarcely to hear them.

"Can you think," she resumed, pressing her hand on her heart to still its struggles for relief in sobs—"can you think that I could have watched, and thought, and tasked my poor mind so constantly, to conjecture what might best soothe or please you, and not seen, long since, that you have secrets known to your daughter—your servant—not to me? Fear not—the secrets cannot be evil, or you would not tell them to your innocent child. Besides, do I not know your nature? and do I not love you because I know it?—it is for something connected with these secrets that you leave your home. You think that I should be incautious—imprudent. You will not take me with you. Be it so. I go to prepare for your departure. Forgive me if I have displeased you, husband."

Mrs Riccabocca turned away; but a soft hand touched the Italian's arm. "O father, can you resist this? Trust her!—trust her! I am a woman like her! I answer for her woman's faith. Be yourself—ever nobler than all others, my own father."

"Diavolo! Never one door shuts but another opens," groaned Riccabocca. "Are you a fool, child? Don't you see that it was for your sake only I feared—and would be cautious?"

"For mine! O then, do not make me deem myself mean, and the cause of meanness. For mine! Am I not your daughter—the descendant of men who never feared?"

Violante looked sublime while she spoke; and as she ended she led her father gently on towards the door, which his wife had now gained.

"Jemima—wife mine!—pardon, pardon," cried the Italian, whose heart had been yearning to repay such tenderness and devotion,—“come back to my breast—it has been long closed—it shall be open to you now and for ever.”

In another moment, the wife was in her right place—on her husband's

bosom; and Violante, beautiful peace-maker, stood smiling a while at both,

and then lifted her eyes gratefully to heaven, and stole away.

CHAPTER XIII.

On Randal's return to town, he heard mixed and contradictory rumours in the streets, and at the clubs, of the probable downfall of the Government at the approaching session of Parliament. These rumours had sprung up suddenly, as if in an hour. True that, for some time, the sagacious had shaken their heads and said, "Ministers could not last." True that certain changes in policy, a year or two before, had divided the party on which the Government depended, and strengthened that which opposed it. But still its tenure in office had been so long, and there seemed so little power in the Opposition to form a cabinet of names familiar to official ears, that the general public had anticipated, at most, a few partial changes. Rumour now went far beyond this. Randal, whose whole prospects at present were but reflections from the greatness of his patron, was alarmed. He sought Egerton, but the minister was impenetrable, and seemed calm, confident, and unperturbed. Somewhat relieved, Randal then set himself to work to find a safe home for Riccabocca; for the greater need to succeed in obtaining fortune there, if he failed in getting it through Egerton. He found a quiet house, detached and secluded, in the neighbourhood of Norwood. No vicinity more secure from espionage and remark. He wrote to Riccabocca, and communicated the address, adding fresh assurances of his own power to be of use. The next morning he was seated in his office, thinking very little of the details, that he mastered, however, with mechanical precision, when the minister who presided over that department of the public service sent for him into his private room, and begged him to take a letter to Egerton, with whom he wished to consult relative to a very important point to be decided in the Cabinet that day. "I want you to take it," said the minister smiling, (the minister was a frank, homely man,) "because you are in Mr Egerton's confidence, and he may give you some verbal message besides a

written reply. Egerton is often over cautious and brief in the *littera scripta*."

Randal went first to Egerton's neighbouring office—he had not been there that day. He then took a cabriolet and drove to Grosvenor Square. A quiet-looking chariot was at the door. Mr Egerton was at home; but the servant said, "Dr F. is with him, sir; and perhaps he may not like to be disturbed."

"What, is your master ill?"

"Not that I know of, sir. He never says he is ill. But he has looked poorly the last day or two."

Randal hesitated a moment; but his commission might be important, and Egerton was a man who so held the maxim, that health and all else must give way to business, that he resolved to enter; and, unannounced, and unceremoniously, as was his wont, he opened the door of the library. He started as he did so. Audley Egerton was leaning back on the sofa, and the doctor, on his knees before him, was applying the stethoscope to his breast. Egerton's eyes were partially closed as the door opened. But at the noise he sprang up, nearly upsetting the doctor. "Who's that?—How dare you!" he exclaimed, in a voice of great anger. Then recognising Randal, he changed colour, bit his lip, and muttered drily, "I beg pardon for my abruptness; what do you want, Mr Leslie?"

"This letter from Lord —; I was told to deliver it immediately into your own hands; I beg pardon—"

"There is no cause," said Egerton, coldly. "I have had a slight attack of bronchitis; and as Parliament meets so soon, I must take advice from my doctor, if I would be heard by the reporters. Lay the letter on the table, and be kind enough to wait for my reply."

Randal withdrew. He had never seen a physician in that house before, and it seemed surprising that Egerton should even take a medical opinion upon a slight attack. While waiting in the ante-room there was a knock at the street door, and presently a gentleman, exceedingly well dressed, was

shown in, and honoured Randal with an easy and half familiar bow. Randal remembered to have met this personage at dinner, and at the house of a young nobleman of high fashion, but had not been introduced to him, and did not even know him by name. The visitor was better informed.

"Our friend Egerton is busy, I hear, Mr Leslie," said he, arranging the camellia in his button hole.

"Our friend Egerton!" It must be a very great man to say, "Our friend Egerton."

"He will not be engaged long, I dare say," returned Randal, glancing his shrewd inquiring eye over the stranger's person.

"I trust not; my time is almost as precious as his own. I was not so fortunate as to be presented to you when we met at Lord Spendquick's. Good fellow, Spendquick; and decidedly clever."

Lord Spendquick was usually esteemed a gentleman without three ideas.

Randal smiled.

In the meanwhile the visitor had taken out a card from an embossed morocco case, and now presented it to Randal, who read thereon, "Baron Levy, No. --, Bruton St."

The name was not unknown to Randal. It was a name too often on the lips of men of fashion not to have reached the ears of an *habitué* of good society.

Mr Levy had been a solicitor by profession. He had of late years relinquished his ostensible calling; and not long since, in consequence of some services towards the negotiation of a loan, had been created a baron by one of the German kings. The wealth of Mr Levy was said to be only equalled by his good nature to all who were in want of a temporary loan, and with sound expectations of repaying it some day or other.

You seldom saw a finer-looking man than Baron Levy—about the same age as Egerton, but looking younger: so well preserved—such magnificent black whiskers—such superb teeth! Despite his name and his dark complexion, he did not, however, resemble a Jew—at least externally; and, in fact, he was not a Jew on the father's side, but the natural son of a rich English *grand seigneur*, by a

Hebrew lady of distinction—in the opera. After his birth, this lady had married a German trader of her own persuasion, and her husband had been prevailed upon, for the convenience of all parties, to adopt his wife's son, and accord to him his own Hebrew name. Mr Levy senior was soon left a widower, and then the real father, though never actually owning the boy, had shown him great attention—had him frequently at his house—initiated him betimes into his own high-born society, for which the boy showed great taste. But when my Lord died, and left but a moderate legacy to the younger Levy, who was then about eighteen, that ambiguous person was articulated to an attorney by his putative sire, who shortly afterwards returned to his native land, and was buried at Prague, where his tombstone may yet be seen. Young Levy, however, continued to do very well without him. His real birth was generally known, and rather advantageous to him in a social point of view. His legacy enabled him to become a partner where he had been a clerk, and his practice became great amongst the fashionable classes of society. Indeed he was so useful, so pleasant, so much a man of the world, that he grew intimate with his clients—chiefly young men of rank; was on good terms with both Jew and Christian; and being neither one nor the other, resembled (to use Sheridan's incomparable simile) the blank page between the Old and the New Testament.

Vulgar, some might call Mr Levy, from his assurance, but it was not the vulgarity of a man accustomed to low and coarse society—rather the *mauvais ton* of a person not sure of his own position, but who has resolved to swagger into the best one he can get. When it is remembered that he had made his way in the world, and gleaned together an immense fortune, it is needless to add that he was as sharp as a needle, and as hard as a flint. No man had had more friends, and no man had stuck by them more firmly—as long as there was a pound in their pockets!

Something of this character had Randal heard of the Baron, and he now gazed, first at his card, and then at him, with—admiration.

"I met a friend of yours at Borrowwell's the other day," resumed the Baron—"Young Hazeldean. Careful fellow—quite a man of the world."

As this was the last praise poor Frank deserved, Randal again smiled.

The Baron went on—"I hear, Mr Leslie, that you have much influence over this same Hazeldean. His affairs are in a sad state. I should be very happy to be of use to him, as a relation of my friend Egerton's; but he understands business so well that he despises my advice."

"I am sure you do him injustice."

"Injustice! I honour his caution. I say to every man, 'Don't come to me—I can get you money on much easier terms than any one else;' and what's the result? You come so often that you ruin yourself; whereas a regular usurer without conscience frightens you. 'Cent per cent,' you say; 'oh, I must pull in.' If you have influence over your friend, tell him to stick to his bill-brokers, and have nothing to do with Baron Levy."

Here the minister's bell rung, and Randal, looking through the window, saw Dr F. walking to his carriage, which had made way for Baron Levy's splendid cabriolet—a cabriolet in the most perfect taste—Baron's coronet on the dark brown panels—horse black,

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"The ante-room, sir."

Egerton's brow contracted slightly. "And Mr Levy was there, eh?"

"Yes—the Baron."

"Baron! true. Come to plague me about the Mexican loan, I suppose. I will keep you no longer."

Randal, much meditating, left the house, and re-entered his hack cab. The Baron was admitted to the statesman's presence.

CHAPTER XIV.

Egerton had thrown himself at full length on the sofa, a position exceedingly rare with him; and about his whole air and manner, as Levy entered, there was something singularly different from that stateliness of port common to the austere legislator. The very tone of his voice was different. It was as if the statesman—the man of business—had vanished; it was rather the man of fashion and the idler, who, nodding languidly to his visitor, said, "Levy, what money can I have for a year?"

"The estate will bear very little more. My dear fellow, that last election was the very devil. You cannot go on thus much longer."

"My dear fellow!" Baron Levy bailed Audley Egerton as "my dear fellow." And Audley Egerton, per-

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"I cannot afford to sell at present. I cannot afford men to say, 'Audley Egerton is done up—his property is for sale.'"

"It is very sad when one thinks what a rich man you have been—and may be yet!"

"Be yet! How?"

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shown in, and honoured Randal with an easy and half familiar bow. Randal remembered to have met this personage at dinner, and at the house of a young nobleman of high fashion, but had not been introduced to him, and did not even know him by name. The visitor was better informed.

"Our friend Egerton is busy, I hear, Mr Leslie," said he, arranging the camelia in his button hole.

"Our friend Egerton!" It must be a very great man to say, "Our friend Egerton."

"He will not be engaged long, I dare say," returned Randal, glancing his shrewd inquiring eye over the stranger's person.

"I trust not; my time is almost as precious as his own. I was not so fortunate as to be presented to you when we met at Lord Spendquick's. Good fellow, Spendquick; and decidedly clever."

Lord Spendquick was usually esteemed a gentleman without three ideas.

Randal smiled.

In the meanwhile the visitor had taken out a card from an embossed morocco case, and now presented it to Randal, who read thereon, "Baron Levy, No. —, Bruton St."

The name was not unknown to Randal. It was a name too often on the lips of men of fashion not to have reached the ears of an *habitué* of good society.

Mr Levy had been a solicitor by profession. He had of late years relinquished his ostensible calling; and not long since, in consequence of some services towards the negotiation of a loan, had been created a baron by one of the German kings. The wealth of Mr Levy was said to be only equalled by his good nature to all who were in want of a temporary loan, and with sound expectations of repaying it some day or other.

You seldom saw a finer-looking man than Baron Levy—about the same age as Egerton, but looking younger: so well preserved—such magnificent black whiskers—such superb teeth! Despite his name and his dark complexion, he did not, however, resemble a Jew—at least externally; and, in fact, he was not a Jew on the father's side, but the natural son of a rich English *grand seigneur*, by a

Hebrew lady of distinction—in the opera. After his birth, this lady had married a German trader of her own persuasion, and her husband had been prevailed upon, for the convenience of all parties, to adopt his wife's son, and accord to him his own Hebrew name. Mr Levy senior was soon left a widower, and then the real father, though never actually owning the boy, had shown him great attention—had him frequently at his house—initiated him betimes into his own high-born society, for which the boy showed great taste. But when my Lord died, and left but a moderate legacy to the younger Levy, who was then about eighteen, that ambiguous person was articulated to an attorney by his putative sire, who shortly afterwards returned to his native land, and was buried at Prague, where his tombstone may yet be seen. Young Levy, however, continued to do very well without him. His real birth was generally known, and rather advantageous to him in a social point of view. His legacy enabled him to become a partner where he had been a clerk, and his practice became great amongst the fashionable classes of society. Indeed he was so useful, so pleasant, so much a man of the world, that he grew intimate with his clients—chiefly young men of rank; was on good terms with both Jew and Christian; and being neither one nor the other, resembled (to use Sheridan's incomparable simile) the blank page between the Old and the New Testament.

Vulgar, some might call Mr Levy, from his assurance, but it was not the vulgarity of a man accustomed to low and coarse society—rather the *man-vais ton* of a person not sure of his own position, but who has resolved to swagger into the best one he can get. When it is remembered that he had made his way in the world, and gleaned together an immense fortune, it is needless to add that he was as sharp as a needle, and as hard as a flint. No man had had more friends, and no man had stuck by them more firmly—as long as there was a pound in their pockets!

Something of this character had Randal heard of the Baron, and he now gazed, first at his card, and then at him, with—admiration.

"I met a friend of yours at Borrowwell's the other day," resumed the Baron—"Young Hazeldean. Careful fellow—quite a man of the world."

As this was the last praise poor Frank deserved, Randal again smiled.

The Baron went on—"I hear, Mr Leslie, that you have much influence over this same Hazeldean. His affairs are in a sad state. I should be very happy to be of use to him, as a relation of my friend Egerton's; but he understands business so well that he despises my advice."

"I am sure you do him injustice."

"Injustice! I honour his caution. I say to every man, 'Don't come to me—I can get you money on much easier terms than any one else;' and what's the result? You come so often that you ruin yourself; whereas a regular usurer without conscience frightens you. 'Cent per cent,' you say; 'oh, I must pull in.' If you have influence over your friend, tell him to stick to his bill-brokers, and have nothing to do with Baron Levy."

Here the minister's bell rung, and Randal, looking through the window, saw Dr F. walking to his carriage, which had made way for Baron Levy's splendid cabriolet—a cabriolet in the most perfect taste—Baron's coronet on the dark brown panels—horse black,

with such action!—harness just relieved with plating. The servant now entered, and requested Randal to step in; and addressing the Baron, assured him that he would not be detained a minute.

"Leslie," said the minister, sealing a note, "take this back to Lord —, and say that I shall be with him in an hour."

"No other message?—he seemed to expect one."

"I dare say he did. Well, my letter is official, my message is not; beg him to see Mr — before we meet—he will understand—all rests upon that interview."

Egerton then, extending the letter, resumed gravely, "Of course you will not mention to any one that Dr F. was with me: the health of public men is not to be suspected. Hum—were you in your own room or the ante-room?"

"The ante-room, sir."

Egerton's brow contracted slightly. "And Mr Levy was there, eh?"

"Yes—the Baron."

"Baron! true. Come to plague me about the Mexican loan, I suppose. I will keep you no longer."

Randal, much meditating, left the house, and re-entered his hack cab. The Baron was admitted to the statesman's presence.

CHAPTER XIV.

Egerton had thrown himself at full length on the sofa, a position exceedingly rare with him; and about his whole air and manner, as Levy entered, there was something singularly different from that stateliness of port common to the austere legislator. The very tone of his voice was different. It was as if the statesman—the man of business—had vanished; it was rather the man of fashion and the idler, who, nodding languidly to his visitor, said, "Levy, what money can I have for a year?"

"The estate will bear very little more. My dear fellow, that last election was the very devil. You cannot go on thus much longer."

"My dear fellow!" Baron Levy hailed Audley Egerton as "my dear fellow." And Audley Egerton, per-

haps, saw nothing strange in the words, though his lip curled.

"I shall not want to go on thus much longer," answered Egerton, as the curl on his lip changed to a gloomy smile. "The estate must, meanwhile, bear £5000 more."

"A hard pull on it. You had really better sell."

"I cannot afford to sell at present. I cannot afford men to say, 'Audley Egerton is done up—his property is for sale.'"

"It is very sad when one thinks what a rich man you have been—and may be yet!"

"Be yet! How?"

Baron Levy glanced towards the thick mahogany doors—thick and impervious as should be the doors of statesmen. "Why, you know that, with three words from you, I could

produce an effect upon the stocks of three nations, that might give us each a hundred thousand pounds. We would go shares."

"Levy," said Egerton coldly, though a deep blush overspread his face, "you are a scoundrel; that is your look-out. I interfere with no man's tastes and conscience. I don't intend to be a scoundrel myself. I have told you that long ago."

The Baron laughed, without evincing the least displeasure.

"Well," said he, "you are neither wise nor complimentary, but you shall have the money. But yet, would it not be better," added Levy, with emphasis, "to borrow it, without interest, of your friend L'Estrange?"

Egerton started as if stung.

"You mean to taunt me, sir!" he exclaimed, passionately. "I accept pecuniary favours from Lord L'Estrange! I!"

"Tut, my dear Egerton, I dare say my Lord would not think so ill now of that little act in your life which—"

"Hold!" exclaimed Egerton, writhing. "Hold!"

He stopped, and paced the room, muttering in broken sentences, "To blush before this man! Chastisement, chastisement!"

Levy gazed on him with hard and sinister eyes. The minister turned abruptly.

"Look you, Levy," said he, with forced composure—"you hate me—why, I know not. I have never injured you—never avenged the inextinguishable wrong you did me."

"Wrong!—you a man of the world! Wrong! Call it so if you will, then," he added shrinkingly, for Audley's brow grew terrible. "But have I not atoned it? Would you ever have lived in this palace, and ruled this country as one of the most influential of its ministers, but for my management—my whispers to the wealthy Miss Leslie? Come, but for me what would you have been—perhaps a beggar?"

"What shall I be now if I live? Then I should not have been a beggar; poor perhaps in money, but rich—rich in all that now leaves my life bankrupt. Gold has not thriven with me; how should it? And this fortune—it has passed for the main part into

your hands. Be patient, you will have it all ere long. But there is one man in the world who has loved me from a boy, and woe to you if ever he learn that he has the right to despise me!"

"Egerton, my good fellow," said Levy, with great composure, "you need not threaten me, for what interest can I possibly have in tale-telling to Lord L'Estrange? As to hating you—pooh! You snub me in private, you cut me in public, you refuse to come to my dinners, you'll not ask me to your own; still, there is no man I like better, nor would more willingly serve. When do you want the £5000?"

"Perhaps in one month, perhaps not for three or four. Let it be ready when required."

"Enough; depend on it. Have you any other commands?"

"None."

"I will take my leave, then. By the by, what do you suppose the Hazeldean rental is worth—net?"

"I don't know, nor care. You have no designs upon *that*, too?"

"Well, I like keeping up family connections. Mr Frank seems a liberal young gentleman."

Before Egerton could answer, the Baron had glided to the door, and, nodding pleasantly, vanished with that nod.

Egerton remained, standing on his solitary hearth. A drear, single man's room it was, from wall to wall, despite its fretted ceilings and official pomp of Bramah escritaires and red boxes. Drear and cheerless—no trace of woman's habitation—no vestige of intruding, happy children. There stood the austere man alone. And then with a deep sigh he muttered, "Thank heaven, not for long—it will not last long."

Repeating those words, he mechanically locked up his papers, and pressed his hand to his heart for an instant, as if a spasm had shot through it.

"So—I must shun all emotion!" said he, shaking his head gently.

In five minutes more, Audley Egerton was in the streets, his mien erect, and his step firm as ever.

"That man is made of bronze," said a leader of the Opposition to a friend as they rode past the minister. "What would I give for his nerves!"

JOHNSTON'S NOTES ON NORTH AMERICA.

PROFESSOR JOHNSTON had three objects in view in his visit to the New World. His high reputation as an agricultural chemist had induced the Agricultural Society of New York to request him to give a course of lectures at Albany upon the connection of chemical and geological science with that of the cultivation of land. He had also been commissioned by the Government of New Brunswick to examine and report on the agricultural capabilities of that province. And besides these public duties, he was impelled by a strong desire to study the actual position of the art of husbandry in the fertile regions of the West, and the influence which its progress is likely to exert upon British agriculture.

Our shrewd brother Jonathan, however brilliant his achievements have been in other arts, has not hitherto earned any great reputation as a scientific farmer. Nature has been so bountiful to him, that, with "fresh fields and pastures new" ever before him, he has hitherto had no need to resort to the toilsome processes and anxious expedients—"curis aciens mortalia corda"—of our Old World systems of agriculture. On the newer lands of the Union, at least, the rotations followed, the waste of manures, and the general contempt of all method and economy, are such as would break the heart of a Haddingtonshire "grieve," and in a couple of seasons convert his trim acres into a howling wilderness. What would our respected friend Mr Caird say to a course of cropping like the following, which, though given by Professor Johnston as a specimen of New Brunswick farming, is the usual method followed on most of the new soils of North America?—

"He cuts down the wood and burns it, then takes a crop of potatoes, followed by one of wheat, with grass seeds. Nine successive crops of hay follow in as many years; after which the stumps are taken up, the land is ploughed, a

crop of wheat is taken; it is then manured for the first time, or limed, and laid down again for a similar succession of crops of hay. This treatment is hard enough; but the unskilful man, after burning and spreading the ashes, takes two or three more crops of grain, leaves it to sow itself with grass, then cuts hay as long as it bears a crop which is worth cutting—after all which he either stumps and ploughs it, or leaves it to run again into the wilderness state."—(Johnston, vol. i. p. 104.)

Such a system seems, at first sight, to argue a barbarous ignorance of the very first elements of agriculture; and yet, as Professor Johnston remarks, "we English farmers and teachers of agricultural science, with all our skill, should probably, in the same circumstances, do just the same, so long as land was plenty, labour scarce and dear, and markets few and distant." Let no one suppose that our wide-awake kinsman does not know perfectly well what he is about. His apparently rude agricultural practice is regulated by a maxim which some of our *Mechists* at home would do well to bear in mind—that high farming is bad farming if it is not remunerative. He knows that to manure his land would be to insure the lodging and destruction of his crops, and he therefore leaves his straw to wither in the fields, and lives on in blessed ignorance of the virtues and cost of guano. To plough deep furrows in a virgin soil, saturated with organic matter, would be an idle waste of labour; and the primitive *Triptolemus* of Michigan scatters the seed upon the surface—or, raising a little mould on the point of a hoe, drops in a few grains of maize, covers them over, and beads them no more till the golden pyramids are ripe for the knife. The first three crops, thus easily obtained, generally repay to the settler in the wilderness the expense of felling the timber, burning, and cultivating. If he then abandon

it, he is at least no loser; but for eight or ten years the soil will still continue to produce crops of natural hay; and then, having extracted from it all that its spontaneous fertility will yield, he sells his possession for what it may bring, and moves off westward to repeat the same exhaustive process on a fresh portion of the forest, leaving to his successor the task of reinvigorating the severely tested powers of the soil by rest and restoratives.

This locust-like progress of the American settler—ever on the move to new lands, and leaving comparative barrenness in his track—must evidently place the case of America beyond the sphere of those ordinary laws of political economy which are applicable in European countries; and Professor Johnston seems to consider the fact of the incessant exhaustion and abandonment of lands as the chief key to a right understanding of the peculiar economical position of the United States. The owner of land in the older and more populous States, who has not learnt to apply a restorative system of culture, derives little benefit from the comparative advantage of situation, while the inhabitants of the towns and villages around him are fed with the surplus spontaneous produce of the far off clearings in Ohio or Missouri. But these in their turn become worn out—and as cultivation travels on westward, the chief centres of agricultural production are gradually receding farther and farther from the chief centres of population and consumption; and this increasing distance, and consequent cost of transport, is every year enhancing the price of grain in the busy and crowded marts of the West—ever filling up with the incessant stream of immigration from Europe. Such is Mr Johnston's view of the present normal condition of the Union in regard to the sustenance of her people; and he makes it the ground-work, as we shall presently see, of certain rather doubtful inferences, of some importance in their bearing on the agriculture of this country. One consequence, however, of any material increase in the price of food in the Eastern States of the Union is very obvious—the pro-

prietor of land in these districts will gradually be enabled to apply, with profit to his exhausted soil, the artificial aids and costlier system of culture followed in Britain. Already this result is apparent in Professor Johnston's account of the energetic spirit of agricultural improvement which is rapidly spreading over most of the New England States. In the keen, restless, and enterprising New Englander, our Old Country farmers will undoubtedly find a more formidable competitor, for the honour of the first place in agricultural advancement, than any they have yet met on this side of the Atlantic. We have seen this year what his invention can produce in mechanical contrivances for economising the labour of the field; and, that he is not indifferent to the aids which science can afford him, is sufficiently proved by the occasion of that visit to America of which Professor Johnston has here given so pleasant and instructive a record. The invitation was not more creditable to the character of the Professor, than to the discernment of the zealous and patriotic men who thus showed how correctly they apprehend the true method of improving their fine country. His engagement was fulfilled during the sitting of the State Legislature at Albany in January 1850, when the hall of the Assembly was given up to him as a lecture-room; the leading members of the Assembly and of the State Agricultural Society were among his auditors, and the greatest public interest was evinced in the important subjects of his prelections.

It is apparent, from many passages of the *Notes*, that the author has listened too confidently to the flattering tale—the "*canor mulcendas matus ad aures*" of the syren of Free Trade. He seems to be gifted with a strong natural faith, and a patriotic confidence in what British enterprise, and especially British agriculture, can achieve in the way of surmounting difficulties. It is not perhaps to be wondered at that one, whose professional pursuits naturally lead him to place a high value upon the aids which science has in store for the agriculturist, should encourage the farmer to think lightly of his present difficul-

ties, and keep up his spirits with the hope of some paulo-post-future prosperity. It must be allowed that the farmer, poor fellow, has not wanted abundance of kind friends to comfort him in his adversity. Generally, however, their consolations—like those of the sympathetic Mrs Gamp—have been rather indefinite—vague moralisings upon his calamity, as if it were some inevitable stroke of Providence, to be bowed to in silent resignation, and hazy anticipations of good luck awaiting him. Others, again—who have professed the greatest friendship for him, and, like the Knight of Netherby, have come down to hearten up the broken-down man by imparting to him some plan of theirs, as sheep-pasturage or the like, for setting him on his legs again—are mentally taking an inventory of his remaining chattels, and calculating when to send the sheriff's officer. But Professor Johnston belongs to neither of these classes of comforters. His opinion, we know, is at least disinterested, and he brings it before us in the shape of a distinct proposition—viz., that the wheat-exporting capabilities of the United States are not so great as have generally been supposed, and that, as they must diminish rather than increase in future, the prospect of competition with American produce need cause no alarm to the British farmer.

This opinion, coming from such an authority, claims a deliberate examination; and the more so that, in the dearth of other gratulatory topics, it has been eagerly laid hold of by the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Economist*, and other Free-Trade organs, and vaunted as a complete proof that protective duties are quite unnecessary.

The reasons which Professor Johnston assigns for believing that the present wheat-exporting powers of the United States have been exaggerated, may be passed over with very little comment. The Board of Trade returns leave no room for doubt as to the quantity that has actually reached this country, and it is therefore unnecessary for us to follow him through his hypothetical estimate of the exportable grain, grounded on what they *ought* to have had to spare for

us. We may remark, however, that the data on which his calculations proceed are far from satisfactory. He shows that all the *wheat* produced in the United States, as given in the estimates of the Patent Office, is inadequate to afford the eight bushels which in England we reckon to be requisite for the annual supply of each inhabitant—the population of the Union being about twenty-one millions, and the produce of wheat one hundred and twenty-seven millions of bushels. He does not overlook altogether the fact that wheat is not in America, as it is with us, almost the sole cereal food of the people; and he admits that a considerable allowance must be made for the consumption of Indian corn instead of wheat. But how much?—That is the question. The compilers of the State Papers at Washington estimate that Indian corn, buckwheat, and other grain, form so large a proportion of the food of the people, that they require only *three* bushels of wheat per head; and no doubt they have good grounds for this calculation. Professor Johnston, however, without indicating any reason whatever for his assumption, has set down the consumption of each individual at *five* bushels per annum; and thus, by a stroke of his pen, he reduces the average exportable surplus of the Union to *only* three millions of quarters.

As to what may be expected in future—Professor Johnston anticipates the gradual diminution of the supply, from the circumstance, already adverted to, of the progressive exhaustion of the newer lands of the Union, and the rapid increase of population in the old. If several of the Western States, he argues, have even already ceased to raise enough wheat for the supply of their present inhabitants, and are compelled to draw largely on the produce of the remote States of Illinois, Ohio, &c.—and if the productive power of these new lands is annually becoming less, the virgin soils more distant, and the transport of subsistence more difficult—if this is the state of matters now, what will it be in 1860, when immigration and natural increase will probably have raised the population of the Union to some thirty-four millions?

"It is very safe," he concludes, "to say that in 1860 their wheat-exporting capability will have become so small as to give our British farmers very little cause for apprehension." It may perchance occur to these gentlemen, that the consolation Professor Johnston here offers them is not very cheering after all; and as long as they see the provision stores in every market town piled up with the interloping flour barrels of New York, and their own waggons returning home with their loads unsold, it is not to be wondered at if they are not greatly exhilarated with the prospect of what may possibly happen nine years hence. And slender as is the hope deferred here held out to them, it rests, we fear, on very questionable grounds.

Professor Johnston's opinion is founded on two suppositions: 1st, That the exhaustion of the Western States, on which he dwells so much, is proceeding so rapidly as already to affect the markets of the eastern districts; 2d, That these older districts will be unable to increase the quantity of produce raised within their own boundaries, without so adding to its cost as to prevent its being profitably exported.

As to the first supposition, it may be conceded that, in the course of time, a period must necessarily come when the spontaneous fertility of the newer-settled States will cease to yield grain with the same bountiful abundance it has done hitherto. But, when may that period be expected to arrive?—to what extent has exhaustion already taken place?—and what is the rate of its progress? For a reply, we have only to point to

that vast territory, bounded by the lakes on the north and Ohio on the south, comprising the five States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin—a territory eight times the size of England and Wales, with a population about equal to that of Scotland, containing 180,000,000 acres of arable land, a large portion of which is of surprising fertility—and ask whether it is possible to believe that it has already reached the turning point of its wheat-productiveness,* or can by any possibility do so for centuries to come? Why, the extent of land advertised in these five States for sale, (which forms only a fraction of what still remains in the hands of government,) is greater by a fourth than the whole area of England; and of the territory that has been actually sold, it is estimated that five-sevenths is still unreclaimed from the wilderness. Then look at the means of transport provided for conveying the overflowing abundance of those rich alluvial regions to the markets of the East, by way of the two great outlets—the lakes on the north, and the Mississippi on the south. The cost of such transport is no doubt considerable; the conveyance of a quarter of wheat from the centre of Illinois to Boston, by New Orleans, averages about 16s. 6d. But, nevertheless, so trifling is the original cost of production, that immense quantities of corn do annually reach the eastern board by this route, a considerable portion of which is re-shipped to Liverpool, and sold there at greatly below its cost of production in this country. The annexed shows the remarkable fact,

* The estimated produce of wheat in these five States in the year 1860, 38,400,000 bushels.

† Quantity of bread-stuffs exported from the whole of the United States from the ports of New York and Philadelphia, in the years 1842-46 inclusive

	Wheat (bushels.)	Flour (barrels.)	Indian Corn (bushels.)	Indian Corn (Meal barrels)
United States, . . .	2,691,711	7,048,356	4,764,450	1,199,255
New York, . . .	1,985,900	2,610,944	2,443,733	242,294
Philadelphia, . . .	474,788	1,655,382	677,530	565,682
Total of both ports,	2,460,688	3,566,326	3,121,263	807,978

the whole quantity of grain exported from the United States in the five years 1842-6, twelve-thirteenths of the wheat, about one-half of the corn, and a large proportion of the Indian corn, came from the two ports of New York and Philadelphia alone. Now, as we know that these large supplies were not grown within the confines of the Eastern States, and must have been brought from the westward, the inference is obvious that the two causes insisted on by Professor Johnston—the distance of the virgin soils, and the expense of transport—are as yet inoperative; or at least that they have not prevented the transmission of grain to the east in such vast quantities, as not only to meet the wants of all the population of that part of the Union, but to afford an average surplus for exportation to other countries equivalent to the annual maintenance of a million and a half of men. We need only mention one other fact, which seems in itself a sufficient refutation of the theory Professor Johnston has taken up. The causes which he thinks are so soon to dry up the supplies now derived from the West are of no recent or sudden emergence. The process of exhaustion on the new lands, and the rapid population of the old, has been going on for many years. If, then, these causes are so influential as he imagines, their effects should at least be apparent in a gradual increase of the prices of bread-stuffs in the Eastern States. Now, no such effect is to be found. On the contrary, we find that, during the last twenty years, the price of wheat, as well as of maize, in the chief marts of the east, has been *steadily diminishing, instead of increasing*. We extract from the returns published by the Board of Trade the annexed

comparison* of the prices of wheat flour at New York, during two periods, from which it appears that, in the very State where the results of Professor Johnston's hypothesis ought to have been most manifest, the experience of twenty years shows a reduction of price instead of an enhancement, notwithstanding that the latter period in the comparison embraces the years of the potato failure. An examination of similar returns from Baltimore and New Orleans establishes the same fact, namely, that the tendency of prices for twenty years past is *not upwards, but downwards*—a fact quite irreconcilable with the supposed rapid exhaustion of the wheat soils of the interior.

It is much to be regretted that Professor Johnston was unable to extend his tour to these granary States of the West. It would have been satisfactory to have had from him an estimate of their capabilities founded on actual survey and personal observation, instead of indirect inference. We are quite ready to admit, that many of the accounts of those regions which have reached us, drawn up to suit the purposes of speculators in land, are of very dubious authenticity, and, like the stage-coach in which Mr Dickens travelled to Buffalo, have "a pretty loud smell of varnish." But, on the other hand, we cannot discredit the official data supplied by the State papers—without at least stronger grounds than those inferences from general geological structure which Professor Johnston has adduced to disprove the alleged fertility of the State of Michigan. There can, of course, be no more valuable criterion of the natural agricultural value of a country than is afforded by its geology—provided the survey be sufficiently extensive and accurate. But

* Comparative statement of the prices, per barrel, of best wheat flour at New York, (taken from the *Monthly Averages*) in 1829-33, and 1844-48:—

FIRST PERIOD.		SECOND PERIOD.	
1829,	Dr. 6.23	1844,	Dr. 4.60
1830,	. 5.02	1845,	. 5.00
1831,	. 5.84	1846,	. 5.16
1832,	. 5.70	1847,	. 6.77
1833,	. 5.70	1848,	. 5.83
Average of five years,		Average of five years,	5.47

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* The estimated produce of wheat in these five States in the year 1847 was 38,400,000 bushels.

† Quantity of bread-stuffs exported from the whole of the United States, and from the ports of New York and Philadelphia, in the years 1842-46 inclusive:—

	Wheat (bushels.)	Flour (barrels.)	Indian Corn (bushels.)	Indian Corn (Meal barrels.)
United States, . .	2,691,711	7,048,356	4,764,450	1,199,255
New York, . . .	1,985,900	2,810,944	2,443,733	242,294
Philadelphia, . .	474,788	1,055,382	677,530	565,682
Total of both ports,	2,460,688	3,866,326	3,121,263	807,976

the whole quantity of grain exported from the United States in the five years 1842-6, twelve-thirteenths of the wheat, about one-half of the flour, and a large proportion of the Indian corn, came from the two ports of New York and Philadelphia alone. Now, as we know that these large supplies were not grown within the confines of the Eastern States, and *must* have been brought from the westward, the inference is obvious that the two causes insisted on by Professor Johnston—the distance of the virgin soils, and the expense of transport—are as yet inoperative; or at least that they have not prevented the transmission of grain to the east in such vast quantities, as not only to meet the wants of all the population of that part of the Union, but to afford an average surplus for exportation to other countries equivalent to the annual maintenance of a million and a half of men. We need only mention one other fact, which seems in itself a sufficient refutation of the theory Professor Johnston has taken up. The causes which he thinks are so soon to dry up the supplies now derived from the West are of no recent or sudden emergence. The process of exhaustion on the new lands, and the rapid population of the old, has been going on for many years. If, then, these causes are so influential as he imagines, their effects should at least be apparent in a gradual increase of the prices of bread-stuffs in the Eastern States. Now, no such effect is to be found. On the contrary, we find that, during the last twenty years, the price of wheat, as well as of maize, in the chief marts of the east, has been *steadily diminishing, instead of increasing*. We extract from the returns published by the Board of Trade the annexed

comparison* of the prices of wheat flour at New York, during two periods, from which it appears that, in the very State where the results of Professor Johnston's hypothesis ought to have been most manifest, the experience of twenty years shows a reduction of price instead of an enhancement, notwithstanding that the latter period in the comparison embraces the years of the potato failure. An examination of similar returns from Baltimore and New Orleans establishes the same fact, namely, that the tendency of prices for twenty years past is *not upwards, but downwards*—a fact quite irreconcilable with the supposed rapid exhaustion of the wheat soils of the interior.

It is much to be regretted that Professor Johnston was unable to extend his tour to these granary States of the West. It would have been satisfactory to have had from him an estimate of their capabilities founded on actual survey and personal observation, instead of indirect inference. We are quite ready to admit, that many of the accounts of those regions which have reached us, drawn up to suit the purposes of speculators in land, are of very dubious authenticity, and, like the stage-coach in which Mr Dickens travelled to Buffalo, have "a pretty loud smell of varnish." But, on the other hand, we cannot discredit the official data supplied by the State papers—without at least stronger grounds than those inferences from general geological structure which Professor Johnston has adduced to disprove the alleged fertility of the State of Michigan. There can, of course, be no more valuable criterion of the natural agricultural value of a country than is afforded by its geology—provided the survey be sufficiently extensive and accurate. But

* Comparative statement of the prices, per barrel, of best wheat flour at New York, (taken from the *Monthly Averages*) in 1829-33, and 1844-48:—

FIRST PERIOD.			SECOND PERIOD.		
1829,	.	Dr. 6.23	1844,	.	Dr. 4.60
1830,	.	5.02	1845,	.	5.00
1831,	.	5.84	1846,	.	5.16
1832,	.	5.70	1847,	.	6.77
1833,	.	5.70	1848,	.	5.83
Average of five years, 5.69			Average of five years, 5.47		

it is difficult to follow those enthusiasts in the science, whom we occasionally find drawing the most startling deductions from very narrow data—and prophesying the future history of the territory, and even the character of its inhabitants, from a glance at the bowels of the earth, as the Roman augur foretold the fate of empires from the entrails of his chickens.

We find, for example, a writer of high standing in America accounting for a remarkable diminution in the amount of *bustard* in Pennsylvania, some thirty years ago, by the fact—that the settlers at that time *had got off the cold chaps and on to the limestone!* A Scottish geologist, with more apparent reason perhaps, has founded an argument for an extensive emigration of the Highlanders on the prevalence of the primitive rocks in the north and west of Scotland. It is only from a complete and systematic survey that we can venture to predicate anything with certainty of the future agricultural powers of a country; and, in the absence of such trustworthy data, we must be content to estimate the future wheat-productiveness of Michigan, as well as of the other States we have named along with it, from what we know of their present fertility, and of the vast extent that is still uncleared.

As to New York and the other old-settled States of the Union, which we are told do not now produce enough for their own consumption, are we to take it for granted that they are always to continue stationary, and to make no effort to keep pace with the growing demands of an increasing population? Professor Johnston, we observe in one passage, has qualified his opinion as to the prospective dearth of grain by this curious condition—*“Provided no change takes place in their agricultural system.”* But what shadow of a reason can be given for supposing it will not take place? The area of New York State is only one-twelfth less than that of England, and is, at least, no way inferior as to climate or quality of soil. As far as material means go, it is quite capable

of maintaining, under an improved culture, at least four times its present population of three millions. The only question is as to the will and ability of her people to develop these means; and on this point Professor Johnston's own work is full of multiplied proofs of the zealous and intelligent spirit of improvement which is extending rapidly all over the North-Eastern States. We find the central government of the Confederation occupied in organising the plan of an Agricultural Bureau on a scale worthy of a great and enlightened nation—a work that contrasts in a very marked way with the studious neglect which such subjects meet with from the government of this country.* We find the several State legislatures anxiously encouraging every species of improvement—that of New York, in particular, devoting large grants to the support of exhibitions; preparing to found an Agricultural College; distributing widely and gratuitously the annual public reports on the state of agriculture; and, finally, sending to Europe for a celebrated chemist to assist in maturing their plans, and sitting—senators and great officers of state—at the feet of a British Gamaliel, laying down the law to them on the true principles of the all-important science of agriculture. Nor are the owners of the land asleep. It is a strong indication of their growing desire for information, that seven or eight agricultural periodicals are published in the State of New York alone. Professor Johnston found no less than fifty copies of such papers taken regularly in a small town in Connecticut of some two thousand inhabitants; and he had occasion to observe, in his intercourse with the farmers of New York, their general acquaintance with the geology of their country, and its relation to the management of their lands. Their implement-makers, who had already taught us the use of the horse-rake, the cradle-scythe, and the improved churn, have recently outstripped us by the invention, or at least the great improvement, of the reaping-machine, the

* Vol. ii. p. 389.

advantages of which are so appreciated in the country of its origin that at Chicago 1500 of M'Cormick's machines were ordered in one year. In short, the proverbial energy, perseverance, and sagacity that distinguish our Yankee friends, seem now to be all directed towards effecting a change of system in the management of land; and the true question is, not whether the hitherto laggard progress of American agriculture is to be quickened in future, but whether we shall be able to keep pace with it.

But then Professor Johnston tells us that improvement is expensive, and that every process for reviving the dormant powers of the soil, and preserving their activity, must necessarily be attended with an addition to the price of the produce, which will thus prevent its coming into competition with that of England. This view rests upon a fallacy, which we are sure the author must have drawn from his reading in political economy, and not from his experience as an agriculturist. It is an off-shoot from the rent-theory, (the pestilent root of so much error and confusion,) which, however, we shall not notice at present, further than by affirming, in direct contradiction to it, that improvements do *not* necessarily, nor generally, involve an increase of price. Even those which require the greatest outlay—even a complete system of arterial drainage all over the State of New York, instead of adding to the cost of wheat, may very probably reduce it, as it has certainly done in this country. But most of the improvements readily available in the Eastern States involve scarcely any expenditure at all. The most obvious and effectual is to save and apply the manure, which is now wasted or thrown away; and when that proves insufficient, abundant supplies of mineral manures are easily procurable. On the exhausted wheat-lands of Virginia, a single dressing of lime or marl generally doubles the first crop. Deposits of gypsum, and of the valuable mineral phosphate of lime, seem to be abundant both in New York and New Jersey. Again, in the former State, where the common practice is to plough to a depth of *not more than four inches*, the simple expedient of putting in the plough

a few inches deeper would of itself add one-half to the return of wheat over a very large district.

On the whole, so far from seeing any reason to anticipate, with Professor Johnston, a material reduction in the quantity of our wheat imports from the States, we look rather to see it increased; and, at all events, we have no hesitation in saying, that to encourage our English farmers to expect a cessation of competition from that quarter is to deceive them with very groundless hopes.

We have already dwelt at considerable length on this topic, both because of the prominent place it occupies in Professor Johnston's volumes, and of the notice which his speculations upon it have attracted in this country.

It has been mentioned that a large proportion—probably not less than one-half—of the cereal food consumed in the States consists of maize and buckwheat. Mr Johnston always alludes to this fact, as if the use of these grains were a matter of compulsion—as if the Americans resorted to them from being unable to afford wheaten bread. Now, according to the information we have from other sources, the truth is just the reverse of this. We are told that in the Eastern and Central States, as well as on the West frontier and among the slave population, the various preparations of Indian corn are becoming more relished every year; and that the extension of its cultivation is to be attributed, not to the failure of the wheat crops, but to a growing preference for it as an article of food. In a less degree the use both of oats and buckwheat seems to be spreading in the States, as well as in our own colonies of New Brunswick and Canada East; and one can scarcely wonder at the taste for the latter grain, after reading the appetising descriptions our author gives of the crisp hot cakes, with their savoury adjuncts of maple-honey, which so often formed his breakfast during his wanderings. The general use of these three kinds of grain—maize, oats, and buckwheat—has somehow come to be considered by political economists as indicative of a low degree of social advancement. And yet we know that, in the countries suited to their growth,

a given area of ground cultivated with any of them will return a greater quantity of nutritious food, at a smaller expense and with less risk of failure, than if it were cropped with wheat. We are told that the great objection to them is, that their culture is *too easy*. Professor Johnston touches upon this notion in some remarks he makes on the disadvantage of buckwheat as a staple article of food. The objections to it, he tells us, consist in the ease with which it can be raised, the rapidity of its growth, and the small quantity of seed it requires: it induces, he says, like the potato, an indolent, slovenly, and exhausting culture; and "it is the prelude of evil, when a kind of food that requires little exertion to obtain it becomes the staple support of a people."* It may be noticed in passing, that, in point of fact, the results alleged are at least not universal; for, in regard to this very grain, we find its cultivation prevalent in some of the best-managed districts of the hard-working, provident, and intelligent Belgians. But taking the axiom as it stands, we cannot help suspecting that there is some fallacy lurking at the bottom of it. Misled by what we have observed of the Irishman and his potato diet, we have confounded the *cum hoc* with the *propter hoc*, and come to regard an easily-raised food as the cause of that indolence of which it is only the frequent indication. It were otherwise a most inexplicable contrariety between the physical and the moral laws which govern this world, that in every country there should be a penalty of social wretchedness and degradation attached to the use of that particular food which its climate and soil are best suited to produce. Can it be supposed that the blessings of nature are only a moral snare for us, and that, while she has given to the American the maize plant—oats to the Scotch Highlander—rice to the Hindoo—the banana to the inhabitant of Brazil—a regard for their social well-being requires each of them to renounce these gifts, and to spend their labour in extorting from the unwilling soil some less congenial

kind of subsistence? Virgil has warned the husbandman—

"Pater ipse colendi
Haud facilem esse viam voluit."

But it were surely a dire aggravation of the difficulties of his task if his most plentiful harvest were also the most injurious to his advancement and true happiness. We cannot now, however, examine the grounds of a doctrine so paradoxical, and have adverted to it only to remark that it seems destined to meet with a most direct practical refutation in North America, where we find the habitual use of what we choose to consider the coarser grains associated with the highest intelligence and the most rapid development of social progress. There can be no doubt that the nature of the food generally used in any nation must exert an important influence on its prosperity; but it is difficult to understand how that prosperity should be promoted by the universal use of that variety which costs most labour. At all events, it is certainly a subject of very interesting inquiry, in reference to the increasing consumption among ourselves of wheat—the dearest and most precarious species of grain, much of it imported from other countries—and its gradual abandonment in North America, what effect these opposite courses may have on the future destinies of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Leaving this as a problem for political economists, let us now follow him in his visit to the British side of the St Lawrence. His brief three weeks' survey of the Canadas did not, of course, enable him to form any very intimate acquaintance with the condition of these provinces; and he prudently abstains from pronouncing any judgment upon the vexed topics of Canadian politics. His presence at the great exhibition, at Kingston, of the Agricultural Society of Upper Canada, gave him a good opportunity of estimating the progress that has been made in practical agriculture. The stock, as well as the implements, there brought

forward in competition for the various premiums, amounting in all to £1000, gave most satisfactory indications of improvement; while the large attendance, and the interest taken in the proceedings, sufficiently showed that the inhabitants of the Upper Province are now awake to the necessity of agricultural improvement as the main source of their future prosperity. In a country where eighty per cent of the whole population are directly engaged in the cultivation of the soil, the land interest is, or ought to be, predominant. But the bitter animosity of political parties, and the abortive attempts of government to soothe and reconcile them, have hitherto stood much in the way of any combined effort towards the encouragement of improved cultivation. The art of husbandry is not likely to thrive in a country where every man is bent on proving himself a Cincinnatus. Of late, however, public spirit has shown symptoms of taking a more wholesome direction; and, notwithstanding occasional ministerial crises and political explosions, which we on this side the water are sometimes puzzled to understand, all parties in the province seem now fully aware that the development of the vast resources of their fertile soil is the only road to permanent prosperity. The encouragement of local competitions, the provision for systematic instruction in agriculture in the colleges—which Professor Johnston tells us is in progress—and the introduction of elementary lessons in the art as a regular branch of common school learning, are all steps in the right direction. It is precisely in such a community as that of Canada that the last-mentioned kind of instruction is really of essential benefit. From the last census of Upper Canada, it appears that there are sixty thousand owners of land in the province, and only ten thousand labourers without land. The great majority of the boys in the ordinary schools will become proprietors, and, at the same time, cultivators; and, in such circumstances,

it is of the utmost importance that the youth should acquire betimes a competent knowledge of the principles on which his future practice is, or ought to be, founded—such knowledge as will, at least, enable him to shake off the traditional prejudices and slovenly habits which his father may have imported with him from Harris or the County Kerry.

The querulous and depreciatory tone which our Canadian fellow-subjects are apt to employ in speaking of their country, and its prospects, is remarked by Professor Johnston as contrasting oddly with the unqualified adulation of everything—from the national constitution to the navy button—which one constantly hears from his republican neighbour. One consequence of this habit is, the existence of a prevalent but very mistaken notion that, in the march of social advancement, Canada has been completely distanced by the United States. Professor Johnston has been at some pains to demonstrate, and we think most successfully, that this impression is entirely erroneous. Indeed, if we only recollect the history of Canada for the last fifteen years—the disunion of her own people, and the reckless commercial experiments to which she has been subjected by the home government, the rapid strides in improvement—of the Upper Province especially—are almost marvellous. As a corroboration of what Professor Johnston has said on the subject, we have thrown together in the subjoined table, collected from the Government returns, some of the most striking and decisive evidences of the recent progress of Upper Canada. In certain particulars, no doubt, she is outstripped by some of those districts of the States to which from time to time extraordinary migrations of their unsettled and nomadic population have been directed. But putting such exceptional cases out of view, the inhabitants of Canada need fear no comparison with the Union in all the chief elements of national advancement.

PROGRESS OF UPPER CANADA,—1837-47.

	1837.	1842.	Increase per cent.	1847.	Increase per cent.
Population, . . .	396,721	486,055	22	723,332	48
Number of cultivated acres assessed for local taxes, . . .	4,736,268	5,548,357	17	6,477,338	16
Number of houses as- sessed for ditto, .	22,057	31,638	43	42,937	35
Value of property as- sessed, . . .	£4,431,098	£6,913,341	56	£8,567,001	23
Number of carriages kept for pleasure,	1,627	2,188	34	4,685	114
Number of elementary schools, . . .	—	927	—	2,464	165
Number of scholars in ditto, . . .	—	29,961	—	80,461	170
Number of cattle, .	—	504,963	—	565,848	12
Number of horses, .	—	113,675	—	151,389	33
Number of sheep, .	—	575,730	—	833,869	45

In looking at the great sources of wealth possessed by these provinces, our attention is at once arrested by the growing importance of the St Lawrence as an outlet to the produce, not only of the Canadas, but of a vast area of the States territory. With the exception, perhaps, of the Mississippi, no river in the world opens up so grand a highway for the industry of man as the St Lawrence, with the chain of vast lakes and innumerable rivers that unite with it in the two thousand miles of its majestic progress to the ocean. Never was there an enterprise more worthy of a great nation than that of surmounting the obstacles to its navigation, and completing the channels of connection with its tributary waters; and nobly have the people of Canada executed it. Taking into account the infancy of their country, and the amount of its population and revenue, it is not too much to say, with Mr Johnston, that their exertions to secure water-communication have been greater than those of any part of the Union, or any country of Europe. The improvements on the St Lawrence itself, and the canals connected with it, have already cost the colony two millions and a quarter sterling, in addition to the expenditure of £800,000 by the home government on the construction of the Rideau Canal. The results of this liberal but judicious

outlay are already showing themselves, not only by the rapidly-increasing Canadian traffic on the St Lawrence, but by its drawing into it, year after year, a larger share of the commerce of the States. That the influx of trade from the south must ere long vastly exceed its present amount, is evident from a consideration of the gigantic projects already completed, or in course of construction, for effecting an access between the lakes and the fertile regions of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, &c., already spoken of, and thus saving the longer and costlier transit by the Mississippi. One of the Reports of the State of New York thus speaks of them :—

“ Three great canals, (one of them longer than the Erie Canal,) embracing in their aggregate length about one thousand miles, are to connect the Ohio with Lake Erie; while another deep and capacious channel, excavated for nearly thirty miles through solid rock, unites Lake Michigan with the navigable waters of the Illinois. In addition to these broad avenues of trade, they are constructing lines of railroads not less than fifteen hundred miles in extent, in order to reach with more ease and speed the lakes through which they seek a conveyance to the seaboard. The circumstance, moreover, is particularly important, that the public works of each of these great communities are arranged on a harmonious plan, each having a main line, supported and enriched by lateral and tributary

branches, thereby bringing the industry of their people into prompt and profitable action; while the systems themselves are again united, on a grander scale, with Lake Erie as its common centre."

The various streams of the trade from the interior being thus collected in the lakes—which form, as it were, the heart of the system—there are two great channels for its redistribution and dispersion through the markets of the world. These are the St Lawrence, and the Erie Canal with the Hudson; and the vital question as regards the prosperity of Canada is, by which of these outlets will the concentrated traffic of the lakes find its way to the ocean? Mr Johnston has devoted considerable attention to this subject, and assigns two good reasons for believing that the St Lawrence is destined immensely to increase the share which it has already secured. In the first place, the American artery is already surcharged and choked up;—notwithstanding all the efforts that have been made to expedite the traffic on the Erie Canal, it has been found wholly inadequate to accommodate the immense trade pouring in from the west; and, secondly, the route of the St Lawrence, besides being the more expeditious, is now found to be the cheaper one. In a document issued by the Executive Council of Upper Canada, it is mentioned that the Great Ohio Railway Company, having occasion to import about 11,000 tons of railway iron from England, made special inquiries as to the relative cost of transport by the St Lawrence and New York routes, the result of which was the preference of the former, the saving on the inland transport alone being 11,000 dollars. There seems good reason to expect that a considerable portion of the Mississippi trade may be diverted into the Canadian channel; but putting this out of view altogether, it is certain that the navigation of this glorious river is every year becoming of greater importance to the United States, as well as to Britain: let us hope that it is destined ever to bear on its broad breast the blessings of peace and mutual prosperity to both nations.

After a rapid glance at Lower
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Canada, Professor Johnston crossed the St Lawrence, in order to complete the survey of New Brunswick, which, before leaving England, he had been commissioned to make for the Government of the colony. We have had no opportunity of seeing the official Report, in which he has published the detailed results of his observations; but the valuable information collected in these volumes has strongly confirmed our previous impression, that the resources and importance of this fine colony have never yet been sufficiently appreciated at home. With an area as nearly as possible equal to that of Scotland, it possesses a much larger surface available for agriculture. The climate is healthy and invigorating; it is traversed by numerous navigable rivers; its rocks contain considerable mineral wealth; and the fisheries on its coasts are inexhaustible. Imperfectly developed as its resources are, the trade from the two ports of St John's and St Andrew's alone, exceeds that of the whole of the three adjoining States of the Union—Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire—although its inhabitants do not number one-sixth of the population of these States. As to the fertility of the soil, Professor Johnston, by a comparison of authentic returns, shows that the productive power of the land already cultivated in the province considerably exceeds the averages of New York, of Ohio, and of Upper Canada—countries which have hitherto been considered more favoured both in soil and climate. By classifying the soils in the several districts, he has estimated that the available land, after deducting a reserve for fuel, is capable of maintaining in abundance a population of 4,200,000; while its present number little exceeds 200,000. In all the course of his travels, he met with but a few rare instances in which the agricultural settlers did not express their contentment with their circumstances; and although it seems still questionable whether farming on a large scale, by the employment of hired labour, can be made remunerative, the universal opinion of the experienced persons he consulted testified that, with ordinary prudence and industry, the poorest settler, who confines

his attention to the clearing and cultivation of land, is sure of attaining a comfortable independence.

The question naturally occurs—How is it that, with all these natural advantages and encouragements to colonisation, and with its proximity to our shores, so very small a proportion—not more than one in sixty or seventy of the emigrants from Great Britain—make New Brunswick their destination? Professor Johnston, while he maintains that, taking population into account, New Brunswick is in this respect no worse off than Canada, adverts to several causes of a special nature which may have retarded its settlement. But the truth is, that the question above started leads us directly to another of far greater compass and importance—What is the reason that all our colonies taken together absorb so small a proportion of our emigrants compared with the United States? What is the nature of the inducements that annually impel so large a number of our countrymen to forfeit the character of British subjects, and prefer a domicile among those who are aliens in laws, interests, and system of government?

We hardly know how to venture

upon anything connected with the ominous subject of emigration, at a moment when the crowds leaving our shores, at the rate of nearly a thousand every day, are such as to startle the most apathetic observer, and shake the faith of the most dogmatic economist in the truth of his speculations. This is not the place to inquire what strangely compulsive cause it may be that has all at once swelled the ordinary stream of emigration into a headlong torrent.* Mayhap it is neither distant, nor doubtful, nor unforecasted. But whatever it may be, there stands the fact—which we can neither undo, nor, for aught that can be seen at present, prevent its annual recurrence in future, or say how and when the waves are to be stayed. “When the Exe runs up the streets of Tiverton,” says a certain noble prophet—whose vaticinations, however, have not been very felicitous hitherto—“then, and not till then, may we expect to see the reversal of the free-import system;” and then, and not till then, we take leave to add, may we hope to see the ebbing of that tide of British capital and British strength which is now flowing strongly and steadily into the bay of New York.

PROPORTION OF BRITISH EMIGRATION TO THE COLONIES AND TO THE UNITED STATES, 1846-50 INCLUSIVE.

Destination.	1846.	1847.	1848.	1849.	1850.	Quarter ending Sept. 30, 1851.
United States, . . .	45.1	31.8	57.3	73.3	79.4	80.5
British America, . . .	33.4	42.5	12.5	13.9	11.7	10.8
All other places, . . .	21.5	25.7	30.2	12.8	8.9	8.7
Total, . . .	100.	100.	100.	100.	100.	100.

The accompanying abstract, from the returns of the Emigration Commissioners, exhibits two most remarkable results:—1st, The proportion of emigration to British America and other destinations is gradually falling off; 2d, That to the United States is

steadily and rapidly increasing, so that they now receive four out of every five emigrants who leave our shores. Is this distribution to be regarded as a matter of indifference in a political point of view? Are we to understand that it is no concern to

* Total number of registered emigrants for the twenty-one years from 1825 to 1845 inclusive, 1,349,476—Average, 64,269
Do. do. for the five years 1846 to 1850 inclusive, 1,216,557—Average, 243,311

us who remain behind, whether the labour and capital of those who leave us shall go to fill up the vacuum of our own colonial empire, or to carry new accessions of wealth and power to those in whose prosperity (to put the matter mildly) we have only a secondary interest? This question the consistent Free-Trader is bound to answer unhesitatingly in the affirmative. In his cosmopolitan philosophy, the interests of one country are no more to be considered than those of any other. The theory of absolute freedom of exchange expunges altogether the idea of nationalism, and regards man, not as a member of this or that community, but as the denizen of a great universal republic. Local and historical associations—ties of kindred and of birth—are only so many obstructions in the way of human progress; and an Englishman is nothing more than the subject of certain animal wants and instincts, the gratification of which he must be left to seek wherever he finds the materials most abundant. Such is Free Trade in its true scope and ultimate tendency. What shall be said, then, of the consistency or sincerity of those pseudo-apostles of the doctrine, who, having been the most active in promoting that nibbling and piecemeal legislation which they choose to call freedom of trade—who have been loudest in proclaiming a universal commercial fraternity, and in denouncing colonies as a wasteful encumbrance—are now the first to take alarm at the natural and inevitable result of their own measures, and to call out for a better regulation of emigration; in other words, for legislative interference with the free action of those of our countrymen who, being thrust out of employment in the land of their birth, are so literally following out the great maxim of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest?

The text is a tempting one, but we must refrain from wandering further from the subject with which we started—namely, the inducements which lead so many of our emigrants to select the United States as their future home. One of the prevalent causes has been

Professor Johnston—that which we may call the capillary attraction of former emigration:—

"A letter from a connection or acquaintance determines the choice of a place to go to, and, without further inquiry, the emigrant starts. Thus for a while, emigration to a given point, once begun, goes on progressively by a sort of innate force. Those who go before urge those who follow by hasty and inaccurate representations; so that, the more numerous the settlers from a particular district, the more numerous also the invitations for others to follow, till the fever of emigration subsides. In other words, in proportion as the home-born settlers in one of these countries increases, will the number of home-born emigrants to that country increase—but for a time only, if the place have real disadvantages."—(Vol. ii. p. 204.)

It is vain to shut our eyes to the fact that the government of the United States offers to the emigrant many real, substantial, and peculiar advantages. The first and most important aid that can be given to the intending settler is a complete and accurate survey of the country; and this has been accomplished by the States government at great expense, but in so perfect a manner that a purchaser has no difficulty in at once pointing out, on the official plan, any lot he may have selected in the most remote corner of the wilderness. The next point of importance to him is simplicity of conveyance and security of title; and so effectual and satisfactory is the American system that litigation in original land-titles is almost unknown. Then as to the weighty consideration of price—which perhaps ought to have been first mentioned—the uniform and very low rate in the States of 5s. 3d. an acre saves infinite trouble, dispute, and jealousy. Such are some of the temptations held out to the intending purchaser of land; and it must be confessed that, in each particular, they present a striking contrast to the difficulties he has to meet in some of the British colonies—the arbitrary changes of system, the vexatious delays, and the comparatively exorbitant charges—which must appear to the settler as if they had been contrived on purpose to

discourage him. When we add to these the prospects of ready employment in the States held out to other classes of emigrants, and the stringent laws lately made for their protection, both on the passage and on their arrival, we cannot be at a loss to see that the direction which emigration has lately taken is not the result of chance or caprice, but of a deliberate comparison of advantages, which the most ignorant can easily understand and appreciate.

The main object of Professor Johnston's visit being of a scientific character, his remarks on the general topics of manners and politics occur only incidentally; but it is impossible for any traveller to keep clear of such subjects in writing of a country, the peculiarities of which are pressed upon his notice at every hour of the day, and at every corner of the street. Rabelais tells us of a certain island, explored by the mighty Pantagruel, whose inhabitants lived wholly upon *wind*—that is, being interpreted, on flattery; and the visitor of the States who finds himself, as it were, pinned to the wall, and compelled to yield up his admiration at discretion, may be sometimes tempted to believe that he has made a similar discovery, and that the flatterer's diet of compliment is somehow congenial to an American appetite. Professor Johnston seems to have had his candour or his eulogistic powers sometimes severely tested, if we may guess from his quiet hint, that "it is unpleasant to a stranger to be always called on to admire and praise what he sees in a foreign country; and it is a part of the perversity of human nature to withhold, upon urgent request, what, if unasked, would have been freely and spontaneously given." He is of course prepared for the reception which any work, aiming at mere impartiality, is sure to meet with among Transatlantic critics; and it will, therefore, not surprise him to find that the above peccant sentence has been already pounced upon by them as proving *malice prepense*, and as affording a significant key to all his observations on the institutions of the States.

The following extract explains the origin of two of those euphonious

party designations in which our neighbours delight, and which may perchance have puzzled some of our readers:—

"In England, to be a *democrat* still implies a position at the very front of the movement party, and a desire to hasten forward political changes, irrespective of season or expediency. But among the American democrats there is a Conservative and a Radical party. The former, who desire to restrain 'the amazing violence of the popular spirit,' are nicknamed by their democratic adversaries the '*Old Hunkers*;' the latter, who profess to have in their hearts 'sworn eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man,' are stigmatised as '*Barnburners*.' The *New York Tribune*, in reference to the origin of the names themselves, says that the name '*Hunkers*' was intended to indicate that those on whom it was conferred had an appetite for a large 'hunk' of the spoils; though we never could discover that they were peculiar in that. On the other hand, the '*Barnburners*' were so named in allusion to the story of an old Dutchman who relieved himself of rats by burning his barns, which they infested, just like exterminating all banks and corporations, to root out the abuses connected therewith."—(Vol. i. p. 218.)

Equally mysterious is the term "log-rolling," though the thing itself is not altogether unknown in legislatures nearer home.

"When the trees are felled and trimmed, rolling the logs to the rivers or streams down which they are to be floated, as soon as the spring freshets set in, remains to be done. This being the hardest work of all, the men of several camps will unite, giving their conjoined strength to the first party on Monday, to the second on Tuesday, and so on. A like system in parliamentary matters is called 'log-rolling.' You and your friends help me in my railroad bill, and I and my friends help you with your bank charter; or sometimes the Whigs and Democrats, when nearly balanced, will get up a party log-rolling, agreeing that the one shall be allowed to carry through a certain measure without much opposition, provided a similar concession is granted to the other."—(Vol. ii. p. 297.)

The *Notes* convey to us the strong impression that Professor Johnston's visit to the West has operated as a wholesome corrective of a

certain tendency in his political opinions. He seems to have left home with a warm admiration of American institutions generally, which, like Slender's love, "it pleased heaven to diminish on further acquaintance." At all events, he could not avoid being struck with some of the many perplexities and anomalies that result from referring everything directly to the popular voice. In England, whatever dissensions may arise about the enactment of law, all are agreed in a sensitive jealousy as to the purity of its administration. The most rampant Radical among us looks upon justice as far too sacred a thing to be hazarded in the rude chance-medley of popular election. The keenest partisan feels that, in the lofty and unswerving integrity of our judges, he possesses a substantial security and blessing, for the loss of which no place, power, or parliamentary triumph, could compensate. To one accustomed to regard with veneration the dignified independence of the judicial office in Great Britain, nothing will appear more harshly repugnant to sound policy than the system, lately introduced into some of the New England States, of appointing all judges, high and low, by the votes of the electors of the district over which they are to preside, and for a limited term of years.

"It was deservedly considered a great triumph when the appointment of judges for life liberated the English bench from the influence of the Crown, and when public opinion became strong enough to enforce the selection of the most learned in the law for the highest judicial offices. Now, passing over the objection which some will strongly urge, that the popular electors are not the best judges of the qualifications of those who aspire to the bench, and that the most popular legal demagogue may expect to obtain from them the highest legal appointment, it may be reasonably asked whether popular influence in seasons of excitement, and on questions of great moment, may not bias the minds of judges whose appointment is in the hands of the people?—whether the fear of a coming election may not deter them from unpopular decisions? The influence of a popular majority may here as profoundly pollute the fountains of justice as the influence of the Crown ever did among us at home."—(Vol. i. p. 150.)

At first sight, it seems quite unaccountable that an enlightened people should ever have devised or sanctioned a system which so obviously exposes the bench to the risk of corruption; and one is at a loss to reconcile a reverence for the law with an ordinance that subjects her minister to the ordeal of canvassing and cajoling all and sundry—perhaps the very men who may next day be in the dock before him. But the root of the anomaly is not hard to find. Into the purest of republics ambition and cupidity—the love of office and the love of dollars—will force their way. But then, under that form of constitution, situations of trust and emolument are necessarily few in comparison to the number of candidates for them. The offices in the civil departments of the United States governments are not numerous. The navy employs altogether some five hundred officers above the rank of midshipman—exactly the number of our post-captains; and the whole army of the Confederation, rank and file, musicians and artificers included, is very little over ten thousand men. There is little temptation to enter the medical profession, in which learning and experience go for nothing, and a Brodie is precisely on a level with a "Doctor Bokanky;"—nor the Church, in which the pastor is hired by the twelvemonth, and is thought handsomely paid with a wage of £100 a-year. What field, then, remains for the aspiring spirit but the law?—and what wonder if the sixteen thousand attorneys, who, we are told, find a living in the States, and take a leading part in the management of all public business, should vote "the higher honours of the profession" far too few to be retained as perpetual incumbencies? Hence has sprung the device of popular election to, and rotation in, the sweets of office, which, by "passing it round," and giving every one a chance, is designed to render it as generally available as possible. The constitution of the judiciary is not uniform, but varies in almost every different state. In New York, the Judges of Appeals, as well as those of the Supreme and Circuit Courts, are elected by the people at large, and for a term of eight

years, each leaving office in rotation. In New Jersey they are appointed for six years by the governor and senate; in Vermont, annually by the legislature. In Connecticut nearly the same system prevails as that in Vermont; while in Massachusetts the judges retain office "during good behaviour." The salaries are not less various, in some States the remuneration of judges of supreme courts being £500 a-year, which is about the highest rate; and in others so low as £180. There are no retiring allowances in any case; and as they are thus liable to be thrown out of office at an uncertain period, or compelled to vacate it after a short term of years, it can scarcely be expected that such remuneration will secure the highest grade of legal acquirements, either for the bench itself, or for the inferior offices of attorney-generalships and chief-clerkships, which are all held by the same lax tenure of popular favour. Even if the system has "worked well," as it is said to have done by American writers, during the four or five years it has been in operation in New York—even if it be true that the lawyers of the Empire State have, by avoiding the snares thrown in their way, given proof individually of the probity of Cato, and of a constancy worthy of Socrates, we still say that the State does wrong in putting their virtues to such a test. Mr Johnston supplies us with an example of the temptation it holds out to a dangerous pliancy of principle. Most of our readers must be aware of the existence of an active and noisy party in the States, who, under the name of "Anti-renters," are seeking to free themselves from payment of certain reserved *rents*, or *feu-duties*, as they would be termed in Scotland, which form the stipulated condition of land tenure in a certain district.

"The question has caused much excitement and considerable disturbance in the State. It has been agitated in the legislature and in the courts of law, and the supposed opinion in regard to it of candidates for legal appointments, is said to have formed an element which weighed with many in determining which candidate they would support. During the canvass for the office of attorney-

general, I met with the following advertisement in the public journals of the State:—

"I have repeatedly been applied to by individuals to know my opinions with regard to the manorial titles, and what course I intend to pursue, if elected, in relation to suits commenced, and to be commenced, under the joint resolution of the Senate and Assembly. I have uniformly replied to these inquiries, that I regard the manor titles as a public curse which ought not to exist in a free government, and that if they can be broken up and invalidated by law, it will give me great pleasure; and I shall prosecute the pending suits with as much vigour and industry as I possess, and will commence others, if, on examination, I shall be satisfied there is the least chance of success. I regard these prosecutions as a matter of public duty, and, in this instance, duty squares with my inclination and wishes. 'L. S. CHATFIELD.'

"Mr Chatfield," adds Professor Johnston, "is now attorney-general; and I was informed that the known opinions of certain of the old judges on this exciting question was one of the understood reasons why they were not re-elected by popular suffrage, when, according to the new constitution, their term of office had expired."—(Vol. ii. p. 291.)

Here, then, we see the highest law officer of the State openly "bidding" for office—truckling to faction—and indecently condescending to enact the part of a "soft-sawderer." That term, we presume, is the proper American equivalent for the stinging *soubriquet* with which Persius stigmatises some Chatfield—some supple attorney-general of his day—

"PALPO, quem ducit *Ambitum*
Cretata ambitio."

When persons of the highest official position scruple not thus undisguisedly to trim their course according to the "*popularis aura*," one can scarcely help suspecting a want of firmness of principle and genuine independence among the classes below them. De Tocqueville's observations have taught us to doubt whether the tree of liberty that grows under the shadow of a tyrant majority can ever attain a healthy stability, however vigorous it may appear externally. No one questions that the Americans enjoy, under their institutions, very many of the blessings of a

liberal and cheaply-administered government. You have perfect liberty of speech and action, so far as the government is concerned. The avowal of one's opinion is not followed, as in Italy, or in the rival republic of France, by a hint that your passport is ready, or by the polite attendance on you, wherever you go, of a mysterious gentleman in black; but you feel yourself, nevertheless, perpetually "*en surveillance*," and constrained either to sail with the stream, or to adopt a reserve and reticence which, to an Englishman, is almost as irksome as the knowledge that there is a spy sitting at the same dinner-table with him.

The spirit of Professor Johnston's strictures on such anomalies will, of course, insure his being set down by his democratic friends in America as an unmitigated "old hunker;" and he certainly shows no great liking for practical republicanism. But to find fault with our neighbours' arrangements, and to be contented with our own, are two very different things; and, accordingly, our author takes many opportunities, as he goes along, of showing that he is quite aware of the innumerable rents in our own old battered teakettle of a constitution, and of the infinite tinkering it will take to make it hold water.

We should have held him unworthy of the character of a true Briton if he had omitted the occasion of a grumble at our system of taxation, though, of course, we differ with him entirely in the view he takes of the evil. After an elaborate comparison of the taxation in the United States with that of Great Britain, he sums up all with the following somewhat sententious apophthegm:—

"The great contrast between the two sections of the Anglo-Saxon race on the opposite sides of the Atlantic is this—*On the one side the masses rule and property pays; on the other side property rules and the masses pay.*"—(Vol. ii. 254.)

The sentence sounds remarkably terse and epigrammatic. Most of such brilliant and highly-condensed crystals of wisdom, however, will be found on analysis to contain, along with some exaggerated truth, a considerable residuum of nonsense; and

this specimen before us, we apprehend, forms no exception. Even if the fact so broadly asserted were indisputable, we should still be inclined to doubt, after what the author has himself told us, whether the "rule of the masses" is always an unmixed blessing to a community. He has seen enough of it to know at least that the preponderance of popular sway is not incompatible with much social restraint—with prejudice and narrow-mindedness—with what he considers a false commercial principle—with a disregard of public faith, and of the rights of other nations; and lastly, with a contempt of the rights of humanity itself, and a legalised traffic in our fellow men. But, if we understand him rightly, he does not so much defend the abstract excellence of the democratic principle as advocate a nearer approach, on our part, to the American model of taxation. In the States, he says, property pays—in England the masses pay;—that is, if we strip the proposition of its antithetical obscurity, the owners of property pay less here than they do in America—not only *absolutely* less, but less in proportion to the whole amount of taxation. The calculations on which he founds this assertion are too long and involved to be quoted at length, but we will endeavour to abridge them so as to enable the reader to judge of their accuracy.

The taxes in the United States are of three classes: 1st,—the *national* taxes, amounting to about six millions a-year, which are raised chiefly by customs duties on imports; 2d,—the *state* taxes; 3d,—the *local* taxes, for the service of the several counties, cities, and townships. These two last classes are levied chiefly in the form of an equal rate assessed upon the estimated value of all property, real and personal.

In order to compare the incidence of the public burdens upon property in the two countries, Professor Johnston selects the case of New York State, in which the total taxable property (personal as well as real) in 1849 was 666,000,000 of dollars, and the amount of rates levied for state and local taxes 5,600,000 dollars, or about $\frac{1}{12}$ per cent on the gross valuation. Turning then

to Great Britain, (excluding Ireland,) he sets down the fee simple value of the real property alone in estates above £150 a-year, as rated to the income-tax, at £2,382,000,000.

"Four-fifths of a per cent (the rate levied in New York) on this sum would realise £19,000,000 sterling; and were *all* property, real and *personal*, in this island below £150 a-year, and the amount of property in Ireland rated in a similar way, and fairly collected, our entire revenue of £50,000,000 would probably be obtained as the revenue of the State of New York now is, by this one property tax only."—(Vol. ii. p. 257.)

And he thus concludes that, as regards the *absolute* amount of taxation, property in Britain escapes for a smaller payment than that in America.

Now, it must be remarked, on this branch of the comparison, that before we can form any opinion as to its soundness, it is essential that we should know on what principles the valuation of property is conducted in New York. The whole question depends upon this. If the system of valuation is different in the two countries, there are no materials

on which to build a conclusion. We know what discrepancies may arise out of the mode of valuation, from the fact that, while the annual value of *all* real property in England and Wales was assessed for the poor-rate, in 1841, at about £62,500,000, a *portion* of it only—that over £150 a-year—was valued two years afterwards, for the income-tax, at nearly £86,000,000. We observe that Professor Johnston has arrived at the amount of real property in Britain, by assuming the fee-simple value to be twenty-seven years' purchase of the income. But in New York, he tells us, the value of income is calculated at *only sixteen and a half years'* purchase. The terms of the comparison are, therefore, manifestly faulty. And mark how this affects the result. The real income of Great Britain, capitalised at sixteen and a half years' purchase, would amount to only £1,447,000,000, and, if taxed at the same rate as in New York, would yield, instead of £19,000,000 only, £11,500,000, which, as it happens, *is three millions less than it actually pays*, as may be plainly seen from the undernoted statement:—

DIRECT AND LOCAL TAXATION OF REAL PROPERTY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

1. Land Tax,	£1,164,000
2. Poor and County Rate, (England,)	6,847,205
3. Highway Rate, "	1,169,891
4. Church Rate, "	506,812
5. Proportion of Stamp Duties on deeds affecting real property,	1,200,000
6. Proportion of Legacy Duty affecting do.,	300,000
7. Property Tax,	2,600,000
8. Poor Rate, (Scotland,) £577,000—say on real property,	500,000
9. Statute Labour, (Scotland,)	81,226
Total,	£14,869,134

Note.—The first six items are taken from the Report of the House of Lords on burdens affecting land, and some of them are below the present amounts. The items affecting Scotland are obviously defective.

To this extent at least, then, we are justified in correcting Professor Johnston's calculations, and in affirming with certainty that the owner of *real property in Britain surrenders a larger portion of his wealth for the public service than in New York*, or any other State of the Union. Whether the same can be said of the British owner of *personal* property is another question, which we shall come to by-and-by.

So much for the *absolute* comparison. But then Professor Johnston

aims also at proving, that while the rich man is better off here, the poor man is worse—that the "masses" (*i. e.*, we presume, those who are dependent on the wages of labour) pay a larger share of the public burdens than the same "masses" do in America. And this, he thinks, is demonstrated by the fact, that the customs duties of America amount to only a dollar a-head of the whole population, whereas in Great Britain they are *three dollars*—three times heavier. Now, we venture to affirm

that, as a contrast between the position of the labouring man on this side of the Atlantic, and that of his brother on the other, this statement is quite a nest of fallacies. In the first place, it proceeds on the assumption (a very common but erroneous one among our Free-Trade authorities) that it is the labouring class who pay the bulk of the taxes drawn in the shape of customs. As this error, however, may be held to affect both sides of the comparison equally, we have next to notice that, admitting it to be the case, the fact of the customs being three dollars a-head in this country, and only one in the States, only shows that the English labourer pays *absolutely* more than the Yankee, which no one ever doubted. It amounts only to this—that in an old country

which has to uphold numerous public institutions unknown in America, and with a public debt to provide for of some £800,000,000 sterling, the burden of this, as well as of all other branches of taxation, is heavier than in the youthful republic, with a national debt of only £13,000,000. In order to draw a fair parallel between the cases as regards the poorer classes of both countries, we must put the question in a different way, and inquire, what proportion does the amount of customs (assumed as representing the poor man's share of taxation) bear to the *whole public burdens* in the two countries respectively? The contrasted account would then show the matter in a very different aspect from that in which Professor Johnston has represented it, and would stand thus:—

GREAT BRITAIN.		UNITED STATES.	
National taxes, . . .	£50,000,000	National taxes, . . .	£6,000,000
Local ditto,* . . .	14,000,000	Local ditto,† . . .	5,680,000
Total,	£64,000,000	Total,	£11,680,000
Whereof the poor man's share, or customs, is	£20,000,000	Whereof the poor man's share, or customs, is	£6,000,000
or 32½ per cent.		or 52 per cent.	

Even if we were to throw into the scale a large portion of the excise duties levied in Britain, which Professor Johnston may be entitled to claim as a peculiar burden on "the masses"—at least as much as the customs—it would still be apparent, that, if such payments are to be taken as a fair criterion, *the people's burdens are not relatively heavier here than in America.* We shall only add farther on this subject, that while many of the less opulent class of our fellow-citizens have undoubted real grievances to complain of, and while writers, with worse intentions than Professor Johnston, are ever ready to exaggerate them, and to foster discontent, it becomes one of his high character to guard against allowing a somewhat undisciplined taste for statistics to betray him into rash general allega-

tions, calculated to produce error and irritation.

The parallel he has drawn, however, is very instructive on one point, although he has failed to notice it. He has taken some pains to prove that, tried by the American standard, our poor men pay too much, and our owners of real property too little, in both which conclusions we have shown his grounds to be fallacious; but he takes no notice of a far more obvious anomaly, the glaring injustice of which is every day attracting more public comment—the comparative *immunity of the owners of personal property* in this country. The local taxation of the States, it has been seen, is levied by an equal assessment on property of *all kinds*; and although, from the character of a great part of the country, the real

* We give this amount as it is usually estimated, although it is certainly far below the truth.

† *The American Almanac* for 1851.

property much exceeds the movable in amount, the rate upon both is a uniform one. No description of possessions is favoured with an invidious exemption. We will take the assessment of one State as an example, and copy the following "Items of the valuation of the taxable property for the State of Iowa, according to the assessor's returns for 1849." They are as follows:—

"Acres of land—Improvements on land—Town lots and improvements—*Capital employed in merchandise*—Mills, manufactories, distilleries, carding machines and tan-yards, *with the stock employed*—Horses, cattle, sheep, &c.—Pleasure carriages, watches, pianofortes—*Capital stocks and profits in any company incorporated or unincorporated*—Property in boats and vessels—Gold and silver coin, and bank-notes in actual possession—*Claims for money, or other consideration*—Annuities—Amount of notes, mortgages, &c. *All other personal property over 100 dollars.*"

All these descriptions of property contribute alike, dollar for dollar, towards the expenses of the State, which—be it remarked—embrace not only the general charges for interest of debt, and for the support of the legislative, executive, and judiciary departments, but include also payments for prisons, asylums, the militia, the public roads, and several other branches of expenditure, which in this country are saddled either upon real property or upon the land alone. Let any one look at the items of the above list printed in italics, and say what portion of such wealth passes through the national exchequer, or goes to uphold the public institutions, of Great Britain. The whole annual incomes above £50 a-year in Great Britain are estimated, on the best attainable data,* to amount to upwards of £352,000,000 sterling, of which the taxed real income is £86,000,000, or one-fourth part only. Is there any one with a conscience so elastic as to maintain that the owners of the other three-fourths contribute fairly to the support of the State, in proportion to the revenue they enjoy under its protection? From the investigations of Mr Smee, to whom we have referred, it

appears that while the number of those who pay the direct taxes is about five hundred thousand, *there are upwards of one million eight hundred thousand persons in Great Britain enjoying incomes of above £50 a-year, who do not contribute one farthing to them.* What is this but a system of iniquitous exemption of the one class, and of virtual confiscation as to the other? But the whole subject occupies far too prominent a place in the public mind to be treated thus incidentally. For the present then we leave it, thoroughly persuaded that, under a form of government which acknowledges no distinctions between classes and interests, so shameless a violation of the plainest principles of equity cannot long be permitted to continue, and cordially joining in the wish that no object of less momentous interest—no schemes of impracticable retrenchment—no wily bait of extended suffrage—no flourishing of the old red rag of reform, may be suffered to distract the attention of the public from the one great paramount practical reform—A READJUSTMENT OF TAXATION.

We owe an apology to Professor Johnston for having deviated somewhat from the ordinary course of a review. His work has already been so much and so flatteringly noticed, that to have limited ourselves to mere abridgment and quotation from the *Notes* would have led us over the same ground that has been already exhausted by other critics. We have therefore preferred discussing some of the questions of greatest public interest which his observations have suggested; and if, on some of these, we have been led to dissent from his opinions, we have done so in no unfriendly spirit, which indeed would have been impossible in judging of an author whose own views are always expressed with perfect candour and moderation. There can be no doubt that, under the unpretending title which he has chosen to adopt, he has contrived to bring together a larger mass of varied and valuable information on the present condition of North America than is to be found in any work yet published.

* See Mr Smee's pamphlet on the Income-Tax.

THE ANSAYRII.

HAIL to the bright East, with all its mysteries, its mighty past, its pregnant future, its inexhaustible sources of airiest amusement and most solemn interest! We welcome with pleasure the original and truly Oriental book before us. It harmonises rather with the poetic than the historic character of Eastern lands; but in its wild and dreamy narrative there are to be found vivid and faithful pictures, such as those that lighted up the charmed reveries of De Quincey. For the present we will lay aside the critic's task: we will postpone all such considerations, and invite the reader to accompany us in a rapid tour over the varied regions which Mr Walpole has recalled to our memory and imagination. Let us turn for a little from the "world that is too much with us," and, ranging away from chilly mists and gloomy skies, sun our fancy in the lands where Paradise was planted.

Egypt and Palestine appear familiar to us all; they are of common interest to the whole Christian world—classic lands to every old villager who can read his Bible, as well as to the profound scholar. In them, sacred and profane history are so intimately blended that the latter assumes almost the authenticity of the former. Herodotus and his followers have actually a people still in the flesh (if flesh the mummy may be called) to refer to: subterranean Egypt is still inhabited by the undecayed bodies of the very men who associated with the Israelites, and forms that were beautiful and loved three thousand years ago. Imperishable as their old inhabitants, their temples and their monuments still stand above them, and will there remain unparalleled, until their long-buried architects shall rise again.

Passing on to Palestine, we find memories and associations still stronger and more striking; for here nature is invested with the sentiment that in Egypt is awakened by art. Palestine belongs not to time only, but to eternity; with which, by types and illustrations, its earthly history is so beautifully blended and aggrandised. Its literature is inspired truth, its annals are prophecies fulfilled, and the very face of the land itself vindicates the beauty it *once* wore, through all the sorrow and desolation that have fallen on it since. Owing to the metaphorical style of Oriental composition, every object in nature was used to illustrate or impress by its analogy; and hence not only the holy mountains, the sacred rivers, and the battle plains have memories for us, but the very "hyssop on the wall," the blasted fig-tree, the cedar, the "high rock in the thirsty land;" every vale, and hill, and lake, and city, is consecrated by some association with the men who spoke the words of God—with the time that witnessed His presence in the flesh.

The remorseless Jews were swept from the Promised Land, as their ancestor was from Eden, for the irreparable sin; and the sword of the Roman waved over the ruined walls of Jerusalem, forbidding all return. The Saracen and the Crusader succeeding, add another element of interest—an English association—to long-tried and suffering Judea. The Crusaders were rather a warlike emigration than invasion; they were the angry overflow of discontented Europe, which sought to vent its spleen and dogmas upon the Infidel. Their ebbing tide bore back to us the arts and sciences and chivalry of Arabia; and thus Palestine became the channel for all our best temporal acquisitions,

as it had long since furnished us with our eternal hope.

All this, and more—much more—invests Syria with undying and exhaustless interest to the student and the traveller; but we will not linger on such impressions now. We have a lighter task to fulfil, though we are about to visit the land of Nimrod, of Abraham's nativity, and of the empire of Semiramis. The pleasant company in which we travel will speed us on; and, in the old troubadour fashion, lay and legend will beguile the way. But before we enter fairly on our pilgrimage to "Ur of the Chaldees" and the tomb of Nineveh, we shall pause to make some practical observations on the route which, in its present aspect, may be new to some of our readers.

EGYPT MAY SOON BE REACHED IN TEN DAYS.* This is almost incredible; still more so, when we add that it may be accomplished without fatigue, hardship, or self-denial. The traveller even now embarks at Southampton in one of the Oriental Company's magnificent steamers, and finds himself landed at Alexandria in fifteen days, having visited Gibraltar and Malta, besides having travelled three thousand miles in as much comfort as he would have enjoyed at Brighton, with far more advantage to his health and spirits, and but trifling additional expense. For our own parts, we believe that, before long, sea voyages, instead of sea shores, will be resorted to, not only by the invalid, but by the epicurean and the idler. The floating hotels of our ocean steamers afford as comfortable quarters as any of their more stationary rivals, with the additional advantage of presenting a change of air and of scenery every morning that the "lodger" rises.

The autumn—the later the *better*—is the *best* period for visiting Egypt. October is, on the whole, the best month for beginning the ascent of the Nile. We will suppose the traveller landed at Alexandria: he achieves the lions of that suddenly-created

city (except Aboukir Bay) in a few hours, and is ready to start for Cairo in the mail steamer, with the India-bound passengers who accompanied him from England. The country in which he now finds himself, by so sudden a transition, is full of apparent paradoxes; amongst others, he may be surprised to find that the canal on which he travels to Atfeh winds considerably, though no engineering obstacles whatever oppose themselves to a straight course. The reason of this sinuosity was thus explained to us by Mehemet Ali himself:—"You ask why my canal is not straight: Ya, Wallah! it is owing to a bit of bigotry. The dog who made it was a true Believer, and something more. He said to himself, 'Ya, Seedee, thou art about to make what Giaours call a canal, and Giaours in their impiety make such things straight. Now, a canal is made after the fashion of a river—(Allah pardon us for imitating his works!)—and all rivers wind: Allah forbid that my canal should be better than His river; it shall wind too.'"

And so it does.

Landed at Cairo, the traveller of the present day will find a steamer once a fortnight ready to take him up to the first cataract and back again, as fast as Young Rapid, or any other son of a tailor, could desire. But even the rational tourist will be tempted to send on his Kandjiah, (the old-fashioned Nile boat,) well found and provisioned, a fortnight or three weeks before him, and overtake her in the steamer. The Kandjiah voyage up stream is often wearisome, downward never—as in the descent you are borne softly along at from three to six miles an hour, even when you sleep. From the first cataract to the second is only about two hundred miles, and occupies about three weeks; but to those who can find pleasure in what is most wild and dreamy and unearthly in scenery and art, the desert view from Mount Abousir, the temples of Guerf, Hassan, and Ipsamboul, are worth all the rest of the Nile voyage, except Thebes

* By the leviathan steamers now building for the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company. They are calculated to make from sixteen to eighteen miles an hour, which would reduce the sea-going part of the voyage to eight days two hours.

and exquisite Philæ.* Returned to Alexandria, as we will suppose, in March, the traveller will be quite early enough for Syria, whose winter (considering the tented life he is compelled to lead) is not to be despised. A steamer transports him to Beyrout in thirty hours; and there our true travel begins.†

Thus, (omitting the somewhat important episode of Egypt,) we find ourselves transported, in little more than a fortnight, from the murky fogs and leafless trees of England, to the delicious temperature and tropical verdure that surrounds the most beautiful town of the Levant. As every improvement in steam-navigation lessens its distance from Christendom, Beyrout increases and expands. Nor must we omit an honest tribute to the iron but even-handed justice of Ibrahim Pasha, which first rendered it safely accessible to Europeans. Before his conquest of Syria, the Frank was wont to skulk anx-

iously through the town, exposed to insult and unpunished violence: without the walls, the robber enjoyed as much impunity as the bigot did within; and, between both, Beyrout became, or continued to be, a miserable village. Its environs were wild wastes, where the gipsy alone ventured to pitch his tent, and the wild dog prowled. Now, pleasant gardens and picturesque kiosks, or summer-houses, replace the wilderness; the town expands, grows clean, doubles its population, and welcomes a crowd of shipping to its port. A more delightful residence, as a refuge from winter, can scarcely be conceived. An infinite variety of excursions may be made from hence; and every time the traveller mounts his horse, whether he be historically, picturesquely, controversially, botanically, or geologically given, he may return to his flat-roofed home with some valuable acquisition to his note-book. The views are everywhere magnificent, and the

* The mere physical pleasure of the upper voyage has been thus described—"No words can convey an idea of the beauty and delightfulness of tropical weather, at least while any breeze from the north is blowing. There is a pleasure in the very act of breathing—a voluptuous consciousness that existence is a blessed thing: the pulse beats high, but calmly; the eye feels expanded; the chest heaves pleasantly, as if air was a delicious draught to thirsty lungs; and the mind takes its colouring and character from sensation. No thought of melancholy ever darkens over us—no painful sense of isolation or of loneliness, as day after day we pass on through silent deserts, upon the silent and solemn river. One seems, as it were, removed into another state of existence; and all the strifes and struggles of that from which we have emerged seem to fade, softened into indistinctness. This is what Homer and Alfred Tennyson knew that the lotus-eaters felt when they tasted of the mysterious tree of this country, and became weary of their wanderings:—

"———To him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away, did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores: and, if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave!
And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make."

If the day, with all the tyranny of its sunshine and its innumerable insects, be enjoyable in the tropics, the night is still more so. The stars shine out with diamond brilliancy, and appear as large as if seen through a telescope. Their changing colours, the wake of light they cast upon the water, the distinctness of the milky way, and the splendour, above all, of the evening star, give one the impression of being under a different firmament from that to which we have been accustomed; then the cool delicious airs, with all the strange and still sounds they bear from the desert and the forest; the delicate scents they scatter, and the languid breathings with which they make our large white sails appear to pant, as they heave and languish softly over the water."—(*The Crescent and the Cross*, vol. i. p. 210.)

† The journey from Cairo across the desert by Suez, or at least thence by Gaza or Sinai to Jerusalem, is performed in the same manner as it was in the days when Eothen, Dr Robinson, and Lord Castlereagh described it. The only difference occurs in the route between Cairo and Suez, which is now performed on wheels in about twelve hours, and, in the course of eighteen months, is expected to be easily accomplished in two hours and a half by railway.

warm breezes from the bluest of oceans are tempered by the snowy neighbourhood of the loveliest of mountains.

Five roads of leading interest (besides many a cheering byway among the hills) branch out from the walls of Beyrout. Damascus is about eighteen hours off; Jerusalem six days; Djouni, the romantic residence and burial-place of Lady Hester Stanhope, ten hours; Baalbec, the flower of all Eastern ruins, eighteen hours, and Latakia, whither we are bound, five days. These distances may be accomplished in less time; they are here given at the calculation of a walking pace, as the roads, or rather paths, are for the most part steep and difficult; and the baggage-horses, at all events, can seldom advance more rapidly. One world more of dry detail, and we shall put ourselves *en route* for the mountains of the Ansayrii and the further East. Notwithstanding the advance of civilisation at Beyrout, where a European consulocracy has established a more than European equality of privileges between Turks and Christians, the interior of the country is daily becoming more dangerous to travel in. Eight years ago, when the stern rule of Ibrahim Pasha had still left its beneficent traces, the writer of this article wandered over the length and breadth of the land, attended by a single servant and a muleteer. Since our Government, for inscrutable reasons, has restored Syria to the embroilment of its native factions, all security for the traveller, and indeed for the native, has ceased. To reach Jerusalem, or even Damascus, in safety, a considerable escort is now necessary; though the Vale of Baalbec may still be reached in less warlike fashion from Latakia or Tripoli, if the traveller is endowed with liberality, courage, and courtesy—the leading virtues of his profession.

Before we proceed on our travels, let us introduce our guide. Mr Walpole is a young naval officer, and there is in most of his narrative a dashing impetuous style, which savours of his profession. In this there is a certain charm, imparting as it does an air of frank and fearless confidence in his reader's quick perception and

favourable construction. There is in his writings what we would also hope is professional—a chivalrous feeling and generous sentiment, that is never obscured by a sordid thought or unworthy imputation. As he sees clearly, of course he also sees faults in men, and minds, and manners; but such discoveries are made in a tone of regret rather than of triumph; or thrown off in a strain of good-humoured satire that could not offend even its objects. His descriptive powers are graphic, and often very vivid; his humour is very original, being generally tinged with melancholy, in such sort as that of a philanthropic Jacques might be: finally, he does not fear to display a profound and manly reverence for holy things and sacred places. On the other hand, to set against all these high merits, we must confess that many faults afford some drawback to his book. It is often incoherent, and deficient in arrangement. The first volume is rather the groundwork than the accomplishment of what an author with Mr Walpole's powers and material should have effected. Most of these faults, however, may find their excuse in the circumstances under which they were composed. They smack of the tent, the boat, and the bivouac, as old wine does of the *borachio*. Whatever they may be, this work is one that will be widely read; and wherever it is read with appreciation, it will direct the interest not only to its subject, but its author: his individuality, unostentatiously and unconsciously, is impressed on every page; and his genius, however erratic, is unquestionable.

The cockpit, and even the gun-room of a man-of-war, are little favourable to intellectual effort, or the habit or the love of learning which it can alone accomplish. We can therefore make greater allowances for errors in composition, and concede greater credit for the attainments in languages and general knowledge which our young author has achieved. This is perhaps still more striking in a work written by Mr Walpole three years ago, entitled *Four Years in the Pacific*, which, though written in a midshipman's berth, abounds in passages of beauty, and in his peculiar and original humour.

Having said so much in his praise and dispraise, and only premising, in addition, that he speaks Arabic and Turkish, so as to interpret for himself the quaint unusual thoughts of the people among whom he lives, we enter upon a survey of what he saw.

We have unwillingly passed over the whole of our author's outward voyage, which is graphically, and almost dramatically, described. We shall only refer to one or two passages respecting the Levant. The following sentence may dispel some fanciful visions of the sunny climate of Stamboul:—

"Snow, 'thick and deep,' enveloped the city; cupola, dome, and cypress were burdened with icicles; above, was an angry winter sky with a keenly piercing wind. . . . English fires and English coals were the best things we saw—we were actually blockaded by the weather. . . . At length we embarked: the crew were shovelling the deep snow-drift off the deck, so we rushed below into a cabin whose bulkheads were beautifully varnished, sofas perfect, skylights closed, the whole atmosphere tobacco. We were off, gliding past the Seraglio Point, which was swathed in snow, and looking like a man in summer clothes caught in a wintry storm. . . . Masses animate and inanimate encumbered the deck; the former for the most part consisting of the Sultan's subjects; among the latter our baggage, which was thrown into the general heap, and kicked about until it found quiet in the hold. . . . The numbers thus congregated were principally pilgrims, on their way to Jerusalem and to the Jordan; though others, on more worldly journey bent, were mingled with the rest. Each family had taken a spot on the deck, and there, piled over with coverings, and surrounded with their goods, they remained during the voyage: one side of the after-deck was alone kept clear for the first-class passengers, and even this was often invaded by others, who wisely remarked that we had cabins below.

"Each family forms a scene in itself; and an epitome of life in the East is found by a glance around. Four merchants, on their return from a trading tour, have bivouacked between the skylights; and they sing and are sick; call *Kief** and smoke, with true Moslem indifference. On the starboard quarter, our

notions of Eastern domesticity are sadly put out, for there a Moslem husband is mercilessly bullied by a shrill-voiced Hourri. It is curious to observe her perseverance in covering her face, even during the agonies of sea-sickness. Their black servant has taken us into the number of licensed ones, and her veil now hangs over her neck like a loosened neck-cloth.

"On the other side, a Greek family in three generations lies along the deck, fortified by a stout man-servant across their legs, whose attentions to the girls during his own heart-rending ailments is very pretty. The huge grandmother was set on fire and smouldered away most stoically, until her foot began to burn, when, while others put her out, she sank blubbering to sleep again. The pretty granddaughters find the long prostration more irksome; but send their flashing eyes about with careless movement, and so the mass goes on. Here one appears to be offering up *nazam*, but nearer inspection shows that his shoe is only receiving the offering to the heaving waves.

"Our steamer had passed sad hours of toil, and pitched and tossed us all out of temper before we entered the calm waters to leeward of Rhodes, and at last, passing the low points covered with detached houses and windmills, we shot round in front of the harbour. Our view of the intervening coast had been too vague to form a judgment upon it; but here and there a peak towered up above the mists, all else being veiled by the cloudy sky. . . . No place it has ever been my fortune to visit, more, by its appearance, justifies its character than Rhodes. Around the harbour's shore, one continued line of high castellated wall, unbroken save by flanking towers or frowning portals; from the wave on either side, dovetailed to the rock, rise the knightly buildings; and as the eye reaches round, no dissonant work mars the effect, save that one lofty palm rears its tropic head—but it adds to, rather than lessens, the effect. Above the walls, a mosque with its domed roof or minaret appears; and the fragile building speaks, how truly! in its contrast to the massive walls and ponderous works of former rulers, that the battle is not always to the strong."

In speaking of the sister island-fortress, Malta, our author remarks (in a former page) the immediate con-

* *Kief*: a word difficult to translate, but expressing perfect abandonment to repose; a *dolce far niente* which only Orientals can thoroughly achieve.

trast presented by these luxurious arsenals :—

"The Eastern reclines on the cushioned divan, the embodiment of repose; the softest carpets, the freshest flowers, surround him—soft women attend the slightest motion of his eye—all-breathes of indolence, abandonment, and ease; yet his girdle bristles with arms—his gates are locked and guarded. So at Malta, the bower is a bastion, the saloon a casemate, the serenade the call of martial music, the draperies war-flags, the ornaments shot in ready proximity."

Proceeding to Tarsus, we pass on to Alexandretta, "a wretched collection of hovels. The harbour is splendid; the ruins of the old, the skeleton of the new town, standing on the beach. Behind it, in every direction, stretches a fetid and swampy plain, which only requires drainage to be rendered fertile and wholesome." This is the seaport of Aleppo, on the road to which lies the town of Beilau, and the village of Mortawan, where Pagan rites, especially those of Venus, are still said to be maintained. But again we reembark—

"Again the vessel cuts the wave. The mountains become a feeble bleached outline, save Cassius on the north, who frowns on his unrecorded fame. Yes, noble hill! though not so high as Strabo tells, though not lofty and imposing; though dark thy path now—unnoticed, solitary. There blazed up the last effort of the flame of pagan civilisation: there Julian the Great—whatever other title men may bestow upon him—offered his solemn sacrifice to Jupiter the Avenger, previous to his last campaign, when the eagles were to wave over Mesopotamia.

"The Sabbath dawned fresh, unclouded, and beautiful, as we anchored in the pretty little port of Latakia, the ancient Laodicea. The town of Latakia, built by Seleucus Nicator, in honour of his mother, is comprehended in the Pashalic of Saida, or Beyrout. It stands on a spur of the Ansayrii Mountains. About half a mile inland, the spur falls into the sea, and forms Cape Zaire; the town stands on its southern slope, and is joined, by gardens and a port, to the sea. The port is small and well sheltered; but time, Turks, and ruins, are filling it up. The buildings on the shore, having their backs to the sea, present the appearance of a fortification. On a reef of rock that shelters the harbour stands a pile of

building of different eras. It seems to be castle, mosque, and church. Along the beach lie hundreds of shafts of columns, and many are built into the walls, of whose remains you catch a glimpse on the southern side."

Here we must pause, though our traveller proceeds to Beyrout, of which he gives a charming account, which our limits forbid us to quote. We reserve our space for more novel scenes, and must pass over a chapter on Damascus, which is rich in legends and graphic pictures. Thence, *en route* to Homs, by the way of the desert, eastward of the Anti-Lebanon, we have a sketch that is too characteristic of Eastern travel to pass over :—

"North, south and east, dead plain; west, a low range of hills, and beyond, the fair Anti-Lebanon in all its snowy beauty. Desert all around us, but no dreary waste. Here and there were loose stones and rocks; the rest a carpet of green, fresh, dewy grass, filled with every hue of wild-flowers—the poppy in its gorgeous red, the hyacinth, the simple daisy and others, thick as they could struggle up, all freshened with a breeze heavy with the scents of thyme. The lark sent forth its thrill of joy in welcome to the coming day; before us the pennon of the spearmen gleamed as they wound along the plain. We passed the site of an Arab encampment strewn with fire-blackened stones, bones, and well picked carcasses. Storks and painted quails sauntered slowly away at our approach, or perched and looked as if they questioned our right to pass. At eight o'clock halted at a khan called, Hasiiah also. The population consisting of robust, wild-looking fellows; and very pretty women poured out to sell hard-boiled eggs, leban, bread, and milk: they were all Mussulmans.

"We were soon disturbed by a multitude of sick, which recalled to one's mind how in this land, of old, the same style of faces, probably in the same costumes, crowded to Him who healed. The lame, carried by the healthy; feeble mothers with sickly babes; hale men showing wounds long self-healed; others with or without complaints."

Arrived at Homs, we have—

"Fish for dinner, from the Lake of Kades, whose blue waters we saw in the distance to-day. The Lebanon opens behind that lake, and you may pass to the sea, on the plain, without a hill. This plain, but rarely visited, is among

the most interesting portions of Syria, containing numerous convents, castles, and ruins, and its people are still but little known. Maszyad, the principal seat of the sect called Ismayly: the Ansayrii also, and Koorda, besides Turks, Christians, and gipsys, may be found among its varied population. The ancient castle of El Hoshn, supposed, by the lions over its gates, to have been built by the Count of Thoulouse, is well worth a visit. The Orontes, taking its rise in a rock, from whence it gushes just west of the Tel of Khroumee,—(true bearing from Homs from south 60° 32' east.)—flows through the Lake of Kades, and passes about 2° to the west of Homs: it is called Nahr El Aazzy, or “the rebel river,” some say because of its running north, while all the other rivers run south; more probably, however, on account of its rapidity and strength of current. It is an historical stream; on its banks were altars, and the country its waters is almost unmatched for beauty—

“Oh, sacred stream! whose dust
Is the fragments of the altars of idolatry.”

It was at Homs—the ancient Emessa—that Zenobia was brought as a captive into the presence of Aurelian.

“Why did she not there fall? why add the remaining lustreless years to her else glorious life? why, in the words of Gibbon, sink insensibly into the Roman matron? Zenobia fat, dowdy, and contented—profanation! Zimmerman, however, invests the close of her career with graceful philosophy: at Tivoli, in happy tranquillity, she fed the greatness of her soul with the noble images of Homer, and the exalted precepts of Plato; supported the adversity of her fortunes with fortitude and resignation, and learnt that the anxieties attendant on ambition are happily exchanged for the enjoyments of ease and the comforts of philosophy.”

From Homs we reach Aleppo in four days.

“It was a spring morning, and a gentle keenness, wafted from snow-clad mountains, rendered the climate delightful. The town lay beneath me, and each terrace, court, serai, and leswan lay open to my view. I saw Aleppo was built in a hollow, from which ran plains north and west, surrounded by mountains. To the north, Djebel Ma Hash and his range, untouched by the soft smiles of the young spring, lay deep in the snow; the flat connected grass-grown roofs and well-watered sparkling courts, with their

carefully-tended trees, relieving the glare of the houses, while all around the town lay belted in its garden. The scene was pretty and pleasing; here and there the forests of tomb-stones, the perfect minaret, the Eastern dome swelling up from the mob of flat roofs,—these formed a sight that told I was in the East, in the cradle of mankind—the home of history.”

“And here, though sorely pressed for time, we must stop for a picnic, which E—— and myself were told it would be right to give. We provided carpets, nargillehs, horse-loads of sundries, cushions, a cargo of lettuces; and thus equipped, we sallied out, a very numerous party. The first thing to select was a garden, a point on which our own choice, and not the owner's will, seemed alone to be consulted. Let not the reader fancy an Eastern garden is what a warm Western fancy would paint it—wild with luxuriant but weedless verdure, heavy with the scent of roses and jessamine, thrilling with the songs of the bulbul and the nightingale, where fair women with plaited tresses touch the soulful lute in graceful attitudes. No; it is a piece of ground enclosed by high walls, varying in size. A wretched gate, invariably badly made, probably ruined, admits you to the interior. Some enclose a house with two or three rooms—windowless, white-washed places. Before this is a reservoir of dirty, stagnant water, turned up from a neighbouring well by an apparatus as rude as it is ungainly and laborious: this is used to irrigate the ground, which therefore is alternately mud and dust. Fruit trees or mulberries are planted in rows, and the ground beneath, being ploughed up, is productive of vegetables or corn. One or two trees, for ornament, may be planted in the first row, but nothing more; and weeds, uncut, undestroyed, spring up in every direction. Such, without exaggeration, is the *Bistan sareff quies* /—the *Lovely Garden*.

“We selected one that belonged to the Mollah. Oh, true believer! in thy pot we boiled a ham; on thy divan we ate the forbidden beast; thy gardener, for base reward, assisting to cook—who knows, but also to eat the same! We chose a spot shaded by a noble walnut tree, and spread carpets and cushions. Fire was lighted, nargillehs bubbled, and kief began.”

On the 2d of May we start for the Euphrates, and follow for some time nearly the route recommended by Colonel Chesney for the great Indian railway to Bussora, on the Persian

Gulph. The distance is little more than 800 miles—scarcely thirty steam-winged hours—the level surpassingly uniform. Truly those who desire to find either solitude, or what our author calls *kief*, in the East, must repair thither quickly, for the iron of the engineer has already entered into its soul. Already the blue and white rivers of the Nile are more easily attainable than were the Tiber and the Po to our grandfathers. Beyrout and Latakia will soon be fashionable watering-places; Baalbec as well known as Melrose Abbey; and the excavated ruins of Nimroud will come under the range of “return tickets.” The grim Arab will look out from any quiet spot that the all-searching Cockney may have spared him; and he will gaze with wonder on the awful processions of the “devil-goaded” tourists, as they rush with magic speed across his wilderness—only to retrace their steps. The Turk, at the utmost bounds of the Othman Empire, will marvel at this new freak of *kismet* (destiny;) with a sigh he will abandon his beloved *bockra* (the “tomorrow” in which he loves to live;) and commending himself to Islam, or resignation in its most trying form, he will “jump in” like the mere Giaours, and be hurled along with the rest across the desert behind the Afreet stoker.

But at present the wilderness knows nothing of all this, and we have before us the scenery of other days as Abram beheld it. We now cross the Chalus River, and enter upon a series of vast plains, varied by mysterious *tels* or mounds, rising up from the level surface like bubbles on a pool. On, or among these, the ever restless Turkomans pitch their tents, and welcome the traveller kindly to their wandering homes. On the third day from Aleppo we reach Aintab, on the river Sadschur, “which, fresh and young, danced brightly on, as if eager to join the Euphrates and see the wide world beyond.”

“At Aintab, among other visitors was Doctor Smith, an American missionary. He was a well-bred, sensible man, a clever linguist, and, from all I ever heard, an earnest and zealous servant of his heavenly Master. His mission already shows results which must indeed

be a source of peace to his heart, and proves that some are allowed even in this world to reap the fruits of their toil for the Lord. In that very town, whence a few years ago he was insulted and abused, a faithful flock now join in humble prayers to God; and surely they pray for him, the instrument of their salvation. I was much pleased at the plain unexaggerating way in which he told the history of his mission. . . . The good work has progressed, and he now has from one hundred and fifty to three hundred pupils in his school, many the children of non-converted parents. And in this year’s enrolment—great glory to our ambassador at Constantinople!—the Protestants are enrolled as a separate religious community: the males are two hundred and odd here.

“All sects recognised by the Porte are enrolled separately, as their taxes, &c., are apportioned by their own heads (chiefs.)”

Many of the Armenians here have been converted to the Church of England, and this has proved to be a most advantageous change for their women.

“They are now emancipated from the bondage they have so long been held in—I do not mean personal bondage, for perhaps there is less of it in the East than in the West—but their whole moral position has undergone a vast change. The man is now first taught that the woman is his best friend; his firmest, truest companion; his equal in the social scale, as God made her—a help meet for him, not a mere piece of household furniture. The woman is also taught to reverence the man as her head; thus imparting that beautiful lesson, ‘He for God only, she for God through him.’ She is also taught perhaps a harder lesson, a more painful task—to relinquish all her costly ornaments, when such may be more usefully employed in trade and traffic; to consider necessities more beautiful than costly clothes or embroidered suits. Gradually she is allowed to unite with the man in prayers, which is permitted by no other sect in the East, women always having a portion of the church set apart for them, and the Moslems praying at different times. May it please Him who gives and dispenses all things, to prosper this and all other good and holy works! . . . On leaving Aintab, we passed over the hills that environ the town, and entered a pretty valley, through which the Sadschur river accompanies us. Here, at a small village called Naringa, we chose a pretty spot

under some trees, and pitched our tents. The horses browsed at our door, the stream jumped by before us as we took our evening's repose. And repose it is to sit thus at the close of a day of travel, to enjoy the view of the lovely regions given man to dwell in ; to see the various changes time, circumstances, and religion have wrought in the family of Adam, or, as the Arabs say, in the Beni Adam. It was a lovely evening ; and as I reclined apart from my more gregarious fellow-travellers, I felt

' That the night was filled with music,
And the cares that infested the day
Had folded their tents, like the Arab,
And as silently stolen away.'"

From Naringa our route lies eastward over low undulated hills, still marked by frequent *tels*, generally surmounted by a village. "Are these mounds natural, or does man still fondly cling to the ruined home of his fathers?" Crossing the river Kirsan, we arrive at Nezeeb, lying among vineyards and plantations of figs, pistachios, and olives, interspersed with fields of wheat. At this village the Sultan's forces, 70,000 strong, were defeated by Ibrahim Pasha with 45,000 men—a bootless victory, soon neutralised by a few lines from our "Foreign Office." On the 6th day after leaving Aleppo, we find ourselves on the Euphrates, the *Mourad Shai*, or "Water of desire."

"In all its majesty, it glides beneath our gaze. It is needless to tell the history of this river, renowned in the earliest traditions. Watering the Paradise of earth, it has been mingled with the fables of heaven; the Lord gave it in his covenants unto Abram; Moses, inspired, preached it in his sermon to the people. In its waters are bound the four angels, and, at the emptying of the sixth vial, its waters will dry up, that the 'way of the king of the East may be prepared.' In every age it has formed a prominent feature in the diorama of history, flashing with sunshine, or sluggish and turbid with blood; and here, on its bank, its name unchanged, all now is solitude and quiet.

"Descending amidst wide burial-grounds, where here and there a *kubbé* sheltered some clay more revered than the rest, we reached its shores, and

patiently took up our quarters beneath the shade of a tree, till a boat should arrive to carry us over. The redoubt, Fort William, as it was called, of the Euphrates expedition still remains. In ancient times four shallows existed where there were bridges over the Euphrates: the northernmost at Samosata, now unused; Rum Kalaat, further south, being the route frequented; Bir, the khan and eastern bank of which is called Zeugma, or the Bridge, to this day; and the fourth at Thapsacus, the modern Thapsaish, where Cyrus, Alexander, and Crassus passed into Mesopotamia. The Arabs now generally pass here, or else by fords known only to themselves. Julian crossed at a place called Menbidjy, which was probably abreast of Hierapolis.

"But what avails to recount individual cases!—the whole land is history. Near us is Racca, once the favourite residence of Aaron the Just. Here he delighted to spend his leisure—

' Entranced with that place and time,
So worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alrashid.'"

We cross the Euphrates to the town of Bir, and proceed still eastward, along a flat desert, strewn with a small-bladed scanty grass, aromatic flowers, and wormwood. "One small gleam, like a polished shield or a dark sward, is all we see of the mighty river that flows around us. Every hour of the day changes the aspect of the desert: now it is wild and gloomy, as scudding clouds pass over the sun; now smiling with maiden sweetness, as the sun shines out again." Often we pass by the tented homes of the desert tribes, with their flocks and herds tended by busy maidens, now screaming wildly after their restless charge—now singing songs as wild, but sweeter far. Then comes sunset with its massed clouds of purple, blue, and gold; the air is full of bleatings as the flocks all tamely follow their shepherds home. On the tenth day after leaving Aleppo, we descend into a plain covered with some dusty olive-trees: we come to a hill with a low wall, and a castle on its summit. "And this is the Ur of the Chaldees,

* The Moslems being water-drinkers, are as curious about their streams as Jews are about their cellars. One of the Caliphs sent to weigh all the waters in his wide kingdom, and found that of the Euphrates was the lightest.

the Edessa of the Romans, the Orfa of the Arabs. Here God spake to Abram." From this city, very fruitful in legends, we reach Haran in six hours; travelling over a plain strewn with *tels* and encampments of the Koords.

"Perhaps by this very route Abraham of old and those with him travelled; nor is it extravagance to say, the family we now meet may exhibit the exact appearance that the patriarchs did four thousand years ago—the tents and pots piled on the camels; the young children in one saddle-bag balancing the kids in the other; the matron astride on the ass; the maid following modestly behind; the boys now here, now there; the patriarch himself on his useful mare, following and directing the march. As we pass, he lays his hand on his heart, and says, 'Peace be with you; where are you going!—Depart in peace.'"

Haran appears to be, without doubt, the ancient city of Nahor, where Laban lived, and where Jacob served for Leah and Rachel. Here, too, is Rebekah's well, and here our traveller beheld the very counterpart of the scene that Eleazar saw when he sought a bride for his master's son. By this time our author had so far identified himself with the desert tribes, their language, their interests, their enjoyment of the desert life, and their love of horses, that he seems to feel, and almost to speak, in the Arab style. We have never seen that interesting people so happily described and so vividly illustrated. If we had not so much before us still to investigate, we would gladly dwell upon the desert journey from Haran to Tel Bagdad, and on the raft voyage thence down the Tigris to Mosul. One graphic sketch of an Arab sheik must serve for many; his characteristic speech contains volumes of his people's history.

"The young sheik was not, probably, more than seventeen or eighteen years of age; handsome, but with that peculiarly girlish effeminate appearance I have before mentioned as so frequently found among the younger aristocracy of the desert, and so strangely belied by their character and deeds. He now held my horse, and, apologising for his father's temporary absence, welcomed us. The tent was large and well made. We re-

mained here smoking and drinking coffee till the sheik Dahhal arrived. He was fully dressed in silk—a fine figure of a man, with light clear eyes. Wounds, received long ago, have incapacitated him from the free use of his hands, but report says he can still grasp the rich dagger at his girdle with a fatal strength when passion urges him. Though every feeling was subdued, there showed through all his mildness the baffled tiger, whose vengeance would be fearful—he resembled a netted animal, vainly with all its cunning seeking to break the meshes that encompassed him on all sides.

"He received us with a hospitality that seemed natural; his words were more sonorous, grand, and flowing than those of any Arab I had before seen. They reminded me of the pleasure I had felt in South America in listening to the language of a true Spaniard, heard amidst the harsh gutturals of a provincial jargon; strings of highflown compliments, uttered with an open, noble mien, that, while it must please those to whom it is used, seems but a worthy condescension in him.

'He was a man of war and woes; Yet on his lineaments ye cannot trace, While gentleness her milder radiance throws Along that aged venerable face, The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.'

"If report speaks true, never did there breathe a truer son of Hagar than Sheik Dahhal. During his whole life his hand has been against every man, and every man's against him. Gaining his social position with his dagger, he openly endeavoured to enlarge it by every exercise of force or fraud. The whole frontier of Mardin, Nisibis, Mosul, Bagdad, &c., are his deadly enemies, made so by his acts. It must be sad in declining years to see the wreck of a youth thus spent; already the punishment and repayment are hard at hand.

"Successful violence brings temporary rewards—power, rule, dominion; but for this he has bartered honour, fame, youth, conscience: every stake, every ruse, has been used, and he gains but defeat, disgrace, and contempt. It must be hard, very hard, for the proud man to live on thus. I pitied him, and could feel for him as he fondled his young son, a lovely little naked savage, who lay crouching at his side. He had two or three other children, all strikingly handsome. . . .

"We were ultimately obliged to refuse his escort. 'It is well,' said he, 'whether you go or stay, all Dahhal has, all his enemies have left him, is yours.' We asked him if he saw any change in the

Arab since he remembered: he looked quietly round at his tents, at his camels now crowded round them, the flocks lowing to their homes; his dress, his arms, and then said, 'No: since the time of the Prophets—since time was, we are unchanged; perhaps poorer, perhaps less hospitable in consequence; but otherwise unchanged.' He made a very just remark afterwards: 'Our habits are the only ones adapted to the country we live in; they cannot change unless we change our country: no other life can be lived here.'

Our travellers, sending their horses and servants along the banks of the Tigris, themselves embarked on board a raft composed of inflated skins; and their voyage, after many incidents, terminated in the following scene:—

"At last the pious true-believing eye of the boatman detected the minarets of Mosul over the low land on the right. On our left was a large temporary village, built of dried grass, roughly and coarsely framed; low peaked mountains ahead broke the steel line of the sky. No sooner did our boatman detect the minarets, than he continued his prayers, confiding the oars to one of the servants. Poor fellow! it was sad work; for the raft, as if in revenge for the way he had pulled her about, kept pertinaciously turning, and as it bore his Mecca—turned front to the north, east, or west—he had to stop his pious invocations, that otherwise would have been wafted to some useless bourne; and then, as in the swing she turned him to the black stone, he had to hurry on, like sportsmen anxious for some passing game. Often he rose, but seemed not satisfied, and again he knelt, and bowing prayed his Caaba-directing prayers. This man had not prayed before during the voyage.

"At last, over the land appeared a mud fort hardly distinguishable from the hill; before it a white-washed dome, a few straggling buildings—it was Mosul. Presently an angle is turned, and the broken ruinous wall of an Eastern town lies before us."

Mosul is only sixteen days' journey from Aleppo. Although now invested with a lasting interest by its connection with Mr Layard's magnificent discoveries, it is one of the least attractive cities of the East. Its neighbourhood, with the grand exception of buried Nineveh, and some curious naphtha springs, is equally devoid of

interest. The huge mound called Koyunjik, "coverer of cities," lies on the opposite side of the Tigris, about two miles from the river. Tel Nimroud, where the first successful excavations were made, is about eighteen miles lower down. It will be remembered that Mr Rich, a merchant of Bagdad, first directed attention to these subterranean treasures nearly twenty years ago: M. Botta, more recently, made some energetic attempts to discover them; but it remained for our gallant countryman, Mr Layard, to render his name illustrious by unveiling the mysteries of ages, and restoring to light the wonders of the ancient capital of the Assyrians. His renown, and still more his success itself, must be its own reward; but we fear that in all other respects the nation is still deeply in his debt. The capricious liberalities of our Government with respect to art are very singular; the financial dispositions of the British Museum are still more difficult to explain. The former does not hesitate to bestow £2500 on transporting a pillar from the sea-shore of Egypt to London, while it only places at Mr Layard's disposal £3000 for the excavation of Nineveh and its surrounding suburbs, eighteen miles in extent—together with the support and pay of a numerous staff of artists and others during eighteen months. On the other hand, the trustees of the British Museum, knowing themselves already to be deeply in Mr Layard's debt, refuse to further his great efforts, except by the paltry (and refused) pittance of £12 a-month; and, at the same time, they furnish Colonel Rawlinson with the sum of £2000 to proceed with excavations at Koyunjik, (three hundred miles from his residence,) and at Susa, which is one-third of the distance. In the approaching session of Parliament, we hope that Mr Layard's services to England and to art will be more generously appreciated than they have hitherto been; and that, at all events, we shall not be left to labour under the disgrace of pecuniary debt to that enterprising gentleman.

We have now reached our traveller's goal, and must make brief work

of his returning tour, in order to spare some columns to the consideration of the Ansayrii, the most important matter in the work.

After a residence of some weeks at Mosul, and at the several neighbouring excavations, Mr Walpole accompanied Mr Layard in a tour through the fastnesses of Koordistan : and here we must find space for one or two glimpses at those unknown regions, and the life that awaits the traveller there.

Before we begin to ascend the hill country, we look back :

"On either side, the mountain falls away with jut and crag almost perpendicularly to the plain; at the foot, hills rise above hills in irregular and petulant ranges, like a stormy sea when the wind is gone, and nothing save its memory remains, lashing the waves with restless motion. Westward lies the vast plain, its surface broken by the mounds of imperial cities long passed away.

"One moment the eye rests on the Tigris as it glides its vast volume by; then, out upon the plain, the desert broken by the range of Singar, again on to distance where earth and air mingle imperceptibly together. To the south, over a varied land, is Mosul, the white glare of its mosque glistening in the sun; to the south and east, a sea of hills, wave after wave, low and irregular. The Zab, forcing its way, takes a tortuous course to its companion; farther on, they join their waters, and run together to the vast worlds of the south. Beyond are Arbela and the Obeid. Kara Chout and its crags shut out the view, passing many a spot graven on the pages of the younger world.

"What a blank in history is there around those vast cities, now brought to light! A few vague traditions, a few names whose fabulous actions throw discredit on their existence, are all that research has discovered. Even the nations following after these we know but dimly—tradition, garlanded by poetry, our only guide.

'Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom passed away;
He in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud his robe of state;
His canopy the stone;
The Mede is at his gate,
The Persian on his throne.'

"Fancy conjures up to the south a small and compact body of Greeks: around

them, at a distance, like vultures round a struggling carcass, hover bands of cavalry. Now, as a gap opens, they rush on; now, as the ranks close up, they melt away, shooting arrows as they fly, vengeful in their cowardice—it is the retreat of Xenophon and his gallant band. They encamp at Nimroud—as in his yesterday, so in our to-day, a mound smothering its own renown.

"Northward again comes a mighty band: with careful haste they cross the rivers, and with confident step traverse the plain south. On the south-east plain, a legion of nations, golden, glittering, yet timorous, await their approach. Alexander, the hero, scatters dismay: assured of conquest ere he met the foe, he esteems the pursuit the only difficulty. On the one side, Asia musters her nations—Indians, Syrians, Albanians, and Bactrians—the hardiest population of her empire. Elephants and war-chariots are of no avail: the result was fore-written, and Darius foremost flies along the plain.

"Faint, afar, we can see in the north-west Lucullus; and the arms of Rome float over the walls of Nisibis, (A.C. 68.) We may almost see the glorious array of Julian; hear him subduing his mortal pain; hear him pronounce, with well-modulated tones, one of the finest orations the world can record. We may see the timid Jovian skulking in his purple from the field he dared not defend in his armour. But again rise up the legions and the Labarum: Heraclius throws aside his lethargy; the earth drinks deep of gore, and Khosroo* is vanquished under our eyes.

"The white and the black banners now gleam upon the field; the crescent flaunts on either side. One God, one faith—they fight for nought. Hell for the coward, paradise for the brave. Abou Moslem and Merwan. The earth, on the spot which had last drunk the red life-blood of Greek and Persian, now slakes its fill. Merwan flies with wondrous steps, but the avenger follows fast. He first loses his army on the Tigris; himself dies on the banks of the Nile: there perished the rule of the Ommiades.

"The hordes of Timour now approach: their war-song ought to be the chorus of the spirits of destiny in *Manfred*—

'Our hands contain the hearts of men,
Our footsteps are their graves;
We only give to take again
The spirits of our slaves.'

"What a different aspect must this plain have presented when those sun-

* He was subsequently murdered, A. D. 62.

burnt mysterious mounds were living, teeming, sinning cities; irrigated, cultivated, protected, safe; fruitful and productive! And these were barbarous times; and now, in this our day, peace-congresses, civilisation, one vast federal union, liberty, equality;—a few villages fortified as castles, a population flying without a hope of even a death-spot in peace—fearful alike of robbers and rulers, robbed alike by protectors and enemies, planting the harvest they may not reap; a government seizing what the roving Arabs choose to leave; law known but as oppression; authority a license to plunder; government a resident extortioner.

"Too long have we lingered on the scene. Again the plain is naked, bare, and lifeless; the sun hovers on the horizon—he gilds the desert, licks the river; the desert breaks his glorious disc. Slowly, like the light troops covering a retreat, he collects his rays; with fondness lights up each hill; warms with his smile, lighting with unnumbered tints each peak and crag of bold desert-throned Singar. Reluctantly he hovers for a moment on the horizon's verge, large, fearful, red; then

'The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark.'

"Near the convent is a dripping well; a rough path leads us to it, and its entrance is shaded by a gigantic tree. The water is very cold and sweet; the moisture shed a coolness around, that made an exquisite retreat. Near it is a cave which in days of persecution sheltered securely many of the poor fugitive Christians. The destruction of most of the convents about these mountains and on this plain is imputed to Tamerlane; but in our own time Sheik Mattie was attacked by the Koords; its fathers were slain, beaten, and dispersed; and the dust of long ages of bishops scattered to the winds. They still show in the church the tombs of Mar Halveus and Abou Faraf, which they say escaped the observation of the destroyer. The inscription of one we were able to decipher; but another resisted even the efforts of the scholar then resident at the convent. We in vain tried many learned men, but the inscription defies all investigation.

* Chaldean's secrets are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood,
Untold and mystic still.

"We now made straight for Sheik Mattie, whose green gorge we could discover high up the face of the moun-

tain. The plain was a succession of low hills all brown with the summer; hence and there a Koord village with its cultivated fields, cucumbers, and cool melons. The villages west of the river are nearly all Christian, but on to-day's ride we passed two Koordish ones. At one we halted, and regaled ourselves and horses on the fruit they pressed on us.

"The old sheik came out, followed by two men with felts; these were spread in the cool, and we made kief. He begged the loan of Zea, (my Albanian grayhound,) whom he praised beyond measure for his extreme beauty, to kill hares. To hear him talk, his complaints of game, of fields, hares destroyed, &c., I could have believed myself once more in England, but that he closed each sentence with "It is God's will; His will be done," and such like holy words. His long, wide, graceful robes also brought one back to the East, to poetry and to romance."

And here we find less happy accidents in a traveller's life, which must not pass unremembered.

"At first, one of the greatest privations I experienced in Eastern travel, and one that half did away with the pleasure derived from it, was the want of privacy; and one can fully understand (as probably centuries have produced but little change in their habits) the expression in the Bible, of our Saviour retiring apart to pray; for, in the East, privacy is a word unknown. Families live in one room; men, women, sons, daughters, sons' wives, &c., and may be said never to be alone. This at first annoyed me, but habit is second nature. As soon as the traveller arrives he has visits; all the world crowd to see him; the thousand nameless things one likes to do after a tedious hot journey must be done in public. Before you are up they are there; meals, all, there they are; and there is nothing for it but to proceed just as if the privacy was complete. . . .

"FRIDAY, 12th.—I rose as well as usual: on one side of the tent lay the Doctor, dead beat; under one flap, which constitutes a separate room, Abdallah perfectly insensible: the cook lay behind on a heap of horse-cloths, equally stricken. I sat down to write in the air; finding the flies annoyed me, I read, fell asleep, and remember nothing save a great sensation of pain and weariness for two days. It seemed as if a noise awoke me; it was early morning, and Mr Layard stood before me. Poor fellow! he had learned how to treat the fever by bitter, almost fatal, personal experiences;

and now he dosed us and starved us, till all but Abdallah were out of danger, at all events.

"It is curious how soon people of warm climates,—or, in fact, I may say,—all uneducated people, succumb to sickness. Hardy fellows, apparently as strong as iron: when attacked they lie down, wrap a coat or cloak around them, and resign themselves to suffer. It would seem that the mind is alone able to rise superior to disease: their minds, uncultivated, by disuse weak, or in perfect alliance with the body, cease to exist when its companion falls. In intellectual man the mind is the last to succumb: long after the poor weak body has yielded, the mind holds out like a well-garrisoned citadel: it refuses all surrender, and, though the town is taken, fights bravely till the last."

And now one glimpse at Koordistan and the beautiful and mysterious Lake Van, which lies hidden in its deepest recesses.

"We now journeyed on through strange regions, where Frank had never wandered. We saw the Koords as they are best seen, free in their own magnificent mountains;—not "the ass," as the Turk calls him, "of the plains." Mahomet Pasha, son of the little standard-bearer, and Pasha of Mosul, was requested to provide for its defence by the consuls, and to attempt by better rule the civilisation of the Arabs. He replied:—

'Erkekler Densige
Allar genisig
Kurytar Donsig
Devckler Yoolarsig.'

"What can I do with people whose men have no religion, whose women are without drawers, their horses without bits, and their camels without halters?"

"Thus we wandered over many miles, plains spreading between their fat mountains, splendid in their grandeur; now amidst pleasant valleys, anon over giant passes—

—————'Dim retreat,
For fear and melancholy meet;
Where rocks were rudely heaped and rent,
As by a spirit turbulent;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
And everything unreconciled.'

"My health after this gradually got worse: repeated attacks of fever, brought on probably by my own carelessness, weakened me so much that I could scarcely keep up with the party. Riding was an agony, and, by the carelessness of my servant, my horses were ruined. One evening an Abyssinian, one of my

attendants, went so far as to present a pistol at my head. My poor dear dog, too, was lost, which perhaps afflicted me more than most ills which could happen to myself. At last we passed over a ridge, and Lake Van lay before us. We had, perhaps, been the first Europeans who had performed the journey. The last and only other of which we have any record was poor Professor Schultz, who was murdered by order of Khan Mahmoud; for the baggage he unfortunately displayed. The Khan received him kindly, entertained him with hospitality, and despatched him on his road with a guard who had their instructions to murder him on the way. He was an accurate and capable traveller, a native of Hesse, and travelling for the French government.

"The morning of the 3d of August saw us passing up a most lovely valley, the Vale of Sweet Waters. We had encamped in it the night before. Leaving its pretty verdure, we mounted a long range of sun-burnt hills covered with sun-dried grass and *immortelles*, whose immortality must have been sorely tried on that sun-exposed place. Achieving a pass, we gained our view of Van. The scene was worthy of Stanfield in his best mood. Before us, on the north-east, brown, quaintly-shaped hills, variegated with many tints, filled the view of the far horizon. From this a plain led to the lake; around it were noble mountains, snow and cloud clad—their beauty enhanced by the supervening water. Saphan Dag, with a wreath of mist and cap of spotless snow, seen across the sea, was imposing—I might say, perfect.

"The plain on the eastern coast spread out broad and fair: here verdant meadows, there masses of fruit-laden trees; while between the mass wandered the mountain streams, hastening on to their homes in the fair bosom of the lake. Van itself swept round its castle, which stands on a curious rock that rises abruptly from the plain; but the lake, indeed, was the queen of the view—blue as the far depth of ocean, yet unlike the ocean—so soft, so sweet, so calm was its surface. On its near coast, bounded by silver sands, soft and brilliant; while its far west formed the foot of Nimrod Dag, on whose lofty crest are said to be a lake and a castle.

"The waters of the lake have lately been analysed, so the curious substance found floating on its surface, and used as soap, will be accounted for: it is sold in the bazaars. At present there are but three small boats or launches on the lake, and even these can hardly find trade

enough to remunerate them. Their principal occupation is carrying passengers to the towns on the coast."

Mr Layard remained at Lake Van in order to copy some inscriptions; but Mr Walpole was induced to penetrate northward as far as Patnos, where no European had yet been seen. Here his enterprise was rewarded by the view of some magnificent scenery, and the more important discovery of some cuneiform, and many ancient Armenian inscriptions. These were forwarded by our traveller to Mr Layard, and will doubtless appear in his forthcoming work.* But we must now leave Koordistan, recommending the perusal of Mr Walpole's chapter on the Christians of Lake Van, and their beautiful and mysterious inland sea, to all who love to picture to themselves strange lands and wild adventure. We return by way of Erzeroum, Trebizond, the shores of the Black Sea, and Sansoun, to Constantinople; thence to Latakia; and here we find ourselves within view of the mountains of the mysterious Ansayrii and Ismaylis.

In the title of this work is revived a subject of very ancient interest. The Ansayrii, or Nassairi, or Assassins, are a singularly surviving relic of the followers of the Old Man of the Mountain, so celebrated in the history of the Crusades.† Historians have fallen into a great mistake in supposing this Order to have been a hereditary dynasty, or to have embraced a nation. Originally it was simply an Order, like that of the Templars. Like them the members wore white garments set off with

crimson, typifying innocence and blood. The policy of both was to obtain possession of strong places, and by terror to keep the surrounding nations in subjection. The Assassins succeeded in this object so far as to dictate their will to several Sultans, many Viziers, and innumerable minor authorities. When the Sultan

of the Seljuks sent an ambassador to the Old Man of the Mountain, demanding his submission, the following well-known circumstance took place:—"The chief said to one of his followers, 'Stab thyself!' To another he said, 'Throw thyself from the battlements!' Before he had ceased to speak his disciples had obeyed him, and lay dead, not only willing but eager martyrs to their faith. The chief then turning to the envoy, said, 'Take what thou hast seen for thine answer. I am obeyed by seventy thousand such men as these.'" The founder of this terrible sect was Hassan Ben Sahab. He was a "Dai," or master-missionary, from the Secret Lodge established at Cairo, (about 1004 A.D.), in order to sap and overthrow the Caliphate of Abbas, and establish that of the Fatimites. Hassan gave promise of greatness in his youth, became a favourite of the Melekshah, was banished from court by the intrigues of a rival, and took refuge at Ispahan. Here he became initiated in the voluptuous and atheistical doctrines of the Ismailis, and was sent to Egypt, to the Caliph Mostansur, as a preacher and promulgator of that atrocious creed. He was banished from the Egyptian court also, and cast ashore in Syria.

* We must here notice the generosity with which Mr Walpole forbears to enlarge upon any subject in which he might anticipate the works of other travellers. For this reason he passes lightly over this interesting tour in the mountains of Koordistan, and only (to our regret) alludes *en passant* to a tribe of pastoral Jews, whom he and Mr Layard met on these mountains, following the spring (as the snows receding left fresh herbage for their flocks) up the mountains. When we consider how rarely pastoral Jews are met with, and that this was the very land wherein the lost ten tribes disappeared, and, moreover, that the elders of these people spoke the Chaldean tongue, we are much disappointed to hear no more of them.

† The mystery relating to this community is so great that the laborious Müller, in his twenty-four books, has not attempted to penetrate it. And Gibbon, notwithstanding his acknowledged pleasure in painting scenes of blood, has treated the Order of Assassins very superficially. Marco Polo is, as usual, the most entertaining of authorities, as far as he goes; but it remained for Joseph Von Hammer to explore the faint vestiges of their strange story with vast and patient research. He has thrown together the results of his labours in a small volume, of great interest.

After a variety of adventures in the course of his travels from Aleppo through Persia, he at length obtained possession of the fortress of Alamūt,* near Khaswin. Here he remained for the remainder of his life, never leaving the castle, and only twice moving from his own apartment to the terrace during a period of thirty-eight years. Here he perfected, in mystery and deep seclusion, his diabolical doctrines, and soon sent "Dais," or missionaries, of his own into all lands. The secret society of which he was the head contained several grades, embracing the initiated, the aspirant, and the devoted—mere executioners or tools of higher intelligences.† The grand-master was called Sidna (Sidney) "our lord;" and more commonly Sheik el Djebel, the Sheik or Old Man of the Mountain, because the Order always possessed themselves of the castles in mountainous regions in Irak, Kuhistan, and Syria. The Old Man, robed in white, resided always in the mountain fort of Alamūt. There he maintained himself against all the power of the Sultan, until at length the daggers of his Fedavie, or devoted followers, freed him from his most active enemies, and appalled the others into quiescence. Alamūt was now called "the abode of Fortune," and all the neighbouring strongholds submitted to the Ancient of the Mountain. The Assassins were proscribed in all civilised communities, and the dagger and the sword found constant work on their own professors. The Assassins, however, like the Indian Thugs, depraved all societies, in all sorts of disguises. At one time the courtiers of a Caliph being solemnly invoked, with a promise of pardon and impunity, five chamberlains stepped forward, and each showed the dagger, which only waited an order from the Old Man to plunge into the heart of any human being it could reach. By such agency Hassan kept entire empires in a state of revolution and carnage. From his remote fortress he made his influence felt and feared to the extreme confines of Khorassan and

Syria. And thence, too, he propagated the still more infernal engines of his authority, his catechisms of atheism and licentiousness—"Nothing is true; all things are permitted to the initiated." Such was the foundation of his creed.

This villain died tranquilly in his bed, having survived to the age of ninety. His spiritual and temporal power was continued with various vicissitudes through a long succession of impostors, the dagger still maintaining its mysterious and inevitable agency. The list of the best, and some of the most powerful, of Oriental potentates who perished by it, swells, as the history of the Order proceeds, to an incredible extent. During all this time the fundamental maxim of the creed, which separates the secret doctrines of the initiated from the public tenets of the people, was preserved. These last were (and now are, according to Mr Walpole) held to the strictest injunctions of Mahometanism. The East did not detect the motive power of the Assassins' chief: they only saw the poniard strike those who had offended the envoy of the invisible Imam, who was soon to arrive in power and glory, and to assert his dominion over earth. In the Crusades, the hand of the Assassins is traced in the fate of Raymond of Tripoli—perhaps in that of the Marquis of Montferrat—and in many meaner instances. At that period the numbers of people openly professing the creed is stated by William of Tyre at sixty thousand; and by James, Bishop of Alla, at forty thousand. At this day Mr Walpole estimates the number of the Ansayrii at forty thousand fighting men, including Ismaylis. These numbers are to be understood, however, in former times, as well as in the present, to comprise the whole sect, and not merely the executioners, who always formed a very small proportion, and are now probably extinct. The Old Man is no longer recognised, so far as can be ascertained, among the mountains, (where, as usual in other parts of Syria, the patriarchal form prevails;) and the strange creed

* The Vulture's Nest.

† Dais, Refik, and Fedavie.

that their ancestors held, together with a singular recklessness of life, alone remains to mark their descent. Concerning this creed we are referred by Mr Walpole to some discoveries which he intends to publish in a future volume. We must confess to considerable disappointment in the meagre information that is here afforded to us on the subject, especially after our expectations have been raised by such a preface as the following:—

“ Alone, without means, without powers to buy or bribe, I have penetrated a secret, the enigma of ages—have dared alone to venture where none have been—where the government, with five hundred soldiers, could not follow; and, better than all, I have gained esteem among the race condemned as savages, and feared as robbers and assassins.

Nevertheless, our author has told us a good deal that is new and interesting about the Ansayrii, as will be seen from our extracts.

The Ismaylis, concerning whose woman-worship and peculiar habits such strange stories have been whispered, live among the southern mountains of the Ansayrii. They amount only to five thousand souls, and appear to be a different tribe, (probably Arab,) grafted upon them, and gradually, by superior vigour, possessing themselves of the strongest places in the mountains. These people hold a creed quite distinct from the Ansayrii, among whom they dwell; and the extraordinary prayer, or address used by them seems fully to bear out the long-querioned assertion of their aphrodisial worship.

Marco Polo* was the first to furnish some curious accounts of the Ansayrii, and of the discipline and catechism of the Fedavie: we hope that Mr Walpole, in his promised volume, will add to the many vindications which that brave old traveller has received from time to time. But at the sack of Alamüt, in 1257, all the Assassins' books (except the Koran) were burned as impious; and all that now remains of their doctrines must be traditional. We have dwelt thus

long on the Ansayrii in order to display the interest that belongs to that secluded and mysterious people, and the importance of any novel intelligence respecting them. Before we proceed to illustrate their country from Mr Walpole's volumes, we must find space for some account of the manner in which the initiation of the Assassins is said to have been performed. The two great strongholds of the Order were the castle of Alamüt in Irak, and that of Massiat near Latakia in the Lebanon. These fortresses, stern and impregnable in themselves, are said to have been surrounded with exquisite gardens, enclosed from all vulgar gaze by walls of immense height. These gardens were filled with the most delicate flowers and delicious fruits. Streams flowed, and fountains sparkled brightly, through the grateful gloom of luxuriant foliage. Bowers of roses, and porcelain-paved kiosks, and carpets from the richest looms of Persia, invited to repose the senses heavy with luxury. Circassian girls, bright as the hours of Paradise, served the happy guests with golden goblets of Schiraz wine, and glances yet more intoxicating. The music of harps, and women's sweetest voices, sent fascination through the ear as well as eyes. Everything breathed rapture and sensuality, intensified by seclusion and deep calm. The youth, whose energy and courage seemed to qualify him for the office of *Fedavie*, was invited to the table of the grand-master, (at Irak,) or the grand-prior, (at Massiat.) He was there intoxicated with the maddening, yet delightful *Asabika*. In his insensible state he was transported to the garden, which, he was told, was Paradise, and which he was too ready to take for the scene of eternal delight, as he revelled in all the pleasure that Eastern voluptuousness could devise. He was there lulled into sleep once more, and then transported back to the grand-master's side. As he awoke, numbers of uninitiated youths were admitted to hear his account of the Paradise which the power of the Old Man had permitted him to taste. And thus tools were

* *De Regionibus Orient.*, lib. i. c. 28.

found and formed for the execution of the wildest projects. That glimpse of Paradise for ever haunted the inflamed imagination of the novices, and any death appeared welcome that could restore them to such joys.

Such is the theory of this singular people, as maintained by Von Hammer, which it remains for future discoveries—now that Mr Walpole has opened the way for them—to vindicate or refute. There are also some remnants of the Persian tribes of this people, an account of which, by Mr Badger, we are informed, is soon to appear: the Syrians scarcely know of their existence. The Syrian Ansayrii amount, as we have said, including Ismaylis, to about forty thousand souls: they have always preserved their seclusion inviolate; setting at nought the various tyrannies that have harassed the neighbouring states, denying the authority of the Sultan, and blaspheming the Prophet, while they outwardly conform to his rites. They occupy the northernmost range of the Lebanon, from Tortosa and Latakia, as far as Adana.

Notwithstanding Von Hammer's elaborate and ingenious theory, many (amongst whom is our author) have seemed disposed to treat the whole story of the Assassins, and the Old Man of the Mountain himself, as myths. It was, they say, the sort of romance that the Crusaders would have lent a ready ear to, and that their troubadours would have made the most of. They deny the existence of the powerful hill fortresses surrounded by the intoxicating gardens; they point to the renowned Syrian castle of El Massiat, whose ruins occupy a space of only one hundred yards square, and in whose vaulted stables there is an inscription purporting that the castle was "the work of Roostan the Mameluke."

Mr Walpole, however, does not enter into any controversy respecting this strange people. Of the little that he has confided in his present two volumes to the public, the following extracts must be taken as an instalment:—

"The Ansayrii nation—for such it is—being capable of mustering forty thousand warriors able to bear arms, divided into two classes—sheiks

and people; the sheiks again into two—Sheiks or Chiefs of Religion, Sheik el Maalem, and the temporal Sheiks, or Sheiks of Government; these being generally called Sheik el Zullom, or Sheiks of Oppression. These latter, though some of them are of good families, are not so generally: having gained favour with government, they have received the appointment. Others there are, however, whose families have held it for many generations—such as Shemseen Sultan, Sheik Succor, &c. The sheiks of religion are held as almost infallible, and the people pay them the greatest respect. With regard to the succession, there seems to be no fixed rule: the elder brother has, however, rule over the rest; but then I have seen the son the head of the family while the father was living.

"The sheik of religion enjoys great privileges: as a boy he is taught to read and write; he is marked from his fellows from very earliest childhood, by a white handkerchief round his head. Early as his sense will admit, he is initiated into the principles of his faith: in this he is schooled and perfected. Early he is taught that death, martyrdom, is a glorious reward; and that, sooner than divulge one word of his creed, he is to suffer the case in which his soul is enshrined to be mangled or tortured in any way. Frequent instances have been known where they have defied the Turks, who have threatened them with death if they would not divulge, saying, 'Try me; cut my heart out, and see if anything is within there.' During his manhood he is strictly to conform to his faith: this forbids him not only eating certain things at any time, but eating at all with any but chiefs of religion; or eating anything purchased with unclean money;—and the higher sheiks carry this to such an extent that they will only eat of the produce of their own grounds; they will not even touch water, except such as they deem pure and clean. Then the sheik must exercise the most unbounded hospitality; and, after death, the people will build him a tomb, (a square place, with a dome on the top,) and he will be revered as a saint.

"The lower classes are initiated into the principles of their religion, but not into its more mystical or higher parts: they are taught to obey their chiefs without question, without hesitation, and to give to them abundantly at feasts and religious ceremonies: above all, even the uninitiated is to die a thousand deaths sooner than betray his faith.

"In their houses, which, as I have

before said, are poor, dirty, and wretched, they place two small windows over the door. This is in order that, if a birth and death occur at the same moment, the coming and the parting spirit may not meet. In rooms dedicated to hospitality several square holes are left, so that each spirit may come or depart without meeting another.

"Like the Mahometans, they practise the rite of circumcision, performing it at various ages, according to the precocity of the child. The ceremony is celebrated, as among the Turks, with feasting and music. This, they say, is not a necessary rite, but a custom derived from ancient times, and they should be Christians if they did not do it. This is the same among the Mahometans, who are not enjoined by their prophet to do so, but received the rite from of old."

"When a candidate is pronounced ready for initiation, his tarboosh is removed, and a white cloth wrapped round his head. He is then conducted into the presence of the sheiks of religion. The chief proceeds to deliver a lecture, cautioning him against ever divulging their great and solemn secret. 'If you are under the sword, the rope, or the torture, die, and smile—you are blessed.' He then kisses the earth three times before the chief, who continues telling him the articles of their faith. On rising, he teaches him a sign, and delivers three words to him. This completes the first lesson."

"At death, the body is washed with warm soap and water, wrapped in white cloths, and laid in the tomb. Each person takes a handful of earth, which is placed on the body; then upright stones, one at the feet, one at the head, one in the middle, are placed. The one in the middle is necessary. They have the blood-feud—the *Huck el Dum*. In war, blood is not reckoned; but if one man kills another of a different tribe, all the tribe of the slayer pay an equal sum to the tribe of the slain—generally one thousand six hundred piastres, (L.15.)

"In marriage, a certain price is agreed on. One portion goes to the father, another to supply dress and things necessary for the maiden. This will vary much, according to the wealth of the bridegroom and the beauty or rank of the bride. It is generally from two hundred to seven hundred or a thousand piastres (L.1, 15s. 6d. to L.9, 10s.) Sometimes a mare, a cow, or a donkey, merely, is given for her. The bridegroom has then to

solicit the consent of the *hirce*, or owner of the bride's village, who will generally extort five hundred piastres, or more, before he will give a permission of marriage.

"The price being settled, and security given for its payment, the friends of the bridegroom mount on the top of the house armed with sticks. The girl's friends pass her in hastily to avoid their blows. The bridegroom enters, and beats her with a stick or back of a sword, so that she cries: these cries must be heard without. All then retire, and the marriage is concluded."

"They are allowed four wives. The marriage ceremony is simple, and divorce not permitted. If one of these four wives die, they are permitted to take another. Generally, they have little affection for their wives—treating them rather as useful cattle than as rational creatures. They never teach women the smallest portion of their faith. They are jealously excluded from all religious ceremonies; and, in fact, are utterly denied creed, prayers, or soul. Many here have told me that the women themselves believe in this; and do not, as one would fancy, murmur at such an exclusive belief."

"The Ansayrii are honest in their dealings, and none can accuse them of repudiation or denying a sum they owe."

They regard Mahomet el Hamyd as the prophet of God, and thus use the Mussulman confession—"La illa ill Allah, Mahomet el Hamyd, Resoul e nebbi Allah;" but they omit all this when before Mahometans, saying merely, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God." Otherwise, they say, "There is no God but Ali, and Mahomet el Hamyd, the Beloved, is the prophet of God."

"I do not intend here to enter into their belief more fully; but it is a most confused medley—a unity, a trinity, a deity. 'These are five; these five are three; these three are two; these two, these three, these five—one.'"

"They believe in the transmigration of souls. Those who in this life do well, are hospitable, and follow their faith, become stars; the souls of others return to the earth, and become Ansayrii again, until, purified, they fly to rest. The souls of bad men become Jews, Christians, and Turks; while the souls of those who believe not, become pigs and other beasts. One eve, sitting with a dear old man, a high sheik—his boys were round him—I said, 'Speak: where

* We do not yet know if any ceremony exists at the naming of the child.

are the sons of your youth ! these are the children of your old age.'—'My son,' he said, looking up, 'is there : nightly he smiles on me, and invites me to come.'

"They pray five times a day, saying several prayers each time, turning this way or that, having no keblah. If a Christian or Turk sees them at their devotions, the prayers are of no avail. At their feasts, they pray in a room closed and guarded from the sight or ingress of the uninitiated.

"This will give a general outline of the faith and customs of the Ansayrii. My intercourse with them was on the most friendly footing, and daily a little was added to my stock of information. Let me, however, warn the traveller against entering into argument with them, or avowing, through the dragoman, any knowledge of their creed. They are as ready and prompt to avenge as they are generous and hospitable to protect. To destroy one who deceives them on this point is an imperative duty ; and I firmly believe they would do it though you took shelter on the divan of the Sultan. For myself, the risk is passed : I have gone through the ordeal, and owe my life several times to perfect accident."

To this long extract we shall only add, that a good deal of additional light is indirectly thrown upon this singular people throughout the whole of the third volume of Mr Walpole's work. It is the best written, as well as the most important, of the series ; it abounds in humour, anecdote, originality, and in no small degree of curious research.

And now, it only remains for us to bid our entertaining fellow-traveller heartily farewell. Although, especially in the first volume, we have felt disposed to quarrel with his style occasionally, we have found his good-humour, his thoughtful sentiment, and his reckless wit, at last irresistible. His very imperfections often prove his fidelity, and his apparent contradictions his innate truthfulness. We commend to him a little more study of the art of composition, and a good deal more care ; but we shall consider ourselves fortunate when we meet with another author of as many faults, if they are atoned for by as many merits.

THE CHAMPIONS OF THE RAIL.

A GOOD many years ago, a late correspondent and writer in this Magazine, Dr M'Nish of Glasgow, published a work entitled *The Anatomy of Drunkenness*. The book was an excellent one: most perfect in its portraiture of the different phenomena which accompany and succeed a debauch; and in the hands of a regular tee-totaller, it was undeniably worth some reams of vapid sermons. The preacher, who never, we are bound to believe, had experienced the vinous or spirituous excitement in his own person, was enabled from it to hold forth, with all the unction of reality, to his terrified audience, upon the awful effects of intemperance. Old ladies, who rarely in their lives had transgressed beyond a second glass of weak negus at some belated party, when whist or commerce had been suggested to while away the weary hours, listened to the warnings of the gifted apostle of temperance, and hied them home in the tremendous conviction that they had only escaped, by the merest miracle, the horrors of *delirium tremens*. Dyspeptic gentlemen were rendered wretched, as they reflected that, for years past, they had been accustomed to wash down their evening Finnan haddock, or moderate board of oysters, with a pint of Younger's prime ale, or, mayhap, a screeching tumbler. The enormity of their offence became visible to their eyes, and they incontinently conceived amendment.

But we doubt very much whether the *Anatomy* would have been pleasant reading to a gentleman who overnight had imbibed "not wisely but too well." How could he bear to be told, not only of the sensations of the previous evening, minutely traced through the gradations of each consecutive decanter, but of the state of thirst and unnatural discomfort to which he was presently a victim? Would it relieve his head-ach to assure him that, after swallowing three bottles of claret, most men are apt to be out of sorts? Could he,

the sufferer, derive any assuagement of his pains by knowing—if he did not know it already—that unlimited brandy and water, however agreeable during consumption, was clearly prejudicial to the nerves? Sermons may come too soon. The sufferer ought to be allowed at least a day or two to recover, before his offence is laid before him in all its huge deformity. Give him time to be ashamed of himself. A man's own conscience is his best accuser; and, unless the vice be absolutely inherent, or totally beyond the hope of remedy, his own misery will be more likely to effect a cure than any amount of philosophical dissertations upon its nature.

These thoughts have been irresistibly suggested to us by a perusal of the two ponderous tomes of Mr Francis, entitled, *A History of the English Railway: its Social Relations and Revelations*. A more unfortunate kind of apocalypse could hardly have been hazarded at the present time. Most people are tolerably well aware, without the aid of Mr Francis, of the changes in social relations which have been worked by the British railway; and as for revelations, a good many would give a trifle to have these entirely suppressed. We have not yet arrived at the time when the history of the "'45" of this century can be calmly or dispassionately written. Too many of us, still remanent here, have burned our fingers, and too many of our kith and kin have been sent to exile, in consequence of that notable enterprise. Since the standard was last unfurled in the vale of Glenmutchkin, a considerable number of the population have been bitten by the sed, if they did not literally bite it. That system of turning over turf, by the aid of silver spades and mahogany wheelbarrows, was more fatal to the peace of families than the accumulation of any number of Celtic bagpipers whatever. It was a grand interment of capital. Who has forgotten the misery of these

times, when letters of railway calls arrived punctually once a quarter? Two pound ten per share might be a moderate instalment; but if you were the unfortunate holder of a hundred shares, you had better have been boarded with a vampire. Repudiation, though a clear Christian duty to yourself and your family, was utterly impossible. It mattered not that the majority of the original committeemen and directors had bolted; you, the subscriber, were tied to the stake. The work was begun, the contracts opened, and money must be had at all hazards and sacrifices. You found yourself in the pitiable situation of an involuntary philanthropist. Three-score hulking Irish navvies were daily fed, liquored, and lodged at your expense. Your dwindling resources were torn from you, to make the fortunes of engineers and contractors. So long as you had a penny, or a convertible equivalent, you were forced to surrender it. Your case was precisely similar to that of the Jew incarcerated in the vaults beneath the royal treasury of King John. One by one all your teeth were drawn. If you managed to survive the extraction of the last grinder, and to behold the opening of the line, your position was not one whit improved. Dividend of course there was none. That awful and mysterious item of charge, "working expenses," engulfed nearly the whole revenue. What was over went to pay interest on preference debentures. That gallant body of men, the directors, laid before you, with the utmost candour, a state of the affairs of the company; from which it appeared that they had exceeded their borrowing powers by perhaps a brace of millions, and had raised the money by interposing their own individual security. These obligations you were, of course, expected to redeem; and an appeal was made to your finer feelings, urging you to consent to a further issue of stock!

It is no great consolation to the men who have suffered more woes from the railways, than fell to the lot of the much-enduring Ulysses from the relentless anger of the deities, to know that they have rendered perfect a vast chain of internal communication throughout the

country. We doubt whether the Israelites, who built them, took any especial pride in surveying the pile of the pyramids. The gentleman in embarrassed circumstances, who is pondering over the memory of his perished capital, is not likely to feel his heart expand with enthusiasm at the thought that through his agency, and that of his fellows, thousands of bagmen are daily being whirled along the rails with the velocity of lightning. He may even be pardoned if, in the sadness and despondency of his soul, he should seriously ask himself what, after all, is the use of this confounded hurry? Is a man's life prolonged because he can get along at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour? Is existence to be measured by locomotion? In that case Chifney, who passed the best part of his life in the saddle, ought to have been considered as a rival to Methuselah, and a stoker on the Great Western lives in one week far longer than the venerable Parr! Is enjoyment multiplied? That, too, will admit of a serious doubt. In a railway carriage you have no fair view of the fresh aspect of nature: you dash through the landscape—supposing that there is one—before its leading features are impressed upon your mind. There is no time for details, or even for reflection. You must accommodate your thought to your pace, otherwise you are left behind, and see nothing whatever for at least a couple of stations. But for the most part your way lies between embankments and cuttings, representing either sections of whinstone, or bare banks of turf, dotted over with brown patches, where the engine has effected arson. Even furze will not willingly flourish in such an uncomfortable locality. Then you roar through tunnels, the passage of which makes your flesh creep—for you cannot divest yourself of a horrid idea that you may possibly be encountered in the centre of the darkness by an opposing engine, and be pounded into paste by the shock of that terrific tilt; or that a keystone of the arch may give way, and the whole train be buried in the centre of the excavated mountain. Sensual gratification there is none. If you do not

condescend to the iniquity of carrying sandwiches along with you—in which case your habiliments are certain to be grievously defiled with buttered crumbs—you are driven by the pangs of sheer hunger into the refreshment-room at some station, and find yourself at the bar of an inferior gin-palace. Very bad is the pork-pie, for which you are charged an exorbitant ransom. Call ye this sherry, my masters? If it be so, commend us for the future to Bucellas. The oranges look well outside, but the moment you have penetrated the rind, you find that they have been boiled and are fozy. Do not indulge in the vain hope that you may venture on a glass of anything hot. Hot enough you will find it with a vengeance; for, the instant that you receive the rummer, the bell is sure to ring, and you must either scald your throat by gulping down two mouthfuls of mahogany-water raised to a temperature which would melt solder, or consign the prepaid potion to the leisure of the attendant Hebe. Smoking is strictly prohibited. Even if you are alone in a carriage, you cannot indulge in that luxury without rendering yourself liable to a fine; and, if your appetite should overcome your prudence, and you should venture to set the law at defiance, before you have inhaled two whiffs, a railway guard appears as if by magic at the window—for those fellows have the scent of the vulture, and can race along the foot-boards as nimbly as a cat along a gutter—and you are ordered to abandon your Havanna. Under such circumstances, literature is a poor resource. You read the *Times* twice over, advertisements and all, and then sink into a feverish slumber, from which you are awakened by a demand from a ruffian in blue livery, with a glazed leather belt across his shoulder, for the exhibition of your ticket. Talk of the inconvenience of passports abroad! The Continental system is paradisaical compared with ours. At length, after fingering your watch with an insane desire to accelerate its movement, you run into the ribs of something which resembles the skeleton of a whale—the train stops—and you know that your journey is at an end.

You select your luggage, after having undergone the scrutiny of a member of the police force, who evidently thinks that he has seen you before under circumstances of considerable peculiarity, ensconce yourself in a cab, and drive off, being favoured at the gate of the station by a shower of diminutive pamphlets, purporting to be poetical tributes to the merits of Messrs Moses and Hyams. You have done the distance in twelve hours, but pleasure you have had none.

Mr Francis, who is gifted with no more imagination than an ordinary tortoise, though he asserts the superiority of the hare, begins his book with an exceedingly stupid dissertation upon the difficulties of ancient travel. Broken bridges, impassable quagmires, and ferocious highwaymen constitute leading features in his picture; and, as you read him, you marvel, between your fits of yawning, what manner of men our ancestors must have been to brave so many dangers. Sheer drivel all of it! The old roads were uncommonly good, and the bridges kept in splendid repair from the time they were built by the Romans. Who ever heard of a quagmire on a turnpike? As for a casual encounter with Turpin, Duval, or any other of the minions of the moon, we are decidedly of opinion that such incidents must have added much to the excitement of the journey. A stout fellow, well mounted, usually carried about him both pope and a cutlass, and, if he was cool and collected, might very easily square accounts with the most ardent clerk of St Nicholas. Does Mr Francis really suppose that the author of *Jack Sheppard* likes railway travelling? Not he. Dearer to his soul is a prancing prad upon Hounslow Heath than all the engines that ever whistled along a line. Mount him upon Black Bear, arm him with a brace of barkers, and in the twinkling of an eye there would be daylight through the carcass of the Golden Farmer. Is adventure nothing? Had the road no joys? Are we to consider the whole universe worthless, except those black dots which in the maps represent cities? Was nature made in vain, in order that men might hasten from

town to town, at the tail of a shrieking engine, regardless of all the glorious scenery which intervenes? To our taste, the old mode of travelling—nay, the oldest—was infinitely superior to the present sickening system. You rose by times in the morning; took a substantial breakfast of beef and ale—none of your miserable slops—and mounted your horse between your saddle-bags, in time to hear the lark carolling on his earliest flight to heaven. Your way ran through dingle and thicket, along the banks of rivers, skirting magnificent parks, rich in the possession of primeval oaks, under which the deer lay tranquilly and still. You entered a village, stopped at the door of the public-house, and cooled your brow in the foam of the wholesome home-brewed. You dined at mid-day, in some town where the execrable inventions of Arkwright and Watt were unknown; where you encountered only honest, healthy, rosy-cheeked Christians, who went regularly once a-week to church, and identified the devil with the first dissenter—instead of meeting gangs of hollow-eyed lean mechanics, talking radicalism, and discussing the fundamental points of the Charter. You moved through merry England as a man ought to do, who is both content with his own lot and can enjoy the happiness of others. As you saw the sun rising, so you saw him set. The clouds reddened in the west—you heard the sweet carol of the thrush from the coppice, and lingered to catch the melody. The shades of evening grew deeper. The glow-worms lit their tiny lanterns on the bank, the owl flitted past with noiseless wing, the village candles began to appear in the distance; and as you dismounted at the door of your humble inn, and surrendered your weary beast to the hands of the careful hostler, you felt that you were the richer by a day spent in the fresh air and gladsome sunshine, and made happy by all the sounds and sights which are dear to the heart of man.

But this was solitary travelling, and might not suit every one. Well—if you were a little fellow, deficient in pluck, and sorely afraid of robbers, you might have company for

the asking. At every large inn on the road there were at least a dozen travellers who, for the sake of security, agreed to journey in company. Was that no fun? Have you anything like it in your modern railways? Just compare your own experiences of a rocket-flight along the Great Western with Chaucer's delineation of his Canterbury pilgrimage, and you will see what you have lost. Nice sort of tales you would elicit either from that beetle-browed Bradford Free-Trader, evidently a dealer in devil's-dust, who is your *vis-à-vis* in the railway carriage; or from that singular specimen of a nun who is ogling you deliberately on the left! Can you associate the story of Palamon and Arcite—can you connect anything which is noble, lofty, inspiring, humane, or gentle, with a journey made in an express train? If not, so much the worse for the present times. Doubtless you may hear something about Thompson or Bright, but we may be excused if we prefer the mention of the earlier heroes. Also, you may pick up information touching the price of calicoes, or the value of stocks, or the amount of exports of cotton twist—and we wish you much good of all that you get. But, O dear, is that travelling? Would you like to go from London to Ispahan in such company? How long do you think you could stand it? And yet this is the improved system of locomotion for which we are told to be thankful, and in honour of which such weariful volumes as those of Mr Francis are written.

"But, mercy on us!" we hear Mr Francis or some of his backers exclaim—"is it nothing that commercial gentlemen can now make four trips a-day between Manchester and Liverpool, and do a stroke of business on each occasion?" We reply, that it would be better for the said commercial gentlemen, both here and hereafter, if they would content themselves with a more moderate pursuit of Mammon. Happiness in this life does not depend upon the amount of sales effected. The assistant in the London grocer's shop, who daily ties up a thousand packages of tea and sugar, is not greatly to be envied

beyond his brother in the country, who twists the twine around fifty. We have an intense respect for work while kept within wholesome limits; but we cannot regard the man whose sole pursuit is grubbing after gold as otherwise than an ignominious slave. The railways are in one sense excellent things. You can get from point to point, if necessity requires it, much sooner than before, at less cost, and perhaps with less inconvenience. But there the advantage ends. There is no pleasure in them; and, compared with former methods of locomotion, they are decidedly less healthy and less instructive. We decry them not. We only wish to stop the babbling of the blockheads who would have us to believe that, until the steam-engine was invented, this earth was an unendurable waste, a wilderness of barbarians, and an unfit residence for civilised and enlightened man. Would the genius either of Shakspeare or Newton have been greater had they known of the rails? Would the splendour of the reign of Elizabeth have been heightened had Stephenson then existed?

The admiration of Mr Francis for the railway system is so intense as to be purely ludicrous. He considers every man connected with its development—whether as engineer, contractor, or director—as a positive public hero; and this work of his seems intended as a kind of Iliad, to chronicle their several achievements. Since we last met, Mr Francis has been hard at work upon his style. Formerly he went along, pleasantly enough, without any great effort: now he is not satisfied unless he can eclipse Mr Macaulay. He has read the *History of England* to some purpose. Fascinated by the brilliancy of the sketches which the accomplished historian has drawn of the statesmen of the age of William of Orange, Mr Francis thinks he will not do justice to his subject unless he adopts a similar mode of handling. Unfortunately he has no statesmen to celebrate. But he can do quite as well. There are surveyors and contractors by the score, whose portraits in his eyes are just as interesting. Accordingly, we have a repetition of the old scene in the play. A voice

without is heard calling, "Francis!" To which summons Francis incontinently replieth, "Anon, anon, sir!" and then—"Enter Pains, Peto, Gads-hill, and the rest." No loftier apparition ever comes upon the stage; but we are warned that, in surveying these, we look upon individuals destined in all coming time to occupy a lofty niche in British history. Thus, to quote at random from the index, we have the following entries—"Richard Creed . . . his services and character." "Who may this Mr Richard Creed be?" says the unconscious reader; "we never heard of him before!" "Fool!" quoth Francis, "he was THE SECRETARY OF THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM LINE!" "On his honesty and integrity," said Mr Glyn on one occasion emphatically, "I pin my faith, and you may pin yours also!" And he adds, referring to an occasion which must have been exceedingly gratifying to the feelings of the recipient—"The testimonial to this gentleman, in 1844, was worthy the munificence of the givers. It is not often that a cheque for two thousand one hundred guineas accompanies an expression of opinion, or that the rich man's praise fructifies into a service of plate." As we contemplate our unadorned sideboard, we acknowledge the truth of this remark; still, we hesitate to exalt Mr Creed to the rank of a hero. Then we light on "Undertakings of Thomas Brassey . . . Anecdote concerning him." Mr Brassey is a contractor, eminent no doubt; but so, in his own age, must have been the Roman gentleman who undertook the construction of the Cloaca Maxima, though his name has unfortunately perished. Then appears "Henry Booth . . . His services." We trust they were properly acknowledged. Then, "Personal sketches of Mr Locke and Mr Chaplin." We are greatly edified by these sketches. "Personal sketch of Samuel Morton Peto." We shall try, if possible, not to forget him. Much as Mr Francis has done to perpetuate the memory of these great men, it is plain that his powers have been cramped with the space of two thick octavo volumes. In order to make his Iliad perfect, we ought to have had a catalogue of the chiefs of the navies. But we must

rest satisfied with the acute remark of Herder, that "the burden of the song is infinite, but the powers of the human voice are finite." Mr Francis has done what he can. Creed and Brassey—Brunel and Locke—Chaplin, Peto, and Vignolles, live within his inspired volumes; and we beg to congratulate them on account of that assured immortalisation. They are the salt of the earth. The compilers of traffic-tables have disappeared—the old standing witnesses before committees of the House of Commons are dumb—the young engineering gentlemen, who could do anything they pleased in the way of levelling mountains, are amusing themselves in California or elsewhere—even the mighty counsel, the holders of a hundred briefs, for which, for the most part, they rendered but indifferent service, are unsung. But the others live. In the British Valhalla they are assured of an adequate niche, thanks to Mr Francis, who, as Captain Dangerfield says, is ready to stake his reputation that they are the only men worthy of record in such an enlightened age as our own.

No—we are wrong. The man of all others to be deeply venerated is "George Carr Glyn, Esq., Chairman of the London and North-Western Railway," to whom these volumes are respectfully dedicated. Of Mr Glyn's career as a statesman we know absolutely nothing. We are not even aware to what section of politicians he belongs, so utter is our ignorance of his fame. As we read the pages of Francis, and encountered the continual eulogiums heaped upon this gentleman, we felt remarkably uncomfortable. We could not divest ourselves of the notion that we had been asleep for some quarter of a century, and had therefore missed the opportunity of witnessing the appearance of a new and most brilliant star in the political horizon. About Mr Glyn, Francis has no manner of doubt. He is not only the most sagacious, but the most clever personage extant, for every purpose which can smooth railway difficulties. He is the Ulysses of his line, and can rap Thersites on the sconce, if that cynical fiend should insist upon an awkward question. We really and

unaffectedly ask pardon of Mr Glyn, if we mistake him through his eulogist. We have no other means of knowing him; and therefore he must settle the correctness of the following sketch with Mr Francis, who appears as the voluntary artist. If the drawing is to the mind of Mr Glyn, and if it meets his ideas of ethics, we have nothing in the world to say against it, having no interest whatever in the line over which he presides. Hear Francis: "The proper place to see Mr Glyn is as chairman in that noble room, where, with an earnest multitude around him, with the representative of every class and caste before him—with Jew and Gentile ready to carp at and criticise his statements—he yet moves them at his pleasure, and leads them at his will. And perhaps the ascendancy of one man over many is seldom *more agreeably seen* than when, standing before a huge expectant audience, he enlivens the platitudes of one with some light epigrammatic touch, answers another with a clear tabular statement, *or replies to a third with some fallacy so like a fact* that the recipient sits contentedly down, about as wise as he was before." This is, to say the least of it, an equivocal sort of panegyric. We all know what is implied by the term "fallacies" in railway matters, and some of us have suffered in consequence. According to our view, this interchange of fallacies between directors and shareholders is a custom by no means laudable, or to be held in especial repute. In pure matters of business, the less frequently fallacies are resorted to, the better. They are apt, in the long run, to find their way into the balance-sheet—until, as we have seen in some notorious instances, the assumed fact of a clear balance, to be applied by way of dividend, turns out also to be a fallacy. In the case before us, we are willing to believe that Mr Francis is altogether mistaken, and that the statements of Mr Glyn, made in his official capacity, which appeared to the blundering reporter to be fallacies, were in reality stern truths. But what sort of estimate must we form of Mr Francis' moral perception, when we find him selecting such a trait as the subject of especial commendation? **He has,**

however, like most other great men, large sympathies. He does battle in behalf of Mr Hudson with considerable energy; though, after all, taking his conclusions as legitimate, his defence simply resolves itself into this—that Mr Hudson's conduct was not more blamable than that of others. So be it. We never joined in the wholesale censure directed against the quondam railway monarch, because we knew that the whole tone of the morals of society had been poisoned by the villanous system engendered by railway speculation; and because we saw that many of his accusers, if their own conduct had been sifted, might have been arraigned equally with him at the bar of public opinion. Therefore we have no desire to interfere with the operations of Mr Francis, when he appears with his pot of whitewash. Nay, we wish that the implement were more roomy than it is, and the contents of less questionable purity—for assuredly he has a large surface of wall to cover, if he sets himself seriously to the task of obliterating the traces of past iniquity.

The reader, however, must not suppose that Mr Francis sees nothing to condemn, or that he has not at command thunderbolts of wrath to launch at the heads of offenders. According to him, the most painful feature of the railway system was the rapacity of the owners of the soil in driving hard bargains for their land. As this is a charge which has often been made by men more competent to form an opinion upon any subject than the gentleman whose work we are now reviewing, we shall condescend to notice it. Let us premise however, that, in this matter, the howl is distinctly traceable to the harpies who inveigled the public to join their nefarious schemes, and to advance their capital on the assurance of enormous dividends.

After referring to the negotiations made with landowners by the promoters of the London and Birmingham line, Mr Francis comments as follows:—

"These things are written with pain, for they display a low tone of moral feeling in that class which, by virtue of inheritance, of birth, and blood, should

possess a high and chivalrous sense of honour. The writer is far from wishing to blame those who honestly opposed the rail. The conscientious feeling which prompts a man, even in an unwise action, if mistaken, is at least respectable. There is much to palliate the honest opposition of the landowner. Scenes and spots which are replete with associations of great men and great deeds cannot be pecuniarily paid for. Sites which bear memories more selfish, yet not less real, have no market value. Homes in which boyhood, manhood, and age have been passed, carry recollections which are almost hallowed. Such places cannot be bought and sold; nor are the various prejudices which cling to the country to be overlooked. If the nobleman disliked the destruction of his fine old English park, the yeoman deplored the desecration of his homestead. The one bore its splendid remembrances, the other its affectionate recollections. If the peer hallowed the former for the sake of its royal visits, the farmer cherished the latter for the sake of those who had tilled the land before him. There are fancy spots in this our beautiful England which it would pain the most indifferent to destroy; what then must be the feelings of those who have lived, and only wish to die there!

"It is the trafficker in sympathies, it is the dealer in haunts and homes, at whom the finger of scorn should be pointed. It is the trader in touching recollections, only to be soothed by gold, that should be denounced. It is the peer who made the historic memories of his mansion a plea for replenishing an impoverished estate; it is the farmer who made the sacred associations of home an excuse for receiving treble its value; it is the country gentleman who made his opposition the lever by which he procured the money from the proprietors' pockets, who should be ashamed. And a double portion of ignominy must rest upon those, when it is remembered that the money thus immorally obtained is a constant tax on the pleasures of the artisan, on the work of the manufacturer, and on the wages of the railway official."

Mr Francis, it is evident, is fighting hard for his service of plate; but we doubt much whether he will get it. He evidently considers the foregoing passage as a specimen of splendid writing. He is mistaken. It is nothing better than unadorned drivel. Let us not waste time, if we can, his arguments, in a series of verbiage.

He admits that associations ought to be respected, but he denies that they ought to have been paid for. What does he mean by this? By whom were the said associations to be respected? By the projectors of the railway companies? Hardly: for those very sympathising gentlemen were precisely the persons who insisted upon running their rails right through park and cottage, and who would have prostrated without remorse the Temple of Jerusalem or the Coliseum, had either edifice stood in their way. What, then, was the value of that respect? Precisely the worth of the tear which stood in the eye of the tender-hearted surveyor. What was the operation of that respect? Not to spare, but if possible to destroy.

In a word, Mr Francis maintains that the railway companies ought to have had their own way in everything, and to have got possession of the land at the lowest conceivable prices. He thinks that, because gentlemen whose property was threatened with invasion, whose privacy it was purposed to destroy, and whose homes were to be rendered untenable, demanded a high price from the joint-stock trading companies, as an equivalent for the surrender of such privileges, they manifested a "low tone of moral feeling." In fact, so far as we can gather from his language, he puts no value whatever, in a pecuniary sense, upon the associations which he admits to be entitled to respect; and hardly any, if any, upon the score of amenity. He is anything but an Evelyn. An oak, in his eyes, is merely a piece of standing timber to be measured, valued, and paid for according to the current price in the dockyards. The land—no matter of what kind—is to be estimated according to the amount of its yearly return, and handed over without further question to the enterprising company which demands it. Perhaps Mr Francis may remember a certain passage in sacred history, narrating the particulars of a proposed transfer of ground—the parties being King Ahab on the one hand, and Naboth the Jezreelite on the other? If not, we recommend it to his attention, assuring him that he will find it to contain

a very important lesson touching the rights of property. His present argument, if it is worth anything, would go far to vindicate Ahab. He wanted the other man's vineyard because it lay contiguous to his house, and he offered to give him in exchange a better vineyard for it, or an equivalent in money. According to the view maintained by Mr Francis, Naboth was not justified in refusing the offer.

But let us look into this matter a little more closely. On the one hand there is the owner of a property which has been transmitted through a long line of ancestors, and which is now to be intersected and cut up by a projected line of railway. On the other hand there is the company, which cannot progress a step until they have possession of the land. Now let us see what is the nature, and what are the objects of this company. It will not do for Mr Francis or any one else to babble about public advantages, arising from more direct communication between cities or towns of importance. Public advantage may be taken for granted as a result, but upon pure considerations of public advantage no railway whatever was undertaken. It is the commercial speculation of a private company. No man ever took a share in any railway from motives of disinterested philanthropy. He took them because he expected to make a profit by them, to hold them as a safe investment, or finally to sell them for a larger sum than he paid. A condition, and the main one, of the existence of the railway is the possession of the land, and at this point proprietors and speculators join issue. The former do not want the railway. Their wish is to preserve their property undiscovered, and to be spared from the spectacle of engines roaring by at all hours of the day and night close to the bottom of the lawn. They very naturally think it a monstrous hardship that the rights of private property should be invaded by private individuals, even though acting upon an incorporated semblance, who are simply seeking their own profit; and they argue that, if the railway was required for public purposes, the government was the proper party to have undertaken its construction. But as, under the

existing law, they are liable to be dragged, session after session, into a ruinous expense to oppose the demands of the capitalists, they wisely determine to make the best arrangement they can, and at all events to secure a full remuneration for the sacrifice. So the Squire, finding that the law is so conceived and modified that any one individual who is possessed of landed property may be compelled to surrender it at the demand of a hundred leagued capitalists, makes a virtue of necessity, and demands a sum corresponding in some degree to the extent of the extorted sacrifice: whereupon the promoters of the railway instantly raise such a howl that you would think somebody was trying to rob *them*, or to take *their* property by force—the case being notoriously the reverse.

Undoubtedly the Squire demands more from the railway company, as compensation for his land, than he could calculate on receiving from a neighbouring proprietor at an ordinary sale. And on what principle, in the majority of cases, does he base his calculation of value? Strictly upon that adopted by the projectors of the line. For instance, a prospectus of a railway is put out, announcing that, after the most careful consideration of district traffic, &c., the clear dividend, after clearing all expenses, must be fifteen per cent per annum to the proprietors. That is the statement of the projectors. Well, then, if such are the prospects of the concern, is it unreasonable that the land, which must be taken for its construction, and which is, in fact, to form the railway, should be valued, less on account of its productiveness, than on account of its adaptation for the peculiar purpose for which it is required? Why is an acre in the centre of a town a hundred times more valuable than an acre in a rural district? Simply because it is required for building, and the value of the land rises in just correspondence to the demand. The subsequent failure or diminution of the railway dividends cannot be made a just article of dittay against the landed proprietors. Fifteen per cent, or ten, as the case might be, was the amount of divi-

dend which the promoters undertook to prove, to the satisfaction of Parliament and the public, as their reasonable expectation. It was part of their case always, and very often the most important part; and if they chose so to commit themselves, they were bound to pay accordingly. Just conceive a body of men addressing an urban proprietor of land, upon which no houses were yet built, in the following terms:—"Sir, we perceive you have an acre and a half of land which would be very convenient for our purpose. We propose to build a street of houses upon it, and a hotel, from the rents of which we expect to draw fifteen per cent yearly. At present your land yields you little or nothing, and therefore we wish you to dispose of it at its present value. Let us say that just now it is worth to you five pounds a-year: we shall buy it from you at five-and-twenty years' purchase!" We leave to the imagination of the reader the exact terms in which the proprietor would assuredly reply to the propounders of this reasonable request. And yet, where is the difference between the cases? The railway projector tells the landed proprietor that he desires to have his property for the purpose of securing fifteen per cent for his own money: the landed proprietor tells him that he may have the property at a rate corresponding to the advantage which he anticipates. Can anything be fairer? If Mr Francis understood even the simplest elements of political economy—an amount of mental comprehension of which we believe him to be wholly incapable—he ought to know that demand and supply are the leading conditions of price. If there is only one salmon in the London market, it will sell, as it has done before now, at the rate of a guinea per pound, and it would be obviously unfair to charge the fishmonger with being actuated by "a low tone of moral feeling." He coerces no customer: he simply states his price, and if no one chooses to buy, no one has a right to complain. Our friend Francis seems to labour under the hallucination that everything required for a railway ought to be furnished at

prime cost. That the promoters expect fifteen per cent is nothing. Nay, even the free-trading rule of selling in the dearest and buying in the cheapest market is to be suspended for their behoof. The seller is to have no option: he must be cheap to them, else he is a moral monster. If, however, the judicious panegyrist of Mr Carr Glyn does not carry his principles quite so far, he lays himself open to the charge of most monstrous inconsistency. During the prevalence of the railway mania, all commodities requisite for their construction rose greatly in value. From iron to railway sleepers—in wood, metal, and everything connected with the making of the lines—there was an enormous enhancement of price. And why? On account of the demand. Was the soil on which that iron and wood was to be laid—the absolute foundation of the railway itself—to be paid for at a meaner rate? Mr Francis seems to think so; and we cannot help honouring him for the candid expression of his opinions, even while we regret the conglomeration of ideas which gave them birth. We are afraid that he has been talked over by some of his acute acquaintances. It is the fashion at railway meetings to attribute all disasters to some other cause than the mismanagement of the directors; and we daresay that Mr Francis has been fully indoctrinated with such opinions. It is not agreeable to meet shareholders with a confession of dwindled dividend. But when imperious circumstances render such a course inevitable, it is convenient to be prepared with some “fallacy” which may help to account for the fact, and to stifle too curious investigation. The readiest scapegoat is the landowner. All accounting with him is past and gone, yet he still can be made to bear the blame for a vast amount of reckless prodigality. He is not there to speak for himself—he has no connection with the company. Therefore, whenever failure must be acknowledged, the onus is cast upon him. Railway orators and railway writers alike conceal the real cause of the disaster, and combine to cast discredit and aspersion upon the gentry of England.

The truth is, that the system of railway management in this country has been, from the beginning to the end, decidedly bad. Each line, as it came into existence, was fostered by quackery and falsehood. The most extravagant representations were used to secure the adhesion of shareholders, and to procure the public support. Rival lines fought each other before the committees with a desperation worthy of the cats of Kilkenny, and enormous expenses and law charges were incurred at the very commencement. No economy whatever was used in the engineering, and no check placed on the engineers. In those days, indeed, an engineer of established reputation was a kind of demigod, whose doctrine, or, at all events, whose charges, it was sinful to challenge. But engineers have their ambition. They like viaducts which will be talked of and admired as splendid achievements of mechanical skill; and the most virtuous of the tribe cannot resist the temptation of a tunnel. Such tastes are natural, but they are fearfully expensive in their indulgence, as the shareholders know to their cost. The remuneration of these gentlemen was monstrous. In the course of a few years most of them realised large fortunes, which is more than can be said for the majority of the men who paid them. So was it with the contractors. Mr Francis tells us of many, “who, beginning life as navigators, have become contractors; who, having saved money, have become ‘gangers,’ realised capital and formed contracts, first for thousands, and then for hundreds of thousands. These are almost a caste by themselves. They make fortunes, and purchase landed estates. Many a fine property has passed from some improvident possessor to a railway labourer; and some of the most beautiful country seats in England belong to men who trundled the barrow, who delved with the spade, who smote with the pick-axe, and blasted the rock.” With such statements before us, it is not difficult to see how the money went. Alas for the shareholders! Poor geese! they little thought how many were to have a pluck at their pinions.

Industry, we freely admit, ought to have its reward; but rewards such as these are beyond the reach of pure industry, as we used formerly to understand the term. These revelations may, however, be of use as indicating the direction in which a great part of the money has gone. We accept them as such, and as illustrations of that profound economy which was practised by the different boards of railway direction throughout the kingdom. Mr Francis, in his laudatory sketches of his favourite heroes, usually takes care to tell us that they are "sprung from the ranks of the people." Of course they are. Where else were they to spring from? Does Mr Francis suppose it to be a popular article of belief that they emerged from the bowels of a steam-engine? What he means, however, is plain enough. Judging from the whole tenor of his book, we take him to be one of those jaundiced persons who, without any intelligible reason beyond class prejudice, are filled with bile and rancour against the aristocracy, and who worship at the shrine of money. He grudges every farthing that the railway companies were compelled to pay for land; he bows down in reverence before the princely fortunes of the contractors. Every man to his own taste. We cannot truthfully assert that we admire the selection of his idols.

But what is this? We have just lighted upon a passage which compels us, in spite of ourselves, to suspect that our Francis is, at least, a bit of a repudiator, and that he would regard with no unfavourable eye another pluck at the shareholders. Here it is:—

"The assertion that land and compensation on the line to which Mr Robert Stephenson was engineer, which was estimated at £250,000, amounted to £750,000, appears to call for some additional remark; and the question which is now proposed is, how far the right is with the railroads to demand, and the passengers to pay an increased fare, in consequence of bargains which, unjust in principle, ought never to have been allowed? It is now a historic fact that every line in England has cost more than it ought. That in some—where, too, the directors were business men—large sums were

improperly paid for land, for compensation, for consequential damages, for fancy prospects, and other unjust demands under various names. These sums being immorally obtained, is it right that the public should pay the interest on them? Is it just that the working man should forego his trifling luxury to meet them? Is it fair that the artisan should be deprived of his occasional trip, or that the frequenter of the rail should pay an additional tax?"

Is it fair that anybody should pay anything at all for travelling on the railways? That is the question which must finally be considered, if Mr Francis' preliminary questions are to be entertained. Because some part of the capital of the shareholders may have been needlessly expended, they ought in this view to receive a less amount of interest for the remainder! The silliness of the above passage is so supreme—the ignorance which it displays of the first rules of law and equity, regarding property, is so profound, that it is hardly worth while exposing it. It betrays an obliquity of intellect of which we had not previously suspected even Mr Francis. Pray observe the exquisite serenity with which this important personage opens his case: "The question which is now proposed!" Proposed—and for whose consideration? Not surely for that of the Legislature, for the Legislature has already pronounced judgment. Are the public to take the matter in hand, and decide on the tables of rates? It would seem so. In that case, we might indeed calculate upon travelling cheap, provided the rails were not shut up. But the whole of his remarks are as practically absurd as they are mischievous in doctrine. What right has Jack, Tom, or Harry to question the cost of his conveyance? Are there not, in all conscience, competing lines enough, independent altogether of Parliamentary regulations, to secure the public against being overcharged on the railways? On what authority does Mr Francis assume that a single acre of the land was paid for at an unjust rate? Mr Robert Stephenson's estimate, we take it, has not the authority of gospel. No engineer's estimate has. Their margin is always a large one; and it almost never hap-

pens that, when the works are completed, their actual cost is found to correspond with the hypothetical calculation. But the truth is, that the value paid for the land taken by railways is the only item of expense which cannot be justly challenged. The reason is plain. A railway company has in the first instance to prove the preamble of its bill—that is, it must show to the satisfaction of the Legislature that the construction of the work will be attended with public and local advantages. The settlement of the money question, regarding the value of the land, is reserved for the legal tribunals of the country. To complain of the verdicts given is to impugn the course of justice, and to cast discredit on the system of jury trial. Very wisely was it determined that such questions should be so adjudicated, because no reasonable ground of complaint can be left to either party. The decision as to the value of the land, and the amount of compensation which is due, is taken from the hands both of Ahab and Naboth, and their respective engineers and valuers, and intrusted to neutral parties, whose duty it is to see fair play between them.

We have done with this book. It has greatly disappointed us in every

respect. As a repertory of facts, or as a history of the railways, it is ill-arranged, meagre, and stupid; and the sketches which it contains are so absurdly conceived, and so clumsily executed, that they entirely fail to enliven the general dulness of the volumes. At the very point which might have been rendered most interesting in the hands of an able and well-instructed writer—the period of the great mania—Mr Francis fails. His pen is not adequate to the task of depicting the rapid occurrences of the day, or the fearful whirl which then agitated the public mind. In short, he is insufferably prosy throughout the first four acts of his drama, and makes a lamentable break-down at the catastrophe. His work will fail to please any portion of the public, except the heroes whose praises he has sung. He has given them sugar, indeed; but, after all, it is a sanded article. We hope they will combine to buy up the edition, and thus fulfil the prophecy of Shakspeare—"Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?" "O Lord, sir! I would it had been two." "I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it." "Anon, anon, sir!"

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